



THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

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CEDAR RAPIDS.—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

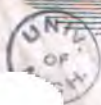


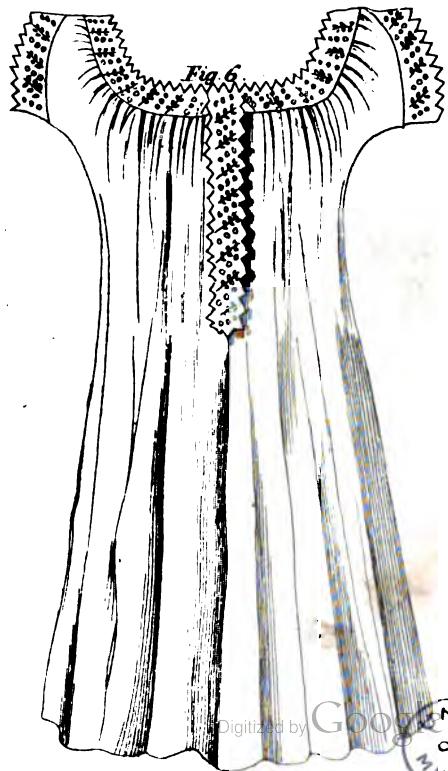
Fig. 1.

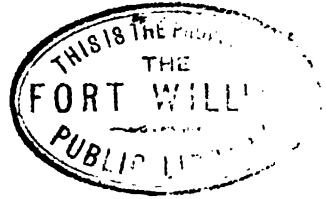
Fig. 2.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY

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THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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VOL. V.—TORONTO : JULY, 1854.—No. 1.  
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HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

—
CHAPTER XVIII. CONTINUED.
—

It will be as well, before giving Sir James Yeo's official account, to make a few observations on the American version of the descent on Oswego. It is worthy of remark, that Gen. Drummond distinctly states, that the vessels anchored at long gun shot of the batteries, and that the reconnoissance of the morning was only intended as a feint to enable him to discover where the enemies' batteries were, and what was their force; this effected, Sir James Yeo would then be enabled, on the withdrawal of his gun-boats, to place his vessels in the most commanding situations. This retirement of the gun-boats, however, appears to have afforded General Armstrong and others an opportunity of palliating the defeat, by claiming a sort of victory on the first day. The General says, "The larger vessels took a position for battering the fort, and soon after, opened upon it a heavy fire; while fifteen boats, crowded with infantry, moved slowly to the shore. When arrived within the range of Mitchell's* shot, a fire upon them was com-

menced, which in a few minutes compelled them to withdraw. A second attempt, made in the same way, was not more successful; when ships, boats, and troops retired en masse, and stood out of the harbour."

It will be seen by this extract, that the ships were not within reach of the American guns, why then did General Armstrong omit to mention the cause which compelled the British vessels to withdraw? and why does he contradict himself by leaving it to be inferred, that the withdrawal was occasioned by the fire, and should therefore be considered in the light of a repulse.

Again, too, the General states that, on the occasion of the second landing, "every foot of ground was well contested with the head of the British column, for half an hour, after which no farther annoyance was given to the retreat, which was effected with coolness and courage."

We do not exactly understand how the General could have been so rash as to claim for the defendants at Oswego either coolness or courage, when one of the American officers, who was in the action, in a letter dated "Oswego Falls," writes thus:—"The militia thought best to leave us, *I do not think they fired a gun.*" James mentions this same letter, which he speaks of as having been published in the newspapers of the day.

Another circumstance, which occurred that same afternoon, afforded also great cause

* The Commander at Oswego.

A 245

for self laudation on the part of the Americans. The British fleet found it necessary, in consequence of a heavy gale from the north-west, to claw off a lee shore, without delaying to hoist up all their boats, some of which were cut loose, and drifted on shore. This was done to prevent getting embayed; and to every one, who may remember the situation of Oswego, the necessity of this will be apparent, especially when it is farther borne in mind, that a lee shore, on these lakes, even in a moderate gale, is so much dreaded, that, even at the present day, despite the superior build of vessels, and increased skill in seamanship, vessels are sometimes compelled to leave their anchorage twice or three times, and that it often takes a fortnight, or perhaps longer, to take in a load which a couple of days in fair weather would be sufficient for. The American

Retreat of the fleet. writers represent these boats as prizes. Smith, O'Connor, and Thompson, all mention the retreat of the British fleet, but not one of them had the honesty to state the cause.

Another point to be commented on is the discrepancy as to numbers. General Brown declares, that over three thousand were landed; Mr. O'Connor reduces this number to two thousand; Smith states the numbers at between two and three thousand. Mr. Thompson only mentions seventeen hundred; and the American officer, whom we have already mentioned, estimates the number at twelve hundred. Armstrong eschews numbers, and merely mentions fifteen boats crowded with men.

These same writers have been quite as determined to reduce their own, as to swell the numbers of their opponents; and appear accordingly, one and all, to have carefully omitted in their list of combatants the militia, and to have confined their statement as to numbers to that of the regulars alone. We accordingly find that three hundred men, and no more, formed the heroic band who, for half an hour, resisted, according to General Brown, the onslaught of more than three thousand men. The same policy was observed with regard to the captured articles, and the government organs were

most assiduous in their attempts to represent the amount of loss "as most trifling." This proceeding afforded an opportunity to the opposition or federal papers of the day to tax government with wilfully deceiving the people. We have already shown what really was captured, and will now give in contrast the American accounts.

Mr. Thompson says:—"The enemy took possession of the fort and barracks, but for the little booty which he obtained, consisting of a few barrels of provisions and whiskey, he paid much more than an equivalent." Smith declares that we captured "nothing but a naked fort." O'Connor admits eight pieces of cannon, and stores worth *one hundred dollars*.

The returns made by the British are borne out by an American writer from Onondago, who estimates the amount at over forty thousand dollars.

The last point worthy of note is that, although the British troops remained for nearly 24 hours in the place, we do not find any complaint against them on the part of a single American writer. This was highly creditable to the troops, marines and seamen, and affords a very marked contrast to the behaviour of some Americans in an affair at Long Point, which we shall shortly have to relate. We will now give Sir James Yeo's version of the affair, and in our notes will be found* the general order issued by the American commander, General Brown.

* *American General Order.*

Head quarters, Sackett's Harbor,
May 12, 1814.

Major General Brown has the satisfaction to announce to the forces under his command, that the detachments stationed at Oswego, under the immediate orders of lieutenant-colonel Mitchell, of the third artillery, by their gallant and highly military conduct, in sustaining the fire of the whole British fleet of this lake for nearly two days, and contending with the vastly superior numbers of the enemy on the land, as long as the interests of the country, or the honour of their profession required; and then, effecting their retreat in good order, in the face of this superior force of the enterprising and accomplished foe, to the depot of naval stores, which it became their duty to defend, have established for themselves a name in arms, worthy of the gallant nation in whose cause they fight, and highly honourable to the army.

From Sir James L. Yoe to Mr. Croker.

Sir,—My letter of the 15th of April last will have informed their lordships, that his Majesty's ships, Prince Regent and Princess Charlotte, were launched on the preceding day! I now have the satisfaction to acquaint you, for their Lordship's information, that the squadron, by the unremitting exertions of the officers and men under my command, were ready on the 3rd instant, when it was determined by lieutenant-general Drummond and myself, that an immediate attack should be made on the forts and town of Oswego: which, in point of position, is the most formidable I have seen in Upper Canada; and where the enemy had, by river navigation, collected from the interior several heavy guns, and naval stores for the ships, and large depots of provisions for their army.

At noon, on the 5th, we got off the port, and were on the point of landing, when a heavy gale from the N. W. obliged me to gain an offing. On the morning of the 6th, everything being ready, 140 troops, 200 seamen armed with pikes, under Captain Mulcaster, and 400 marines were put into the boats. The Montreal and Niagara took their stations abreast, and within a quarter of a mile, of the fort; the Magnet opposite the town, and the Star and Charwell to cover the landing, which was effected under a most heavy fire of round, grape, and musketry, kept up with great spirit. Our men having to ascend a very steep and long hill, were consequently exposed to a destructive fire. Their gallantry overcoming every difficulty, they soon gained the summit of the hill; and, throwing themselves into the fosse, mounted the ramparts on all sides, vying with each other who should be foremost. Lieutenant Laurie, my secretary, was the first who gained the ramparts; and lieutenant Hewitt climbed the flag-staff under a heavy fire, and in the most gallant style struck the American colours, which had

been nailed to the mast. My gallant and much esteemed friend, captain Mulcaster, led the seamen to the assault with his accustomed bravery; but I lament to say, he received a dangerous wound in the act of entering the fort, which I apprehend will, for a considerable time, deprive me of his valuable services. Mr. Scott, my first lieutenant, who was next in command, nobly led them on; and soon gained the ramparts. Captain O'Connor, of the Prince Regent, to whom I entrusted the landing of the troops, displayed great ability and cool judgment; the boats being under a heavy fire from all points.

Captain Popham, of the Montreal, anchored his ship in a most gallant style, sustaining the whole fire until we gained the shore. She was set on fire three times by red-hot shot, and much cut up in her hull, masts, and rigging; Captain Popham received a severe wound in his right hand, and speaks in high terms of Mr. Richardson, the master, who, from a severe wound in the left arm, was obliged to undergo amputation at the shoulder joint.

Captain Spilsbury, of the Niagara; Captain Dobbs, of the Charwell; Captain Anthony of the Star: and Captain Collier of the Magnet, behaved much to my satisfaction. The second battalion of royal marines excited the admiration of all; they were led by the gallant Col. Malcolm, and suffered severely. Captain Holloway, doing duty in the Princess Charlotte, gallantly fell at the head of his company. Having landed with the seamen and marines, I had great pleasure in witnessing not only the zeal and prompt attention of the officers to my orders, but also the intrepid bravery of the men, whose good and temperate conduct, under circumstances of great temptation, (being a whole night in the town, employed loading the captured vessels with ordnance, naval stores, and provisions) most justly claim my high approbation and acknowledgment. And I here beg leave to recommend to their lordships' notice the service of my first lieutenant, Mr. Scott; and of my aid-de-camp, acting lieutenant Yoe, to whom I beg leave to refer their lordships for information; nor should

Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell had, in all, less than 300 men; and the fosse of the enemy, by land and water, exceeded 3000.

R. JONES, assistant-adjt.-gen.

the meritorious exertions of acting lieutenant Griffin, severely wounded in the arm, or Mr. Brown, both of whom were attached to the storming party, be omitted. It is a great source of satisfaction to me to acquaint their lordships, that I have on this and all other occasions, received from Lieut-Gen. Drummond that support and attention, which never fail in securing perfect cordiality between the two services.

I herewith transmit a list of the killed and wounded, and of the ordnance, naval stores, and provisions, captured and destroyed by the combined attack on the 6th instant.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES LUCAS YEO,

Commodore and Commander in Chief.

J. W. Croker, Esq., &c.

A list of officers and seamen, of his Majesty's fleet on Lake Ontario, killed and wounded at Oswego, on the 6th of May, 1814.

Three seamen, killed; 2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 1 master, 7 seamen, wounded.

Total—3 killed, 11 wounded.

A statement of ordnance, naval stores, and provisions, brought off and destroyed in a combined attack of the sea and land forces on the town and fort of Oswego, on the 6th May, 1814.

Ordnance Stores brought off:—Three long 32-pounder guns; four long 24 pounders.

A quantity of various kinds of Ordnance Stores.

Naval Stores and Provisions:—3 schooners; 300 barrels of flour, 500 barrels of pork, 600 barrels of salt, 500 barrels of bread.

A quantity of large rope.

Destroyed:—Three long 24-pounder guns, one long 12-pounder gun, two long 6-pounder guns.

One schooner, and barracks and other public buildings.

J. L. YEO,

Commodore and Commander-in Chief.

The statement of stores captured, given by Sir James Yeo, corresponds pretty closely with the returns made by the other officers; and, as all the articles enumerated in the lists would have to be accounted for, it is

not very likely that any addition to them would have been made, which could only result in heavy expenses to the parties thus increasing the honour of their exploits by a direct taxation on their pockets.

The British loss at Oswego was severe—eighty-two killed and wounded. That the Americans, however, were not suffered to retreat quite so coolly as is represented, may be inferred from the fact that their own accounts return sixty-nine killed and wounded, while sixty prisoners were captured.

The style in which Armstrong winds up his account of this affair is very amusing, especially when taken in contrast with his version of another occurrence which happened shortly after. "On the morning of the 7th, having collected the small booty afforded by the post, and burned the barracks, the fleet and army of the enemy *abandoned* the enterprise, and returned to Kingston." One would scarcely imagine that the enterprise thus carelessly spoken of had cost the Americans forty thousand dollars, besides a heavy loss both of life and in prisoners.

The other occurrence alluded to above took place on the 30th May, and strikingly illustrates General Armstrong's unfair mode of writing history.

By the capture of a boat, Sir James Yeo learned that eighteen other boats, each armed with two guns, twenty-four pounders, were waiting at Sandy Creek for an opportunity of reaching Sackett's Harbour. Sir James accordingly despatched Captains Popham and Spilsbury with one hundred and eighty seamen and marines to intercept them or cut them out. The party having reached the creek where they had ascertained that the enemy were, commenced the passage up, but were attacked from the shore by a large party of riflemen, one hundred and fifty in number, besides militia, infantry, and cavalry, mustering some two hundred strong. The British were here fairly caught in a trap, and all that remained for them was to fight their way back; and to do this, parties were landed on both banks, in order

to drive back the enemy from a situation commanding the passage of the boats. This attempt was gallantly made, but numbers prevailed, and the result of the affair was the destruction or capture of the whole party. As a proof, however, of the resistance, it will suffice to state that the killed and wounded amounted to more than one-third of the party. That the Americans must have had Indians as their allies, is evident from the conclusion of Captain Popham's official despatch:—"The exertions of the American officers of the rifle corps, commanded by Major Appling, in saving the lives of many of the officers and men, whom *their own men and the Indians were devoting to death*, were conspicuous, and claim our warmest gratitude."

Armstrong begins his statement of the affair by styling it an "achievement" accomplished by Major Appling and one hundred and thirty-two men, omitting all mention of either militia or Indians, and he declares that the whole British party fell into the hands of the Americans without the loss of a single man of their party. The probability of this the reader can judge of, when it is borne in mind that a hand-to-hand conflict occurred on both banks of the river, and that the British were only overpowered by numbers. The same disregard of truth, however, which caused Armstrong to suppress all mention of the militia and infantry, would doubtless prompt him to conceal the American loss, whatever it might have been.

An occurrence on the shores of Lake Erie, to which we have already alluded, does not reflect quite so much credit on the national character as did Major Appling's and his officers' conduct. Early in March, General Drummond had quartered at the inconspicuous village of Dover a small body of dragoons. This was done by way of establishing an outpost, so that the Americans might not be enabled, having the command of the Lake, to land, without opposition or notice, troops, at a post so close to Burlington heights, the grand centre of the British position, and the depot for the troops on the Niagara line.

Fear of another attack on the part of the

British had induced the American commander to concentrate about Buffalo and Erie (where the fleet lay) a large body of troops. One of the American officers, a Colonel Campbell, judging, doubtless, that it was a pity so many men should remain inactive, saw, in the occupation of Dover, an opportunity of distinguishing himself and benefiting his country. Taking, then, full five hundred United States infantry, he crossed over from Erie on the 13th May, and, the British troops retiring before him, destroyed the mills, distilleries, and houses in the village. Mr. Thornton says: "A *squadron* of British dragoons stationed at the place fled at the approach of Colonel Campbell's *detachment*, and abandoned the women and children, who experienced humane treatment from the Americans."

If the burning of stores, barns, and dwelling houses of peaceable and unresisting inhabitants be included in Mr. Thornton's category of humane treatment, we should like to be enlightened as to what would be considered harsh treatment. As a proof, however, that even the Americans were ashamed of the transaction, we have only to mention that a court of inquiry, of which General Scott was president, was instituted to take the facts into consideration, and that their decision was, "that in burning the houses of the inhabitants, Colonel Campbell had greatly erred; but this error they imputed to the recollection of the scenes of the Raisin and the Miami, in the Western territories, to the army of which Colonel Campbell was at that time attached, and to the recent devastation of the Niagara frontier."

The court appears to have had most convenient memories, or they could scarcely have forgotten that an act very similar to the present had alone caused the destruction along the banks of the Niagara. We learn from the transaction, that the American military tribunals of that day looked upon pillage and destruction of private property, only a "a trifling error." We will have occasion to notice in what light the destruction of the public buildings at Washington was regarded, and whether the course of the British Generals is so lightly considered.

Early in April an expedition was organized, having for its object an attack on a new post established at Matchadash, and the recapture of Michilimackinac. The expedition, however, in consequence, says Armstrong,* of a discrepancy in the Cabinet

* *Letter from the Secretary of War to the President.—April 31st, 1814.*

SIR: So long as we had reason to believe that the enemy intended and was in condition to re-establish himself on the Thames, and open anew his intercourse with the Indian tribes of the west, it was, no doubt, proper to give to our naval means a direction which would best obstruct or defeat such movement or designs. An order has been accordingly given by the navy department, to employ the flotilla, in scouring the shores of the more western lakes, in destroying the enemy's trading establishment at St. Joseph's, and in recapturing Fort Michilimackinac. As, however, our last advices show, that the enemy has no efficient force westward of Burlington bay, and that he has suffered the season of easy and rapid transportation to escape him, it is evident that he means to strengthen himself on the peninsula, and make Fort Erie, which he is now repairing, the western extremity of his line of operation. Under this new state of things, it is respectfully submitted, whether another and better use cannot be made of our flotilla?

In explaining myself, it is necessary to premise that, the garrisons of Detroit and Malden included, it will be practicable to assemble on the shores and navigable waters of Lake Erie, five thousand regular troops, and three thousand volunteers and militia, and that measures have been taken to produce this effect on or before the 10th day of June next. Without, however, the aid of naval means, this force will be comparatively inoperative, and necessarily dispersed, but with such aid, competent to great objects.

Lake Erie on which our dominion is undisputed, furnishes a way scarcely less convenient for approaching the heart of Upper Canada than Lake Ontario. Eight, or even six thousand men landed in the bay between Point Abino and Fort Erie, and operating either on the line of the Niagara, or more directly [if a more direct route is found], against the British post at the head of Burlington bay, cannot be resisted with effect, without compelling the enemy so to weaken his more eastern posts, as to bring them within reach of our means at Sackett's Harbour and Plattsburgh.

In choosing between this object and that to which the flotilla is now destined, there cannot, I think, be much, if any, hesitation. Our attack, carried to Burlington and York, interposes a barrier, which completely protects Malden and Detroit—makes doubtful and hazardous the enemy's intercourse with the western Indians, reduces Mackinac to a possession perfectly useless, renders probable the abandonment of Fort Niagara, and takes from the enemy half his motive for continuing the naval conflict on Lake Ontario. On the other hand,

at Washington, was not despatched until the 3rd of July, at which time a detachment of regular troops and militia, under the command of Colonel Crogan, was embarked on board of the fleet, which sailed soon after from Detroit for Matchadash.

The idea of attacking Matchadash was very soon abandoned, in consequence of sundry impediments, writes Armstrong, "arising from shoals, rocks, dangerous islands, perpetual fogs, and bad pilotage," and the safer and easier plan of an attack on the North-West Company's settlement at St. Mary's substituted. This part of the expedition was entrusted to Captain Holmes of the United States Army, and Lieutenant Turner of the United States Navy, and very effectually the work entrusted to them was executed, as every house at the post was destroyed, no public buildings of any description being there to warrant this atrocious outrage. The horses and cattle were killed, and even the provisions and garden stuff, which could not be removed, were destroyed, with a view of thoroughly ruining the post.

Messrs Thomson and Smith are particularly reserved as to the conduct of their countrymen at St. Mary's, but Mr. O'Connor boldly declares that "the property destroyed was, according to the maritime law of nations, as recognized in the English courts, good prize, as well as because the Company's agent, Johnson, acted the infamous part of a traitor, having been a citizen and magistrate of the Michigan territory, before the war, and at its commencement, and now discharging the functions of magistrate under the British Government."

This position of Mr. O'Connor's, that *merchandise on shore as well as afloat is good prize*, must not be lost sight of, as the same writer will be found laying down a very different interpretation of what constitutes "good prize," when the proceedings of the British in the Chesapeake are under his consideration.

take Mackinac, and what is gained, but Mackinac itself.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed.) JOHN ARMSTRONG.

What, too, could the American Government have thought of the monstrous position laid down, that a man, who deserted, "played the infamous part of a traitor." What a bitter satire is this of Mr. O'Connor's on the whole American Government? and even more particularly direct does his shaft fly against the commanders of the vessels who had captured, either in merchantmen or vessels of war, British subjects, and who had employed every means short of death to force them to abandon their national flag.

It must not be forgotten that there was not a military or naval man of any description at St. Mary's, to warrant this conduct on the part of the Americans; and there is very little room for doubt but that the course adopted was in revenge for the failure of the principal object of the expedition, which was to get hold of the North-West furs, which scheme was, however, happily frustrated.

"This service," says Armstrong, "being soon and successfully performed, the fleet sailed for Michilimacinae, and, on the 26th, anchored off that island."

The laboured attempt of Armstrong to invest this post with all the defences that citadels like Quebec possess, is so ludicrous, that we are tempted to transcribe the whole passage:—

"After a short reconnoissance, and a few experiments, three discoveries, altogether unlooked for, were made—

1st, That, from the great elevation of the fort, its walls could not be battered by the guns of the shipping.

2d, That, from the steepness of the ascent, any attempt to carry the fort by storm would probably fail.

3d, That should this mode of attack succeed, it would be useless, inasmuch as every foot of its interior was commanded by guns placed on higher ground.

These facts, leaving no hope of success but from an attack of the upper battery, the troops were landed on the 4th August, and conducted to the verge of an old field; indicated by the inhabitants as the position which would best fulfil the intention of the movement, when, to Croghan's surprise, he

found himself anticipated by the enemy; and in a few minutes, assailed in front from a redoubt mounting four pieces of artillery, and in flank, by one or more Indian attacks made from the surrounding woods. Succeeding, at last, in repulsing these, and in driving the enemy from the cleared ground, it was soon discovered that the position was not such as was at all proper for a camp of either siege or investment, being of narrow surface, skirted in the whole circumference by woods, intersected by deep ravines, and furnishing only a difficult and perilous communication with the fleet. Croghan, at once and wisely, withdrew to the Lake shore and re-embarked the troops. Our loss on the occasion was not great, numerically considered; but became deeply interesting by the fate of Capt. Holmes, a young man of high promise, universally respected and regretted."

All this reads well, and doubtless produced the desired effect; but what were the real facts? That the Americans made a feint of landing in one quarter, in which direction the British troops hastened, the real landing having been effected elsewhere almost without opposition. A short time, however, after the landing, the Americans were attacked by a body of Indians, and compelled to retreat, the British troops having no share in the action, the whole credit of which belongs to the Indians. Had the garrison been present to co-operate, there is no doubt but that the whole party would have been captured or killed, The savage and ruthless Holmes, the author of all the ravages at St. Mary's, met a well-deserved fate, being shot during the skirmish.

Armstrong and others have done their utmost to gloss over this repulse, by representing Michilimacinae as an isolated post, having no influence, direct or indirect, on the war. This sort of argument is very convenient *after* defeat, but the question naturally arises, why did the American Government despatch one thousand troops (for such was the number, and not five hundred, as represented by Armstrong and others,) against so unimportant a post?

In Lieutenant-Col. Macdonald's despatch to Sir George Prevost, it will be found that

the Indians did not receive the credit to which they were entitled, but both Veritas' Letters, and Sketches of the War admit that the repulse was effected by the Indians.

Colonel Macdouall's despatch states:—

From Lieutenant-Colonel M^d Douall to Sir George Prevost.

Michilimacinac, August 14, 1814.

SIR,

I have reported to lieutenant-general Drummond the particulars of the attack made by the enemy on this post on the 4th instant. My situation was embarrassing. I knew that they could land upwards of 1,000 men; and after manning the guns at the fort, I had only a disposable force of 140 to meet them, which I determined to do, in order as much as possible to encourage the Indians, and having the fullest confidence in the little detachment of the Newfoundland regiment. The position I took up was excellent, but at an unavoidable and too great a distance from the forts, in each of which I was only able to leave 25 militiamen. There were likewise roads upon my flanks, every inch of which were known to the enemy, by means of the people formerly residents of this island, who were with them. I could not afford to detach a man to guard them.

My position was rather too extensive for such a handful of men. The ground was commanding; and, in front, clear as I could wish it. On both our flanks and rear, a thick wood. My utmost wish was, that the Indians would only prevent the enemy from gaining the woods upon our flanks, which would have forced them upon the open ground in our front. A natural breastwork protected my men from every shot; and I had told them that, on a close approach of the enemy, they were to pour in a volley, and immediately charge; numerous as the enemy were, all were fully confident of the result.

On the advance of the enemy, my 6-pounder and 3-pounder opened a heavy fire upon them, but not with the effect they should have had: being not well manned, and for want of an artillery-officer, who would have been invaluable to us. They moved slowly

and cautiously, declining to meet me in the open ground, but gradually gaining my left flank, which the Indians permitted, without firing a shot. I was even obliged to weaken my small front, by detaching the Michigan fencibles to oppose a party of the enemy, which were advancing to the woods on my right. I now received accounts from Major Crawford, of the militia, that the enemy's two large ships had anchored in the rear of my left, and that troops were moving by a road in that direction towards the forts. I, therefore, immediately moved, to place myself between them and the enemy, and took up a position effectually covering them; from whence, collecting the greater part of the Indians who had retired, and taking with me Major Crawford and about 50 militia, I again advanced to support a party of the Fallsvine Indians; who, with their gallant chief, Thomas, had commenced a spirited attack upon the enemy; who, in a short time, lost their second in command and several other officers; seventeen of whom we counted dead upon the field, besides what they carried off, and a considerable number wounded. The enemy retired in the utmost haste and confusion, followed by the troops, till they found shelter under the very powerful broadside of their ships, anchored within a few yards of the shore. They re-embarked that evening, and the vessels immediately hauled off.

I have the honor, &c.

R. M'DOUALL, lieutenant-colonel.
His Excellency Sir George Prevost, &c.

Mr. Thomson, in Sketches of the War, does not use his own language, but quotes from Captain Sinclair's letters the following passage—"Michilimacinac is, by nature, a perfect Gibraltar, being a high inaccessible rock on every side, except the west; from which, to the heights, you have nearly two miles to pass through a wood, so thick, that our men were shot down in every direction, and within a few yards of them, *without being able to see the Indians*, who did it. * * *

Several of the commanding officers were picked out, and killed or wounded by the savages, without seeing any of them. The men were getting lost and falling into confusion, natural under such circumstances; which demanded an immediate retreat, or a

total defeat, and a general massacre must have ensued," This was conducted in a masterly manner by Col. Croghan, who had lost that *valuable and ever to be lamented officer*, Major Holmes, who, with Capt. Van Horn, was killed by the Indians."

It is worthy of remark that to the Indians is here given the credit of this repulse, and had this really not been the case, there is no doubt but that Mr. Thomson would gladly have swelled the roll of difficulties which the Americans had to contend against. As it is, Mr. Thomson declares "that the Indians alone exceeded the strength of Col. Croghan's detachment, and that this intrepid young officer was compelled to withdraw his forces after having sustained a loss of sixty-six killed and wounded."

There were but fifty Indians on the island at the time of the attack, so that Mr. Thomson's "*intrepid young officer*," the hero of Sandusky, did not cover himself with laurels on the occasion.

Shortly after the arrival of Col. McDouall at Michilimaciac, he Attack on the post of Prairie du Chien. was joined by so many of the Western Indians, that he felt warranted in despatching a party to attack the late Indian post of Prairie du Chien, some four hundred and fifty miles from Michilimaciac, on the Mississippi, which had been lately taken possession of by Gen. Clark. A St. Louis paper states that "every attention was directed to the erection of a temporary place calculated for defence, that a new fort was progressing, and that the defence was entrusted to one hundred and thirty-four dauntless young fellows from the country." Besides these dauntless young fellows, we know that sixty rank and file of the 7th regiment were present. All this preparation shows the importance attached to the post, and makes it the more strange that no American author should have alluded to the expedition despatched against it.

The object in making this attack was to remove the possibility of an unexpected attack on Michilimaciac from the rear. Col. McKay's dispatch to Col. McDouall will be found sufficiently explanatory without further comment from us.

From Lieutenant-Colonel M^cKay to Lieutenant-Colonel M^cDouall

Prairie du Chien, Fort M^cKay.

SIR,

July 27, 1814.

I have the honour to communicate to you, that I arrived here on the 17th instant at 12 o'clock; my force amounting to 650 men: of which, 150 were Michigan fencibles, Canadian volunteers, and officers of the Indian department, the remainder Indians.

I found that the enemy had a small fort, situated on a height, immediately behind the village, with two blockhouses, perfectly safe from Indians, and that they had 6 pieces of cannon, and 60 or 70 effective men, officers included. That, lying at anchor in the middle of the Mississippi, directly in front of the fort, there was a very large gun-boat, called Governor Clark, gun-boat No. 1, mounting 14 pieces of cannon, some 6 and 3 pounders, and a number of cohorns, manned with 70 or 80 men with muskets, and measuring 70 feet keel. This floating blockhouse is so constructed, that she can be rowed in any direction, the men on board being perfectly safe from small arms, while they can use their own to the greatest advantage.

At half-past 12 o'clock, I sent captain Anderson with a flag of truce, to invite them to surrender, which they refused. My intention was not to have made an attack till next morning at day-light; but, it being impossible to control the Indians, I ordered our gun to play upon the gun-boat, which she did with a surprizing good effect; for, in course of three hours, the time the action lasted, she fired 86 rounds, two-thirds of which went into the Governor Clark. They kept up a constant fire upon us, both from the boat and fort. We were an hour between two fires, having run our gun up within musket-shot of the fort, from whence we beat the boat out of her station. She cut her cable and ran down the current, and was sheltered under the island. We were obliged to desist, it being impossible, with our little barges, to attempt to board her, and our only gun in pursuit of her would have exposed our whole camp to the enemy; she therefore made her escape.

On the 19th, finding there were only six rounds of round shot remaining, including three of the enemy's we had picked up, the day was employed in making lead bullets for the gun, and throwing up two breast-works: one within 700 yards, and the other within 450 yards of the fort. At six in the evening, every thing being prepared, I marched to the first breast-work, from whence I intended throwing in the remaining six rounds. At the moment, the first ball was about being put into the cannon, a white flag was put out at the fort, and immediately an officer came down with a note and surrendered. It being too late I deferred making them deliver up their arms in form till morning, but immediately placed a strong guard in the fort, and took possession of the artillery; From the time of our landing till they surrendered, the Indians kept up a constant but perfectly useless fire, upon the fort: the distance from whence they fired was too great to do execution, even had the enemy been exposed to view.

I am happy to inform you, that every man in the Michigan fencibles, Canadian volunteers, and officers in the Indian department, behaved as well as I could possibly wish; and, though in the midst of a hot fire, not a man was even wounded except three Indians; that is, one Puant, one Fallsovine, and one Sioux, all severely, but not dangerously.

One lieutenant, 24th U. S. regiment; one militia captain, one militia lieutenant, three serjeants, three corporals, two musicians, 53 privates, one commissary, and one interpreter, have been made prisoners, One iron 6-pounder, mounted on a garrison carriage; one iron 3-pounder, on a field carriage; three swivels, 61 stand of arms, four swords, one field-carriage for 6-pounder, and a good deal of ammunition; 28 barrels of pork, and 46 barrels of flour: these are the principal articles found in the fort when surrendered.

I will now take the liberty to request your particular attention to captains Rollette and Anderson; the former for his activity in many instances, but particularly during the action. The action having commenced unexpectedly, he ran down from the upper

end of the village, with his company, through the heat of the fire to receive orders; and before and since, in being instrumental in preserving the citizens from being quite ruined by pillaging Indians; and the latter, for his unwearied attention in keeping everything in order during the route, and his activity in following up the cannon during the action, and assisting in transporting the ammunition. Lieutenant Portier, of captain Anderson's company; lieutenants Graham and Brisbois, of the Indian department; captain Dean of the Prairie du Chien militia; and lieutenant Powell, of the Green Bay, all acted with courage and activity, so becoming Canadian militia or volunteers. The interpreters also behaved well, but particularly M. St. Germain, from the Sault St. Marie, and M. Rouville, Sioux interpreter: they absolutely prevented their Indians committing any outrage in the plundering way. Commissary Honoré, who acted as lieutenant in captain Rollette's company whose singular activity in saving and keeping an exact account of provisions surprised me, and without which we must unavoidably have lost much of that essential article. The Michigan fencibles, who manned the gun, behaved with great courage, coolness, and regularity. As to the serjeant of artillery, too much cannot be said of him; for the fate of the day, and our success are to be attributed, in a great measure, to his courage, and well-managed firing.

Since writing the foregoing, a few Sanks have arrived at the rapids, at the Rock river, with two Canadians, and bring the following information: On the 21st instant, six American barges, three of which were armed, were coming up and encamped in the rapids; that, in the course of the night, the party of Indians having the four bags of gunpowder I sent from this on the 17th, reached, them. The barges being encamped at short distances from each other, they, on the 22d, early in the morning, attacked the lowest, and killed, about 100 persons, took five pieces of cannon, and burnt the barge: the other barges seeing this disaster, and knowing there were British troops here, ran off. This is, perhaps, one of the most

brilliant actions, fought by Indians only, since the commencement of the war.

I have, &c.

W. M'KAY, Lieutenant-colonel.

Lieutenant-colonel M'Douall,
commanding at Michilimacinae.

This notice of the Indians would have come with a better grace from Col. McKay, had he not previously stated that the fire incessantly kept up by them was perfectly useless, from their being *so far off*, while, in the very next paragraph, he admits that not a man, except *three Indians*, was wounded. How is this reconcilable with the respectful distance which they observed? and did it not occur to Col. McKay, when stating that his red allies got wounded, that he was thereby admitting the fact of their being under fire?

Captain Sinclair after

Attack on and destruction of the Nancy at Nottawasaga.

the repulse at Michilimacinae, thinking, we

presume, that it would not answer to return empty-handed, and having missed the furs at St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, determined to make a third attempt to acquire laurels and booty by a descent on a block house, two miles up the Nottawasaga, situate on the south-east side of the river, which here runs parallel to, and forms a narrow peninsula with, the shore of Gloucester Bay. The success of the expedition was complete, so far as the destruction of the block house, but neither the Nancy, her men, nor the furs rewarded the prowess of captain Sinclair and his party, as lieutenant Worsley, who commanded, burned the Nancy, a small trading schooner belonging to the North West Company, to prevent the enemy taking possession of her, and, as the block house had been set fire to by a shell, he himself retired with his party up the river. The whole of the North West Company's valuable furs had been previously despatched up the French river, so that the sole reward reaped on the occasion was the destruction of a log block house, and the destruction of a schooner some eighty or a hundred tons burthen. Although no benefit was reaped by the Americans in this affair, it was productive of ultimate good to the British, as,

when captain Sinclair departed for Lake Erie, he left the two American Schooners, Tigress and Scorpion, to blockade the Nottawasaga, hoping thereby, as it was the only route by which provisions or supplies of any description could be forwarded to Michilimacinae, that he should be thus enabled to starve out a place which had successfully resisted an attack by arms. In obedience, probably, to orders, the schooners took a trip to the neighbourhood of St. Joseph's, and were discovered by some Indians, who disclosed the fact of their presence to lieutenant Worsley, with the additional information that they were fifteen miles apart. Acting on this information, lieutenant Worsley proceeded to take the measures which will be found detailed in the following despatch:—

From Lieutenant Bulger to Lieutenant-Colonel M'Douall.

Michilimacinae, September 7, 1814.

SIR,

I have the honor to report to you the particulars of the capture of the United States' schooners, Scorpion and Tigress, by a detachment from this garrison, under the command of Lieutenant Worsley, of the royal navy, and myself.

In obedience to your orders, we left Michilimacinae on the evening of the 1st instant, in four boats, one of which was manned by seamen under Lieutenant Worsley, the others by a detachment of the royal Newfoundland regiment, under myself, Lieutenants Armstrong, and Radenurst. We arrived near the Détour about sun-set on the following day; but nothing was attempted that night, as the enemy's position had not been correctly ascertained. The troops remained the whole of the 3rd instant concealed amongst the woods, and, about 6 o'clock that evening, began to move towards the enemy. We had to row about six miles, during which the most perfect order and silence reigned. The Indians who accompanied us from Macinae, were left about three miles in the rear. About 9 o'clock at night we discovered the enemy, and had approached to within 100 yards before they hailed us. On receiving no answer, they opened a smart fire upon us, both of musketry and of the

24-pounder. All opposition, however, was in vain; and in the course of five minutes, the enemy's vessel was boarded and carried, by Lieutenant Worseley and lieutenant Armstrong on the starboard-side, and my boat and Lieutenant Radenburst's on the larboard. She proved to be the *Tigress*, commanded by sailing-master Champlin, mounting one long 24-pounder, and with a complement of 30 men. The defence of this vessel did credit to her officers, who were all severely wounded. She had three men wounded and three missing, supposed to have been killed and thrown immediately overboard. Our loss is two seamen killed, and several soldiers and seamen slightly wounded.

On the morning of the 4th instant the prisoners were sent in a boat to Macinac, under a guard, and we prepared to attack the other schooner, which we understood was anchored 15 miles further down. The position of the *Tigress* was not altered; and, the better to carry on the deception, the American pendant was kept flying. On the 5th instant, we discerned the enemy's schooner beating up to us; the soldiers I directed to keep below, or to lie down on the deck, to avoid being seen. Every thing succeeded to our wish; the enemy came to anchor about two miles from us in the night; and, as day dawned on the 6th instant, we slipped our cable, and ran down under our jib and foresail. Every thing was so well managed by Lieutenant Worseley, that we were within ten yards of the enemy before they discovered us. It was then too late; for, in the course of five minutes, her deck was covered with our men, and the British flag hoisted over the American. She proved to be the *Scorpion*, commanded by Lieutenant Turner, of the United States' navy; carrying one long 24-pounder in her hold, with a complement of 32 men. She had two men killed, and two wounded. I enclose a return of our killed and wounded, and am happy to say that the latter are but slight.

To the admirable good conduct and management of Lieutenant Worseley, of the royal navy, the success is to be in a great measure

attributed; but I must assure you, that every officer and man did his duty.

I have the honor to be, &c.

A. H. BULGER,

Lieutenant Royal Newfoundland Regiment.
To Lieutenant-Colonel Mc'Douall, &c. &c.

Return of killed and wounded of the troops, employed in the capture of the United States' schooners, *Scorpion* and *Tigress*, on the 3rd and 6th of September, 1814.

Royal Artillery;—1 rank and file, wounded.
Royal Newfoundland Regiment;—1 Lieutenant, 6 rank and file, wounded.

Officer wounded.

Lieutenant Bulger, slightly,

N.B. Three seamen killed.

Lieutenant Bulger does not mention in his despatch anything relative to the value of these schooners, which were appraised shortly after, by the proper officers, and valued at sixteen thousand pounds sterling. As all mention of force is also omitted, it will be as well to state that the party consisted of lieutenant Worseley, one midshipman, one mate, and seventeen seamen, with lieutenant Bulger and fifty rank and file. Besides this number, there were forty-one others taken from the Indian department, the commissariat, &c., besides three Indian chiefs. The American versions of this affair, which was made the subject of a court of investigation by their government, fully sustain their character for fertility of invention. Before the court, the British force was made to consist of three hundred soldiers, sailors and Indians. Mr. Thomson supplies lieutenant Worseley with two hundred and fifty Indians, a hundred and fifty sailors, and a detachment of the Newfoundland regiment. Mr. O'Connor mentions no numbers, but introduces instead the following statement.

“ Captain Arthur Sinclair, commanding the United States' naval force on the upper lakes, states in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, on the authority of sailing master Champlin, that ‘ the conduct of the enemy to their prisoners (the crew of the *Tigress*), and the inhuman butchery of those who fell into their hands, at the attack on Michilimacina, has been barbarous beyond

a parallel. The former have been plundered of almost every article of clothing they possessed; the latter had their hearts and livers taken out, which were *actually cooked and feasted* on by the savages; and *that too in the quarters of the British officers, sanctioned by Col. McDouall.*”

It is only necessary to remark on this extraordinary fabrication of Mr. O'Connor's, that there were no prisoners taken at Michilimacinae, and that in the proceedings, as reported by American journals, of the court of enquiry that tried the officers and crew of the *Tigress*, no such proceedings were even hinted at. Is it probable that such conduct, had it occurred, would have been passed over in silence, affording, as it would have done, such an opportunity of stigmatizing the British? The answer is obvious, yet we find that Mr. O'Connor's book, with the atrocious statement uncontradicted, has passed through many editions, and is even now a class book of history in the United States.

In regard to the numbers, the statements furnished by authorities who wrote on the subject at the time, have enabled us to disprove the American exaggerations, by giving the correct numbers.

Naval proceedings.

We must now pass, for the present, from the operations by land, and take a glance at the occurrences that had taken place during the last few months. We must not omit, however, to notice one statement of Ingersol's relative to the capture of the *Argus* by H. M. Brig the *Pelican*, which we have already touched upon.

In extenuation of the loss of the *Argus*, Ingersol states “that on the 13th August, the *Argus* captured a vessel loaded with wine, of which too free use was made by the American crew, soon after which her flag was, not ingloriously, struck, after an engagement with the English brig of war *Pelican*, Capt. Maples.”

Now what inference is to be drawn from this passage? Is it to be construed into a confession that the American captain resorted to an attempt to give his crew what is commonly styled Dutch courage, or should it be taken as a very severe reproof upon the

discipline of the crew of the *Argus*? Ingersol knew full well, when he attempted this ridiculous excuse, that when a merchant vessel is taken by a man of war, that, should she not be destroyed, a prize crew is put on board of her, and she is despatched to the nearest port; had he, therefore mentioned as a reason why the prize was recaptured, that the prize crew got drunk, it would have been of no unusual occurrence. Again, how were the crew of the *Argus* to have got at the wine; the prize was not taken by boarding, but by a gun fired across her bows, and so soon as a boat's crew was put on board of her, the *Pelican* being discovered, the boat's crew were recalled, and the brig set on fire. Is it probable that the captain and officers of the *Argus* would be so remiss in their duties as not to notice the boat's crew bringing back from the prize so much wine as to intoxicate a whole crew, and keep them in that state for twenty-four hours, the time that elapsed between the capture of the brig and the going into action. The whole idea is absurd, and only furnishes another instance of what American writers will resort to in order to bolster up any national dishonour or defeat.

On the 24th of May Commodore Decatur, commanding the United States forty-four-gun frigate, with the Macedonian, thirty-eight, and the *Hornet*, eighteen gun sloop, started for the East Indies from New York. By the 1st June, the American squadron had got through the intricacies of Long Island sound, by which passage they were forced to endeavour to get out, *Sandy Hook* being blockaded, and they stood out to sea. At nine a. m., however, they were discovered by H. M. ship *Valiant*, seventy-four guns, in company with the eighteen-pounder, forty-gun frigate *Acasta*, and immediately chased. Here was a glorious opportunity for Commodore Decatur; he had been thirsting for an opportunity to tackle single-handed to a British seventy-four; and as according to American accounts the *Macedonian* was as fine a frigate as the British had ever built, the *Acasta* was just her match, and if any slight make-weight might have been required, it was amply

supplied by the *Hornet*. What then did Commodore Decatur do? He ran back to New London, being compelled to start a great part of his water, and throw his provisions overboard, to escape capture. The Commodore did not attempt to increase the force in pursuit, but the American papers did; and it was, accordingly, circulated through the Union, that three vessels had chased, a razeo being added to the real number.

An attempt was made a short time after the chase of Decatur and his squadron, to blow up the *Ramilies*, seventy-four, then at Anchor at Fisher's Island. James gives the following account of this occurrence.

Two merchants of New York, encouraged by a promise of reward from the American Government, formed a plan for destroying the *Ramilies*, Captain Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy. A schooner named the *Eagle* was laden with several casks of gunpowder, having trains leading from a species of gun lock, which, upon the principle of clock-work, went off at a given period after it had been set. Above the casks of powder, and in full view at the hatchway, were some casks of flour, it being known at New York that the *Ramilies* was short of provisions, and naturally supposed that Captain Hardy would immediately order the vessel alongside, in order to get the ship's wants supplied."

"Thus murderously laden, the schooner sailed from New York and stood up the sound. On the 25th, in the morning, the *Eagle* approached New London, as if intending to enter that river. The *Ramilies* dispatched a boat, with thirteen men, under lieutenant John Geddes, to cut her off. At eleven, a. m., lieutenant Geddes boarded the schooner, and found that the crew, after having let go her only anchor, had abandoned their vessel and fled to the shore.

The lieutenant brought the fatal prize near the *Ramilies*, and Sir Thomas ordered him to place the vessel alongside of a trading

sloop, which had been recently captured, and lay a short distance off.

The lieutenant did as he was ordered; and at 2 h. 30 m., p. m., while he and his men were in the act of securing her, the schooner blew up with a tremendous explosion. The poor lieutenant and ten of the fine fellows, who were with him, perished; and the remaining three men escaped only with being shockingly scorched.

Both James and Brenton are very severe in their animadversions on this head, and James declares that he fully concurs with Brenton in the following remark:—

"A quantity of arsenic placed amongst the food, would have been so perfectly compatible with the rest of the contrivance, that we wonder it was not resorted to. Should actions like these receive the sanction of Government, the science of war, and the law of nations, will degenerate into the barbarity of the Algerines; and murder and pillage will take the place of kindness and humanity to our enemies."

We confess we are not of this opinion. We see in this transaction nothing more than the modified use of fire ships, and cannot see the difference between this scheme and the Emperor of Russia sinking submarine charges to blow up vessels attempting the passage to Cronstadt. Some eminent writers on the subject, such as Wolf, &c., have asserted that war legalizes any violence, and that fraud and poison may be employed against enemies; Grotius, Vattel, and other authorities have defined the legitimate mode of war to be the employment only of such force as is necessary to accomplish the end of war—rather an ambiguous definition. Leaving, however, this nice point to be settled by the peace congress, we would direct attention to Ingersol's inconsistency on this subject. He is very eloquent on the employment of the Indians by the British, and declares that "God and nature put no such means in men's hands; shocking to every lover of honorable war. In vain has religion been established if these acts of cruelty are permitted."

Now surely the employment of Indians was no more shocking to every lover of honorable war, than the attempt to blow up the Ramilies. Yet we find Ingersol repro-bating the one and passing over the other.

We are more honest than Ingersol, and can find no difference between a shell thrown into Odessa, and a fire-ship sent into Cronstadt or Sebastopol. Every Christian must deplore war as a calamity, but so long as the necessity of a thing, so opposed to every Divine law as a state of warfare, is recognized by nations, we cannot see how it is to be regulated by Christian rules.

Perhaps one of the most signal instances of unblushing effrontery occurred in the case of the President, Commodore Rodgers. The President was on her return from her third cruise, and having passed the Delaware was standing for New York, "when," says the Commodore, "I saw nothing until I made Sandy Hook, when I again fell in with *another of the enemy's squadrons*; and by some unaccountable cause, was permitted to enter the bay, although in the presence of a decidedly superior force, after having been obliged to remain outside, seven hours and a half, waiting for the tide."

This assertion of the Commodore's was not sufficient for the officers of the President, who improved on the story, and asserted that seeing a large ship to windward they "backed the maintopsail and cleared for action. The strange sail came down within gun-shot, and hauled her wind on the starboard tack. We continued, with our maintopsail to the mast, three hours, and, seeing no probability of the seventy-four gun ship's bearing down to engage, the President gave her a shot to windward, and hoisted our colours; when she bore up for us reluctantly. When within half gun-shot, backed her maintopsail. At this moment, all hands were called to muster aft, and the Commodore said a few but expressive words, though it was unnecessary; for what other stimulant could true Americans want, than fighting gloriously in the sight of their na-

tive shore, where hundreds were assembled to witness the engagement."

"The commander of the seventy-four," adds the writer of this veracious document, "had it in his power, for five hours, to bring us at any time to an engagement, our maintopsail to the mast during that time. It was afterwards ascertained that the ship which declined the battle with the President, was the Plantagenet, seventy-four, Captain Lloyd. The reason given by Captain Lloyd for avoiding an engagement was that his crew were in a state of mutiny."

One would almost think that this was invention enough to put forth on an imaginary subject; not so, however, as another American writer declares that "Captain Lloyd after returning to England had several of his sailors tried and executed on this charge."

Unfortunately for the truth of these statements, the Plantagenet, on the day that Commodore Rodgers was off the Hook, was off Barbadoes, at least sixteen hundred miles distant. Again, the crew of the Plantagenet was one of the finest in the service, and no such trials took place on her return home. The vessel that was magnified into a seventy-four by the diseased imagination of Rodgers and his officers, was the thirty-eight gun frigate Loire, Captain Thomas Brown, and his reasons for not bringing the President to action were, that he had seventy-four men away in prizes, and forty in sick bay, thus leaving out of three hundred and thirty two men, only two hundred and seventeen to go into action with a vessel carrying four hundred and seventy.

We have lost sight of the Essex, thirty-two gun frigate, Capt. Porter, who sailed towards the end of 1812, on a cruise to the Pacific. The Essex was to have made this cruise in company with the Constitution and Hornet, but not meeting with these vessels at the rendezvous, Captain Porter proceeded alone, and on the 14th of March, having captured the British packet Norton, with eleven thousand pounds sterling on board, arrived at Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili.

Having re- victualled his ship, Capt. Porter stood over to the Gallipagos, where he captured twelve whalers. Two of these the American commander armed and manned as cruisers, the manning part of the operation being completed by inducing several of the crews of the whale ships to desert, and by taking several Americans out of a Peruvian vessel. The larger of these vessels, newly christened the *Essex Junior*, was armed with twenty guns (ten long sixes, and ten eighteen pound carronades) and a complement of ninety-five men.

It does not appear that Capt. Porter was very successful between this time and the beginning of 1814, when we find him still in company with the *Essex Junior* in Valparaiso.

On the 8th of February the British thirty-six gun frigate *Phoebe*, Captain Hillyar, and the eighteen gun sloop, *Cherub*, Captain Tucker, long in pursuit of Captain Porter, discovered his vessels at anchor with two of the prizes, stood into and anchored in the port. With the usual policy of his country, Captain Porter began to tamper with the British seamen, by hoisting at his fore-top-gallant mast head a white flag, with the motto, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." This was answered by Captain Hillyar, who ran up a *St. George's* ensign, with the motto "God and Country; British Sailors' Best Rights; Traitors offend both." Three or four days after, Captain Porter returned to the attack by hoisting a flag, on which was inscribed "God, our Country, and Liberty; Tyrants offend both."

After remaining sometime in harbour, and making several ineffectual attempts to escape from his watchful antagonist, Capt. Porter, on the 27th of March, was blown out of the Harbour, followed immediately by both British vessels, and, after an attempt to run his vessel on shore, easily captured; the *Essex junior* having been secured also. Captain Porter and part of his crew succeeded in escaping to shore, taking with them part of the specie. This, however, was only partially effected, from their boats having been much cut up by the fire of the *Phoebe*. The loss of the two British vessels was five killed and

ten wounded. Captain Porter asserted that he had fifty-eight killed and sixty-six wounded, and there is no means of disproving the assertion. "The battered state of the *Essex*," declared Captain Porter, "must prevent her ever reaching England." In spite, however, of the assertion, she was safely anchored in Plymouth Sound. The superiority was decidedly in favour of the British (not more so, however, than in the three first actions of the war, the advantage was the other way), so there is no room for further observation on the matter, than to examine what became of the prizes taken by the *Essex*. The *Essex junior*, we have just seen recaptured; another, the *Georgiana*, armed with sixteen guns, and a prize crew of over forty men, was fitted up with spermacetti oil taken from the others, and despatched to the United States; her passage was cut short in the West Indies by the *Barossa* frigate. The cargo was valued at one hundred thousand dollars. The *Policy* and *New Zealander* were filled with all the oil from the other ships, and sent home. They were, however, both recaptured, with their prize crews—the first by the *Loire*, the second by the *Belvidera*. The *Rose* and *Charlton* were given up to the prisoners; the *Sir Andrew Hammond* was taken by the *Cherub*; the *Hector*, *Greenwich*, and *Catherine* got burned, and the *Seringapatam* was run away with by her crew, who delivered her to her owners in payment of salvage. It will thus be seen that, a balance being struck, the result would not be very favourable to the American Government, the loss of the *Essex* being taken into consideration; not to speak of the valuable services of Captain David Porter, of whose talents as a despatch-writer we will furnish the reader with an example in our next chapter.

ASCENSION DAY, HOLY THURSDAY.—A commemoration of the Ascension of our Lord. The day before on which the Doge of Venice solemnly embarked in the *Bucentaur* to wed the Adriatic. This pompous ceremony took its rise in 1173. Pope Alexander having been rescued from the fury of the *Barbarossa* by Ziani, the doge, he presented the latter with a ring, in token of the subjection of the sea to the Venetian republic.

THOUGHTS FOR JULY.

"The voice of thy thunder was in the Heaven; the lightning lightened the world."
PSALM LXXVII. 18.

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof."
ECCLIIASIIUS XIII. 11.

The summer sun has at last asserted its full power, and under its influence the plants, whose growth a wise provision had hitherto partially checked, have now attained their full size. Meadows and gardens are, on every side, in luxuriant blossom, and already the early currant and gooseberry peep invitingly from amid the thick clusters of leaves which surround them.

Before the intense heats of the latter part of the month set in, nothing can be more delicious than an early ramble. The eye literally feasts on the varied hues and forms of the flowers and shrubs, and, when overpowered by the heat, a refuge is sought in the woods, there, in happy contrast, do we find strength and vigorous life manifested, and, screened from the fierce beams of the sun, we are content to loiter till

"The bright planet of the night
Wanders o'er the blue sky tree."

Pleasant, however, as these rambles are, they are not unattended with "chances of change," as in this and the following month it is almost impossible to reckon with confidence on the most beautiful morning not ending either in rain or a thunder-shower. It is not, however, to the Rambler that the uncertainty of the weather brings the greatest inconvenience, as the season of hay-making generally commences towards the end of the month, and many a sweet-smelling swathe, or haycock, has, again and again, to be turned or spread ere the labours which, "with regular strokes and a sweeping sound," lay low the sweet and flowery grass, are crowned with success. Scarcely indeed is the patience of the mower too often tested, and with us, even as in our dear fatherland, it is often midnight "ere," as Howitt writes, "the fragrant ricks rise in the farm-yard, and the pale, smooth-shorn fields are left in solitary beauty."

A marked difference, too, will be noted by

"Him who seeks the dawn,"

as with us it is not as in merry England, when the mowers are afield long ere the sun glances above the horizon.

This early work is quite impossible in our climate, where the dew loves to linger long after the sun has shown himself above the horizon, and from dawn till an hour after sunrise, our fields remain unenlivened by "hay-makers tossing the green swathes to the sun."

It is during this month, too, that the farmer most anxiously watches his wheat-fields. The filling of the ears—violent storms, which break or lay flat the stalks—the rust, that mysterious disease so fatal to the hopes of the husbandman, are all sources of anxiety to him. With all these causes of anxiety, however, he whose lot is cast in cities, far from the genial aspects of Nature, is sincerely to be pitied during this period of the year. After the early summer rains, all Nature seems revived, and the sun appears to shine with additional brilliancy. In a little work entitled, "*The Hand of God manifested in His Works*," the author, when describing the emotions of David, "the anointed of the Lord, and the sweet psalmist of Israel," represents him as "singing with prophetic inspiration the praises of the Rock of Israel, influenced by the beauty of Nature under such sweet summer aspects. The same author also quotes the well known lines:—

"The softening air is balm;
Beho the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep morn, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whispering gales."

We have already pointed out how wonderfully during the early months of the year the evidences of Divine benevolence were manifested, and now that the fruition of all the intentions of Providence draws nigh, we daily find some new proof of his goodness. "The provision of food, the maturing of plants and animals, the development of seed for the reproduction of vegetable life in the following spring," have all in turn been unrolled from Nature's page for the benefit of the poet, the naturalist, or the Christian. It will be well, however, to remember "that the lessons of summer will, no more than those of spring, reconcile all difficulties, or illuminate to us what is mysterious, obscure, or incomprehensible in the ordering of Nature, and the dealings of God with man; but in so far as these lessons are clearly expressed, they point with no less distinctness to the same conclusions, and show us that the God of Nature is a God of love."

William Howitt's lines on "Summer and the Poet" will be found very appropriate, as showing what ought to be the spirit in which we should regard all the manifestations of Providence through the great book of Nature, and how prone is humanity to murmur, even while the choicest blessings are being showered on him. Howitt thus sings:—

POET.

Oh! golden, golden summer,
 What is it thou hast done?
 Thou hast chased each vernal roamer
 With thy fiercely burning sun.

Glad was the cuckoo's hail,—
 Where may we hear it now?
 Thou hast driven the nightingale
 From the waving hawthorn bough.

Thou hast shrunk the mighty river;
 Thou hast made the small brook flee;
 And the light gales faintly quiver
 Through the dark and shadowy tree.

Spring woke her tribes to bloom,
 And on the green sward dance;
 Thou hast smitten them to the tomb
 With thy consuming glance.

And now Autumn cometh on,
 Singing 'mid sheels of corn,
 Thou hastenest to be gone,
 As if joy might not be borne.

SUMMER.

And dost *thou* of me complain?
 Thou, who with dreamy eyes,
 In the forest moss hast lain,
 Praising my silvery skies?

Thou, who didst deem divine,
 The shrill cicada's tune,
 When the odours of the pine
 Gushed through the woods at noon?

I have run my fervid race,
 I have wrought my task once more;
 I have filled each fruitful place
 With a plenty that runs o'er.

There is treasure in the garner,
 There is honey with the bee;
 And oh! thou thankless scornor,
 There's a parting boon for thee!

Soon as in misty madness,
 Sere Autumn yields her reign,
 Winter with stormy madness
 Shall chase thee from the plain.

Then shall these scenes elysian
 Bright in thy spirit burn,
 And each summer thought and vision
 Be thine till I return.

THE BIBLE.—In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was about £80, equal to about £200 of our money.

ON RUSSIA.

No. II.

BY REV. R. F. BURNS, KINGSTON.

To render more complete the view presented, in last article, of the military resources of Russia, it will be necessary to say something regarding the Cossacks, of whose valour she boasts, and on whose assistance in times of need she specially depends. Their origin dates from the period of the Tartar invasion, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. The barbarous retainers of Genghis Khan rushed down, like an avalanche, from the cold regions of the North, on the plains which Buric had conquered and colonized. Though their rule ultimately did not prove as oppressive as was feared, for a considerable time devastation and death tracked their footsteps. The sky was reddened with the glare of blazing villages. The soil was saturated with the blood, and whitened with the bones, of countless victims. They resembled an army of locusts, with a garden in front and a desert behind them. Many of the settlers in the vicinity of Kiow and part of the extensive region known as Little, or Southern Russia, fled from their homes, and found shelter in an unfrequented strip of country bordering on the Don and stretching towards the banks of the Dneiper and the shores of the Black Sea. At intervals they were joined by malcontents from different tribes. Together they formed a motley mass, united in the love of that liberty they claimed for themselves, and in the lawless incursions they made on others. They partook of the character of the brigand or freebooter, rather than of the soldier or civilian. In boats, little better than our Indian canoes, they pursued on the Black Sea a course similar to that which their Varangian ancestors had done upon the Baltic, and performed deeds worthy the palmy days of Rob Roy or Robin Hood. The modern Cossacks possess the general features which marked their predatory sires. War is their native element. They leave to women and serfs the culture of the land and the practice of the industrial arts. In periods of peace they may fish or hunt, look after their herds, or loiter about, decked out in a blue jacket, lined with silk and edged with gold lace, silk vest and girdle, ample white trousers and a large cap of black wool with a red bag floating behind. But they are never truly contented, save when brandishing their ponderous spear, or coursing with lightning rapidity on their faithful steeds over

the fertile steppes of the Ukraine, or beneath the frowning shadow of the Caucasus.

There are two leading classes—those of the Ukraine; and those of the Don. The Ukraine is a district where the soil is rich and loamy and the sky is bright and clear. The Cossacks here have a government of their own, thoroughly independent; military law prevails and is administered with great strictness. In cases of murder for example—the murderer is buried alive with his victim. In the matter of love they reverse the customary order, establishing a perpetual leap year, by leaving it to the female to undertake the delicate task of popping the question, a privilege which some modest swains would willingly concede to her. Whenever a young woman falls in love with a young man, she undertakes a pilgrimage to the house of his parents, and sitting down on the ground makes this pathetic and irresistible appeal: “Ivan, the goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of ruling and loving a wife, and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good gospodar (husband or master). It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come and beg you, with all due humility, to accept me for your spouse.” A similar appeal is then addressed to the parents. Should a refusal be given, she is nothing daunted, but simply states that she will not leave the house till she have secured the object of her attachment. In the generality of cases, these strong-minded women carry their point. While they are thus assiduous at the shrine of Venus, the men are equally devoted to the interests of Mars. Their delight is in the din of battle and the shock of arms. This holds especially true with regard to the Cossacks of the Don, who, for a lengthened succession of years have been constantly on duty. In consequence of their proximity to the great Caucasian range they have been the principal actors in that protracted contest with the brave Circassians, which has done not a little to wound the pride of Russia and take from the prestige of her power.

A glance at this contest may not be uninteresting, while it will serve to exhibit the character of the Cossacks, and to establish our former position that the military strength of Russia is by no means so formidable as has been represented.

The Caucasian mountains separate Russia from Turkey on the one hand, and Persia on the other. Their length is six hundred and

forty-six miles; their height in some points is close on 18,000 feet, exceeding the loftiest of the Alpine peaks. “By this chain of heights the passage between the Euxine and the Caspian Seas is guarded as by a sleepless host of invincible sentries, and its verdant vales and rugged ridges form the natural fastnesses for a race of mountaineers, where they may maintain the character for indomitable endurance which has marked the highlander of every age and country.” The territory scooped out between these two seas and fenced in on one side by this gigantic wall of nature’s construction embraces an area of 100,000 square miles. In this “land of the mountain and the flood” the Circassians were cradled—a people who, for a quarter of a century, have held the Russians at bay, and who, in their bold strugglings for liberty, have proved themselves not unworthy of being placed near those who fought beneath the banner of the patriot Tell and the Bruce of Bannockburn.

To the influences that are associated with highland scenery the Circassian is peculiarly open. Reared in a region where the sublime and beautiful in nature are exquisitely blended, his choicest affections gather round it. Breathing the air of liberty as it sweeps fresh and keen from snowed heights, accessible only to the eagle or the chamois, he spurns the chains of the oppressor; he dares to be free.

“Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms,
And as a child, when scolding sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother’s breast.
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.”

By the treaty of Adrianople in 1829, which terminated the last general war between Turkey and Russia, Circassia, which had a nominal connexion with the former, was ceded to the latter. The high spirited Circassians however regarded the treaty as a piece of waste paper, and therefore Russia directed her entire energies to the task of compelling their obedience. First an army of 100,000 was dispatched; then another of 150,000 in addition to the Cossack Cavalry; forts were built, roads constructed, every conceivable engine of destruction was put in requisition. The most able and accomplished Russian Generals were employed. Proclamations similar to those with which we are familiar, were issued. But all in vain. The Caucasus teems with Thermopylæ and the invincible Schamyl has proved another Leonidas. The Cossack has been no match for the Circassian. The flower of the Russian army has fallen beneath the unerring rifles of these invisible marksmen. With 80 deter-

mined followers Schamyl out his way through the serried ranks of the entire Russian host, and brandishing the blade that was bathed in the blood of multitudes, flew like a bird to his nest in the mountains. And now he has lent his sword to the Sultan, and on a wider field will face his former foe. If for twenty years he, single handed, faced him so successfully, what may we expect when Russia removed from all extraneous sympathy and support, and left alone in her shame, has to face an indignant universe.

This Circassian campaign strikingly reveals the inherent weakness of Russia; and when we consider that during its entire course the Cossacks have been Russia's most effective instruments, we need not fear the result in connection with the present struggle. But, in point of fact, even on them she cannot fully rely. So independent are they in spirit, and so jealous of their rights, that it would not take much to make them desert their colours. They have done so repeatedly already. We find them allied successively with Poles, Swedes, and Tartars. Peter the Great and Catharine II. felt that their fidelity could not be trusted, and had recourse to various expedients in order to overawe them. The terms and mode of their service were both wont to be peculiar. It was voluntary, not compulsory. Hence the very name *Cossack*, which is identical with freeman. When they made a charge, it was not like the regular army, in a united phalanx, but in a loose and separate form. They advanced not with the measured step and unbroken line of the ordinary troops, but like our own Highlanders, in the days of old, they bore down promiscuously on the foe with the impetuosity of the whirling tornado, or the sweeping blast. For several years their tactics have been completely changed. Nicholas has been doing all in his power to introduce among them his favourite idea of uniformity. They are now regularly distributed into upwards of 160 regiments, and differ little, if at all, from those which are enlisted by compulsion, and advance in concert. There is strong ground for suspecting that these changes have not been palatable to the Cossacks, who are jealous of innovations, and sensitive in regard to their ancient distinction. Who knows but that advantage may be taken of the present war for bursting the bonds wherewith they have been girt round, and that Russia may find them a source of weakness rather than of strength?

A word on the *naval* resources of Russia may be a fitting sequel to what has been advanced on the military. Here, however, we need not delay or enlarge, as even the warmest partisans of Russia have been constrained to confess her deficiency. 'Tis true that she has several large ships-of-the-line and powerful frigates, and that in the practice of gunnery some of her seamen are tolerably skilled. But to cope with the combined navies of the two greatest maritime powers in the world is beyond her ability, notwithstanding all the bustle in the dockyards of Cronstadt. The defeat at Sinope will be returned with interest at Sebastopol. Who can tell but that another Navarino?—with this difference, that whereas in 1827 England and France joined with Russia to destroy the Turkish navy, England and France now join with Turkey, to destroy the Russian.

"Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the mind,
Then when Christendom's pennons wooed social the wind,
And the flower of her brave for the combat combin'd

Their watchword; humanity's vow;

Not a sea-boy that fights in this cause but mankind
Owes a garland to honor his brow.

But we must hasten from the weapons of the warrior and the garments rolled in blood, to those peaceful fields whose industry and intelligence win their bloodless trophies. Since the period of Peter, Russia has made no inconsiderable progress in these useful arts which lie at the foundation of a country's material prosperity. Catharine II., by inviting to her court men of literary distinction, and holding out premiums to superior merit in the different departments of the fine arts, did not a little to polish the rugged surface of her country, and to produce amongst her subjects a taste for elegant accomplishments. The settlement of foreign artisans and artists has been encouraged. To such the highest rate of wages is given. As generally the most enterprising are most ready to emigrate, captivated by such golden baits, it is not surprising to find articles manufactured in the industrial establishments of St. Petersburg not inferior to the best that Paris or London can supply. *Cabinet-work*, for example, has been carried to a high state of perfection. In the Academy of Science there is a writing-desk, which is a perfect gem of its kind. The carving is the most exquisite that can be conceived. It is partitioned off into a variety of compartments, and can be applied to a variety of purposes. On opening it you are met by a beautiful group of figures in bronze, superbly gilt.

Gently pressing a secret spring they vanish in a moment, and the place for writing, with the receptacles for writing materials, appear. Immediately over this is a row of drawers for valuable papers, none of which can be opened without the flowing forth of a stream of melody from an invisible musical apparatus—melody so loud as would be sure to lay an arrest on any bold intruder. The ingenious mechanic received upwards of 20,000 dollars from his sovereign, and his elaborate piece of work was honoured with a place in the great National Museum.

The Russians possess amazing powers of imitation. Birmingham used to be famed for its imitations of jewellery and precious metals; but it must yield the palm to Moscow. Give the Russian only the copy, and it will be reproduced to the minutest particular. This faculty for imitating is shown in almost every department. There have proceeded from the hands of a single Russian workman copies, whose originals required the combined efforts of the most expert mechanics in the world. A Russian peasant produced a portrait of the Emperor worthy of a high place in any collection. In low cellars slaves have been detected painting in enamel, in a style that would do no disgrace to a Rubens or a Wilkie. In *manufactures* Russia is advancing. There are factories, governmental and private. The materials are such as cotton, silk, wool, leather, paper, glass, gold and silver, tobacco, clay, and wax. The tapestry, porcelain, wool, and leather establishments have a high reputation. The trading spirit is carried to a great extent. Even the serfs often obtain passports, or tickets of leave from their masters, and by a course of peddling amass a small fortune, on which a tax is levied. The common way for a man who aims at being a merchant is to begin as a *ratnoschik*, or street hawk. Then, when a little is collected a *lavka*, or small store, is taken. By dint of parsimony and perseverance he gets up the ladder step by step, till he becomes a man of considerable consequence, and dies, like Sava Yacovlof, worth several million rubles. The commerce of the country is carried on principally through the agency of foreigners resident in the metropolis. The business of commission agent is therefore a lucrative and important one. The English, Dutch, Danish, French, and Germans are the principal parties in connection with this branch. To them the country merchants dispose of their goods, receiving generally

the cash in hand, while the imports are given in return to them, generally on credit.

The leading Russian ports are Cronstadt on the Baltic, and Odessa on the Black Sea. Cronstadt lies on the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland, a few miles from the great metropolis. It is difficult and dangerous of access, the channel being shallow and confined. Vessels drawing more than eight feet of water have to stop and unload. Here congregate crafts of every description from every nation under Heaven: while the goods, transferred into light pinnaces, creep slowly up the Neva, in opposition to the mighty current that constantly sets in from the mighty Ladoga.

Odessa, sixty years since, was an obscure Tartar village. It is now a populous and wealthy city, rivaling the metropolis itself. Many prefer it on account of living being so much cheaper. The magnificent esplanade that lines its harbor often presents a spectacle as gay as the parks of London or the Boulevards of Paris. The genius of Catharine II. selected it as being near the centre of the empire, and having the command of the recently acquired provinces in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea.

Eleven years after being founded we find 530 ships at its wharves. In 1795, the exports and imports together did not exceed 68,000 rubles a year. In 1835, or forty years after, we find them rising to upwards of forty-one millions. In this latter year the number of merchants, divided into three guilds, throughout the country generally, exceeded 32,000. The peasants having permission to trade were about 5000. There were upwards of 6000 manufacturing concerns, and the workmen in connection with them nearly 200,000. The exports and imports exceeded 800,000,000 rubles. There has, of course, been a considerable increase since the above period, but not by any means on a scale commensurate with the extent of the country or the resources it contains.

Commerce and *agriculture* are twin sisters. They must either mutually assist or retard each other. In a country marked here and there, as we have seen Russia to be, by extensive and fertile plains, we naturally look for agricultural as well as commercial progress. Nor are we altogether disappointed. The crops correspond very much with our own. Rye prevails in the north, wheat in the middle and south, and this, as with us, is the staple produce. The Russian wheat

has challenged competition with the world. The only specimen, we understand, that divided the honor with it in the Crystal Palace, was that from Mr. Christie's farm, near Brantford. They also resemble us in having spring and fall crops. Potatoes yield from thirty to fifty-fold in the chilly region of Archangel, where other crops fail. Flax, hemp, and silk are also assiduously cultivated, and since 1768 tobacco has been introduced. In the gardens cabbages abound, which are consumed principally in the production of that familiar dish "sour kraut." The orchards of the south are stocked with some of the finest fruits of the tropics, which grow in rich luxuriance in the open air, and with hardly the necessity of culture. The green pastures in both the north and south are covered with flocks, whose wool is highly prized, and forms an important article of commerce. The implements of husbandry are in general somewhat primitive in their construction. And it cannot be said that the peasants are models of diligence. But the native richness of the soil compensates for all deficiencies.

St. Petersburg is a standing evidence that in regard to *architecture* Russia falls not behind. It is a wonder in itself, and illustrates most strikingly the indomitable perseverance of its founder. Between Lake Ladoga and the Baltic, where the Neva divides itself into four branches, forming as many small swampy islands, lay a marsh, on which, little more than a century and a half ago, squatted a few wretched cottars, and from which issued a pestilential miasma. As if to show what an iron will and a pure despotism could accomplish in the face of the most formidable physical obstacles, the eccentric Peter selected this as the site of his future capital. Preparations are made on the most gigantic scale. Thousands of workmen are assembled, Russians, Cossacks, Calmucks, Tartars, Finlanders. There was not a stone to be had in the whole country round. Peter decrees that every large vessel should bring thirty stones every voyage it made, those of smaller dimensions ten, and every cart or waggon three. Upwards of three hundred nobles were commanded to leave Moscow, the old capital, and to erect as many palaces of solid masonry, in this unpropitious atmosphere and on this treacherous soil. The erection of stone houses in any other section of the empire was strictly forbidden, till the new city got a fair start. The workmen had no shovels, or

pickaxes, or conveyances, and had to carry stones, sand, and other materials in bags or the skirts of their garments. Fully 100,000 in all fell victims to the climate. Despite such difficulties, which would have shaken the resolution of any ordinary man, the indomitable Peter pushed on till, in an incredibly short time, there rose, as if by magic, from the marsh, a magnificent metropolis. The public works, government buildings, and private residences of the nobility are composed of massive material, and marked by the most costly and elaborate architectural adornments. The immense wharves of solid granite, the gorgeous imperial palaces, the imposing facade of the Admiralty, the towering colonnade of the Church of Cajan, and the glittering dome of the great cathedral of St. Isaac, with its stately pillars, upwards of two hundred in number, below and above—attract the attention and extort the admiration of every spectator. Nor, when speaking of the new, can we altogether lose sight of the old capital, which has twice risen like the Phoenix from its own ashes, and in its present form has lost none of its ancient splendour. Here Europe and Asia seem to meet, though the manners of the population and the general aspect of the buildings partake more of the East than the West. Moscow is the pride of the old nobles, who, in many instances, have been compelled to surrender to a race of upstarts the sunshine of the Court and the smiles of the Czar. They exchange without regret the mushroom metropolis, for that which they have ceased not to regard as the only true one; around which cluster their most cherished associations, and within which they can keep up, in semi-barbaric magnificence, without risk of imperial intrusion, the time-honored customs of their ancestral halls.

The facilities of communication in Russia are rapidly on the increase. At the commencement of the present century a miserable corduroy road stretched over the dreary interval of 500 miles that separated these two cities from each other. Now there is a splendid macadamized road, with comfortable resting-places at convenient stages. This has been recently superseded by a railway, for which Russia is indebted to English and American enterprise, so that now the distance can be described in as many hours as it was wont to require weeks. The old Russian travelling carriage is most comfortable and commodious. It is a moving house, and one may live in it during the most protracted jour-

ney without needing to have recourse to a tavern. The carriages of the aristocracy are slavish imitations of the continental. The Nevsky, which is the Broadway or Boulevard of St. Petersburg, is crowded with them on the lively summer afternoons. The scene is at once gaudy and grotesque. There is every conceivable variety of costume, and the colours of the equipages vie with the rainbow. Rank is judged of by the number of horses driven. Three or four are sometimes driven abreast, and six for a nobleman is a common occurrence. The ordinary vehicles are the sledge in winter, and the droshky in summer. The former is much the same with what we are used to. The latter is a complete curiosity. "A low narrow seat, covered with leather, and bearing some resemblance to the dismembered trunk of an old hobby horse, is placed lengthways across the axles of four small vehicles, between the two foremost of which is a seat for the driver. On this the passenger mounts astride with his feet placed in a pair of stirrups or metal steps, which hang within an inch or two of the ground. When there is rain the traveller is sure to be soaked; when there is mud he is defiled to the eyes; when there is dust he is choked; and when there is sun he is roasted." It is about as bad as the sedan chair, wanting the seat. And yet, notwithstanding the tendency of the Russian to mimic every foreign improvement, he is passionately fond of this apology for a conveyance, and cannot be reasoned or ridiculed out of it. The example of driving fast is set by the Emperor, and universally followed. Considering the nature and number of the conveyances, frequent collisions and accidents might be anticipated. But it is quite the reverse; which may in part be explained by the fact that, in cases of accident, by an imperial edict, both horses and vehicles are summarily confiscated.

We have adverted to the *Neva* in speaking of St. Petersburg. It may be said to constitute the great artery along which the stream of Russian life as well as commerce flows. It is to the Russian what the Nile is to the Egyptian, or the Ganges to the Hindoo. He idolises it. It is to him a source at once of pleasure and profit. It is spanned by bridges of the pontoon cast, which are being constantly removed. For fully half the year it is bound in icy chains. Business is suspended, and the Russian gives himself up to unrestrained indulgence. There is something peculiarly dismal in the Russian winter's approach. "The leaves have all withered, the air is sharp, the sky looks gray and dull. The south-west winds begin their wailing accents. The Neva joins in with mournful murmurs, and all nature sighs with seeming sadness over the early grave of summer. Clouds of dust sweep through the great avenues, and penetrate the crevices of every door and window. Colds and asthmas prevail. Strangers prepare to leave. Housekeepers are engaged in putting in double window sashes and lining the doors with felt, and every one who is able flies from a country that Randolph of Roanoke, after an experience of twenty days, described as 'cursed with all the plagues without possessing the fertility of Egypt.'"^{*}

But when winter sets fairly in, it is by no means so disagreeable. "The nights of Russia, when millions of stars tremble in the cold clear firmament, and the moonlight sparkles on the crusted snow, are very beautiful. The woodland hung with white drapery, the pine boughs tipped with icicles, the surface of the ground clear as crystal, and the air echoing the melody of merry voices and tinkling sleigh bells, excite the most pleasing sensations." It is sad to think that the time which hangs heavy on Russian hands is too generally devoted to miscalled pleasures, which tend to enfeeble rather than invigorate the constitution, and to besot rather than elevate and expand the mind. Throwing duty and devotion to the dogs, and the reins on the neck of passion, the Russian too often indulges in the colloquy, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," as if he had no mind to be cultured or soul to be saved. The return of that sun which will loosen the icy chains of the Neva, is awaited with impatience. Its arrival is hailed with the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. A jubilee is proclaimed.

In speaking of the winding Neva as a source of pride and profit, we must not forget that it is a source of weakness and apprehension too. Perhaps, indeed, the respect had for it is more on the principle which prompts the Yezidees to worship the devil, in order to ward off dreaded danger. The Neva, like the Nile, is apt to rise, overflow its natural banks, and burst its artificial barriers, and St. Petersburg, from its low situation, runs a great risk. By one of these periodical inundations (in 1824) 8000 souls and six million pounds were swept away in a single night. When such floods occur, should the wind blow long in a particular direction, no

* Maxwell.

power on earth could save the city. Soon would the wooden foundation on which it rests be sapped, the stately edifices crumble into rains, and the magnificent metropolis become a miserable swamp!

In contemplating the condition of the Russian people the benevolent mind finds much more to pain than to gratify. We may mourn over the three millions on the adjoining republic, whose clanking chains grate on our ears, and whose piercing cries rise to heaven from the fat plantations of the south. But in Russia we find forty millions who are in a state little superior. For nearly three centuries the Russian serf has been bound to the soil, and bought and sold along with it. The value of an estate is estimated by the number of serfs upon it. Some estates of prodigious extent have as many as 100,000. The serfs are equally divided between the nobles and the Crown—20,000,000 belonging to the former, and the same number to the latter. Prior to 1598, they were free to move from one locality to the other, and could hire their services for a set term. In that year Boris Gudenof, wishing to employ the nobles as a ladder to the throne, did all in his power to curry favour with them. So soon as the golden object of his ambition was reached, he rewarded their services by giving over to them the serfs, bound neck and heel. Their labour is light. Their habits are lazy. If their work be over (as is generally the case) by noon, the rest of the day is frittered away in idleness, while the wife looks after the garden and the loom. They dare not marry without permission of the lordly superior, and should the intended belong to a different property, considerable negotiation is required before the exchange is effected. When a serf is savagely beaten, should he die within three days, the master is liable to be fined; should he die after that, the master goes scot free. All runaways are advertised; and when not claimed, are immediately sold off. There is one feature in which Russian bears a pleasing contrast to American slavery—the conjugal tie is respected; family disruptions are not allowed. Husband and wife, parent and child are not inhumanly separated. We meet not such harrowing scenes as those depicted in the pages of Uncle Tom. We might search the wilds of Siberia, the shores of the Baltic, or the steppes of the Ukraine, and not find the equal of Legree.

The huts of the serfs are in clumps. They have been described as "resembling the miser-

able chalets of the Upper Alps. The better class have rudely carved and painted gables upon the road, and a long roof that runs back, and covers house, and barn, and stable. They are all built of pine logs, neatly dovetailed into each other at the angles, and filled in with a layer of moss. If the building is of two stories, the upper room, which is generally fifteen or sixteen feet square, and six or seven feet high, is used as the family apartment. A stair or ladder conducts to this chamber. A small window admits the light. Long wooden benches are placed round three sides of the room, and the peetch, or stove, occupies the fourth side. A table, two or three stools, a few bowls, plates, and wooden spoons, earthenware dishes, old sheepskins, spinning wheels, flax and hemp hanging in bunches, and an image of the Virgin suspended in a corner, constitute the sum total of the utensils and furniture." There are no beds, indeed these are hardly known even in Russian palaces, for oriental customs have not died out. In summer they lie on the benches or floor; in winter they lie on the stove, which resembles a baker's oven, with a broad flat top.

Strictly speaking, there is but one order of nobility in Russia, though it be divided into different grades. The old title of *Boyars* has given place to such as Prince, Count, and Baron. Plain though he was to a degree in his own personal habits, Peter the Great was a mighty stickler for ceremony, and introduced a new style of court etiquette. Before his time, the Quaker fashion of giving the simple name was adopted. But Peter decreed that the highest of the nobility should be addressed as "Your high brilliancy;" the second as "Your brilliancy;" the third as "Your high excellence;" the fourth as "Your excellence;" the fifth as "Your high good birth;" and the lowest as "Your respectable birth." Certain privileges from time immemorial have been ceded to the Russian nobles. They can tax their serfs without asking leave from the Crown. They are under no obligations, in ordinary cases, to supply recruits or military accoutrements and accommodation. They can erect manufactories and open up mines, without being liable to be taxed. Their persons and landed property are also free from taxation. Like Dives, they are clad in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. In their palaces there is the most gorgeous display of glittering plate and costly furniture. On their tables are spread the most epicurean dainties. On festive occasions, espe-

cially when the Emperor is entertained, no expense is spared. The consequence is, many of their estates are drowned in debt, and are fast passing out of their hands. They borrow money at an exorbitant rate of interest, which they must refund by a specified time. Should it not then be forthcoming, one per cent. for every month thereafter is charged; and after the expiry of a few months, before they are well aware, they are beggared. Thus the Czar has been erecting his throne on their ruins, increasing his power at their expense. A new set of nobles, like gaudy butterflies, flutter about the Court, dancing in the light of his countenance. Between them and the old nobility no kindly feeling exists. There is no saying but that the latter, smarting under a keen sense of unredressed wrongs, may rouse the slumbering spirits of their crouching dependants, and either cause the Emperor to share the fate of his father Paul, or the empire to fall to pieces through intestine strife.

With respect to *literature* and *education*, progress is being made. The Russ language is a member of the great Gothic family, has thirty-six letters, and in some of its features resembles the Greek. Catharine II. did much to encourage literature, by gathering round the Court some of the most illustrious literati. But Paul (who placed under a ban a certain species of dog, known as the pug-nosed, because it resembled himself), did all in his power to undo what his predecessor had done. During his reign, "ignorance was bliss, 'twas folly to be wise." The possession of talent only smoothed the pathway to Siberia. To write a book in which anything like freedom of thought was displayed, was sure to invest a man with a title to the mines or a life's lease of some vast wilderness. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the literature of Russia is in its infancy. Poetry, which generally forms the first step in the scale of a nation's mental development, is almost the only branch in which she has attained to excellence. The Finnish melodies resemble the wild and wailing strains of Ossian. The Academic Library contains 8000 Russian works, of which more than 800 are romances, many of which are crammed with silly and superstitious legends. Karamsin is almost the only name that stands out prominently on the page of Russian literature. He is the Gibbon of Russia. Monthly reviews are in high favour, and steadily on the increase. But the press is gagged. There is only one regular paper that is not directly

under the patronage of the Crown—that is not, in other words, strictly official. It is called the "Northern Bee," and is described as "floundering in a slough of low vulgar polemics, feasting itself on the vile flatteries addressed to the Russian Government, and tormenting itself to bar the road against all intelligence which deviates from its own ruts, against every free spirit and against every heart that has the least independence."

Increased attention is now being paid to education. A Minister of Public Instruction has been appointed, who ranks as a member of the Imperial Cabinet, and whose duty it is to overlook the entire educational machinery. There are four classes of institutions—parochial and district schools, gymnasia and universities. The parochial schools are for the masses. The district, for the children of mechanics and tradesmen, to qualify them for some useful pursuit. The gymnasia resemble our grammar schools, and are intended as preparatory to entering college. It affords one, however, a melancholy picture of the low state of education, when we are informed in an official statement that in 1835 only 85,707 attended all the public schools in the empire, and 1985 the universities; hardly 88,000 out of a population of more than sixty millions. There are private, military, and ecclesiastical schools besides, but even throwing them into the scale, the inequality is immense.

The religious element (such as it is) enters largely into the composition of the Russian character. It is not from indifference to it, but rather from a sense of its extent and importance, and our inability to do it justice within the brief space that remains to us, that we must content ourselves with a very cursory glance at this department of our subject. The prevailing religion is that of the Greek Church, to which fully nine-tenths of the population adhere. In regard to image-worship and certain trivial ceremonies it differs from the Roman, but in their great essential features they are very nearly alike. Till the time of Peter the Great, the Patriarch of Constantinople was acknowledged head; but that eccentric monarch, not being able to brook a rival, mounted the ecclesiastical as well as the civil throne, and unseated the grand worthy Patriarch. The Czar is therefore now the head of the Church and State together. There are 3 metropolitans, 49 bishops, and 52,000 priests, or Popes, as they are called. The supreme

court is the Holy Synod, which meets periodically, presided over by the Emperor or his commissioner, and composed of the 3 archbishops, 4 bishops, and a number of priests. The priests are divided into two classes—the secular and the monastic. The secular are allowed to marry, wear broad-brimmed hats, loose flowing robes, and Jewish beards, and derive their principal support from lands (resembling our Clergy Reserves) set apart by imperial authority in the 18th century. The monks wear a high conical cap, black gown, and long veil, and are bound by rules and vows peculiarly stringent. Amongst the regular clergy there is a graduating scale of seven steps, up which a slow ascent is made, according to the merit of the candidates. Fasts and feasts prevail to a great extent. Easter is the most prominent, during which "all Russia breaks out into an Oriental exuberance of kisses." Then, the highest lady in the land cannot and will not refuse a kiss from the obscurest peasant, if he only approach her with an egg in his hand, and exclaim, "*Christos Voskres*" (Christ is risen). While the Russian repudiates idols, he puts pictures in their room. The prominent feature in his religion is making the *sign of the cross*. Coming out in the morning he crosses himself—before and after each meal he crosses himself; he cannot hear a bell, or pass a church, or strike a bargain, or change horses on a journey, or even be spat upon by an enraged countryman, without making the mystic pass of the hand from brow to breast. If any Russian apostatizes, he is sent off to Siberia. This is the religion round which the Czar has thrown the shield of his protection. Of this faith he professes to stand forth as the defender. The Orthodox against the Infidel—this is his plea. "For God and the Empire"—this is his watchword. Sooner than he is aware, he may find to his cost that he has roused a spirit he cannot allay. There are combustible elements in his own nation, as well as scattered all over the Continent of Europe, which the firebrands he showers around him may kindle into a conflagration that may convert into a heap of smouldering ashes the bulwarks of despotism. The cry he has raised falls as music on the ears of crushed Poland and bleeding Hungary. Imprisoned patriots hear it, and dance in their chains. Exiled Liberty hears it, and lifts up her head. The country which bound to a rock the modern Alexander, will not quail before the modern Alaric. Let us, in view of this tremen-

dous struggle, claim for her the especial protection of Him who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. Except the Lord keep our country, the watchmen watch in vain. While some, then, trust in chariots, and some in horses, let us remember the name of the Lord our God. If we are not called upon to wield the carnal weapons, let us wield those forged in the armory of Heaven. "Arise, Lord, let thine enemies be scattered, and them that hate thee flee before thee. Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man. Through God we shall do valiantly, for he it is that shall tread down our enemies."

LINES TO AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM STREE.

Is *this* the Land of Freedom? O my brothers!
And are these Liberty's proud boastful sons,
That tear the helpless children from their
mothers,
And trample on the poor afflicted ones?
And are they *Christians*? Can you call them
human,
That cramp their brother man with chains
and gyves,
And inocrate the flesh of feeble woman,
And make a trade of human creatures lives?
Oh, freeborn citizen! in this thy nation
Are there not thousands—flesh and blood,
like thee—
Tolling in ceaseless, hopeless degradation,
Groaning beneath the curse of slavery?
Are they not daily like dumb cattle barter'd?
Is not their walling heard throughout the
land?
Have not the forest-trees beheld them slaugher-
ter'd?
Do not their bones lie bleaching on the sand?
Is not the young wife from her husband riven?
The infant stolen from its mother's knee?
Canst thou, then, stand beneath God's broad
blue heaven,
And *dare* to tell me that thy land is *free*!
And you, ye stiff-neck'd viper generation,
That call yourselves the "*Shepherds of the
Lord!*"—
That strive to justify your tyrant nation,
By straining texts of God's most holy Word!—
That walk the earth in purple and fine linen—
That rob the poor, and in the pulpit pray!—
There's One above that doth behold your sin-
ning:
How will you meet Him in the judgment-day?
Oh, land of base injustice and oppression!
Oh, land of groans, and tears, and human
blood!
Heaven surely will not pass thy great trans-
gression,
No! thou shalt one day feel the curse of God!

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN I.

Wherein the Purser overhauls the log-book of his life.

It cannot materially benefit my readers to learn the name of the steam-vessel in which their humble servant fills the responsible office of Purser. Enough to say that she is one of the swiftest, and most sea-worthy of the "vapour ships," which navigate the waters of Lake Ontario, and that as such she stands high on the good books of Insurance and Express Companies.

As regards myself, it is but reasonable that I should speak somewhat more specifically. Every one likes to know something of the person who entertains him with a periodical mess of gossip, especially in an age like the present, when so many are to be found sailing under false colours. Since the beard movement has prevailed in "this Canada," nothing is more difficult than to discriminate between the different orders and degrees of the great Adamic family. After hobbing and nobbing for hours with some hireute personage, under the firm persuasion that, at the most moderate reckoning, he is a Colonel of the Horse Marines, you are rendered-misanthropical by the discovery that he is a peripatetic agent of the great sartorial establishment of Von Snip De Cabbage & Co., London! With all my experience and knowledge of the world, I have more than once been thoroughly "sold" after this fashion, and must own that I felt consumedly cheap, at the close of the transactions!

In order, therefore, that we may commune with mutual confidence and upon the square, I purpose to sustain you (as Paddy would say) with some particulars concerning my "story's history," up to the period of the opening of these yarns. Be so good then as ignite your cigar, if a gent, or replenish your tea cup if one of the gentler gender, whilst the Purser proceeds to admit you into his confidence. I never can converse with fluency except I behold every one sociable and at ease around me.

I am a native of North Britain, having emited my primary squall in the manufacturing town of Paisley, of the barracks wherof my paternal ancestor was master. Lieutenant Stobo (for so was *mon pere* designed and named) had assisted at most of the bickerings which took place in the Peninsula, from the commencement of the present century, to the monster abindry of Waterloo. If his name is not remembered at that locality, and Badajos the fault cannot be charged to him, seeing that at the former he left an arm, and at the latter an eye by way of souvenirs.

Having nothing but his pay wherewith to sustentate and rear a baker's dozen of olive branches, it can readily be imagined that the Lieutenant had no small difficulty in making the two ends meet. The greater proportion of his existence as *pater familias*, was spent in a chronic wrestling bout with poverty, and candour constrains me to own, that in nine cases out of ten, he came off only second best. Right seldom was the gaunt wolf absent from the door of the Stobo shanty.

Matters being thus situated it became an abstruse problem with my father what he should make of me, when I had numbered seventeen summers. His pride militated against the idea of devoting his heir apparent to a mechanical destiny, whilst the *res augusta domi* interposed a stern veto to my pursuing a more aristocratic career. I had received the best education Domine Peddie, of the high school, could flog into me (these were not the empirical days of medical sensation!) but the means were lacking for continuing my studies in the University of Glasgow. Often and often did the barrack-master declare, whilst discussing "a foot of clay," that mounting the breach of Badajos was a mere flea bite compared with the bother which my settlement in life gave him.

Providence, however, put an end to the perplexing dilemma, at a moment when it was at its most bewildering climax.

My mother's only brother, Denis Lynch, who had spent forty years of his mortal curriculum in the East Indies, as a medical servant of "John Company," returned to the *oid country* (as he had ever called it) at the crisis to which I have been referring. Denis, who, (as might be predicated from his name) was a native of the viperless island of saints and potatoes, steered his course in the first instance to Cork, the city which claimed him as a son. Not long, however, did the ancient medico remain in that convivial quarter of the "*first gim of the oay*." All his acquaintances had paid the debt of nature or emigrated a quarter of a century antecedent to his return. Not one "old familiar face" was left on the "sky-side of the church-yard," to use his own expression.

Thus circumstanced Doctor Lynch bethought him of the land o' cakes. In that section of the United Kingdom all his kindred that were "to the fore," resided, and he experienced a yearning for the companionship of flesh and blood. Two scions of the Lynch tree flourished in Scotland—viz: Cuthbert his brother, who carried on business in the provision line at Glasgow, and my mother the *placens uxor* of the Paisley barrack boss (as Canadians would express it).

The dealer in mess pork, a widower with one son, had never occupied an altitudinous position in

the regards of the East Indian son of Æsculapius, because, in his opinion, that personage had tarnished the fair fame of the family by adopting an occupation so closely allied to that of a *carniſex*. And here it is proper to mention that the Lynches belonged to the genuine "ould Milesian stock," no fewer than ten kings, besides bishops beyond the range of arithmetic to compute, having given dignity to their genealogical muster-roll. When, therefore, Cuthbert Lynch betook himself to the purchase and venditure of smoked hams and sides of bacon, he was regarded by the clan as having committed an act of self-excommunication, and all intercourse with him was broken off.

Hence it came to pass that the Doctor on leaving Cork, directed his steps to Paisley instead of Glasgow, and became a welcome inmate of Lieutenant Stobo's domicile.

Ere long it became a matter of notoriety that I had been fortunate enough to acquire the especial good graces of my uncle. Doubtless the circumstance that I had been named after him at the baptismal font, tended to bring about this fortunate state of things. Be that as it may, the Doctor, before six months had elapsed, proclaimed his intention of making me his heir, on condition that I should reside with him, and dutifully conform to all his requirements. As it was notorious that the medico had realized a snug competency of some thirty thousand pounds, no objection was made to the terms with which the offer was qualified; and my uncle, to whom Paisley was rather a dull locality, having, in the language of Jonathan, "elected" to reside in Glasgow, I accompanied him to that city.

Doctor Lynch was a great enthusiast in his profession, looking upon the healing art as the noblest subject which could engage the attention of man. Accordingly we had not long been settled in our new quarters before he insisted—I use this word because the old gentleman was peremptory as Nicholas himself—that I should begin forthwith to fit myself for obtaining a degree in medicine. To quote his own words, if he could only live to see me write M.D., at the stern of my name, he might be waked thereafter with all convenient despatch.

Now, of all occupations in this industrial planet, the one which from boyhood had been most distasteful and revolting to me was that of a leech. To my mind it suggested associations which did not present a single redeeming feature. At an early period of my history I had been afflicted with an obstinate and protracted illness, rendering a frequent and copious administration of nauseous drugs a matter of necessity. Hence originated a dislike to the entire pharmacopœia which grew with my years, and strengthened with my strength. The

bare sight of an apothecary's huxtery filled me with disgust, and if left to myself I would sooner have perished by inches than imbibe a curative draught, whether white or black.

However, as the old proverb inculcates, men must needs progress when impelled by a certain unorthodox personage. I had seen enough of my avuncular relative to be convinced that any opposition to his behests would be followed by my dismissal with empty pockets. With a self-denying resolution therefore, which would have sufficed for a stoic or a North American Indian, I professed my willingness to embrace the *pistellum et mortarium*, and was bound apprentice to Dr. Corkindale the surgeon of the jail.

On the day when the indenture was executed my uncle, as we were sitting at dinner, showed me a deed subscribed by himself, which he informed me was his will. "When I am dead and gone, my boy," said he, "you will find something here quite as interesting to read as a new novel." "Far distant be the day," was my answer, as the tears dropped from my eyes, for I loved the old man with all his Bashawism, "far distant be the day, on which I shall be so interested. Without exaggeration, I can say with the Persians, may you live a thousand years." The Doctor, who loved his joke, rejoined, "If you had been a full bred Irishman, Denis, you would have said for ever and a day longer! But fill up your tumbler, it will be time enough for me to think of dying when you are entitled to feel my pulse as one of the faculty!"

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I made but slender progress in my uncongenial studies. The more I attempted to grapple with them, the more repulsive did they become, till at length I merely preserved the appearance of pursuing them. Instead of attending the dissecting room or hospital I wandered by the banks of the Clyde or the Kelvin, and though I showed face in the lecture halls, some volume of belles lettres was the text book which lay on the desk before me, in place of Bell's Surgery.

One of the most diligent and laborious of my fellow students was Phelim Lynch, the son of my ham curing uncle. Though my own cousin, I must candidly say that a more disagreeable looking specimen of humanity could not easily be met with during the currency of a mid-summer's day. He was low in stature, carried a hunch on his back which would have fitted a camel, and one of his eyes uniformly pointed north when scrutinising an object situated in the south.

With all these physical drawbacks, however, my cousin Phelim had a wonderfully insinuating manner. His powers of *blarney* and *soft saviour* were very great, and he possessed the art of adapt-

ing himself to the tastes and predilections of all sorts and conditions of men.

For a long period but little intimacy existed between us. We were on civil speaking terms, but that was all. Doctor Lynch had never recognized the existence of his brother, and consequently was hardly cognizant of the existence of Phelim. Of course it was neither my interest nor my desire that a more cordial state of matters should prevail, and consequently I never invited my cousin to visit us, nor ever hinted to our uncle that I was daily in the habit of seeing him.

By degrees, however, Phelim insinuated himself into my confidence. He was assiduous in paying me little marks of attention which gratified my vanity, causing me to look upon him with complacency, if not with esteem. Finding out that I possessed a literary turn of mind, and sometimes gave way to the weakness of verse manufacturing, he prevailed upon me to show him some of the efforts of my unfledged muse. These he praised with an ardour, which I am now convinced must have been altogether simulated. No man of sound judgment could have lauded *ex animo* such miserable abortions, and with all his faults, my cousin could not be charged with lack of taste or sense.

After a season the wily schemer proposed that I should send certain of my crazy rhymes to the *Chronicle*, at that period the literary cess pool, or *jaw box* of Glasgow, where trash of every description was certain of insertion, if not violating the first canons of grammar. In an evil moment I followed the tempting advice, and my offering being inserted I became flushed, so to speak, with the typographical fever, and fell an unresisting victim to the *sacchetto scribendi*.

The upshot may be readily anticipated. My proper studies were neglected more than ever, and my utmost ambition was to be esteemed a man of letters. Alas! how many thousands are constantly making shipwreck of their fortunes upon a similar rock.

Thus years sped away, and the period at length drew on when it behoved me to undergo the examination for my degree.

Being a member of the profession, Doctor Lynch, who naturally felt a deep interest in the ordeal to which I was to be subjected, easily obtained permission to be present on the occasion.

With a heart prophetically heavy, I accompanied him to the inquisitorial hall on the appointed day. How bitter were my sensations as I ascended the steps which led to what I justly regarded as my torture chamber. Vividly there passed before my mind's eye a retrospect of dissipated time, and neglected opportunities. At that moment I would willingly have parted with a limb if I could only

have sailed up the river of my existence for three years, and thus been enabled to make the downward voyage in a more sane and profitable manner.

In a species of stupor I sat in the ante-room, till my turn for examination came round. One by one my companions were summoned till at length Phelim Lynch and myself alone remained. After a while he likewise was called upon by the janitor, and for a season, which seemed a dismal age, I sat in solitary misery.

Like a blast from the archangel's grave-rending trumpet, I heard my name pronounced by the attendant! I felt as if I could have strangled the fellow where he stood. There was something diabolically aggravating in the contrast which the cool, matter-of-fact tones of his voice presented to the wild hurricane of despair at that moment raging within me.

There is no necessity for my recounting the events which the next quarter of an hour witnessed. Though my judges, I believe, were lenient, as much so probably, as was consistent with their duty, the answers which I gave fell far short of the meanest standard which they could recognize. In their looks I read my fate, long before their tongues gave it utterance. One glance at the stern, indignant, and yet sorrowful countenance of my uncle added the crowning drop to the cup of my measureless misery. I staggered from the hall in an agony of shame, and falling headlong down the stairs was wrapped for, I know not how long, in the merciful mantle of dreamless oblivion.

It was on a quiet, sunny, summer evening that I again became a conscious denizen of this earth. Near the bed on which I reclined was seated my cousin Phelim Lynch, evidently now a regular inmate of the house. At the table stood the Doctor engaged in burning some dismembered sheets of paper by means of a lighted taper. Weak and dim as were my eyes they were still able to make out the large round text backing which appeared upon the last incriminated fragment. The old man had destroyed his will.

From that time forward my cousin and myself resided with our uncle, and verily we were a joyless and most uncordial family. The Doctor at first drew greatly to Phelim, with whom he loved to converse on medical topics, but gradually, I could perceive, his regard suffered a declension. There was something selfish and calculating about my rival, which the Doctor could not away with, so foreign was it to his own frank, though eccentric, disposition, and I began to cherish sanguine hopes that I would once more regain a footing in his affections.

The marriage of one of my sisters took me to

Paisley, and after the wedding I protracted my stay for some weeks. At length I received a communication from Dr. Lynch, stating that he had been attacked with apoplexy, and requesting my immediate return, as he dreaded another blow, which, in all probability, would prove fatal. The scrawling manner in which this missive was written sufficiently demonstrated the shattered condition of the writer, and without a moment's delay I hurried to his dwelling.

Quickly as I travelled, and short the distance which had to be overtaken, I came too late. A second time had the marble-armed messenger of death smitten the old man, and though still alive and conscious when I entered the chamber he was speechless, and just drifting into the unfathomed gulph of eternity.

The only individuals who watched the bed of the dying man were Phelim and his father. Great was my astonishment at finding this last alluded to personage in such a locality. I well knew that the Doctor could never bear even to hear mention made of his name, and I could not comprehend, consequently, how he had come to invite his presence at this season.

One thing was very obvious, that it was not affection which had impelled the dying man to seek, at the eleventh hour, an interview with one who, during the currency of life, had been so utterly distasteful to him. From his couch of unrest he glared at the mean, sinister looking huxter, with an expression which spoke as plainly as words could do, that that he regarded him as an unwelcome and abominated intruder.

When my fast expiring uncle became cognizant of my presence this silent language became more emphatic and significant. Feeble, and more than half dead as he was, he made a desperate effort to raise himself from the bed, and clutch the pale and shrinking caitiff, as if for the purpose of constraining him to give up some precious article which he had unlawfully become possessed of. The exertion was all in vain. Disease had too effectually manacled its captive to permit the slightest exercise of his physical powers.

Never, to the latest moment of existence, can I forget the varied expressions which continued to flit athwart that distracted visage, as long as life's flickering taper remained burning. Anguish, rage, remorse, and hatred succeeded each other like the tints of the dying dolphin. It might have been imagination on my part, but, I could not help thinking that whenever the poor Doctor looked upon me the pantemismic emotions which I have above detailed, gave place to the tenderest pity. He seemed to be realizing and foreseeing the hardships which awaited me on my future pilgrimage.

Often have I thought over the matter, and the more I have mused the stronger has become my conviction, that I had read his facial speech correctly.

The sad scene was not long protracted. With the futile earnestness of a Titan, seeking to throw off the Etna which crushed him to the earth, Denis Lynch made one more attempt to give his wishes voice. Looking first at me he turned to his brother and succeeded spasmodically in uttering forth the single word WILL! Ere the lapse of two more seconds, death had struck him dumb for ever.

After the funeral, the legal agent of the deceased produced a testament regularly drawn, and duly executed. By this deed, which was dated a few days after the miserable catastrophe of my examination, Doctor Lynch, after bequeathing to me the sum of five hundred pounds, left the entire residue of his means and estate to my cousin Phelim. It was added by way of reason for this disposition of his property, that the aforesaid Phelim Lynch had demonstrated an enthusiasm for the medical profession which highly gratified him, while, on the other hand, his other nephew and name-sake had unfortunately evidenced a disposition diametrically the reverse.

Prepared, as I was in no small degree for this upshot, it came upon me with stunning bitterness. My mind could with difficulty realize the fact that the bright and sunny castles which for years I had been building in the air, had vanished like the thin mist of a mid-summer's morning. Though not left a beggar, by any means, the sum at my command was a pitiful pittance compared with the fortune which I had deemed my own; and listless and apathetic I wandered upon the face of the earth, crying *tehabod*, and *well-a-wa*, over ruined hopes and blighted expectations.

Cuthbert Lynch, and his fortunate son, had never dwelt together in a very affectionate or harmonious manner. The young man, who despite his unprepossessing exterior had much of the fop in his composition, conceived at an early age a feeling of shame against the ungainly and unkept senior. He regarded him as a drag chain in his efforts to attain a position at society's table *above the salt*, and so far as in him lay gave him a wide berth.

In these circumstances, which were patent to all who were acquainted with the pair, it was naturally anticipated that but slender intercourse would exist between them after the accession of Phelim to fortune. Different far, however, was the result. When young Lynch removed to a fashionable domicile in Blythswood square, his father gave up business and accompanied him thither. At his most ambitious and showy parties the uncutth export dealer was always to be found, though it was

plain that he was regarded by the owner of the mansion as an intruder whose absence would have been deemed a relief. There he sat apparently for no other purpose than to play the part enacted by skulls at the banquets of the ancients. He was a perennial memorial that his aspiring son was sprung from a non-aristocratic and most plebeian sire. So far as I can learn, this perplexingly mysterious state of things still continues. Whether time, that reader of so many riddles, will furnish a solution of the problem remains to be seen.

When my powers of volition and of action were in some measure restored, I fell seriously to consider what my future course of life should be. Inexperienced though I was in matters of business, it was impossible for me to be ignorant that five hundred pounds, if merely put out to usury, would go but a small way towards my sustentation. Having no knowledge of trade, and being unfitted for the practice of any profession, emigration appeared the only resource which lay at my option. Accordingly having made the necessary preliminary arrangements, I sailed from Greenock for Canada in the good ship *Caledonia*, commanded by skipper Allan, and after a pleasant voyage reached Toronto sound in wind and limb. Parties, who may be curious to ascertain with accuracy the narrator's identity, will find my name recorded in the bar-register of the North American Hotel for the month of August, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that, like the majority of adventurers similarly situated, my primary and absorbing desire was to become a lord of the soil. Alexander Pope ("the little crooked thing that asked questions") informs us that

*" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it."*

Even so to a raw, unfledged "old countryman," there is something superlatively intoxicating in the idea of acquiring landed property. In the estimation of such a one "a farm's a farm," although it should be barren and unproductive as a guinea imprisoned in the chest of a miser.

Hardly, therefore, had I recovered from the fatigue of my trans-atlantic expedition, than I set about the task of transmuting my gold into clay, thus reversing the process of alchemy! Verily had I been one of the dreaming "adepts" I could not more effectually have translated the means and substance which I possessed, into dross and ashes!

A crafty and insinuating "agent," whose acquaintance I made at the hospitable bar of the Wellington, and who took the exact measure of my foot in some fifteen minutes, persuaded me that he had a lot to dispose of, which was the identical thing I desiderated.

And here it is necessary for me to state, that during the discussion of sundry schemes I had indoctrinated Mr. Wood Nutmeg (for so was the aforesaid "agent" named,) with the fact that I was a passionate admirer of fine scenery. "Give me," said I, "hill and dale, leafy bank and flowery breeze, and I will make you welcome to the residue of creation."

As I uttered these enthusiastic words, I could detect a tear stealing into the eye of Mr. Nutmeg—the gent, it may be stated, had lost its mate by the process of gouging! Grasping my hand, he exclaimed—"Them's my sentiments to a hair! The pic-toresque is the only thing worth living for! I have got a terrestrial paradise to dispose of, which is the very particular ticket you want; and to-morrow morning, please the fates, I shall take you to see it!"

Of course I was no match for such a "smart man" as Squire Wood Nutmeg. Though the "paradise," which was the theme of his laudations, was a mere cove of marsh and sand, situated (I like to be specific) between Toronto and Port Credit—he persuaded me that it was one of the most desirable locations in British North America. Before sunset, an additional proof was furnished to the orthodoxy of the proverb which declares that "a fool and his money are soon parted,"—and the next day I dated a letter to the barrack-master of Paisley from my estate of Mosquito Swamp!

Surely I need not detail the events of the ensuing six years? Cognate stories are being told every day, and the most unobservant runner can hardly fail to read them!

A romantic young couple, whose knowledge of agriculture was derived from bucolic poems, and "domestic melo-dramas," would most probably have cottoned hugely to my domain, especially when viewing it from the road in summer time! If, however, the Damon and Phyllis had calculated on keeping even an oatmeal porridge pot boiling from the product of the soil, they would have found themselves consumedly off their eggs! Even an experienced Cuddie Headrigg, who

"From his salad days had hoped of crops,"

would with difficulty have maintained the union between soul and body, on such a clearing!

Utterly unacquainted with the simplest operations of husbandry, I had to depend upon "hired men" for every potatoe and grain of wheat which was engendered upon the farm. Thus it naturally and necessarily fell out that with me debts accumulated with a million fold greater fecundity than did grain, till at length the bounding the work from the door, would have abrewedly taxed the pith and bottom of Hercules himself!

If I followed the example of many of my Canadian compatriots, I should here break forth into a series of maledictions against this "abominable country!" Instead of doing so, however, I shall put a *per contra* case.

An honest Esquimes farmer takes it into his noodle to emigrate to England, and pitches his tent in the metropolis thereof. Though as ignorant of the mysteries of shopkeeping, as I was of ploughing and chopping, he sets up as a dealer in muscovado, blacking, green tea, and brown soap. What would be the almost inevitable result? Why, ere the world had become six years more ancient, the name of poor Mush Maple would swell the muster-roll of insolvency, and the white-wash brush of a Commissioner of Bankruptcy would be required to obliterate the consequences of his demerit!

Now what estimate would people form of the fairness or sanity of Mr. Maple, if he should put forth a history of his mercantile mis-adventures, written so as to convey the impression that they furnished a fair sample of the huxtering capabilities of London? I leave the soured and misanthropical amateur agriculturists of this noble, but too often, idiotically maligned colony, to answer the question!

In process of time it became the duty of the Sheriff to investigate the state of my affairs, and, finding I could make nothing out of Mosquito Swamp, that considerate functionary disposed of it to another. May my successor be more fortunate than I was, is the heartfelt orison of the spinner of these yarns!

Once more—

"The world was all before me where to choose."

How I spent my time antecedently to my obtaining the berth which I now hold, it is not my intention at present to record. At some future period I may narrate my experiences as clerk in a country store—a common school teacher—and a pettifogging practitioner before the District Courts. All these gradations of misery I passed through; and if ever a sinner served out his purgatorial probation on this earth, I am the man!

At length I was appointed Purser to the——; I was almost blabbing the name of the vessel! In this employment my hours glide away, if not in a very aristocratic, at least in a comparatively happy manner. My duties are light; I have the run of a good table; and the varieties of character which are constantly coming under my ken, furnish me material for observation and amusement.

When the labours of the day are over, it is

"My custom of an afternoon"

to invite into my cabin some passenger, whose appearance or manner has struck my fancy. As the man in the play says,

"The crib is convenient,"

affording room for two to take as much ease as if they were in an Inn. Here, under the genial influence of a mild cigar, and a glass of "cold without," or lemon syrup, according as the guest swears by Bacchus or Father Matthew, sundry narrations are periodically delivered by the parties who enjoy my hospitality.

The editor of the *Anglo-American* recently spent a few hours in my den, and at his request I have commenced this series of papers. They will consist of the more interesting confessions or legends detailed to me by my guests, and, as a general rule, will be told in the *ipsissima verba* of the narrators.

With one cautionary remark, I wind up this preliminary yarn. If any pilgrim who makes a voyage in that crack steamer the —— has a repugnance to beholding his name and adventures in print, let him, by all means, avoid

THE PURSERS CABIN!

SIN AND LOVE.

BY THE REV. R. J. MACGEOUR.

I.

What is sin? On Calvary
Seek the answer! With moist eye
Gaze upon the thorn-crowned One,
Not now on the Triune throne;
But writhing on the cross of shame,
Though in Him was found no blame.

II.

Why does blood His fair limbs stain?
Wherefor broil His nerves with pain?
Whence the mystic lonesome cry,
"Eli kams sabachthani?"
A world's guilt his soul doth wring!
A world's guilt lends death its sting!

III.

What is love? Oh can you ask!
What urged the God-man to His task?
Why did He grasp the cup, nor shrink
The dregs of Heaven's wrath to drink?
'Twas for your sake—that you might prove
Immortal joys. This, this is love!

IV.

Saviour Christ! let all adore Thee!
Saviour Christ! we bend before Thee!
'Mid Thy darkest agony
We behold Thy deity!
Ransomed souls with one accord,
Hail Thee universal Lord!

THE GREEN RING AND THE GOLD RING.

The story I have to tell, occurred less than eighty years ago, in the days of powder and pomade; of high heads and high heels; when beaux in pea green coats lined with rose-colour, attended on belles who steadied their dainty steps with jewel-headed canes; and when lettres-de-cachet lay like sachets-à-gants on toilet tables among patches and rouge. Less than eighty years ago, when the fair Queen of France and her ladies of honour wielded these same lettres-de-cachet with much of the ease with which they fluttered their fans. Less than eighty years ago, when the iron old Marquis de Mirabeau was writing to his brother the Commandeur de Malte those fearful letters, wherein the reader of the present day may trace, as in a map, the despotic powers then exercised by the seigneurs of France over their sons and daughters, as well as over their tenants and vassals. Hard, short-sighted Marquis de Mirabeau! Little did he reckon when he wrote those letters, or when he consigned his son in the flush of youth, and hope, and love, to a prison-cell and to exile—that the family-name was to be indebted to the fame of that vituperated son for its salvation from obscurity, or that the arbitrary powers he used so vilely were soon to be swept away for ever.

Less than eighty years ago, then, before the Revolution was dreamed of in that part of France, there stood, in a long, straggling, picturesque village of one of the southern provinces, a stone-and-mud cottage, less dirty and uninviting than those by which it was surrounded. There was no dirt-heap under the solitary window, no puddle before the door; which, unlike every other house in the village, possessed the luxury of an unfractured door-step. No tidy cottage-gardens gave cheerful evidence of the leisure or taste of the inmates; for in those days the labouring population of France were too thoroughly beaten down by arbitrary exactions to have spare hours to devote to their own pursuits; but round the window of this particular cottage, a nasturtium had been trained by strings; and, through its yellow and orange flowers

one could, now and then, catch a glimpse of a pair of lustrous eyes.

The superior cleanliness of this little dwelling, the flowers, the decency of the family, were the work of one pair of hands belonging to a young girl named Alix Laroux, whose industry was the support of a younger brother and sister, and of a blue-eyed grandmother.

Now, Alix was a pretty, as well as a hard-working girl, yet it was neither to her beauty nor to her industry that she was indebted for becoming the heroine of our tale, although her success in finding work, when others could find none, had made envious tongues gossip about her. Village scandal is very like town scandal; as like as a silken masquerade costume is to its linsey-woolsey original; the form is the same, the texture alone is different; and at the well of Beauregard, from which water was fetched and where the salad for supper was washed, it was whispered that Alix was a coquette, and that the remote cause of her prosperity was the influence which her bright eyes had obtained over the strong heart of the Bailiff of Beauregard. Every one wished that good might come of it, but—

But in the meanwhile, good did come of it; for, thanks to the large black eyes that looked so frankly into his, and to the merry smile of the village beauty, Monsieur Reboul had come to the knowledge of Alix's cheerful steady activity; and a feeling of respect had mingled with his early admiration when he discovered that, while no one was more particular in the payment of lawful dues than the hard-working girl, no one resisted more strenuously any illegal exactions. At length the stricken bailiff—who, by-the-by, was double Alix's age—testified the sincerity of his feelings towards her by taking her brother Jean into the household at the castle, and even offered to have Alix herself admitted among the personal attendants of one of the young ladies of Beauregard: whose marriage had lately been celebrated with great magnificence in Paris.

But Alix shook her pretty head, and said, "No, she thanked him all the same," with a smile that showed her pearly teeth; and what man in love—though a bailiff—could

resent a denial so sweetly accompanied? Monsieur Reboul was, indeed, for a moment cast down, but his spirits were soon revived by some of those wonderful explanations which men in his predicament generally have at their command; so he left the cottage with a friendly adieu to the smiling girl, and without a suspicion that Alix had any private reasons for her dislike to leave the village, or that the daily greeting of Francois the stone-cutter was a matter of more moment to her than the prettiest compliments of the Bailiff of Beauregard.

The next day was market-day at Maillot, a town about two leagues distant from the village, whither, for four years, Alix had been accustomed to go once a week with poultry and eggs; her great resource for the rent of her grand-dame's hut. It was a matter of rivalry among the young women of the neighbourhood to be first at market; and Alix, who greatly enjoyed supremacy in everything, had endeavoured in this, as in all else, to surpass her companions. This however, was not very easy, for others could rise betimes, as she did herself. A few months before, an accidental discovery of her brother Jean had at length secured for her the envied privilege. Jean like other idle lads of his class, was necessarily a poacher, and, on one of his secret expeditions into the forest which lay between Beauregard and Maillot, had chanced to fall upon a path by which the distance was shortened by at least a third. This discovery he confided to Alix; and ever since, under his guidance and escort, she had availed herself of it to reach Maillot earlier and with less fatigue than her companions. She had found the walk very pleasant when Jean was with her to carry her basket, and with his boyish sallies to prevent her from dwelling on the superstitious terrors with which tradition had invested the forest; but now that she must tread its tangled paths alone, she hesitated, and was half tempted to relinquish the daring project. Still she felt unwilling to yield the honour of being first, without a struggle. Besides, her companions had always given her a reputation for courage, and although she had a secret conviction that she owed it solely to her young brother's reflected bravery, it is a reputation which young girls prize so

highly, that, rather than forfeit it, they will rush recklessly into real dangers, from which, if they escape, it is by their good fortune, and not by their boasted courage.

Alix could not endure to allow to others that she was afraid. No, no, she must not permit that to be said, nor must she expose herself to jeers and laughter of those who would delight to hear that she was not first at market. She must go by the wood-path, and must go early. And so thinking, she laid her down to rest.

The part of France in which Alix was born and brought up is full of historical remains, and therefore abounds with traditions, the more mystical and terrible from the dash of paganism with which they are mixed up. Not a forest, ruin, or grotto, is without some picturesque legend, which the young listen to from the lips of the aged with shuddering delight; and all that Alix had ever heard of the forest of Beauregard, or of any other haunted wood in the province, rose with disagreeable tenacity to her memory on this particular night. She remembered the darkness and gloom of the old trees, the thickness of the brushwood, and shuddered as she thought of the possibility of meeting the Couleuvre-Fée—the Melusina of Provence—or the Chèvre d'Or, who confides the secret resting-place of hidden treasures to the wandering traveller, only to afflict him with incurable melancholy if he prove himself unworthy of riches. As the dread of these supernatural creatures increased upon her with the silence and darkness of night, she hid her head beneath the counterpane, and wisely resolved to dare all that human beings could do to vex her, rather than encounter the tricks and temptations of those unearthly ones,—and then she slept.

Light to see, however, is nearly allied to courage to see, and when Alix arose at early dawn, her perturbations and tremblings had vanished, and her midnight decision was overturned by the impulse of the morning. She dressed herself, quickly, but carefully, in her most becoming attire; and a very fine specimen of the women of the province she looked—noted though they are for the regal style of their beauty—when equipped in her plaited petticoat; her bright fichu, not pinned tightly down, but crossing

the bosom in graceful folds, and fastened in a knot at the back; her thick glossy bands of black hair contrasting well with the rich glow of her cheek, and with the Madras silk handkerchief which covered without concealing the luxuriance of her long hair. Holding in her hand her large market-basket, not unlike in shape to a coal-scuttle or a gipsy bonnet, with a majestic rather than a tripping step, Alix began her walk; looking more like one of the Roman matrons from whom tradition tells that her race was descended than a poor peasant girl.

As she reached the turn from the high-road to the wood she quickened her steps, and resolutely took to the forest path; while, as if determined to prove to herself that she was not afraid, she ever and anon gave forth a snatch of song, in a voice as clear and shrill as that of the birds twittering in the branches overhead, to join the common hymn of praise with which the denizens of earth and sky salute the new-born day.

The morning was unusually sultry and oppressive, although the sun was but newly risen. Alix felt herself overcome with fatigue when scarcely half way through the forest. She was so fatigued that she found it necessary to sit down; but, just as she had selected a seat in a quiet shady nook which promised to be a pleasant resting-place, she discovered that it abutted closely on the opening to one of the grottos that tradition had marked out as the former habitation of hermits or saints whose spirits were still believed to haunt their old dwelling-places. She no sooner became aware of the grotto's vicinity than she rose hastily; and, snatching up her basket, set off down one of the alleys of the forest, without taking time to consider where she was going; when forced to pause to recover her breath, she found herself in a spot she had never been before, but one so lovely that she looked around with surprise and admiration.

It was a little glade, in form almost an amphitheatre, carpeted with turf as soft and elastic as velvet; its bright green, enamelled with flowers; and on each petal, each tiny blade of grass, dew-drops were sparkling like tears of happiness, in welcome to the sun's returning rays. Around this little circle, mighty old trees, gnarled and rugged,

were so regularly ranged as to seem the work of art rather than of nature, and this impression was strengthened by the avenue-like alley that spread from it towards the north. Immediately opposite to this opening, on the southern side of the amphitheatre, rose a rampart of grey rocks, marbled with golden veins, from whose hoary side sprung forth the rock rose or pink cistus, and under whose moist shade the blue aster, one of the fairest of earth's stars, flourished luxuriantly. As Alix's eyes fell on the trees, and grass, and flowers, she set her basket down carefully at the foot of a fine old oak, and, forgetting fatigue, heat, and superstitious terrors, busied herself in gathering the dew-gemmed flowers, until her apron was quite full.

Then, seating herself under the oak, she began with pretty fastidiousness to choose the most perfect of her treasures to arrange into a bouquet for her bosom, and one for her hair. While thus engaged she half-chanted, half-recited her *Salve Regina*:—

Hail to the Queen who reigns above,
Mother of Clemency and Love!
We, from this wretched world of tears
Send sighs and groans unto thine ears.
Oh, thou sweet advocate, bestow
One pitying look on us below!

The hymn and toilet were concluded together; and then, but not till then, Alix remembered that there was a market at Maillot, at which she must be present, instead of spending the day in such joyous idleness. She sighed and wished she were a lady—the young lady of Beauregard, of whose marriage Monsieur Reboul had told her such fine things—and, as she thought thus, association of ideas awoke the recollection that this day was the twenty-third of June, the vigil of St. John; a season said to be very fatal to the females of the house of Beauregard. She shuddered as the terrors of that tradition recurred to her memory, and wished she were not alone in the haunted forest on so unlucky a day. Many and strange were the superstitions she had heard regarding St. John's Eve, and many the observances of which she had been the terrified witness; but that which had always affected her imagination the most, was the ancient belief that any one who has courage to hold a lonely vigil in a church on St. John's Eve, beholds passing in procession all those who are fated to die within

the year. It was with this superstition that the legend of Beaugard was associated; for, it was said that in old times a certain lady of the family had, for reasons of her own—had reasons of course—held such a vigil, had seen her own spirit among the doomed, and had indeed died that year. Tradition further averred, that since then, the twenty-third of June had been always more or less fatal to the females of her house; and as Alix remembered this, she was content to be only Alix Leroux, who, though possessed neither of châteaux nor forests, and forced to work hard and attend weekly markets, had no ancestral doom hanging over her, but could look forward to a bright future, as the beloved mistress of a certain stonecutter's comfortable home; of which stonecutter's existence Monsieur Reboul was quite unconscious.

Her thoughts of Francois, her young warm-hearted lover, of the two strong arms ready at a word from her to do unheard of miracles, dimpled her cheeks with smiles, and entirely banished the uncomfortable cogitations which had preceded them; taking up her basket, she arose; and, looking around her, began to consider which path she ought to follow, to find the most direct road to Maillot.

She was still undecided, when a whole herd of deer dashed down the north alley towards her, and broke forcibly through the thick covert beyond, as if driven forward by intense fear. She was startled by the sudden apparition, for a moment's consideration convinced her that what had terrified them might terrify her also, and that the part of the forest from which they had been driven was that which she must cross, to reach Maillot. Timid as a deer herself, at this thought she strained her eyes in the direction whence they had come, but could see nothing. She listened; all was still again, not a leaf stirred,—and yet, was it fancy, or was it her sense of hearing excited by fear to a painful degree of acuteness, that made her imagine that she heard, at an immense distance the sound of muffled wheels and of the tramp of horses' feet? She wrung her hands in terror; for, satisfied that no earthly carriage could force its way through the tangled forest paths, she could only suppose

that something supernatural and terrible was about to blast her sight; still, as if fascinated, she gazed in the direction of the gradually increasing sounds. Not a wink of her eyes distracted her sight as she peered through the intervening branches. Presently, a huge body, preceded by something which caught and reflected the straggling rays of sunshine that penetrated between the trees, was seen crushing through the brushwood. Nearer and nearer it came with a curiously undulating movement, and accompanied by the same strange, dull, inexplicable sound, until, as it passed at a few hundred paces from her place of concealment, she perceived to her intense relief that the object of her terror was nothing more than an earthly vehicle of wood and iron, in the form of one of the unwieldy coaches of the day, drawn by a team of strong Flanders horses; and that the strange muffled sound which accompanied it, arose solely from the elasticity of the turf over which it rolled having deadened the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs. The relief from supernatural terrors, however, rendered Alix only the more exposed to earthly fears; and, when a second glance at the carriage showed her that the glistening objects which had caught her eye at a distance were the polished barrels of mousquetons, or heavy carbines, carried by two men who occupied the driving seat, she slipped from her hiding-place behind the large oak tree, and carefully ensconced herself among the thick bushes that overshadowed the rocks.

Scarcely had she done this, before one of the armed men got down from the box, and walked around the circular glade, scanning it with a curious and penetrating glance. For a moment, he paused before the old oak, as if attracted by some flowers Alix had dropped; but, another quick searching look seeming to satisfy him, he returned to the carriage and stood by the door, as if in conference with some one inside.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Alix, "he sees that the carriage cannot pass further in this direction; I shall not, therefore, be kept here long;" and her curiosity as to what was next to be done, gaining predominance over her fears, she again peered eagerly between the branches. A gentlemen got out

of the carriage, and examined the little glade as carefully as his servant had done.

"What a handsome man!" thought Alix. "What a grand dress he has; all silk velvet!" She fixed an admiring glance on the tall, noble-looking figure that stood for a moment silent and still, in the centre of the amphitheatre.

"It will do, Pierre," he said at length, as he turned on his steps; "begin your work."

Pierre bowed, and, without speaking, pointed to a little plot of ground, peculiarly bright green, with a dark ring around it—a fairy ring, in short, so named in all countries—which lay almost directly opposite to Alix's hiding-place.

"Yes," was the brief answer. "Call Joseph to help; we are at least an hour too late."

The strong rigidity of the speaker's countenance caused Alix to tremble, although she did not know why, unless it was in her dread of falling into his hands as a spy of his secret actions, whatever they might be; for he was evidently not a man to be trifled with.

Pierre went back to the carriage, from which the other man had already descended, and together they took from the hind boot, a couple of pickaxes and spades, with which they speedily began to cut away the turf of the green-ring, for a space of some six or eight feet in length, and half as many in breadth.

She could distinctly see Pierre's face, and perceived that it was not one she had ever seen before. That of Joseph was concealed from her, as he worked with his back towards her; but there was something about his dress and appearance which seemed familiar to her, and which was very different from that of Pierre. But what strange kind of hole was that they were digging?

"Holy Mother of mercy, it is a grave!"

As this idea occurred to her, her blood ran cold; but the sudden thought underwent as sudden a change, when the second man turning his face towards her, she recognised, to her amazement, the countenance of her admirer, the old baliff.

The sight of his familiar face dissipated her gloomy suspicions, and she speedily persuaded herself that instead of a grave to

hide some dreadful deed, they were digging for some of the concealed treasures which everybody knew were buried in the forest. Monsieur Reboul has often told her that he had heard of them from his grandmother, so it was natural enough he should be ready to seek them. How she would torment him with the secret thus strangely acquired!

From her merry speculations she was roused at length by the re-appearance of the tall man, carrying in his arms something wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and followed by another and younger figure, bearing like himself, all the outward signs of belonging to the highest class of the nobility, though on his features was stamped an expression of cruelty and harshness.

"Going to bury a treasure, rather than seek one," thought Alix, "Very well, Monsieur Reboul, I have you still!"

The tall man, meanwhile, had placed his burden on the ground. Removing the cloak that covered it, he displayed to Alix's astonished eyes a young and very lovely lady. For a moment the fair creature stood motionless where she was placed, as if dazzled by the sudden light; but it was for a moment only, and then she flung herself on the ground at the feet of the elder man, beseeching him to have mercy upon her, to remember that she was young, that life, any life, was dear to her!

The man moved not a muscle, uttered not a word save these, "I have sworn it."

The girl—for she looked little more than sixteen—pressed her hands on her bosom, as if to still the suffocating beating of her heart, and was silent. Such silence! Such anguish! Alix trembled as if she herself were under the sentence of that cold cruel man. But, now the grave was finished; for grave it seemed to be, and one too, destined to enclose that living, panting, beautiful creature. The old man laid his hand upon her arm and drew her forcibly to the edge of the gaping hole.

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp; and, with a wild thrilling shriek, rushed to the young man clung to him, kissed his hands, his feet, raised her wild tearless eyes to his, and implored for mercy, with such an agony of terror in her hoarse broken voice, that the young man's

powerful frame shook as if struck by ague. Involuntarily, unconsciously he clasped her in his arms. What he might have said or done, God knows, had the old man allowed him time; but already he was upon them, and snatched the girl from his embrace. The young man turned away with a look so terrible that Alix never recalled it, never spoke of it afterwards, without an invocation to Heaven.

"Kill me first," shrieked the poor girl, as her executioner dragged her a second time to that living grave. "Not alive, not alive! Oh my father, not alive."

"I have no child, you no father!" was the stern reply. The young man hid his face in his hands, and Alix saw them thrust their victim into the grave; but she saw no more, for, with a cry almost as startling as that which the murdered lady had uttered, she fled from her concealment back to the village. Panting, she rushed on without pause, without hesitation, through unknown paths; her short quick cries for "Help! help! help!" showing the one idea that possessed her; but she met no one until she stopped breathless at the first house in the village that of the curé.

"Come, come at once; they will have killed her!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter my poor girl?" he asked in amazement, as, pushing back his spectacles, he raised his head from his breviary.

"Oh come sir! I will tell you as we go. Where is Francois! He would help me! Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Come, do come!"

There was no mistaking the look of agitation in her face; the curé yielded to her entreaties and followed her. As they quitted the house they met some labourers with spades in their hands, going to their daily work.

"Make these men come with us," Alix said, "and bring their spades!"

The curé did so, and in an incredibly short space of time the little party reached the green-ring. The spot was vacant now, as formerly—carriage, horses, servants, executioners, and victim, all had disappeared as if by magic; and in the quiet sylvan solitude, not a trace save the newly-turned soil

was perceptible of the tragedy enacted there so lately. But Alix staid not to glance around her; going up to the fatal spot, she gasped out, "Dig, dig!"

No one knew why the order was given, nor what they were expected to find; but her eagerness had extended itself to the whole party, and they at once set to work, while she herself, prostrate on the ground, tried to aid them by tearing up the sods with her hands. At length the turf was removed, and a universal cry of horror was heard, when the body of the unhappy girl was discovered.

"Take her out; she is not dead! Monsieur le Curé save her; tell us how to save her!"

The labourers gently raised the body, and placed it in Alix's arms, as she still sat on the ground. They chafed the cold hands, loosened the rich dress—the poor girl's only shroud—but she gave no sign of life.

"Water, water!" cried Alix.

No fountain was near, but the rough men gathered the dead leaves strewn around, and sprinkled the pale face with the dew they still held. For a second they all hoped; the eyelids quivered slightly, and a faint pulsation of the heart was clearly perceptible.

But that was all. They had come too late,

The curé bent over the dead and repeated the solemn "De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine," and all then joined in the hymn of death "Dies iræ, dies illa!" as they gently bore the corpse from the place of its savage sepulture, to holy ground. For several days, the body was exposed in an open coffin in the little village church of Beauregard, and every effort was made to track the perpetrators of the dreadful deed. But in vain; no trace of them could be found. An innate dread of some personal misfortune sealed Alix's lips with respect to her recognition of the Bailiff, and all inquiries as to the passing of a carriage such as she had described, between Maillot and Novelle, were made unsuccessfully.

The dress of the young lady was carefully examined, in hopes of the discovery of her name by means of cyphers or initials on her linen; but there were none. The satin robe, the jewels she had worn on her neck and arms, and the delicate flowers twined in her hair, gave evidence that she had been carried away from some gay fête. From the ring on her marriage finger they sugured she was a

wife; but there all conjecture ended. After her burial in holy ground her gold ring and other ornaments were hung up in the church, in the hope that some day a claimant might arise who could unravel the strange mystery; and close by them was suspended an *ex voto* offering by Alix, in gratitude for her own escape.

The story was never cleared up. Monsieur Reboul was never seen again, and Alix had so lost her boasted courage that she never afterwards dared to take a solitary walk; especially near the fatal green ring in the forest. Perhaps it was this dread of being alone, or perhaps the mysterious disappearance of Monsieur Reboul, which tempted her soon afterwards, to follow the advice of her neighbours, and become the wife of Francois, the stonecutter. The marriage was a happy one, and a time came when the remembrance of that fatal Eve of St. John was recalled more as a strange legend to be told to her children and her grandchildren than as a fearful drama in which she had herself taken part.

In the revolutionary struggles which followed, the ornaments of the murdered girl were, with other relics of the old régime, lost or removed from the little village church, yet the story lingers there still, and, like many another strange story, it is a true one.

THE BRITISH JEWS.

The word "Jew" is a term familiar enough in the daily talk of the world, and there are various recognised though dissimilar ideas attached to it. Most of us know something of the ancient history of that people as recorded in the Scriptures; all of us have heard of the parliamentary efforts made for the last few years to give the British section of them the full privileges of citizens. Of their sufferings during the dark ages and the feudal times the popular knowledge has been generally gained in the school of historical romance, through such works as Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. We are accustomed to say "as rich as a Jew." There is a picture of a hooknosed man with a bag on his shoulder, crying, "Old Clo'," which rises up in many minds when the children of Israel are spoken of. It is a prevalent

notion that a Jew is a sharp, trafficking, trader, with whom it is necessary in business matters to be very cautious. Usurer and money-lender are intimately connected in the opinion of thousands with the worshippers of the Synagogue. *Punch* draws them in his cartoon caricatures as the seducers of shopboys from the paths of honesty; as filling the post of sharp attorneys, gruff bailiffs, and relentless sheriffs' officers. The prejudice handed down by Shakspeare is nearly as prevalent and quite as strong, though differently expressed, as it was when "Shylock" was drawn. In fact the popular notions of the Jew present a very uncertain and confused condition of knowledge. Not one in a thousand probably knows the facts respecting the social state of that community which, living among us, is not of us. A small volume which was published last year, entitled, *The British Jews*, by the Rev. John Mills, contains a great deal of trustworthy information upon this subject; and partly from that and partly from personal knowledge, we gather the materials for such a slight sketch as our space enables us to give of the Jewish community.

When we first took up the book we hoped, that though its title connected it with the British Jews only, we should have had some glimpses of the Jews abroad. Scattered and dispersed as that people are among all the nations, it is impossible to treat of them satisfactorily except as a nation. On the continent, in Germany especially, the Jews have reached an intellectual eminence which puts them at least upon a par with the descendants of the Teutons by whom they are surrounded. Jews are there to be found in every university, and not unfrequently they are at the head of the schools. They lay claim to some of the very greatest names in the world of music. The greatest of German modern painters are said to belong to their ranks. Their physicians are in very high repute; and the legislature of the last few years owes something to the influence of lawgivers of Hebrew blood. The continental Jews are, it would seem, the brain of the Jewish people, and of them we find little or nothing in the work of Mr. Mills. It restricts itself to the subject indicated by its title; and we must wait for

some other opportunity of testing the pretensions of the foreign brethren. Some novels, such as those of Mr. Disraeli and Charles Auchester, claim for the Jews an artistic and intellectual pre-eminence, the reality of which deserves to be investigated. Possibly the promised Life of Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, the great Jewish composer, will furnish more trustworthy grounds than novels, however clever or brilliant. For ourselves, we confess that intellect does not seem the distinguishing characteristic of the Jews as a people. The distinguishing feature of their mental character, both in ancient and modern times, as we read it is Faith. By FAITH the tribes were held together when they inhabited Palestine; by Faith they have retained the unity of a people in their dispersion. There is much truth in the remark which has been made, that the Jews are *the* ecclesiastical race. When they are anything else it is rather an effect springing from the circumstances of their condition than the result of their true mental character. They are scientific and artistic in scientific and artistic Germany; commercial and money-getting in shopkeeping England: but if, as ancient prophecies tell us, they should ever be gathered together again, the tendencies of the race may be expected to crop out, and their minds to take an ecclesiastical direction.

If any one takes a ride in one of the omnibuses proceeding eastward which leave the neighbourhood of the Strand after the theatres are closed on Saturday evening, he is tolerably certain to hear the accents of the Jewish tongue. Men with prominent features, and a more than Christian display of jewellery, and women dressed in brighter colours than would become the children of our cold, grey, neutral-tinted northern clime, but which are in admirable keeping with their bright complexions and vivid black eyes, crowd the vehicle. There is no mistaking them. Meet them in any corner of the world, and by that indescribable distinction which marks the race, you would know them for Jews. You will find them in the course of your ride good-tempered and hilarious, freer and more talkative than the taciturn English, but with just the slightest

sprinkling of Oriental reserve tinging their animation. When you reach the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Street, some of them will leave and take their way towards Shoreditch; another batch will go at St. Mary Axe, more at Mitre Street, leading out of Aldgate; and the conductor of the "late bus" will be apt to grumble at other stoppages at Duke Street, Houndsditch, and the Minorities. Farther down Whitechapel, at Petticoat Lane, the last of the tribes will leave the carriage to the Christian passengers. If you feel any curiosity about these people, and will take a stroll in the direction indicated by these points of departure, you will learn more about certain classes of the British Jews than you can find in any book we know of. Let us go in company—say down Mitre Street, Aldgate. It is a narrow street, dirty and dingy, and as we go down our noses are saluted with a smell of decayed vegetable matter. No wonder. See the fronts of the ground floors of some of the houses are taken out, so that they stand open to the street, and look more like the stalls of an Oriental bazaar than European shops. Inside is piled foreign fruit in heaps. Oranges are there in plenty, giving forth their peculiar odour; and if you are not a snuff-taker, and your olfactory nerves are in good order, you may distinguish amid the odour of the healthy golden globes the smell of the specked and diseased ones, which that Jewish girl is picking from the rest. Look a little closer, and you may recognise an acquaintance. Despite the dingy cotton frock, with tucked up sleeves and the soiled hands and face, there are the prominent nose, the bright black eyes, the sanguine complexion of the lady, who, in blue satin and crimson bonnet, was your omnibus *vis-a-vis*; and yes, there, in fustian jacket, worn and greasy, or shirt-sleeves of doubtful hue, unpacking a chest of oranges, is the gentleman her companion, whose brilliant shirt-studs, and conspicuous waistcoat, and massive guard, attracted your attention. Stay one moment, delicate of nose though you be, and put up with the effluvia from decaying leaves and rotting fruit beneath your feet, and you shall see a contrast. A man with a basket at his back, a stout stick in his hand, and a short black pipe twisted

into the band of his dingy hat, has stopped, and a dialogue is going on between the bright-eyed girl and him. You see at once that they are of different races. The sharp grey eye, the nose with a tendency to turn up, the wide mouth, the projecting chin, and the brogue, proclaim him a denizen from the west or south of Ireland; and you learn he is a hawker. Perhaps he is a descendant of the ancient kings of the Green Isle; perhaps the blood flows in her veins of the princes of Judah; and there they stand chaffering about a heap of specked oranges! Now we will go on, and as we go, let us mark what we have learnt so far. We have got a characteristic of the British Jews. They are fond of amusement, and set a high value on appearances. They will toil in that dismal hole from Monday morning till Friday sundown, living scantily, wearing mean clothes; then, on the busiest day of the Christian world, with a conscientiousness rare in any race but theirs, they keep their Sabbath, and in the evening, dressed expensively and showily, they compensate themselves for a week of privation by a night of amusement.

At the bottom of Mitre Street, running across is another street, which differs only in the odour being stronger, and mixed with the effluvia of fish fried in oil, and presenting a deeper substratum of rotting vegetable matter; but we pass quickly out of that, eastward, into the better portions of the Jewish quarter. Here the shops are more European in appearance. There are butchers like those in other parts of the metropolis, and shops such as you might meet with in any of the meaner thoroughfares; but if you notice, the meat is paler in hue than that sold among Christians. It has been killed according to the Jewish ritual, and drained of its blood. Certain parts are excised, and certain tendons carefully cut away. Officers are appointed by the synagogue to see this done, and to set their seals upon the flesh meat of the community. You notice, too, that there are Jewish names over the doors, and you see as you go along several shops, the proprietors of which deal in scraps of cloth of all sorts and sizes and colours. Tailors who have patches to put on go there to match old garments, and it seldom happens that they cannot find among the

fragments some morsels of the hue and texture they want. Passing on westward toward St. Mary Axe, you see the better houses of this locality. The plates on the doors speak of surgeons and solicitors and diamond merchants. Good-sized houses they are, but dingy and gloomy; and if a servant girl opens a door, the chance is, you see at once she is Irish. Why we know not, but the Jews generally have Irish servants.

St. Mary Axe, and it is four o'clock. Men and women—Jewish men and women—are sauntering down toward Houndsditch. They are the "Old Clo." folk. They have been out gathering the cast-off garments all day. They seldom give money for them. In general they carry baskets of crockery and chimney ornaments, and barter shrewdly with housewives, whose husbands are away at work. They talk as they go. They lean up against posts, and stop at the corners of courts, and speculate with one another upon the value of napless hats and threadbare coats and dilapidated inexpressibles, and make bargains, and exchange with each other. They are going across Houndsditch into Cutler Street, where they have an old clothes market,—a noisy Babel of cast-off garments, where you may fit yourself out with a whole suit for about three half-crowns. In this traffic the Irish again are the rivals of the Jews. There is surely some link bringing together these children of the East and the West.

Perhaps we have seen enough for one stroll. If you want to know more, you may go west to Holywell Street, or east to Petticoat Lane,—the latter a closer, dingier, dirtier, more fried-fish-scented place than any we have seen yet; and then you have seen nearly as much as you can see of the London Jews. There are outlying colonies running out into Shoreditch, and spreading over toward Ratcliffe Highway, but the streets radiating from Aldgate and Whitechapel are the metropolitan home of the great body. Their magnates, too, may be caught in aristocratic Belgravia, but except the unmistakable face and constant accent, we shall not notice anything distinctive in them. These are the London Jews, and the London Jews are the Jews of England. Five-sixth of them live in London. There

is a goodly number in Manchester and Birmingham and the seaport towns, but here is their bulk. It would not be fair to say, "Where the carcase is, there are the vultures gathered together;" but "Where trade is, there will the English Jew be." He does not do hard work; he seldom applies himself to any mechanical occupation; he dislikes to have a master, and he rarely submits to regular employment. He is the Arab of commerce, loving to be independent, and to huckster and barter on his own account. If he grows rich it is as much owing to the Oriental temperance of his habits as to the largeness of his gains. For such a people London and the large towns offer the most opportunity, and in the metropolis some 25,000 out of the 30,000 or less of the English Jews reside.

The British Jew, then, is not scientific, nor literary, nor artistic. He does not make discoveries, nor write books, nor take a high position in the world of art. He is financial and commercial, but not manufacturing nor industrial. Divested of a national unity, he, like his continental brethren, takes his tone from the people among whom his lot is cast; but like them also he refuses to blend with other races, and preserves the base upon which a national unity may be erected.

That national base is the faith handed down to him from his fathers—the faith which Moses taught. The books of the ancient teachers of his race are his—the Bible and the Talmud. The first, perhaps, the Christian knows as much of or more than the Jew; the latter is a book almost exclusively Jewish. This Talmud is the unwritten law. It consists of two parts; the *Mishna*, or Repetition consisting of the decisions of the ancient priests; and the *Gemara*, or Completion made up of later discussions. There are two *Gemaras*,—one the Babylonian, the other Jerusalem, and each of these, with the *Mishna*, makes the Talmud of a school. The most important movement of late years, and one which threatens the Jewish unity, is the foundation of a sect of reformed Jews, who, discarding the Talmud, take the Bible as their authority. We may add, in conclusion, that the Jews have an aristocracy and a democracy;

the first called *Sephardim*, who are descendants of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and trace their lineage to the house of Judah; the latter called *Askenasim*, and made up of the descendants of German and Polish Jews. They have also numerous charitable institutions, and are now making active efforts to spread education—the schools, particularly those of the Reformed Jews, taking a secular aspect. Their latest school is the West Metropolitan in Red Lion Square; and any of our readers who desire to become conversant with the educational efforts of the Jews, will, we are certain, receive every information from the master, Mr. Brooke.

ADVENTURES OF A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OFF GALLIPOLI.

A correspondent at Gallipoli gives a most curious and at the same time thrilling narrative of the adventures that befel one of his brethren on the waters of Gallipoli last Palm Sunday. He had arrived at Gallipoli on the previous Saturday in the Golden Fleece, and not finding himself able conveniently to get into lodgings, slept on board. It is a wise saying that one should never sleep on board a ship when it is possible to sleep on shore. If the correspondent had remembered it he would have been saved much trouble. At midnight a violent gale of wind arose, and the Golden Fleece dragged her anchor and ran down some miles from her moorings to a considerable distance below Gallipoli, on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. At five o'clock in the morning the correspondent was on deck, having been promised a boat to take him ashore, but to his consternation he was told the orders were to take him only to the nearest vessel, as the captain, being eager to make his way to Malta, could not spare a boat to Gallipoli in such a wind and high sea. The morning was bitterly cold and stormy, and the nearest vessel, a stout brig, was only a couple of hundred yards from the Golden Fleece; the white minarets of Gallipoli stood out far away in melancholy distance. The correspondent yielded to his hard fate; the boat of the steamer was with some difficulty got up, and a few minutes brought them alongside the brig. Not a soul

was to be seen. About six feet above the water, and as many from the top of her bulwarks, hung a crazy old boat over the side, and as soon as they had managed to get under her the men hoisted the correspondent's baggage into this boat; he contrived to get in after them, and the jollyboat made way to the Golden Fleece. As the brig's boat held a good deal of water, the correspondent busied himself in arranging his property on the thwarts, and then applied himself to the task of climbing up from the boat into the vessel. The instant he laid hold of the rope to do so, it came slack into his hand—it had been loosed on deck—and at the same moment a villianous face was thrust over the side of the brig, the hideous mouth of which said—"We Greek! No Inglis! You go away! We in quarantin!" The correspondent called out to the officer in charge of the boat of the Golden Fleece, which was struggling against the head wind near the brig, and told him what the man said. He heard, and said he would tell the captain—his men gave way, and as he watched their progress the correspondent was the cynosure of the neighbouring eyes of some half-dozen of the most ill-looking dogs that ever came from the Morea, who peered at him malignantly as he stood shivering in the cold and spray, in the open boat, suspended 'twixt sky and water, over the ship's side, and pitching and tossing as she plunged to her anchors. He watched the boat most anxiously, saw her pull under the stern of the Golden Fleece after a tough row; then came a delay full of suspense to the correspondent, and, judge his feelings when he saw the tackles lowered and the boat hoisted away up to the davits. He still waited in forlorn hope to see the gig lowered away. The shifting of the vessel as she rolled in the seaway hid the Golden Fleece at times from his sight, and each time that she was lost to view he imagined her hands busied in pulling a boat to aid him, but the next lurch showed her with her boats hanging from the davits, her men busied only in preparing for sea. When the Greeks saw the boat hoisted up and the signals of the correspondent disregarded, they became very insulting, putting out their tongues, pointing to the sea, and "making believe" they would tilt their boat into it, and at last they pulled

up all the loose rope and disappeared. This looked very ugly—the cold was intense—the sea water drenching—and so the correspondent shinned up the davit tackle and got on the bulwark. He was stopped there, however, by a sailor in fur cap and sheepskin jacket, who plainly intimated he would not let him on board. As the fellow evidently relied on the assistance of six or seven others who were crouching about the deck, the correspondent saw that force would not avail—his pistols, indeed, were, as they generally are when wanted, in an obscure recess of some unknown portmanteau. Entreaties were all in vain. At last the ruffians asked, "Kewantey volete dareel" and the tender of a Napoleon for the privilege of leaping on the deck made in reply was accepted, after a delay of some minutes, which seemed hours to the sufferer. The money was given and the donor leaped down on deck, but it was only to find himself in a more threatening position, for the Greeks thronged around him, and with the most murderous grins, intended for civil smiles, pressed lovingly around his pockets and felt the contents as well as they could by furtive passes, inviting him at the same time to descend by a hole in the deck down into their agreeable *salon* under the forecastle. As there could be but little doubt of the interested nature of their hospitality, these offers were firmly rejected, and the unfortunate "party" proceeded to make a last appeal to "the Golden Fleece" by climbing up on the transport as well as he could in his famished and half frozen state, and waving his handkerchief to the crew. The signal could be, and no doubt was, distinctly seen, but no notice was taken of it. All the time the unfortunate was displaying the little square of white cambric, the Greeks were clustered at the foremast watching whether a boat would be sent off or not. At length a volume of spray flashed up from the stern of the Golden Fleece—it was the first turn of her screw—another and another followed, and the steamer, gathering way shot athwart the bows of the brig, and made right down the Dardanelles for the sea. The Greeks muttered to each other, and one fellow, with a very significant sneer, pointed to the vessel as she rapidly increased her distance,—said "No mind, John—come down—we good men!

Bono! Bono!" Meanwhile they began to finger a deal case which was amongst his luggage. Pillage looked badly, for no one can say where it ends once begun; and so the proprietor descended from his elevated position on the bowsprit, and redoubled his entreaties for a boat to the shore. The Greeks shook their heads, and grumbled and grunted angrily, getting closer around him, till at last one very ill-looking dog, coming close up along side, laid hold of the black leather case of the racing glass, which hung by a strap over the shoulder of their unwelcome visitor, evidently thinking that it contained arms. The correspondent shoved off the fellow with a thrust of his elbow, and as the vessel gave a little heel over at the same time, sent him reeling up against the bulwark. He caught hold of his knife made a rush at the Englishman, swearing horribly as he did so, but one of his companions caught him by the wrist. As there was an evident disposition to take his part among the majority of the crew, our correspondent prepared for the worst. It suddenly occurred to him that it did not seem as if any man of the superior class who could command such a vessel was among the men, and he passed quickly through the crew, and walking aft with an eye well over his shoulder made for the cabin. The crew followed, but as soon as he gained the companion, he dived below, and was greeted by the sight of the captain fast asleep in his berth. As he tried to explain to him the object of his unceremonious intrusion in his best Italian, the correspondent was interrupted by the captain saying, in very fair vernacular, "Speak English, I understand better." He flew into a violent rage on being told the cause of the intrusion—said he was going to sea in half an hour—that he had been driven from Constantinople without papers by the help of the English and French, and might be seized as a pirate by any ship of war—that the English had ruined him and his men, had helped the Turks to murder them and oppress them, and yet called themselves Christians; that he would give no boat to the shore—had no boat to give even if disposed to do so, and that the Englishman might get out of the ship his own way as he contrived to get into it, adding that if he (the captain) was an Englishman, he would sooner die a hun-

dred deaths, or drown in the sea, than board a Greek vessel or ask aid from a Greek sailor. The prospect of being carried out to sea and knocked on the head *en route* to some classically barbarous hole, was now painfully suggested. A few turns of the windlass and the brig would have flown down the Dardanelles like an arrow. Who could prevent it? Who could even tell what had become of the hapless Briton whom the captain of the steamer had sent on board a vessel anchored in the Dardanelles at half-past five o'clock one spring morning in half a gale of wind? As the captain had positively refused to have anything to do with the Englishman, and had gone so far in his rage as to spit on the deck and trample on it, when, in reply to questions, he said he had been in England, "Oh! too often! too often!" There was evidently nothing for it but to "await the course of events." The crew held a consultation among themselves, and one of their number came aft to the captain and had an angry discussion with him. A steamer visible through the haze running down from the sea of Marmora towards Gallipoli was frequently pointed to, and reference was also made again and again to the ships closer in to the town by both captain and sailor, while the crew seemed to watch the result with much interest. The Englishman had not lost sight of the fact that some bottles of his sherry had disappeared from the case, and had evidently been drunk by the crew, and there is no doubt but that he too evinced a good deal of anxiety as to the dialogue. As he was craning his neck to listen, the captain roared out, "Go forward there! what for you listen to me, eh?" This was too much, and so the correspondent, taking advantage of their evident dread of the steamers a-head, said, "Come, come, my good man, keep a civil tongue in your head; remember there are English ships at anchor near," (there was not one), "and that there are English soldiers on shore, and if you insult me it will be the saddest day you ever knew." The steamer from the Bosphorus was all this time coming down closer, and may be supposed to have entered into the calculations of these worthies. After a little further eager consultation the captain returned, and said though he felt the affront of being boarded in that way without his con-

sent by an Englishman, he had prevailed on his men to try and take him in the boat, which was small and bad for such a sea, to an Italian brigantine which lay anchored to leeward, and though he would not touch a penny of money belonging to such a people his men were poor and had no choice but to go if they were well paid. The Englishman said he would give a Napoleon for the service (he would gladly have given ten if put to it at the time), and the Greek seemed to consider it liberal. After a fresh "row" with the men, some of whom absolutely refused to go with the boat, the captain succeeded in persuading four of them to go over the side—the Englishman followed with a heart full of thankfulness, though the boat was indeed small and bad, and the sea ran high, and after a hard struggle the crew pulled clear of the bows, and were battling with the full force of the short thick waves that broke on all sides. It was a fighting for life, but anything was better than the brig and the prowling pirates on board her. Many times the men were about to give up and return to their ship, but the top of the Napoleon and the fear of the shore deferred them, and after tumbling and plunging about for a much longer time than was pleasant the boat ran under the stern, of the Italian brigantine *La Minerva* of Genova. The captain seeing a boat put off from the Greek, manned by four very unprepossessing looking people, shrieked over the taffrail, "Che mandate? Che volete Signori?" The principal signor was too much occupied with the desire to get on board to reply; a rope hung over the side, and seizing hold of it as the boat rose on a wave, the correspondent swung himself off from her, and with desperate energy struggled up the side till he stood breathless before the frightened master and his crew. A few words set all to rights. The good Italian received the stranger with open arms, and saw that instant steps were taken to secure his luggage from the boat. His boat, he said, would not live in such a sea, and indeed he had given the Greeks over several times, though conscious they were especially protected in a certain quarter when he saw them descend into the trough of the sea. He was very indignant when he learned the way in which the Greeks had acted, and taking

down his glass they made out the name on her side, in gilt letters—blank something *Nicholas*. As they were looking the Greek loosed his top sails, flew down the Dardanelles, and was out of sight—round a point of land in a few minutes. In the course of the morning the wind abated, and the sea went down, the boat was manned with six stout Genoese, and the Englishman and good Captain Ogile parted on the deck of the *Minerva* as did only old friends sever, and it was with a thankful heart the correspondent scrambled up on the crazy planks of the beach of the Gallipoli, and sought the hospitality of the English commissariat.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.—According to this hypothesis, which has received the sanction of great minds, from Huygens down to Herschel, all the solar, stellar, and planetary bodies are regarded as the abodes of rational, sentient beings. But there are facts which seem to disturb this hypothesis. A terrestrial man, placed on one of the newly discovered planets, would weigh only a few pounds, whilst the same individual, placed upon the surface of the sun, would weigh about two tons. In the one case, therefore, gravity would scarcely keep the man's feet to the ground, and in the other it would fix them immovably. Moreover, the great attraction of the sun must cause bodies to fall through nearly 335 feet in a second, and, consequently, a man who might accidentally fall prostrate, would inevitably be dashed to pieces. A *man of straw*, or a locomotive bladder of smoke, might walk up with exemplary steadiness and keep his head up, on the sun, and a *lead*en dandy might possibly adonize with comparative comfort on one of the recent *asteroides*. *Seriously*, before we can people the universe, we must discover *species* of the genus *Homo*, physically adapted to the various conditions of all cosmical bodies.

VISITATION.—A festival instituted by Urban VI. to obtain the Virgin's intercession, and in memory of the visit to her cousin Elizabeth. In several parts of France the Feast of the Ass was celebrated on this day. The asinine performer, and his brethren the clergy, repaired to the altar together, and brayed in unison!

THE EARL OF ELGIN.*

We have selected as the first of our gallery of portraits the present Governor-General, James Bruce, Earl of Elgin, &c. &c., in the peerage of Scotland, and Baron Elgin in that of the United Kingdom.

Our sketch is taken from that in the *Illustrated London News*, and the accompanying description, with all political applications omitted, is drawn from the same source.

The Earl of Elgin claims common ancestry with the royal family of the same name, so illustrious in the earlier records of Scotland. One of his comparatively later predecessors, Edward Bruce, of Blairhall, was among the Commissioners nominated to witness the nuptials of Queen Mary with the Dauphin, in 1558, and was supposed to have been poisoned—a circumstance but too significant of the long train of disasters that followed that luckless union. His second son, Edward Bruce, of Kinloss, was accredited by James VI. to the Court of Elizabeth to congratulate her Majesty upon the suppression of the commotions excited by the Earl of Essex; and furthered the interests of his royal master so well in this mission, that on his return he was created Baron Bruce of Kinloss, county Elgin; and, on the accession of James to the throne of England, was nominated of the Privy Council, and appointed Master of the Rolls. Thomas, third Baron, was created Earl of Elgin in 1683; but Charles, fourth of that title, dying without surviving male issue in 1747, the family honours reverted to his relative and namesake, ninth Earl of Kincardine, descended from the third son of Edward Bruce, of Blairhall, already mentioned. Uniting the two dignities, his Lordship assumed the title of Elgin and Kincardine; and was succeeded, on his death in 1771, by his eldest son, William Robert, who died a few months afterwards; the Countess surviving him many years, and discharging with great credit to herself the responsible station of governess to the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. His Lordship's honours devolved upon his brother Thomas, who married the only daughter of William Hamilton Nisbet, Esq., of Dirleton, in Haddingtonshire.

This accomplished nobleman filled several important diplomatic appointments, and, while Ambassador Extraordinary in Turkey, formed the design of collecting and transporting to England the invaluable remains of Grecian art (chiefly consisting of decorations from the Parthenon) now in the British Museum, and known as the Elgin Marbles.

Lord Elgin married, in 1810, Elizabeth, youngest

daughter of James Townshend Oswald, Esq., of Dunnikier, in Fifeshire; of which union the present Earl is the eldest child, being born in Park-lane, in 1811; consequently, he is now in his forty-third year—a very early age at which to date services so prolonged as those he has rendered to his country in exalted and responsible office. He received his education at Christchurch, Oxford; where, in addition to a large development of the hereditary predilection for art, he attained first class in Classics in 1832; and subsequently became a Fellow of Merton College. In 1841 he married Elizabeth Mary, only child of Lennox Cumming Bruce, Esq., of Roseisle, Stirlingshire; and the same year was elected to represent Southampton in Parliament—in the proceedings of which Assembly, however, he scarcely took part, owing to the death of his father, the November following, when he succeeded to the family honours. But though till then untried in public life, his administrative aptitude was discovered by the Cabinet in power at the time, and the result has been alike creditable to their prescience and his capacity. In March, 1842, he was nominated by the Earl of Derby (Lord Stanley), then for the second time Colonial Minister in Sir Robert Peel's Ministry, as Governor of Jamaica, where, singularly enough, he succeeded Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalf, whom he subsequently succeeded in Canada (Lord Cathcart intervening); and higher praise can hardly be bestowed upon Lord Elgin than the fact, that in either sphere he proved himself in every way worthy of so impartial, enlightened, and discriminating a predecessor. For four years, during a most eventful period in the history of the island, while, in what may be called the transition stage of society consequent on recent legislative alterations affecting the staple of the colony, he conducted its affairs with exemplary prudence, and with a degree of satisfaction to the inhabitants of which vivid remembrance is borne to the present day.

In August, 1846, his Lordship resigned the Governorship of Jamaica, and in the following month was appointed Governor-General of Canada, with a salary of £7777 per annum. Of his conduct in this important post, perhaps the most emphatic eulogium that can be expressed is conveyed in the fact, that he has been continued in it by four successive Colonial Ministers, and that these four were all at a festival in his honour, viz., Mr. Gladstone, Earl Grey, Sir John Pakington, and the Duke of Newcastle; while the president of the evening, Lord John Russell, had likewise filled the same office, as also had another of those present, Lord Glenelg. Thus was the conduct of Lord Elgin as a Colonial Governor practically sanctioned in the most complimentary manner by six Secretaries of

* See Engraving.

State for the Colonies. A seventh may be virtually said to have done so too; for the Earl of Derby, in declining the invitation on the score of an important prior engagement, expressed his "respect and regard" for the guest of the evening; and, moreover, the noble Earl's son, Lord Stanley, was present.

When Lord Elgin assumed the government of Canada, he took the earliest opportunity to avow the principles on which he proposed to administer the trust reposed in him by his Sovereign, and this avowal obtained for him the general confidence of the Canadian people.

It would be wholly out of place here to discuss the political measures brought forward by the advisers of the Earl of Elgin. According to the recognized principles of the Canadian Government, the Ministers of the Crown are responsible for every act of the Government, and from that responsibility they have never shrunk. It must not, however, be supposed that the Governor-General's duties are either light or unimportant. The zeal displayed by the Earl of Elgin in advancing the material interests of the Province, by countenancing every measure calculated to promote them, has been admitted on all hands. His able despatches to the Secretary of State for the Colonies have been read with admiration by Canadians of all classes; who have likewise appreciated his efforts to promote, by the offer of prizes and otherwise, all really useful projects for the improvement of the agriculture, commerce, or export manufactures of the Province.

Lord Elgin finds a most effective auxiliary to his deserved popularity in the person of his present estimable and accomplished Countess. This lady, the life and light, as she is the ornament, of the circle which her husband's courteous hospitality, no less than his official position, draws around him, has also hereditary claims on Canadian feeling. She is the eldest surviving daughter of the late Earl of Durham, formerly Governor-General of Canada; his son, her brother, the present Earl, being also among those who assembled to honour Lord Elgin.

CANDLEMAS.—At an early period a festival was observed on this day commemorative of the presentation of Christ in the Temple, and the Purification of the Virgin. A profusion of lights was introduced with reference to Simeon's acknowledgement of Christ as a "light to lighten the Gentiles."

CURRAN.—Curran and a companion passing along the streets in Dublin, overheard a person remarks to another—"He is a great genius" (genius) "That man murdered the word," said Curran's friend. "Not at all," replied the wit "he has only knocked an i out."

TO A BELOVED ONE.

Heaven hath its crown of Stars, the Earth
Her glory-robe of flowers—
The Sea its gems—the grand old woods
Their songs and greening showers :
The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreath above ;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
And we, Sweet ! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd Great,
Where Love's dear name is sold ;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold !
We revel not in Corn and Wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine :
Do we not live and love ?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On Misery's bosom nurs't :
Rich robes for ragged souls, and Crowns
For branded brows Cain curst !
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things !
There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine ;
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given ;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer up in heaven.

I know, dear heart ! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow ;
But, Love's rich Rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles To-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee ! Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above !
Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart !
What I have found in thee ;
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart !
Thou'rt art all the world to me.

CEDAR RAPIDS, RIVER ST.
LAWRENCE.*

THE St. Lawrence is perhaps the only river in the world possessing so great a variety of scenery and character, in the short distance of one hundred and eighty miles—from Kingston to Montreal. The voyage down this portion of the St. Lawrence is one of the most exciting and interesting that our country affords to the pleasure-seeking traveller. Starting at daylight from the good old city of Kingston, we are at first enraptured by the lovely and fairy-like scenery of the "Lake of the Thousand Isles," and oft we wonder how it is that our helmsman can guide us through the intricate path that lies before him. Surely he will make some mistake, and we shall lose our way and our steamer wander for ages ere the trackless path be once more discovered. However, we are wrong, and long before the sun has set we have shot the "Long Sault," and are passing through the calm and peaceful Lake St. Francis. Gently we glide along, and are lost in pleasing reveries, which grace the scenes of our forenoon's travel. Suddenly we are awakened from our dreams by a pitch and then a quick jerk of our vessel, and rising to see the cause, we find ourselves receiving warning in the Coteau Rapids of what we may expect when we reach the Cedars, a few miles further on. Now the bells rung for the engine to *slow* its speed, and glancing towards the beam, we find it merely moving sufficiently to keep headway on the vessel; now looking towards the wheelsman's house, we see four men standing by the wheel; backwards we turn our gaze, and four more stand by the *tiller* to assist those at the wheel in guiding our craft down the fearful leaps she is about to take. These preparations striking us with dread, we, who are now making our first trip, involuntarily clutch the nearest object for support, and checking our breath, await the first plunge.—'Tis over. We are reeling to and fro, and dancing hither and thither among billows of enormous size, caused solely by the swiftness of the current. With difficulty we keep our feet while rushing down the tortuous channel, through which only we can be preserved from total wreck or certain death. Now turning to the right, to avoid a half sunken rock, about whose summit the waves are ever dashing, we are apparently running on an island situated immediately before us. On! on we rush! We must ground! but no; her head is easing off, and as we fly past the island, a daring leap might land us on its shores; and now again we are tossed and whirled about in a sea of foam, we look back to scan the dangers passed,

* See Engraving.

and see a raft far behind, struggling in the waves. While contemplating its dangers, we forget our own, and the lines of Horace appear peculiarly applicable to the Indian who first entrusted his frail canoe to these terrific rapids:—

"Hil robar et ses triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem tract
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus ———."

POINT OF VIEW.—The ancient astronomers were led into false systems and erroneous conceptions regarding the heavenly bodies, in consequence of viewing and reasoning upon them in their relation to the earth and its apparent motions. Assuming the earth to be at rest in the centre of the universe, they made the movements of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, conform to this dogma; but whilst their systems answered to some phenomena, they were totally unable to explain the eccentric movements of the heavenly bodies, as observed by a spectator on the earth's surface. The true system was evolved by making the sun the centre, and contemplating planetary and stellar motion in relation to that eternal orb. Simplicity then took the place of complexity, and order of confusion. May not this fact teach an important lesson to the sceptic, who can see only complexity and confusion in the Word of God? Does he not look upon it from a *wrong point of view*? Were he to raise himself to the centre of moral order and beauty, would he not perceive that Divine Inspiration is the excellence of Wisdom and the majestic simplicity of Truth.

CLERICAL APATHY.—A prelate being in the company of Garrick, asked him how it was that the *fictions* of the stage were received so favourably, and listened to with so much delight, whilst the *truths* of eternity enforced from the pulpit produced so little effect. "My Lord," replied the actor, "here lies the secret; you deliver your truths as if they were fictions; but we deliver our fictions as if they were truths."

THE MOON.—We assent to the opinion that the moon has not an atmosphere; but have we ever reflected on what is implied in the absence of this reform envelope? The moon must be a soundless, voiceless desert. Its landscape must be totally unearthly and ghastly; with no aerial tints and gradations; and all objects near and remote staring out with monotonous uniformity. There can be no diffusion of light in its sky—a dark concave, pierced by the burning orb of the sun at one part of the lunation, and by the vast disc of the earth at another. The thread of the gossamer, if suspended, would hang plumb and motionless, like a pendulum at rest.

A STORY OF THE GREAT BLOCKADE.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY one has heard of that famous political move by which Napoleon hoped to check-mate England, and shut her out from the commerce of the continent. The emperor had been baffled in his intention of invading this country, and unwilling to give up the long-cherished hope of striking a blow at the heart of his powerful enemy, he sought to effect by indirect means that which he would have preferred attempting on the soil of Britain, at the head of a hundred thousand men. He therefore launched those memorable decrees, dated from Berlin and Milan, which were to have had the effect of weakening England by ruining her trade, and ultimately to lay her prostrate at the feet of the conqueror.

Many yet alive will remember the excitement created by the publication of these decrees, and the establishment of the great continental blockade. Few, however, are aware of the loss and suffering consequent thereon, which, though severely felt by the British, weighed far more heavily on the continent than on those it was intended to injure. Commercial men on both sides of the Channel resorted to all sorts of schemes to baffle the designs of the all-powerful emperor. Those who were most deeply involved, and who made the most profit, never cared to reveal their share in the great system of wholesale smuggling that was carried on; and in time other events effaced the remembrance of daring enterprise. And yet there was much in that period that possesses a lasting interest. The people abroad had no free press in which they could expose their grievances; and it is difficult in the present day to form an idea of the severe judgments pronounced, not only on those taken in the act of smuggling, but on all suspected, right or wrong, in any share in the fraud. Great commercial houses that had stood for a century or more, were often ruined by some rascally informer who had a spite to gratify, or who hoped to come in for a share of the spoils. The whole coast was strictly watched, and it was a high crime to send to, or receive from, the foreigner even a simple letter, though it might treat of none but family matters. Such severity, instead of proving fatal to England, only defeated itself, for the people of the continent persisted in having English goods whether or no, and English manufacturers were not at all backward in supplying the demand. Having been

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an eye-witness and actor in some of these proceedings, I have thought that a few chapters recalling some incidents of that eventful period might prove interesting to readers of the present day.

In the year 1797, my father having resolved on bringing me up to a mercantile life, placed me for the usual period in a respectable house at G——. I was then fifteen years of age, inclined to work, and with a reputation for intelligence, and soon learned to render myself useful to my principals, who, at the expiration of my term, kept me as one of their clerks. I remained in the service of the firm out of regard for my parents, who wished to keep me near them, although the meagre salary which I received, to say nothing of my inclinations, would have led me to seek fortune in another country. No change, however, took place in my circumstances until 1808, the year of the famous decrees of Milan and Berlin. We had a stock of merchandize on hand which was speedily exhausted; but there were no means of renewing it, and masters, clerks, and apprentices crossed their arms and waited. To shorten time we read novels and romances of all kinds, bad as well as good; and many a circulating library owed its fortune to Napoleon's hatred of England, though assuredly neither one nor the other suspected the fact. Wait we must; but for what? No one could say. Everybody hoped; but what? Day after day people repeated by way of consolation—the string is overstrained, it will break. They spoke truth, yet the string held good; and days, weeks, and months of insupportable inactivity went by. What yawning! What secret maledictions upon the emperor!

In February, 1809, the public journals announced the sale of an English vessel at Cherbourg, which had been captured by a privateer. The cargo consisted of the very articles we had been so long unprovided with. A rumour went the round of the office, and the result was that the firm decided on sending me to the sale. They gave me full instructions and letters of credit on Paris for 100,000 francs. I gladly left my high stool, my desk, novels, and idleness, and started, happy as a bird flown from the cage and permitted to try the strength of its wings.

I remained in Paris only the time necessary to see our correspondents, and to make some acquaintance with a world so new to me. By good fortune I met an ancient college chum, well up in what was going on, who whispered

myself into my ear, that the English were establishing a mart at Heligoland, and that a small vessel had just succeeded in landing her cargo in East Friesland. He told me nothing further; and though I affected to treat this important information as news of common interest, I soon afterwards took a place in the diligence, and was on my way to Cherbourg.

Scarcely was Paris left behind, than the movement of the vehicle communicated itself to my imagination, and while my person journeyed towards the coast of France, my thought travelled to East Friesland, and hovered over the rock of Heligoland. At last I exclaimed, while breathing the dust that flew in clouds from the road, "What a goose I am! I am going to buy English goods at Cherbourg at nine times their value, and pay 45 francs for that which is worth only five. Can't I do something better? Profit is so attractive, that means will be found in the end to introduce these things into France, even if they have to go round by the Baltic, or the Sea of Marmora. I will go to London, purchase a bale, and shall be sure to find a hole in the living hedge of Custom-house officers through which to pass it. But what will my principals say? Bah! if I succeed, I shall appear to them white as snow. And if I fail—but I shall not fail."

Such were the thoughts that occupied my mind during the remainder of the journey. With every change of horses I built a new castle in the air, each more and more magnificent. At last, we arrived in Cherbourg. Full of my adventurous projects, I was no way inclined to amuse myself by outbidding the numerous buyers who had come, like birds of prey, from all France, to swoop down on the unlucky English cargo. The lots were too small to make me envious; and but little impressed by the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," I made my way back to Paris.

It must be confessed that on getting near to the *barriers*, I began to see a little more distinctly the obstacles accumulated between my project and their accomplishment. I had entered upon the subsiding point of enthusiasm, when the imagination, after having taken its loftiest flights, sinks insensibly downwards, and goes dragging along the earth. Moreover, how were our correspondents to be induced to give up to me the 100,000 francs destined for purchases at Cherbourg, for a purpose that I dared not reveal? To speak of my intention of crossing over to England would have either opened

for me the doors of a lunatic asylum, or exposed me to the gravest suspicions. I had, therefore, to concoct a plan, foresee difficulties, prepare answers; and I succeeded. By dint of firmness and self-possession, aided by a small amount of lying, I attained my object, which was the transference of my credit and the letters of recommendation to Holland. The small lie, as will be seen in the end, might have cost me very dear, for more than once I risked my life, as well as my liberty. It involved, also, other consequences; obliging me to hold out to the end with the species of wager that I had laid, and leading me into transactions and positions that I should have shrunk from, could I have foreseen them at the outset of the enterprise. The remembrance of this error has had a salutary effect on my subsequent existence; it has convinced me of the great truth that a first fault paves the way for others, or at least, in most cases, brings in consequences altogether unexpected and painful.

Soon I was on my way to Holland. I had no definite plan of succeeding, neither could I have, seeing my ignorance of the places, the circumstances and the possibilities. Sometimes I thought of a voyage up the North Sea, as far as Russia, even to Archangel or Torneo, if need were, to find a port where I could land my goods. The die was cast, and, whatever the cost, I was determined to win. As it turned out, a shorter way offered, but which, in fact, was neither better nor easier.

On my arrival at Rotterdam, I called on a respectable merchant, to whom I was recommended. He received me so kindly, that I confided my hopes to him, and frankly stated my desire to cross over to England. In an instant, even while I spoke, the gentleman's language and manner underwent a complete metamorphosis. His tone became cold, his air severe; and regarding me fixedly, he said, "You ask for what is impossible; such a precious freak would ruin us all."

"Well, then," I answered, "give me letters for the towns in East Friesland, for Hamburg, and Bremen. I should greatly regret compromising you, but I must go to England."

"Are you determined?"

"Perfectly."

"'Tis a folly."

"No matter, I must go to England."

"Return here to-morrow," he replied, "I'll think the matter over;" and with a slight move-

ment of the hand, by way of salutation, I was dismissed.

The next day I was at his door in good time. He took me into his private office, and seating himself directly in front of me, he began, "Monsieur, I have maturely reflected on your demand; can you say the same? Have you well calculated all the consequences of your redoubtable enterprise? Do you know to what you expose yourself and your friends in seeking a ship? Do you know what awaits you, if, as is to be feared, you fail in escaping the *surveillance* of the numerous agents, whose duty it is to execute the emperor's decrees?"

"Oui, monsieur, I am quite aware that I risk being taken and shut up in prison, or be a mark for a bullet, if I attempt to run away. But I have already said, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' I am determined to go to England."

"Holland," went on the worthy merchant, "is specially watched. We are the more mistrusted, because the interests of our commerce suffer greatly. The police of Paris is as regularly brought into play here as at the Palais Royal; and I am bound to tell you, it is a point of conscience with me, that many attempts similar to yours have been made, and that all—all, without exception, monsieur, have failed. More than 150 persons are imprisoned in the fortress of Enkhuysen alone for this sort of thing; and I have reason to believe that the officers are not less vigilant towards the north, and failures take place there as well as here. Take my advice, and give up your scheme. You are young," he added, taking me by the hand, "you appear to me to be active, and not devoid of ability; you will find many other ways of advancing yourself in the world."

Tears stood in the excellent Dutchman's eyes as he spoke thus for several minutes, and in a most affectionate tone; but judging from the expression of my features, as much as from my answers, that nothing could shake me, he resumed in his habitual tone, "You are, then, quite determined?"

"Oui, monsieur, quite."

"Very well, you shall start this evening. A fisherman of my acquaintance will carry you to Harwich, in company with two gentlemen whose acquaintance you will make on board. The owner is a simple and ignorant man, and his vessel is rather a bad condition; two facts which, however uncomfortable in one sense, will have the advantage of not arousing suspicion. You will pay eighty guilders for your passage, all

charges included. You have, I believe, no baggage; so be in waiting at six precisely this evening on the steps of your hotel, with nothing but a portmanteau. A gig drawn by a black mare, and driven by a big man, will stop before you; get up by his side, and keep yourself quiet."

"But, monsieur——" I wished to interrupt.

"I have nothing further to say. From this moment we do not know one another. We have never seen each other. I wish you good luck."

We shook hands, and I took leave of the kind hearted merchant, fully resolved to say or do nothing that might compromise him. In the evening, a few minutes before six, I was at my post, and presently saw a gig approaching in the distance. It was the one I expected—a black mare and a big driver; there could be no mistake. I took my seat, the whip smacked, and away we went.

Up one street, down another, across the outskirts of the city; and at last the open country. I addressed a few words to my companion. Not a word or sign in answer; he appeared not to understand me. I waited a quarter of an hour, and renewed the attempt at conversation, but in German; still the same silence. He made up his mind not to talk, that was evident; so I resigned myself to the course of events.

The day waned, and was succeeded by the darkest of nights. Still we kept on at the same pace along a narrow and deserted road, making, as it seemed to me, numerous *détours*. My heart beat quickly with excitement and impatience. At length we came to a cross-road, where two men of rather suspicious appearance were waiting. My driver leaped nimbly from the gig, took my portmanteau, handed it to the two men, spoke a few words to them in a low tone, which it was impossible for me to comprehend; then turning to me, he whispered in my ear, in good French—"Follow these men;" and remounting immediately to his seat, he lashed the black mare, and disappeared.

Without saying a word, my guides walked off, and I followed them. Judging from their behaviour and their dress, they belonged to the lower class of people, and they were quite as taciturn as the big driver had been. We crossed large damp meadows, then stubble-fields, then endless dykes, and more squashy meadows; and kept on for a full hour and a half, when we came to another cross-road, where two other men were waiting me. My guides put the portmanteau into their hands, and addressing

me in Dutch, said—" *Betalen, Mynheer, betalen*" (Pay, monsieur, pay).

This demand vexed me greatly. My purse was but slenderly furnished, and my correspondent at Rotterdam assured me that my eighty guilders would defray all charges. I, however, drew a few florins from my pocket; the men made a grimace of dissatisfaction, and insisted on having more. Being impatient to find myself under some roof where I could rest and dry myself, I added three crowns to the gift, and we parted good friends.

While following my new guides, I was full of joyous reflections. I saw myself, at the end of another hour or two, embarked in a good ship, scudding away to England, whose soil I hoped to tread on the morrow. My golden dream lengthened with our walk, which, in profound silence, was across wet meadows and along wearisome dykes as before. The night was cold as well as dark, and we had walked for more than two hours, but I scarcely felt fatigued, so much was I sustained and cheered by the thoughts to which I entirely abandoned myself. By and by we encountered two other men, who were evidently posted to wait for us, and I had to undergo a second course of "*Betalen, Mynheer, betalen*." I made a desperate resistance, but was forced to yield to necessity. I had given myself up to these men; my project was completely in their power, and I was dependent on their good-will. I paid, therefore, in order to continue my journey.

CHAPTER II.

As we kept on across the dreary midnight landscape, I began to have scruples, or rather fears, as to the result. Suspicion after suspicion crept into my mind, and at last I persuaded myself that I had fallen into the hands of clever rogues, who were determined to make the most of me. It seemed to me that I recognized some of the places we passed, and the idea grew upon me that I was to be walked round and round upon the same road all night, without bringing me a step nearer to my destination, until every sou had been extorted from me. Immediately I took the resolution to be on my guard, and to keep out of the trap, if trap there were, whatever might be the consequences. Watching my opportunity, therefore, as a preliminary precaution, I contrived to conceal in a safe place about my person all the loose money I had in my pocket, continuing all the while to follow my guides. At length they halted; we stood

still on the same spot for some minutes, without saying a word to each other, and I was beginning to feel uneasy at the delay, when a figure came towards us out of the gloom, and at once my two guides broke out with the eternal "*Betalen, Mynheer, betalen*." I answered them successively in French, German, and English, trying to explain that I had no money left, and owed them nothing. They, however, could not, or would not understand; and repeated, with greater emphasis, "*Betalen, betalen*." It was in vain that I added pantomime to speech, and turned my pockets inside out, to demonstrate their emptiness; the Dutchmen remained as little convinced by my signs as by my words. I then lost patience, and snatching my port-manteau from their hands, sat down upon it, without a word of explanation.

A quarter of an hour dragged slowly away, full of anxieties on my part; for if these men abandoned me, my project failed at the very outset. But I had the advantage over them of a fixed determination, and guessed at the causes of all their hesitation. They could neither make up their minds to leave me on the road, nor to lose the few florins which they had promised themselves. Whether it was that their patience became exhausted, or that they had other business to attend to, they at length reluctantly, as it seemed, took themselves off. The man who had come alone to meet us then signed to me to follow him, notwithstanding that he had witnessed the success of my struggle with his countrymen. I congratulated myself heartily on the result, for now that my conductor knew there was nothing further to be obtained from me in the way of gratuities, he would probably not wish to prolong his walk. And, indeed, at the end of another half hour, just as day was beginning to peep, we came in sight of a cabin built on the bare sandy shore at the mouth of the Maas. Pointing towards it, my guide gave me to understand that I was expected at the miserable little edifice, there was my destination, and, without another word, he abruptly left me.

I was worn out with cold, fatigue, and hunger; but the sight of the broad expanse of water reanimated me, and I stepped gaily into the cabin, the interior of which, however, offered nothing cheerful. Broken planks, pieces of ships' timbers, and nets heaped one on the other, nearly filled the narrow space. A man who lay stretched on these nets, rose at my entrance, struck a light, bade me lie down, and told me,

in bad German, that the *buss*, the fishing-boat, would drop down the river next day, and take us on board. The *us* reminded me of the two travelling companions that had been mentioned to me at Rotterdam; and, at the same instant, as though answering to my thought, there came from behind the pile of planks two individuals equally desirous with myself to arrive in England.

The eldest, whose age might be forty, was Portuguese consular agent at Antwerp. For two years the course of events had deprived him of occupation, of salary, and of perquisites, and it was literal hunger that made him brave the risk of the passage. The other was a young man of twenty, a native of Demerara, from whence he had been sent a boy of eight, to be educated in Holland, and was now about to return to America, to take possession of a large property bequeathed to him by one of his uncles. They were both good fellows, and we became very intimate during the ten days that our companionship lasted. But enough of a travelling friendship, which ended at London, where we separated, and I never saw them afterwards.

These two gentlemen had been hiding in the hut for five whole days, living on provisions which they had had the foresight to bring with them. I ought to have done the same; but having, unfortunately, believed that the trip would not be more than twenty-four, or, at most, thirty hours, I had brought but scanty provision with me, and was obliged at once to put myself on short allowance. The nets served us for beds; and though there was a wide difference between the hard, stringy meshes and eider-down, we nevertheless slept soundly. But what was more disheartening, the promised boat had failed to make its appearance; and for three mortal days that we had to wait, we exhausted and worried ourselves with conjectures as to the cause of the delay. At last, on the morning of the fourth day our heat awoke us with the news that the vessel had arrived, and lay at anchor a few hundred yards from the shore. A few minutes later, thanks to his ricketty fishing-punt, we were safely on board.

Scarcely had we installed ourselves, than the word was given to hoist the sail, and away we went. Our satisfaction may be imagined; we embraced one another, we danced, and, in fact, were fairly overcome by inexpressible emotion. All at once a violent shock interrupted our premature demonstrations of delight. The *buss* had

struck a sand-bank, and with such force, as to form a groove, in which we became fixed. What was to be done? An ugly cross sea was getting up; the shallows stretched away for miles around, and our captain—if such a title may be given to a fisherman—was not well acquainted with the channel. There we were, stopped short at the very moment we thought the last obstacle had been left behind; and the only answer to our anxious, What was to be done? was to wait for the tide. Five long hours did we wait, and then the rising tide set us once more afloat, but only to drift us back to the point from which we had set out; and now, on the heels of the first misfortune, followed a second. The captain gave us to understand that his "sailing permit" being only for a limited period, he was afraid to undertake a voyage in which so much time had already been lost, and with the prospect of imprisonment and loss of his vessel by confiscation on his return. He therefore refused to make the passage.

I held counsel with my two companions in misfortune. Had we been armed there is no doubt that with a pistol at his ear the fisherman might have been forced to steer once more away from the land; but unluckily my only weapon was a small penknife, and I was the best armed of the three. There was nothing for it but to submit to necessity, and re-enter the river. The other two crept into a hiding place contrived in the side of the vessel, while I, as last comer and supernumerary, was forced to crawl under a heap of nets. The *buss* floated up to a well-built village, the name of which I never heard, was made fast to a wharf, where a couple of officers came immediately on board to make the usual search prescribed by custom-house and municipal law. Happily they could not see through planks nor a heap of nets, and they made no attempt to remove one or the other, so that though I could hear every word they spoke they did not discover me where I lay in my stifling quarters. The day passed uncomfortably enough for me, and just as I had come to the conclusion that the night was to pass in the same way, the captain called me from my hiding place, threw over me a seaman's cloak, and stepping on shore, led me to a house brilliant with cleanliness, where I found my two friends, a bright fire, and a well-spread table. A good-looking woman waited on us, and for my part I never made a better repast, nor slept better, for excellent beds had been prepared for us. We had, however, to be up before the day to ensconce

ourselves once more in our hiding places. It had rained all night, and the change from comfortable beds to wet planks was anything but agreeable. Scarcely had I crept in than the officers paid us a second visit, and one of them began to turn over the nets under which I was hidden. I could hear his movements without being able to interpose a check, and the most frightful apprehensions seized me. To the dread of being discovered was added that of being pierced by his sounding-iron or his bayonet. I trembled from head to foot, and cursed the project which had led me into such a predicament. Every moment did I expect to feel a stab, or to hear the cry that I was discovered; but the officer, either becoming weary of his task or seeing nothing to excite his suspicion, replaced the nets before he had got to the bottom of the heap, and I escaped with the fright.

No sooner was the search over than our captain again unmoored, and once more we descended the Maas: taught by his first mischance, he kept a better look out, and we got clear of the shallows without striking. But the accident had rendered him so timorous and mistrustful, that he refused to keep his vessel going at night, and as soon as evening set in, he heaved-to till day-break. Fortunately the weather was fine and the sea calm, too calm, indeed, for impatient voyagers; we more than once thought ourselves in danger of being drifted down by the currents to the Straits of Dover. We had suspected the ignorance of the captain, but it exceeded all our anticipations, and his want of skill was evident even to those unaccustomed to the sea. The boat, in truth, was detestable, as most Dutch boats are; a very shoe, broad and flat, with but a few inches of keel, suited to the shallow coast of Holland, steering badly and sailing slow. One morning, lying on the half-deck, I happened to pierce one of the planks with my penknife, when to my surprise, the whole blade buried itself with the greatest ease up to the handle. I tried the same experiment in other places, and found the wood everywhere rotten, a by no means comforting discovery, for if it should come on to blow hard the old tub might break up and send us all to the bottom.

However, the calm weather held; but the run across, instead of from thirty-six to forty hours, took us seven days! And it would have been longer had we not been spoken by a party of English smugglers out on a cruise, who wished to know if we had gin to sell, and who put us on the right course, for we had got ten leagues

to the southward of our port. During these seven days we had to content ourselves as regards food with the mess-kid of the crew, which was by no means appetizing. Barley broth, mixed with beer, and with a measure of treacle when the captain thought fit to give better fare than usual, was our daily diet, to which the crew added lumps of raw bacon. In vain, although tormented by hunger, did I try to follow their example. Providence had not given me either a Dutch or Greenlandish stomach, and I really suffered from want of food. When, three years afterwards, I consulted the celebrated oculist Forlenzi of Paris on my diseased eye, which caused me much uneasiness (in fact, I have lost the sight of one eye, and see but badly with the other), he told me there was a contraction in the optic nerve, which I could only attribute to the privation of nourishment which I had undergone in the last three days of this tedious voyage.

At length, seven days after our departure from the Maas, we saw the pleasant clean-looking town of Harwich before us, and its harbour full of vessels. The morning was bright and glad-some, the sky cloudless, and the sun shone as I have seldom seen it shine in England. We were eager to land, but an officer came on board and ordered us to lie off until we had got permits from the Alien Office. Here was another delay; but by return of post the necessary documents arrived, and we had the satisfaction of going on shore and taking up our quarters in an excellent hotel. Here I may mention two facts which signalized our arrival at Harwich. The first was the pertinacity with which one of the custom-house officers, seeing my chin covered with a beard of a fortnight's growth, insisted that I was a Jew, and would by no means be convinced that I was not of the posterity of Abraham. The second may help to give an idea of the reality of the blockade by which Napoleon hoped to cut England completely off from the continent. As soon as we entered the port we were met by the agents of some of the London newspapers, who asked if we had any news or any papers. The Portuguese found a torn leaf of a paper in his pocket, at least three weeks old, but for this, so eager were they for news, they paid almost its weight in gold. I do not exaggerate, for the sum served to pay his expenses from Harwich to London. We had then to regret that we had not supplied ourselves largely before setting out with such profitable merchandize. But as the old proverb says—"One can't foresee everything;" and in

this incident we had still more reason to congratulate ourselves on the fortunate termination of our voyage.

CHAPTER III.

On arriving at London I gave myself up entirely to business, leaving pleasure or sight-seeing for a future occasion. One of my first proceedings was to gather all the information possible concerning the Heligoland affair, which was one of those self-defensive expedients that commerce is sure to resort to when she is prevented having fair play. It took me a whole fortnight to find out what I wanted, for the enterprise was still a secret for the public, and most of the merchants and traders knew nothing whatever of the means by which merchandise might be forwarded to the continent. In the end, however, my friends discovered the broker who had sent the first ship to Heligoland, the one of which I had heard a whisper at Paris. He was just then preparing a second despatch; and not to lose time I immediately bought goods to send by the same ship, and followed them up by other purchases to the extent of the sum at my disposal. For a time these operations were kept secret, and large profits were realised; but at last all was made public, and then everybody wished to share in the Heligoland trade, and vessels sailed every day. My purchases had all been sent off, and I was about to follow, and watch over their introduction to the continent, when the British Government put an embargo on all the ships in their ports, and deranged my plans as well as those of a thousand others. They were fitting out the expedition to Walcheren, which it was important to keep secret; and in consequence, during the six weeks that the embargo lasted, not a ship left her anchorage, nor could foreign letters be sent or received. There was a complete interruption to business.

I employed the time in seeing London and its environs, a pleasure that I would willingly have deferred to a future visit; but there was no alternative.

No sooner was the embargo taken off, than heaps of letters arrived. Events had marched with great strides on the northern coasts. A passage had been discovered, and a good many cargoes "run" across East Friesland, a region now known as the Duchy of Oldenburg, and part of Hanover. My first two lots of goods were already on the continent, and all seemed to be going on swimmingly, when one day we

were thrown into consternation by the news that 600 custom-house guards had been despatched to form a *cordon* from Dusseldorf to Lubeck, and thus to hem in the part of the country through which we had been passing our merchandize. Napoleon was at that time meditating the capture of the island of Loban and the battle of Wagram, but with his indefatigable vigilance overlooking the whole extent of his great empire, he saw that the English, whom he hated with implacable hatred, were opposing him on the sea-coast as well as in Germany, and he issued the order which overturned all our plans. What was to be done? Time pressed; there was nothing for it but to be off at once to the spot to save, if possible, our threatened packages.

I took a place in the first packet for Heligoland. We had a hundred passengers on board, so numerous were those engaged in supplying the continental markets—smuggling some would have called it. The vessel was roomy, in good condition, and commanded by an excellent captain. The weather, too, was favourable, and in sixty hours we came in sight of the famous rock which had become all on a sudden the stepping-stone for commerce between England and the continent.

Heligoland is a rock about a mile in circumference, situated some six leagues from the mouth of the Elbe. It rises perpendicularly from the sea, except in one place where a stony beach a few yards in width forms a landing-place; and from this a stair cut in the cliff leads to the top of the rock. This islet, inhabited by about thirty families of fishermen, who were some of the best sailors in Europe, had long been in the hands of the Danes; but in the war against France the English seized it to use as a means of communication with the northern coast of Germany. At the time of my arrival this little known point of the world had been for some weeks surrounded by a large fleet of vessels of all sizes, overladen with all kinds of merchandize. You could get everything you wanted, of whatever style, except food and lodging. At that time there was but one tavern—a wretched affair with only two beds—in the whole island; and no preparations had been made, nothing had been foreseen for the large floating population, attracted thither by the hope of pushing a trade. Living was incredibly dear. For sixty francs a day, you could not get as much as might have been bought with forty sous at Paris. Fortunately the population was

continually renewed; they just set foot on shore, and were off again immediately.

Renouncing all hope of getting a bed, I sauntered in the evening among other strangers out towards the beacon, with the intention of passing the night near its cheerful blaze. We seated ourselves as best we could upon our bags and portmanteaus around the huge chauffier that shed a bright illumination far into the darkness. The sky was clear, the air sharp and piercing; and although well clad, having a pilot-coat for additional protection, I soon found my position unbearable, and made my way back to the few houses that did duty for a town. I inquired for the domicile of my correspondent, and, in reply to my knock, a man, pale and apparently in ill health, about forty years of age, came to open the door. I made myself known to him, and related my embarrassment, "Come in," he answered, "we'll do the best we can." His abode was far from spacious, six feet by eight being its utmost dimensions; and the furniture, two chairs, a table, two chests, and a cast-iron stove. I lay down with my clothes on. Youth and good health, it is said, can sleep anywhere; however, on rising in the morning, I felt a great desire to breathe fresh air. "Shall we go down to the port?" I asked, "and see if my cases have arrived, and whether we can send them on?"

"Oui, monsieur," answered my host; "but my clerk must go with you, I cannot stir out, it's my fever day."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have the fever!"

"I have had it, monsieur, for several months, and, unluckily, I cannot get rid of it."

These words made me shudder as with a thunderstroke. To be arrested by disease just at the time when I had greater need to be active and vigilant! I trembled with horror at the thought. A night in a fever bed! I rushed down to the shore and plunged into the sea, which at that moment appeared to contain too little water to cleanse me from the dreaded miasm. A number of seroons of quinquina were ranged along the beach, I opened one with my pocket-knife, and chewed a quantity of the bark, which, thus inconsiderately taken, might have given me the very malady that I was taking so much pains to avoid. Happily, I escaped for the fright.

Some hours later I had arranged for a passage in a small decked boat to Wangerod, a sandy islet near the coast of East Friesland. The hardy Heligolanders, in these diminutive

vessels, brave the worst weather of one of the worst seas of the globe.

The boat in which I had taken my passage hoisted her sail, and away we went for Wangerod, though not so pleasantly as could be wished, for the wind was a-head. Yet such was my astonishment at the skill and precision of our manœuvres, at the rapidity with which tack succeeded to tack, and the readiness with which the little vessel obeyed her helm, that before I had time to recover from my surprise at witnessing to me such a novel and incredible sight, we had arrived at our destination. I was put on shore at Wangerod, and took a guide to show me the way across to the mainland at low water. We had to wade through a narrow arm of the sea, but the weather was tranquil, and the water rarely came above our knees. There was nothing to indicate danger. These shallows, however, are very different in storm to what they are in calm; then huge waves rush across them, high enough to float a large ship, but so shallow in their hollows that any unfortunate vessel caught by them is speedily dashed to pieces. A place was pointed out to me where two travellers, crossing in the same way that I did, were lost, with five fishermen who accompanied them.

At about a league from Carolinenzihl, my guide, after giving me a few directions, left me to myself. He gave me to understand that the owner of the first house I should come to on the left at some distance from the village was a good sort of fellow, who might be depended on. I followed his directions, and walking in at the door of the house indicated, I found a woman, still young, surrounded by a troop of brats, who, as children do everywhere, worried her with their noise and movement. I asked for something to eat, and the husband entering as I spoke, he said to his wife:

"Get two omelettes ready for monsieur, while I go for some wine."

He was as good as his word, and brought me a small bottle of very passable liquid, and while eating what was set before me, I asked him whether it would be possible to find a conveyance to Aurich, a town about four leagues from Carolinenzihl.

"I'll see about it," he answered laconically,

"How much have I to pay for the two omelettes?"

"Two louis."

"What! two louis!" I exclaimed. "That's very dear."

"Do you think so? Let us go to the inspector; he'll tell us if it is too much."

"Ah well," I answered, "I take you at your word;" and drew the two pieces of gold from my pocket with a good grace.

"That's your sort," replied the other; "you are a good fellow; I'll carry you myself to Aurich. The waggon shall soon be ready."

During his absence, which was not long, I had time to recall to memory the Emperor Joseph II., who, in like manner, had been made to pay two louis for a couple of eggs. There was something in the similarity that flattered my vanity, but at the same time I thought that travellers would certainly be rare at Carolinenzihl. Then I began to question whether my entertainers were really to be depended on; my liberty was in his hands, my life perhaps, undoubtedly my enterprise was, and my honour was bound up with that. Still, his physiognomy and that of his wife seemed candid and honest, and come what would there appeared to be no alternative but to trust myself entirely to them.

While thinking, I approached the window, where I saw the man harnessing a handsome mare to an open car, at the back of which he placed a calf and a heap of straw. This done, he came into the house, wrapped me from head to foot in an old cloak, and in exchange for my trim English hat gave me a broad-brimmed felt of the country, which completely shaded my face, then bidding me mount we set off. We made our way along the whole length of the village, and soon inspector, gendarmes, customs officers were left behind, and I could breathe with an ease and freedom rare under the circumstances. We entered Aurich at nightfall; but having neither acquaintances nor business in that town, I hastened my departure for Embden, where I had correspondents, and where I knew the authorities were not over-scrupulous.

Considering the price of the omelettes, I expected to pay twenty or twenty-five louis for my four leagues' riding, and I should have paid them without regret, seeing that the journey had carried me through a line of custom-houses. My conductor, however, did not in this case take too great an advantage of his position, and I had to congratulate myself on the way in which the matter was settled between us.

It was something to have passed the custom-houses. The next step was to put myself on a right footing with the police, and to find a place where I could establish my head-quarters, and watch the transport of my merchandise. With

respect to the first point, a few louis procured me a passport under a false name, which from that time was the one I always adopted in my business transactions in that part of the country, while I assumed a second for my correspondence with England, and a third for that with our house. These arrangements together with certain precautions of detail, would have made it difficult, if not impossible, to establish a case against me had I by any chance come under suspicion. Besides, I took pains to make it appear that I was following a legitimate profession, by setting up as a travelling dealer in clocks and watches. One of my friends who was settled in Holland, fitted me out with an assortment of watches, which I offered for sale in my perambulations, and thus kept myself in countenance. By this assumption of the character of a hawker, I feel assured that I lived with less care and anxiety than many other of my companions in fortune, who appeared to me always harassed and uncertain of their safety.

Touching the second point, after having believed that Embden would form my best centre of operations, I soon found that I had deceived myself, and shifted my head quarters to Meppen. I was perfectly amazed by the apathy of the population among whom fate had thrown me for the time; they seemed altogether indifferent to events and interests in which they were directly and essentially concerned. It was well known all round the neighbourhood that a division of French custom-house officers had arrived to engirdle Holland, Friesland, and the Duchy of Oldenburg; but a fortnight after they had taken up their position, though not more than thirty leagues distant, no one could tell me if the line was well kept and organized in all its length, nor the position and strength of the respective posts. I repeat, all the interests of the country were concerned in this question; it was completely blockaded, and at the mercy of the emperor, and yet there was the inertia which I have complained of, and could in no way explain, except that it might be the result of stupor. Moreover, the Frieslanders are the most indolent and apathetic of any people I ever saw.

During three months I led a wandering life, the most adventurous and fullest of excitement that can be imagined. It would be impossible for me to relate in detail all that took place, and the more so, as such constant repetition would weary the reader. To give some idea of it, however, I may state that I passed the

greater part of my time on horseback, having to oversee the arrival of my merchandize, and its disposal within reach, and to be continually exploring the customs' line, to find out the weak and ill-guarded places. Then there was to make personal acquaintance with the leaders of the different squads by whom the goods were run, besides concocting all sorts of schemes—something new every week—for effecting the passage, and throwing dust in the officers' eyes; and not least, I had to be always present in person, sometimes to use the strong hand, at others to effect a compromise.

At the beginning we could work only on a very small scale, being badly seconded. It is true there were men enough eager to make money by helping us, but fear got the better of their good will; they were as if terrified, and afraid to commit themselves. But after a time our facilities multiplied, because it became evident that the local authorities would protect us from the consequences of evading the emperor's laws, and were prepared to wink at our proceedings. So true is it that commerce by some means or other will keep itself in activity. A case occurred, even in the family of the emperor, of this indulgent system. The King of Westphalia, whose territories we frequently borrowed when it suited our purpose to do so, was not at all pleased, as we knew afterwards, that his imperial brother had invested his kingdom by customs' officers without giving him warning. He despatched many a courier to Napoleon, then in Austria, with complaints and remonstrances on this invasion of his rights; and all the time the correspondence was going on between the two brothers, the French employes had to rely on themselves alone, finding no support either in the civil or military authorities of the country. Without, then, knowing the cause of this want of agreement, we nevertheless suspected its existence, and profited by it, to send our goods across full swing. Scarcely a night that we were not out, one or two parties, with from fifty to two hundred waggons, trying our luck. At times there was a surprise, and muskets and pistols came into play, sometimes fatally, but the victims were few, and no one seemed to care for their loss. The first time that I heard the cross whistling of the balls, like Charles XII. I involuntarily ducked my head; but one gets used to everything, and in time the whiz of a bullet gave me no more concern than the buzzing of a chafer. But to tell the truth, the parrots, as the officers were call-

ed, because of their green uniforms, could not get the upper hand; they often fired for the pleasure of firing, and only on two occasions did they dare to meet one of our convoys face to face. I shall relate here a few of these adventures, by way of specimen; they will serve to show what was our mode of operation, the tactics we were obliged to employ in our earnest endeavour to disperse useful productions; and as there was, besides, something characteristic in these law-defying nocturnal expeditions, there will be the more interest in recalling them to memory. When the excitement of war prevails, we are not unwilling to read even of commercial hostilities.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE day shortly after the commencement of the three months of adventure mentioned in the preceding chapter, I fell in with a sergeant of the custom-house guards, who had charge of a post with five men, and had a little quiet chat with him, during which he insinuated, with singular delicacy, that if I would come down handsomely, he would let a whole night go without making his rounds. I caught at the bait, as may be supposed, and we set about arranging our plans, in which it was stipulated that he should come to my lodgings at seven in the evening with his five men, their arms and baggage, that they should stay there all night, and that in the morning I should give them their liberty, and something else—320 francs. The bargain was satisfactory to both parties; but from the moment it was concluded, I took care not to let the honest sergeant out of my sight, and sent off a messenger with the necessary orders for the preparation of my wagon train. The more vehicles, and the fuller the loads, the better, for the chance was too good to be lost. Seven o'clock struck; the guards, with their chief, came punctual to the rendezvous, delivered up their arms, and followed me to my room, where at one end I had a table set for them, well furnished with things eatable and drinkable, tobacco to smoke, and cards for play. "Do you find all you want?" I asked. "Yes, master; yes, master," answered the men, apparently well content with the prospect of such good cheer, and losing no time, they at once began an attack upon the viands. Meanwhile, I took up a position at the other end of the room, behind a long table which served me as rampart, should such a defence be necessary, and there, with the muskets of the guard at my

side, and a couple of pairs of pistols within reach, I watched the course of events. As soon as the men were busy with their supper, I closed the shutters, locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and sent off a second messenger, with instructions for the cavalcade to start. There had been ample time for its preparation. I watched every movement of my boisterous guests, being rather suspicious of their good faith; but, to do them justice, they appeared to have no other thought than to enjoy themselves. They kept on eating, drinking, smoking, and playing the whole night, interspersing their occupation with disgusting stories and obscene jests, added to which the atmosphere became every moment more and more oppressive, more offensive, and I was near fainting under the combined influence of disgust and foul air. However, at three in the morning, a knock upon the shutter announced that matters had gone off successfully, and I speedily dismissed my unsavoury visitors. They were all from Liege, as I gathered from their conversation; and truly they gave me no favourable idea of Flemish breeding. Notwithstanding the success of my band of freetraders, the remembrance of this night was so distasteful, that nothing would have tempted me to repeat the experiment; and I persuaded my friends that the better way was to force the line of our adversaries, at whatever cost—pistol in hand, if necessary.

I might go on relating similar adventures, were there not a risk of wearying the reader, and overstepping the space at my disposal; I shall therefore make a diversion, by a few sketches of manners, which may serve to show still more clearly the time and the people among whom I was thrown,—by my own choice, I need not repeat.

My associates in these adventures were all traders, or merchants, like myself, holding, or responsible for stocks of English goods that found their way across the North Sea in surprising abundance. We were most of us young, and not deficient in courage and resolution. We lived, so to speak, on horseback, often lost, or compulsorily delayed, in the midst of the wild sandy heaths or marshy plains which constitute so large a portion of the surface of that part of Europe. We went always armed to the teeth, and carrying in a belt round our body from 200 to 300 louis in gold. Whenever we could get the chance of a brief halt at a tavern, out came packs of cards from our pockets, a *faro* bank was forthwith established, and we

went into the game with a spirit only to be appreciated by those similarly circumstanced. I had generally good luck, owing, perhaps, to my excellent memory, which enabled me to remember the suits of cards as they were played. Although we often became highly excited in this pastime, it never led to a quarrel. We drank, we laughed, the golden coins passed from one pocket to another, then winners and losers alike remounted their horses, and away we went to sell cloth and calico, in spite of the Emperor.

To tell truth, money had lost its ordinary value for us, we made such enormous profits, and were always so uncertain of the morrow! To give an idea of our indifference, or our prodigality in this respect, I may relate that, being one evening on watch at the corner of a marsh with a Hanoverian, I refused twenty, thirty, forty, fifty louis which he offered me for my overcoat, a garment that had cost me only twenty-five francs when new. And well for me that I had such hard-heartedness or greatness of soul, whichever it may be thought, for there was a keen wind, and a few days later my Hanoverian comrade was laid by the heels with a cruel fever, which, unprotected by my coat, I might have caught, and not he.

During our stay at Meppen, the most miserable and the most devoid of resources of all the little unknown towns of Northern Germany, we took it into our heads, by way of amusement, to get up a grand subscription ball. Such an idea was only possible to a party of young fellows accustomed to calculate neither difficulties nor expense. We had to send more than 100 miles—to Hamburg or Bremen—to obtain the means of carrying our project into execution. But by dint of perseverance, and a determination to permit neither obstacles nor stupidity to alter our purpose, we succeeded. The ball was magnificent; everything about it betokened wealth and profusion,—elegant decorations,—splendid lights,—first-rate music,—a capital banquet,—a multitude of dancers, of whom among the female portion many were pretty and amiable. For the time we might have fancied ourselves in some great city. By an unsparing use of money, we had realized at Meppen one of the enchantments out of the *Arabian Nights*.

Writing about Meppen reminds me of Pappenburg, another town afflicted with the same dulness, where a tragi-comic event took place that created no small stir at the time. Passing

one day through the latter town I saw preparations being made in front of the tavern for a public sale to come off in the evening, and the landlord exerted all his eloquence to persuade me to stay and take part in it. I consented, but with the formal stipulation that a bed should be found me for the night, which, seeing the great crowd that was likely to assemble, was no useless precaution. The evening came, the sale went off with considerable spirit, and after it was over I found myself sitting down with sixty others to supper, and all the while I had taken pains to convince myself that there were not more than ten beds in the house. I whispered this fact to a young fellow of my acquaintance seated at my side. And as soon as the first course was removed I suggested that we had better steal a march on the others, and make sure of sleeping quarters. We left the table, and called the waiter, and bade him show us to our rooms. He led the way to a chamber with two beds. "That one is yours," he said said to me, "and the other is for your friend, but he will not sleep alone."

"What! not alone? A single bed was promised me, and a bed I'll have, and keep it too."

It was impossible, retorted the waiter with the air of a man taking a high tone; but a Prussian dollar, slipped into his hand produced a magical effect; every difficulty vanished, and there we were duly and comfortably installed. About an hour later we heard the noise of the guests breaking up, some going home, others seeking their chambers. A brief quiet followed, from which we flattered ourselves that we had nothing to fear, and soon were sound asleep. But short was our repose, for suddenly there came thundering knocks at our door. "*Wer-da?*"—"Who's there?" we shouted starting up.

"What scoundrels are these in my bedroom?" demanded a loud rough voice in reply; "open the door, or I'll break it open."

I jumped out of bed and answered politely. "*Mainheer*, we are here because we are put here; but as for breaking open the door, if you do you are a dead man."

Bang—crash—the panels flew into the room, and I found myself face to face with a big fellow whose only weapon was a lighted candle. We—that is my companion and myself—were in the shadow; but the aggressor, seeing two pistol-barrels pointed at his breast, stepped quickly backwards, and, stumbling at the stair,

rolled from top to bottom with shouts and execrations enough to set the whole house in an uproar. We left him to pick himself up, and, believing we should sustain a regular siege, pushed all the moveable furniture of the room against the door, and posting ourselves behind the barricade, we waited *en chemise* and pistol in hand for the assault. Unhappily he was no longer in a condition for the onset; one of his arms was broken by the fall, and the only enemy we had to encounter was the landlord, who, after helping to carry the unlucky stranger to another bed, came to weary us with his lamentations. We, however, having nothing to reproach ourselves with, went to sleep again, and were no more disturbed. We left Pappenburg city the next morning, and never saw it again.

A few days before this occurrence I had to sustain a contest of altogether a different character: it was while we were carrying on our petty war with the myrmidons of the customs along some forty or fifty leagues of coast. We had two or three agents at Embden, who, in consideration of a heavy per-centage, undertook the landing of our goods and their transports to the customs' line, which it was our business to force or evade. These agents took it into their heads to add to their already excessive profits another pretty lucrative branch of industry, as I shall here explain. They had a private understanding with the officers, by which it was arranged that out of every three or four ships arriving from Heligoland one should become the prey of those keen-scented gentry. The vessel came off the coast and as a matter of course, was seized. The agents then redeemed it by a payment of from 150 to 200 louis, and despatched the cargo to the interior. Then they wrote to their correspondents, that is to us, a first letter announcing the capture of the vessel, then a second expressing their pleasure at having been able to ransom it at half its value. Bills and vouchers made out accordingly were produced to verify the facts, and in this way these honest individuals pocketed a profit of from 80,000 to 80,000 francs every time they played the trick. I was aware of their practices, but had not yet suffered by them, when in turn I received from Mr. W—, of Embden, a ransom account amounting to 12,000 francs, on which he charged me 6,000 francs expenses and outlay. This was too bad, to be plundered in such a way! I mounted my horse, rode to Embden,

and having taken pains to gather exact particulars of the affairs, went to my gentleman with his bill in my hand.

"Ah," he exclaimed, on seeing me, "I have been most fortunate in getting your bales and packages released. You would not believe, Monsieur, how exceedingly thorny and delicate such transactions are. Even an honest man, runs risk at times of finding himself compromised," &c. &c.

I let him empty his budget, and when he finished gave him to understand that I was acquainted with the affair to the very bottom, and the exact sum to which the ransom of the entire vessel had cost him—a cargo worth 150,000 francs; and that I was not at all disposed to accept the account which he had sent me.

He fired up. I was not cool, and assured him I would expose him to the world at high 'Change, that he should make acquaintance with the toe of my boot, find himself denounced as a swindler not only at Embden, but all the principal Exchanges of the north. With these threats I left him. An hour later he sent me another account, in which the 6,000 francs were reduced to 200; so neither my journey nor my words were thrown away. At the moment, however, that I received the bill—so different from the first—an elderly merchant, an old friend of my father's came into my apartment. His business in the country was the same as mine, but he came to tell me he had just seen Mr. W——, and that worthy had persuaded him I was compromising seriously the interests of all strangers then in East Friesland. The good old man—too good for his then employment—believed himself lost. In vain, with facts in hand, did I show him we were robbed: he would not be convinced. The axe, he said, was suspended over every one of our heads; it might fall at any moment, and therefore it behoved us to be prudent. His terror was so great that I found it impossible to make him comprehend that Mr.—— was the one most interested in keeping the secret; and I still believe that the clever agent would not have dared to insist upon his outrageous overcharge, or upon his share of the pretended seizure.

Such are a few of my recollections of that eventful period. The result is clear: Napoleon, although possessed of means more powerful than ever exercised by any other monarch, could not entirely turn aside or de-

stroy the natural course of things. His blockade of the continent was rigorous, but he never succeeded in making it absolute, and indeed it could not have been made so. The greater the severity, the more did privation inspire heads and hands to circumvent the oppressor. Since then the world has seen no will and no power equal to that of the great Emperor; but should these two elements ever reappear, we may believe, from what has taken place in the past, that the idea of a general commercial blockade of the continent would find no favor except with an interested few, and could not in any case be carried into execution. Autocrats who seek to aggrandise themselves by conquest in our day will have to effect their purpose by other means than trying to frighten commerce or to hinder industry.

ONE OF OUR LEGAL FICTIONS.

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interests, one in life. No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but, united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible for ever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself, in the larger being of her husband: while he, in the vanguard of life protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protection; and what sacrifice to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honor them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper; and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bound epic was written in letters of gold, and blazoned in the brightest colours of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke, like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hope strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love, certainly; but of a love whose passion, when it was burnt out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart-union wove fresh ties in the place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and he held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect

the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organization, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect, or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side: she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some, resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure and now resolved to resist. So, things went on in a sad unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity, and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the

Ecclesiastical law calls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of protection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They had now three children who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble, boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes and eager love made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sakes she endeavoured to be patient. Her love for them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood. and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials now coming fast and thick upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But, matters came at last to a climax; though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results: a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life, she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining at home with the father. The day after she left she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for, the children had been taken away with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding-place. But without any good result. The woman who received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her, and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return widowed and childless to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that

she did return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for, her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house door only with a chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit, he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But, the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box gave, a verdict in favour of the defendant: a gentlemen of known honor and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the peculiar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge: a dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household gods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her!" The yet younger was stripped naked and chastised with a riding-whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed,

and still the quarrel and separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshipped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privilege to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—which no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond her strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom God has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonour if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she,—a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel,—had no right to those who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer laboured hard to show its cruelty. The misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principal of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husband's sole advantage.

She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from her father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefiting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife were one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law suit where judgment was given in open court to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the marriage idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year—but that her husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sum paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by her. For, she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the laws.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throw a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape and build no cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and all owed by our laws—and men stand by and say, "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws!"

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even

against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them; it is very note-worthy, indeed, in this country of Great Britain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed and reforms to be made that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder ories.

Justice to women. No fanciful rights, no unreal advantages, no preposterous escape from womanly duty, for the restless, loud, and vain; no mingling of women with the broils of political life, nor opening to them of careers which nature herself has pronounced them incapable of following; no high-flown assertion of equality in kind; but simple justice. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honourable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral Wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strawed. Justice to women. This is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great Injustice done to them, and of their mal-treatment under the eyes of a whole nation, by the Law.

THE EARLY BLUE BIRD.

You're come far owre early, my bonnie wee bird;
There's nae signs o' green leaves, o' simmir nae
word.

What tempted you here, frae the green sunny
bowers,
O' the sweet smiling south?—the bright region
o' flowers.

There's cauld days to come yet, and deep drifts o'
snaw;
And storms frae the bleak north, ere winter gae
wa'.

Thou type o' the herald, who comes to proclaim
The advent of peace, in strife's dreary domain;

Wast love of the unknown, for which we pay dear?
Or hope, which enticed thee, my bird, to come
here?

Wast this blink o' sunshine, this short gleam o' joy
Which wiled thee like pleasures which tempt to
destroy?

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Then thou'rt like the youth, who grasps pleasure
too soon;

Whose sun sinks in darkness long ere it is noon;
Or the bard who still hopes for, mid sorrow and
pain,

The "good time that's coming," love's long
looked for reign.

He's come far owre early, my poor bird, like thee;
The good times ye sing o', ye'll no likely see;
Thy neck is a' dragglet, and droukit's thy wing;
I cant bear to hear thee attempting to sing.

For there's something sae mournful and sad in thy
strain,
I could sit and greet wi' you till spring comes
again.

Like thee, my puir bird, I was tempted to roam,
By the distant—the future—the lovely unknown.

Like thine, my bright visions were all overcast;
Like thee, I must stoop 'neath the cauld chilly
blast.

I'm thinking, my wee bird, in sorrow and pain,
Our thoughts and our feelings are something the
same.

But ah! my poor bird, tho' our prospects are bare,
We'll still cling to hope, nor give up to despair.
In the deepest, the darkest, its beams brightest
shine;

Without them, this heart wad hae broken lang-
syne.

ALEX. MACLACHLAN.

Erin, May 14, 1854.

AN INELIGIBLE SUITOR.—An old soldier with only one arm, being reduced to mendicancy to obtain a livelihood, made acquaintance with a brother beggar, who had grown rich by the craft. "I should be happy," said the soldier, "to ally myself with so distinguished a member of our profession: you shall give me your daughter." "Hold! my dear sir," replied the warm old gentleman, "you cannot think of such a thing. She must have a better match than you will make. You are not half lame enough. My son-in-law must be a miserable looking object, who would draw blood out of a stone." "Do you think, then, that you will find one worse than I am?" "To be sure! why, you have only lost one arm; and ought to be absolutely ashamed of yourself to expect that I will give you my daughter. I would have you to know, that I have already refused a fellow without legs, and who goes about the city in a bowl."

AMERICA PAINTED "COULEUR DE ROSE."

The United States of America have now been painted in all manner of colours. Mrs. Trollope painted them very black; Captains Hall and Hamilton painted them in gall-stone or bilious yellow; Dickens painted them in striped vermilion, blue, and black; Mackay and Buckingham painted them in sober drab; Stewart and Sheriff painted them in vivid green; and now Miss Bremer has painted them in bright rose-pink.

Miss Bremer's *Homes of the New World** cloys one by its sweetness. Think of the entertainment of supping a jar of honey at a sitting. In a literary way, Miss Bremer's book is something of the same sort. Everything she sees is beautiful, delicious, sweet, ambrosial, divine, and so forth. Ordinary personages are "beautiful souls." Nearly all the children at the houses she visits are angels. The men are all noble, the women all handsome and intellectual. There is not a genuine Yankee in her pages—no chewing nor spitting—no vulgar questioning nor rudeness, but everywhere a beautiful "redundancy of young life." In fact, the book is a romance; and the authoress admits that her first idea was to write a romance about America: and though she resolved on giving to the world her experiences, they are mostly pervaded by the romantic roseate hue. Miss Bremer has so obviously wished to please, that she has flattered; and she so studiously labours not to give offence, that her descriptions are divested of that character and contrast in which so much of the interest of a book of travels consists. In short, the book is all light, and no shade,—all brilliant rose-colour, without any cool greys and browns to give the eye rest and satisfaction.

This, no doubt, shows the amiable character of the writer, but it is, nevertheless, a serious defect in the book. Miss Bremer is determined to be pleased with everything, and to see everything in its most brilliant aspect. When she looks out of the windows of the Astor Hotel, the first morning after

her arrival in New York, she sees beyond the large fountain and the "beautiful green plot" in front of the house, "long lines of white and gilded omnibuses," "beautiful houses," "splendid shops," and so on. The haven of New York is "beautiful," the bay is surrounded with "green hills and groups of beautiful villas," and the authoress's arrival in the bay was "festively beautiful." Miss Bremer was immediately inundated with visitors requesting autographs; and she shook hands with from seventy to eighty persons in a day; but she seems to have liked it. A Mr. Downing invites her to his house up the Hudson, and she praises her entertainer at such length and in such glowing terms, that the gentleman cannot but feel uncomfortable under the infiction, if he be a gentleman of modesty and good sense. Mrs. Child, the authoress, waits upon her, and is described as "a beautiful soul;" and Miss Lynch, the poetess, "an agreeable, pretty, and intellectual young lady." Mr. Hart, the editor of *Sartain's Magazine*, follows the authoress to Mr. Downing's, and with an eye to trade, "monopolizes" her for his magazine during her stay in America; and "there was so much gentlemanly refinement in his manner, and a something so benevolently good and agreeable in his pale, delicate countenance, that I could not help taking a fancy to him, and giving him my word that if I should write anything for publication in America, I would leave it in his hands."

Here is a brief sketch of her life on the banks of the Hudson:—"I have greatly enjoyed this period of my new life, and the Hesperian fruits; and whether it is the effect of these or of the New World's youthful lively atmosphere (we have had for some time the most beautiful weather), or of the new impressions which daily flow in upon me, but I feel the strings of life vibrate, as it were, more strongly, and my pulse beat at times almost feverishly. I feel myself to be drinking nectar spiritually and bodily; it is a divine drink, but almost too potent for a weak mortal—at least in an every-day beverage. The excess of social intercourse is also too exciting, however charming and agreeable it may be. Mr. and Mrs. Down-

* *The Homes of the New World; Impressions of America* By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. In 3 vols., Hall, Virtue, and Co.

ing, who have no children, seem to live for the beautiful and agreeable in life amid a select circle of friends and neighbours, who, for the most part, reside on the lovely banks of the Hudson, and cheerful and unembarrassed social intercourse seems to characterize the life of this circle. They are continually visiting one another. The banks of the Hudson are now in all the pomp of autumn, and the foliage of the woods which clothe the shores and the heights, and which consist of a great variety of trees, is now brilliant with the most splendid variation of colour, from light yellow to intense scarlet; but it is too gorgeous and chaste a splendour to be truly agreeable to my eye, which requires more uniformity of colour. Of fruit there is here the greatest abundance: the most beautiful peaches, though their season is properly over; pears, plums, grapes,—that is to say, hot-house grapes, and many others. The Downings' table is ornamented every day with a basket filled with the most glorious fruit—really Hesperian—and beautiful flavour, arranged with the most exquisite taste." Everything described by Miss Bremer is equally "beautiful."

The most interesting descriptions are those of individuals well known on this side the Atlantic. But here, too, there is a want of shade. They are nearly all painted *en beau*. Of Miss Sedgwick (the authoress of *Home*) Miss B. says,—“She is between fifty and sixty, and her countenance indicates a very sensible, kind, and benevolent character. The figure is beautifully feminine, and her whole demeanor womanly, sincere, and frank, without a shadow of affectation. I felt my soul a little slumberous while with her for the first few days; but this feeling was, as it were, blown quite away in a moment by a touching and beautiful expression of cordiality on her side, which revealed us to each other; and since then I have felt that I could live with her as with a heavenly soul, in which one has the most undoubting trust.”

Here, however, is a picture of the life of an American working man, which is worth much more than the average of Miss Bremer's descriptions:—“Mr. Downing has called my attention to a beautiful little house, a frame house, with green verandah and garden just

in this neighbourhood. ‘It belongs,’ said he, ‘to a man who, in the day, drives cart-loads of stone and rubbish for making the roads. In this is the working man of the New World superior to him of the Old. He can here, by the hard labour of his hands, obtain the more refined pleasures of life, a beautiful home, and the advantages of education for his family much more quickly. And here he *may* obtain them, if he will. In Europe the greater number of work-people cannot obtain them, do what they will.’”

At another “beautiful home” Miss Bremer meets Washington Irving, a veteran in literature, whom she cleverly and elaborately describes. He is “a man of about sixty, with large, beautiful eyes, a large well-formed nose, and countenance still handsome, in which youthful little dimples and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul.” Miss Bremer made a profile portrait of the “universally beloved author,” while he sat to her; and it is described as “one of the best and most characteristic portraits that has ever been taken” of him. Next day she visits him at “his home or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, and resembles a peaceful idyl; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows fed in a meadow just before the window. Within, the room seemed full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there.”

A young gentleman asks Miss Bremer to ascend a lofty church tower with him, on which she observe: “Nothing strikes me so much as the youthfulness of this people—I might almost say childish fervour and love of adventure. They hesitate at nothing, and regard nothing as impossible.” Every little incident thus furnishes an opportunity for praise. A lady makes a present of a bracelet, and forthwith the authoress takes the lady to her heart. This is no doubt very amiable, but not very entertaining to read.

Mr. Putnam, the publisher, next obtains possession of Miss Bremer, and engages her for a complete edition of her works. Mr. Putnam's form is “beautiful,” his wife

"charming, cheerful, and agreeable;" and the three children are "pretty." In the evening came "a whole crowd of people from the neighbourhood,"—doubtless beautiful and agreeable, too, but that is not stated. She goes to see "the Elysian Fields, or park-like tract on an island near New York, and so called from their beautiful idyllian scenery; and they were beautiful as an idyl; and the day, and the air,—nay, we have nothing like them in the Old World!" She sees Bryant, the poet, who has "a beautiful characteristic head, with silvery locks." She sees one Marcus, who resembles "our Lord both in heart and head;" and he has a wife who is "classically beautiful;" one of the children "might serve as a model either for a cupid or for one of Raphael's angels;" and the other two children are "delicate, delightful," and "sweet." She meets W. N. Channing, who is "noble and enthusiastic;" "a character as ardent as it is pure, with a beaming eye, and a countenance as pure and regular as I could imagine a seraph to be." The figure is described as "noble and elegant," and he "loves enthusiastically the ideal and the perfect."

Miss Bremer sails up the Hudson to visit the North American Phalanstery; and "the shores shone out green and gold." The life at the Phalanstery is very well described, of course in bright colours; but it is too long for extract. She afterwards meets with Mrs. Kirkland (authoress of *A New Home—who'll follow!*), and she is described as "one of the strong women of the country, with much *à plomb*, but with also much womanliness of heart and soul; kind as a mother, a friend, and fellow-citizen, her beautiful smile, and the flash of her brown eye, when she becomes animated, betray the spirit which lives in her book of *The New Home*."

Notwithstanding all this "beautiful young life," it is pretty clear that Miss Bremer is at times terribly bored. Young people flock about her, asking common-place questions; crowds come to shake hands with her, and to obtain autographs; female phrenologists want to get hold of her head to examine her developement; and allopaths and homœopaths contend for the physical control of her person. When it is known that Miss

Bremer is fond of flowers, she is inundated with bouquets. The dinners to which she is invited are evidently very stupid affairs; and the many sermons by powerful preachers of all possible views, must have been very conflicting; but the pleaded lion has a good word to say for all.

At Worcester she is entertained by the mayor, who holds open house in her honour; and there she shakes hands with a multitude. Elihu Burritt is one of the party, "a very tall and strong-limbed man, with an unusually lofty forehead, large, beautiful eyes, and above all, handsome and strong features." The description of Emerson, at his house in Concord, is one of the best in the book:—

"Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bareheaded amid the falling snow. He is a quiet, noble, grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly-marked features and dark hair. (?) He seemed to me a younger man, but not so handsome as I had imagined him; his exterior less fascinating, but more significant. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear eye, always looking out for an ideal which he never finds on earth; discovering wants, shortcomings, imperfections; and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill; sorrows, however, he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bound for a short time by these griefs; the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife, after having been married scarcely a year. Emerson is now married for the second time, and has three children. His pretty little boy, the youngest of his children, seems to be, in particular, dear to him. Mrs. Emerson has beautiful eyes, full of feeling, but she appears delicate, and is in character very different from her husband. He interests me, without warming me. That critical, crystalline,

and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and, in its way, beneficial for those who possess it, and also for those who allow themselves to be measured and criticised by it. But for me, David's heart with David's songs!" Afterwards Miss Bremer goes to spend a few days with "Sphinx of Concord," as she styles Emerson, in his home: and she then "had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in the moral view, with which he regards the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgment often keen and merciless, but his demeanor is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful."

Miss Bremer meets Alcott, the Platonic idealist, who is "one of the most noble men in Massachusetts," and has a "remarkably beautiful silver-haired head;" "the young, true American poet Lowell—a perfect Apollo in appearance;" Garrison, the abolitionist, of whom she says "one sees in his beautiful countenance and clear eagle-eye that resolute spirit which makes the martyr."

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the principal actress in the United States, kindly placed a box at Miss Bremer's disposal on her return to New York, and she there witnessed her unquestionably great personations of "Meg Merrilies" and "Lady Macbeth." Afterwards she became acquainted personally with Miss Cushman, and says of her "I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and by universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortunes she supported by her talent for some years her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clear forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanour and conversation make one like to be with her."

Miss Bremer also met several of the "eman-

culated ladies" in Boston; that is, female lecturers, doctors, and preachers. One of these, Mrs. Paulina Davis, she describes as striking "from the picturesque beauty of her figure and head, her pale noble countenance and rich golden hair;" while Mr. Davis, the lady's husband, contrary to Miss Bremer's usual tone of high praise, is only described as seemingly "a sensible man."

At Boston, Miss Bremer "was obliged to go out and dine, and after that to a Swedenborgian meeting, where I shook hands with about one hundred Swedenborgians." This becomes weary work, and the tired lion at length exclaims, after having had to undergo the same hand-shaking process at an immense night party,—“It was too much! And that is the way they kill strangers in this country. They have no mercy on the poor lion, who must make a show and whisk his tail about as long as there is any life left in him.”

Miss Bremer has still, however, abundant praise left for all comers; and speaking generally of the Americans, she says,—“I cannot tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain, that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more worthy to be loved than any other I am acquainted with in the world.” As for their failings (though Miss Bremer saw none), she says that if they exist at all “they may be all attributed principally to the youthful life of the people.” She gives a description of Young America, in which she says he “is a young man—it is all the same if he is old—who makes his own way in the world in full reliance on his own power; stops at nothing, turns his back on nothing, finds nothing impossible, goes through everything, and comes out of everything always the same.” Of the American women she says,—“I saw on this occasion many beautiful toilettes, and many beautiful faces. The American ladies dress well and with good taste. And here, indeed, one seems to meet nothing but handsome faces, scarcely a countenance which may be called ugly. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be a refreshment to see such a one,” &c. &c.

The reader will see from these descriptions what is the character of the book, and that everything is *couleur de rose*, or carnation,

or some other "beautiful" colour of the very brightest. The book is a succession of high-flown praise—we might almost say of flattery—of individuals whom she names, or half conceals under initials. For instance, of Elizabeth H. she says,—“there is something very profound and great in this young woman, and her words frequently are as brilliant as diamonds in sunshine.” Doubtless Elizabeth H. belongs to a large circle of admirers, and the praise will please her and her friends; but it is anything but interesting to us. Theodore Parker has “a Socratic head.” Dr. Lowell, the poet’s father, is “a handsome old man.” Professor Holmes’s head is “singularly beautiful.” Whittier, the poet, has “a beautiful head with regular features, black eyes full of fire,” and many other beauties. Everybody is “beautiful.” Even Laura Bridgman, the poor deaf and blind girl, is “pretty.”

There are, however, some very pleasing sketches of life in the south; and the sail up the Mississippi among the Indians is charmingly described. The account which Miss Bremer gives of Washington, and the scenes in the Senate and House of Representatives there, is extremely graphic and instructive. And, had the large quantity of “sugar-plums” been omitted from the book, it would have been brought within more reasonable limits, and would have been much better liked by the general reader.

THE MAY FLOWER AND ITS BLIGHT.

It was Mayday, and Mayday was outshining herself. May that, in the words of Milton, “from her green lap throws the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,” seemed bent upon being more bounteous of her flowers than ever. The sun shone forth in the pure, lively blue sky, as though resolved not to be beaten by the bright flowers of the field, and all nature looked as if it was out for a holiday.

It was in the lovely village of —, where the inhabitants are poor enough to be humble and hardworking, and rich enough to look well-fed and hearty, that Mayday was being kept at the time to which our story

refers. And it was being kept in downright old English earnest. Troops of children had been for days past rifling the hedges of their evergreens, and begging nosegays of all who owned the pretty “bits of garden” in front of the well whitewashed cottages, which anon would seem set in a frame of hollohocks and scarlet-runners. Great had been the competition as to who should bring the largest contributions towards the maypole (for — is a glorious old-fashioned place in such matters, and old customs are never interfered with when they are harmless). Unheard-of acts of generosity in the shape of gifts of milk, oatcakes, and other delicacies, had demonstrated the fact that “Measter Farmer Gibbs warn’t so hard a man as was thought to be.” The vicar’s lady had been as liberal in giving away ribbons and outgrown white frocks, as she was of blankets when the days smile less brightly, and the yule-log is more comfortable than the green field. Everybody had been up since unknown times of the morning, and everybody was thinking about the great business of the day, the maypole and its festivities. Rich folks made an early appearance at the vicarage. They loved the fun as well as the poor, for whom they did so much, and by whom they were so much looked up to. There was to be a dinner and a musical party in the evening, and the vicar and half a dozen neighbouring clergymen were comparing notes as to the state of the schools, refractory paupers, cottage rents and repairs, and a host of such other matters as none but country clergymen can discuss.

To be sure there was one exception to all this content. Leaning against the door of the village public-house, a rough looking, discontented man, with a short pipe in his mouth, looked with a heavy malicious eye at the party who were engaged in decorating the pole just opposite. This was Luke Scroggins, the “discontented man” of the whole village. He was in good employ, but never liked his employers; he had no children, and therefore fewer hardships than his neighbours; but he was a “progress” man—not in the good sense of the world. He had heard some Sheffield lectures about “the rights of man,” and he thought no small things of himself. He did not like people to enjoy

what he did not like; he thought that those who received and appreciated the kindness of their superiors sold themselves to them; he muttered an imprecation against all may-poles, Maydays, and tomfoolery, whiffed at his pipe, and turned in for another half-pint.

"What, again this morning, Scroggins," observed a rubicund jovial-faced countryman, who was carrying a parcel of osier-hoops up to the pole. "Better be with us than inside o' there first thing in the mornin'."

A sulky growl met his remark, and the discontented man sat where he was, and the contented one went whither he was going. We wonder how each looked in the evening.

Very different was the sight which a little chamber in Dame (or as she was sometimes called Granny) Fisher's little house displayed. At a window half bedded in the dense thatch of the sloping roof, half blocked up with ivy and flower-pots, a blooming creature of sixteen was weaving her long ringlets beneath a straw hat, daintily perched on one side, as if to set off the most roguish pair of dark brown eyes which peered out from beneath. An old lady (for such she was by courtesy, and perhaps nearer the denomination than all might be aware) was lacing her white frock, and adjusting a sash round a waist which none would have thought plebeian. The small looking-glass told a pleasing copy of the countenance of both—the one proud of herself, the other of her daughter, as from time to time the younger creature chattered on, and ever and anon exclaimed, "And I'm to be Queen, mother; I'm to be Queen of the May!"

This was Flora Fisher, the "flower of the village," the "May Flower," the "Queen of the May," the youngest surviving daughter of a large family of eleven children, and the darling of a widowed mother who had "known better days," but was still above the level of many of those around her. Flora was the dangerous cause of many a broil among village youth—a *Pfyllis* for whom there were more *Corydons* than *Virgil* or *Theocritus* could have furnished—a pet gossip with her own sex—and a favourite with everybody. At every village festival she shone in as brightsome colours as any *Belgarian* beauty "just out," romped more

than her anxious mother thought good for her health, and after flirting with some good looking but unwieldy swain, would break his heart by saying—"Go along, I'll have nothing to say to you; I don't want you." The gentleman in question would immediately meditate suicide or enlistment, but we are bound to say that it generally ended in smoke, and that neither the demand for parish coffins, nor the list of her Majesty's forces, gained much by the dangerous attractions of the "May Flower."

Placed above absolute want, the widow of Farmer Fisher, aided by the surrounding gentry, had been enabled to give both her daughters a tolerable English education, as well as to imbue them with a refinement of ideas which could not be blighted by the rusticity of those around them. Jane, the eldest, was teacher in a good district school, and was everyway disposed to do well; but Flora, the heroine of our story, was an idle puss, too clever to wish to stick to anything long, fond of play, dress, tumbling in the hay, rambling about the lanes at moonlight, and singing, at the top of her clear voice, ballads somewhat beyond the comprehension of her companions, but to which they nevertheless lent very grateful attention.

She had no pride, but would romp with anybody, and come in with burning cheeks and fling her tired form on her mother's shoulder, and laugh away her chidings. Somehow or other, Flora was always wayward and provoking, and always loving and beloved. Even the lectures of the vicar's lady were so tempered with a real fondness for the female urchin, that she did but little good. And so Flora grew up a charming, dangerous, delicious little village coquette, a sort of being of whom no one could have imagined harm, but whom no one could quite make out.

Night after night had Flora been sleepless, as some voice within her little soul whispered that she was to be "Queen of the May." The morning came, and among all early risers none rose so early as she. How every little article of finery was ransacked over, and turned upside down, and inside out, and how unwontedly and steadily busy were those little fingers that cared so little for the

thimble on ordinary occasions!

At length, the all-important toilette finished, her mother kissed, and the May Flower slips away to the scene of her future triumph, her feet beating time to the words, "I'm Queen of the May, Queen of the May."

Across the field, and down the lane, and to the vicarage the words pursue her. Her head is filled with naught else. But the vicar's wife whispers a kindly "Don't take cold, love: and don't be proud because all tell you you are pretty." But the advice dies away, and "Queen of the May, Queen of the May" again fills the girl's ear, beats time to her step, and sparkles in her excited and delighted eye.

The procession is just forming, when up comes young Robin Sykes, one of the best-to-do young farmers in the neighbourhood, and one on whom the May Flower had been more liberal of her good graces than on others. He is the best of her beaux, and, somehow or other, she likes him the best, so she accepts his rough but gallant attentions. A bevy of girls bear hoops quaintly formed into crowns, covered with flowers and ribbons, and beneath which the "lord and lady" of the feast are to pass in a Sir Roger de Coverley sort of procession. The maypole itself is worthy of St. Andrew Undershaft; it forms with its streamers a perfect open marquee of flowers, and every one who surrounds it looks as gay, only less grotesque, than the most elaborate court of King Jack in the Green. Farmers are sipping good light country ale at the *al fresco* deal tables, and comparing the beauty of the lads and lasses; many are the rustic belles, but none come up to the May Flower.

Suddenly up rides a young man on a splendid horse, and whose dress and appearance vie with the handsomest of the more fashionable spectators. In an instant he has dismounted, and is heart and soul in the fun. It is young Squire —, who has just come down to take possession of his estates in the neighbourhood, and who has never missed an opportunity for fun in his life. He establishes immediate popularity by giving *carte blanche* on the public-house for that evening, but declares he must have a dance with the May Queen, who has just been in-

augurated with every village honour, and with a good deal of village noise. He now introduces himself; the May Flower blushes, pouts, thinks how different he is from Robin, and gives him her hand. Robin looks daggers, speaks very politely, and seeks another partner.

How different is her new partner's dancing! How gently does he press her waist, and how different are his polished boots from the clumsy ones of Robin! And what a smile is his! How dangerously gentle! And when, sportively claiming the privilege of the day, he presses a kiss on her cheek, how the May Flower forgets the happiness of the May Queen, and sighs for some unknown lot.

The dancing went on with enthusiasm, but cautious people talked upon the strange partner of the May Flower, and very sage ones shook their heads, and quoted traditional histories relative to the familiarities of the high and low. Widow Fisher felt anxious, but there was no drawing away Flora from the dance. "You know I'm Queen of the May, mother," and she laughed and slipped away, and once more threaded the dance on the young squire's arm.

And to judge from his appearance, he was no less happy. The simple beauty and artless liveliness of his new companion delighted him after the heavy routine of "good society." He thought of his romps with girls no less lovely during his continental trips, and perhaps he sighed as he reflected that his father and his debts had long since engaged him to Lady Emily —, who would have as soon gone to a pauper's funeral as to a maypole festival.

There is an end to all things, and even a May Queen cannot dance for ever. People began to disperse. The "discontented man," who had long since been approaching the natural results of his morning's carouse, was escorted home, with some difficulty, by two village constables, loudly condemning the whole proceedings of the day. And Flora and her mother were walking home silently in the clear, but now cool night, and the little Queen of the May felt that she had abdicated her brief-lasting throne, and wished she had never been queen—she knew not why.

Henceforth the May Flower was changed. Her spirits sunk, she snubbed Robin (who had long since forgotten his jealousies, and had resumed his attentions), mixed little in the sports of the village, and would sit in long vacant silence, or roam by herself along the most solitary lanes. Her mother marked the change, but could ill divine the cause. At times her darling would be all herself, and the May Flower would clasp her arms about her mother's neck, laugh and smile as if in remembrance of her former self, and then sink into moody silence. For some reason or other she shunned the vicar's lady, and most of the other elder ladies of her previous acquaintance. Robin was distressed, but could make nothing of her.

One day, alas, he learnt too much. Returning home with his cart from a sale at a neighbouring town, he met Flora walking, on the arm of the young squire, and evidently in earnest conversation. They turned down one of the lanes in the direction of her dwelling, and did not observe him pass by.

Till then, Robin had never known how much he was in love. He went home in a state of rage and disappointment, mingled with fears which he scarcely dared confess to himself. Could an acquaintance between two people in such opposite positions of life, the one so young, the other so accomplished, exist without danger?

He knew not what to think or do. How could he interfere? Was it not a degradation for him to do so—a confession of jealousy towards one who evidently was no fit companion for his future life? He felt bound to remonstrate with Flora herself, but his rough, half-uncultivated nature had often shrunk before the superior intelligence of the May Flower, and he felt that he must either blurt out his suspicions point-blank, or remain silent. Poor Robin was no orator.

And what was the nature of the acquaintance which the May Flower had thus made? Young Squire——was as honorable a young man as Robin himself, and his early irregularities had never made him regard the person of an innocent girl but as sacred. But he had been as dangerously attracted by the little village coquette as she had by him; to listen to her language, so simple and yet so

free from all vulgarity, was so refreshing after the high pressure cultivation of those with whom he usually mingled, that his prudence was put to a dangerous trial. He felt resolved to act towards her as a brother—a protector. His large estates should afford some liberal soil in which this wild flower should grow and prosper, and she should never know want or unhappiness.

So we poor mortals delude ourselves. While the young squire was thinking only of a present gratification from Flora's company, and of her future comfort, she had already grown hardened to the duplicity of meeting him away from home, and had begun to form some of those wild hopes which a wild and somewhat vain disposition, fostered by indulgence, and fed by a certain class of reading, ever tend to foster, under the like circumstances.

Many more sly walks were taken, neighbours began to discover how matters stood, and the widow received the daughter one day with the first words of solemn anger in which she had ever spoken.

"It is too late, mother," sobbed the May Flower, as she drooped upon her breast. "I have been a wayward, wicked girl to deceive you, but I have been guilty no further. Not in word nor deed has Edward (she had learnt to call the squire by his Christian name) ever wronged me; but I have been foolish, oh, very foolish!"

And then came the truth, and the whole truth—how she had thought of him ever after that "fatal day, O mother, when I was Queen of the May!"—how she had met him accidentally, and then by pre-engagement; how her infatuation had increased—how he had talked of all he would do for her when he was once married and settled. "Married and settled," exclaimed Flora, in a passion of tears, "O those were the words that broke my heart, and taught me what a miserable fool, what a humiliated girl I had been." And the May Flower sobbed at her mother's feet.

Fully believing her child's story, and believing that such matters are too frequent to break many hearts, the sorrowing widow suffered her child to "cry her grief out," as she fondly hoped she might. Flora became

tranquillized after a few days, clung more eagerly to her mother, would scarcely go out without her, and became unusually attentive to the trivial duties of their little household. She again, too, visited the rector's lady, and again seemed to take some interest in the pursuits of the village.

Even Robin and she were reconciled. He believed her story (which he had heard from her mother, and to which he had the delicacy never to allude), and could have loved her almost more than ever for her own sorrow. He brought her the choicest flowers that his garden could afford; she thanked him; but one day, when a richer bouquet than usual had come home during her absence, she sighed heavily, and said, "The May Queen, the May Queen!"

Again with the rector's lady; and so deep in the perusal of the great Book of all consolation. So quiet, submissive, and gentle by day; but at night a stifled sob often grated on the ear of the widow Fisher, and she would rise and go to the little bedroom amidst the thatch, and kiss the May Flower, and soothe her back to her fitful slumber.

New Year's Eve had arrived, and brought with it sad thoughts of what the new year would bring forth, and what it would take away. The little chamber was as trim and neat as ever, the linen as white, but all without was bleak and snowy, and a tiny fire blazed in the grate. But the bed was not empty. There lay the May Flower, so lovely, and so pale and delicate. And there were medicine-bottles, and sacred books; and the care-worn widow sat watching her beautiful girl, as she slept with heavy, fitful starts, and ever and anon glowed with a preternatural hue, as a chilly sweat thawed her limbs.

"Call me, dear mother, early, though I sleep but little," said Flora, as she feebly half-rose and pressed her mother's hand. "I should like to see the sun once again."

"Hush, darling; Dr. — says you must not talk, or you will never be well."

"I feel it, mother, dearest; but oh, I have so little time left to talk, even to you. How I should like to have seen the May flowers blossom once more. You know I was May Queen once, mother!" and a tearful blush

overspread the face of the poor child. "I should like to see the flowers, mother, once more; but read to me, mother, a little; do, mother, it will make me content with God's will."

And the widow stifled her tears, and forgot her bitter pangs in her child's wish, and read words of a land where it is Mayday all the year round.

And so the May Flower languished on, while her friends wept for her almost as her mother. Money was lavished on all the medical skill that money could procure; every luxury was showered into her little chamber by her many friends, and the vicar never left her couch till she seemed resigned and composed. But all was in vain. The poor little heart, untrained to self-knowledge and self-restraint, had given way to a visionary passion which she never could hope to realize, while Squire — had been kept in careful ignorance of her condition, even if the preparations for his own approaching nuptials had not prevented his thinking much about her. The idle gallantry of the young man had, indeed, done mischief. It is dangerous for us to put ourselves upon an intimate familiarity with those who may so seriously mistake our intentions.

The May Flower lay on her death-bed. She knew it, and she breathed soft, divine-inspired words of hope. She said, "Not a May Queen, mother, but a Queen with a deathless crown."

The dying and the living lips of the daughter and mother met; a faint sigh escaped, and the blight had done its work upon the May Flower.

[NOTE.—It is fair to observe, that the leading character and some of the ideas of the above tale are grounded upon Tennyson's exquisite "Queen of the May."]

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To-morrow.—"It shall be done to-morrow." "To-morrow the case will be just the same." "What do you grant me one day as so great a matter?" "But when that other day has dawned, we have already spent yesterday's to-morrow. For see another to-morrow wears away our years, and will always be a little beyond you."

DOCTOR PABLO.

A YOUNG ship-surgeon who had made several voyages, set out about thirty-five years ago, on board a rotten old three-master, commanded by a worn-out captain. The ship was named *Le Cultivateur*, and the young surgeon was named Paul de la Gironière. He came of Breton race; feared nothing and loved adventure.

After touching in sundry ports the old three-master reached the Philippine Islands, and anchored near the little town of Cavita, in the bay of Manilla. There, the young doctor obtained leave to live ashore until the vessel sailed again; and having found lodgings in the town, he began to amuse himself in the open air with his gun. He mixed with the natives, and picked up what he could of their language, increasing at the same time his knowledge of Spanish.

At the end of four months—in September, eighteen hundred and twenty—cholera broke out at Manilla, and soon spread over the Island. Mortality was terrible among the Indians; and, as often happens with the Indians, and used to happen often among Europeans when people were more ignorant than they are now, the belief arose that somebody was poisoning the wells. No suspicion fell upon the Spanish masters of the island, who were dying, with the rest; but there was several French ships in the harbour, and it was therefore settled that the wells were poisoned by the French.

On the ninth of October a horrible massacre began at Manilla and Cavita. The old captain of the *Cultivateur* was one of the first victims. Almost all the French residents in Manilla were assassinated, and their houses pillaged and destroyed.

Monsieur Paul the doctor, who was known on shore as Dr. Pablo, contrived to escape in good time to his ship. As soon as he was on board his services were wanted by the mate of an American vessel, who had received a poniard wound. That being dressed, the doctor next heard from several French captains that one of their number, Captain Drouant from Marseilles, was still on shore. There remained but an hour of twilight; he might possibly be saved. The bold young

Breton therefore went ashore again in a canoe, and, when he landed, bade the sailors abide by the boat until he or Captain Drouant should come to them. He then began his search; and, at a little place called *Puesta Baga*, perceived a group of three or four hundred Indians. Among them they had the unlucky captain, pale as a ghost: whom a wild Indian with a kris in his hand held by the shoulder. Down rushed Doctor Pablo on the group, thrust the wild Indian to the right and Captain Drouant to the left, and pointing out where the boat was, bade the captain run and save himself. The captain ran, and the Indians were too much surprised at the presumption of his rescuer to take immediate heed of the departure of their victim; so the captain reached the boat and pulled away from shore.

But, how was Doctor Pablo to escape? The Indian whom he thrust aside, ran at him with uplifted arm; him the young surgeon met by a blow on the head with a little cane. The man ran back to his companions, amazed and wrathful. Knives were drawn on all sides, and a circle was formed about the mad white man; one would not strike alone, but a score or two would strike together. The circle was closing, when an Indian soldier, armed with a musket jumped into the midst. Holding his musket by the muzzle, he swung it violently around at arm's length, and the revolving butt-end soon cleared a wide space. "Fly sir!" the soldier said "nobody will touch a hair of you while I am here."

In truth a way was opened, in which the young man was quietly permitted to depart; as he went the soldier cried after him, "You cared for my wife when she was ill, and refused money; now you are paid."

Captain Drouant having taken the canoe, Monsieur Paul had no course left him but to go to his old home in Cavita. On the way he met a crowd of workers from the arsenal, who had set out with hatchets to attack the ships. Among these, too, there was a friend who pinned him to a wall, concealed his person until his companions were gone by, and then urged him to promise that he would not go on board the ships, but hide on shore.

The Doctor's case was little improved

when he reached home. There came a knocking at the door, and a whispering outside of "Dr. Pablo." It was the friendly voice of a Chinese storekeeper.

"What have you to say, Yang-Po?"

"Doctor Pablo save, yourself. The Indians intend attacking you this night."

Doctor Pablo would not save himself by flight; he thought it best to barricade the doors with furniture, to load his pistols, and to abide the issue.

Wearied by a day of anxiety, excitement, and severe physical labour the beleaguered Frenchman found it difficult to keep awake and watchful through the first hours of the night. At eleven o'clock there came again a knocking, hurriedly repeated.

"Who is there?"

"We are friends. The Indians are behind us escape through the roof at the back, and you will find us in the street of the Campanario."

He took this good advice, and had not long escaped before the house was searched and pillaged. His new friends sheltered him for the night, and were about to convey him to his ship on the succeeding morning, when one of them brought him a letter signed by all the captains in harbour, saying that being in a momentary fear of attack, they had determined to heave anchor, and stand out to sea; but two of them, Drouant and Perroux, would have to leave on land part of their provisions, their sails, and their water, unless he would send those stores off by means of a canoe which was sent with the letter, and was subject to his orders.

"The safety of two ships," said the young surgeon, "depends on sending off this water and these stores."

"Your own safety," his friends replied, "depends on getting off yourself, and that immediately."

"I am resolved to see after the stores."

"Then go alone for we will not escort you to destruction."

Doctor Pablo did go alone, and found upon the shore a crowd of Indians watching the ships. He believed that by not fearing them he would remove nearly all cause for fear, and therefore went boldly up to them, saying, "Which of you would like to earn

some money? I will give any man a piastre for a day's work." There was a silence. Presently one said, "You do not seem to be afraid of us." "Why, no," he replied, drawing his two pistols; "you see I stake only one life against two." The men were at his service in a minute; two hundred were chosen; a note was pencilled and sent off by a canoe to summon all the ship's boats to convey the stores. A quantity of money belonging to Captain Drouant was taken to the beach secretly by the pocketful, and deposited in a corner of one of the boats. All went well; there was only one unlucky accident. When Captain Perroux's sails were being repaired, one of the men engaged in the work had died of cholera, and the rest, fearing infection, had wrapped him up hurriedly in a small sail and run away. The Indians, in moving the sailcloths uncovered the body, and were at once in an uproar. This was, they said, a French plot for poisoning the air and spreading the infection. "Nonsense, men," said Pablo. "Afraid of a poor devil dead of cholera? So be it. I'll soon relieve you of him." Then, with a great display of coolness which he did not altogether feel, he wrapped the body again in a piece of sail-cloth, and, lifting it up in his arms, he carried it down to the shore. He caused a hole to be dug, and laid the body in the grave himself. When it was covered up he erected a rude cross over the spot. After that the loading went on without further hindrance.

Having paid the Indians, and given them a cask of brandy, Doctor Pablo went to the ship with the last cargo of water, and there—as he had taken little or no refreshment during the last twenty-four hours—his work being now done, he began to feel exhausted. He was exhausted in more senses than one, for he was near the end of his worldly as well as his bodily resources. All his goods and the small hoards that he had made, were either destroyed or stolen; he owned nothing but what he had upon him—a check shirt, canvass trousers, and a calico waistcoat, with a small fortune of thirty-two piastres in his pockets. When he had recovered from his faintness and had taken a little food, he bethought him of an English

captain in the Bay who owed him a hundred piastres ; as the vessels were all on the point of departure, he must set off in a small boat at once to get them. Now this captain, one of the perfidious sons of Albion I am sorry to say, replied to the young doctor's demand that he owed him nothing, and threatened to throw him overboard. So, in sooth he was obliged to tumble back into his boat, and return to the *Cultivateur* as he could. But then, how could he ?—for the night was become pitch dark, and a violent contrary wind had arisen.

The night was spent in idly tossing on the waves ; but, when morning came, and he got on board his ship, other difficulties disappeared. The Spanish authorities had quelled the riots, and the priests in the suburbs of Civita had threatened excommunication against any one who attempted Doctor Pablo's life ; for, as a son of *Æsculapius*, his life was to be particularly cherished. The French ships remained at anchor ; and, when, soon afterwards, an Indian came on board the *Cultivateur* to invite the doctor to his home near the mountains of Marigondon, ten leagues off, he had leisure to go, and went.

For three weeks, he lived happily as this Indian's guest, and then an express messenger came with a letter from the mate of his ship, who had commanded it since the death of the old captain, informing him that the *Cultivateur* was about to sail for France, and that he must make haste and come on board. The letter had been some days written, and when Doctor Pablo reached Manilla, there was his vessel to be seen, with its outspread sails, almost a speck on the horizon ! His first thought was to give chase in a canoe, the Indians saying that if the breeze did not freshen they might overtake the ship. But they demanded twelve piastres on the spot, and only twenty-five were then lying in the doctor's pockets. What was to be done ? If they fail to overtake the vessel, what figure was he to make in a town where he knew nobody, with nothing but a check shirt, canvass trousers, calico waistcoat, and thirteen piastres ? Suddenly, he resolved to let the *Cultivateur* go, and keep what money he had, to set himself up as a practitioner of physic in Manilla.

But Manilla, as the world knows is a gay place in which there is much display of wealth and carriages, and of Spanish colonial frippery and fashion. How should he begin ? His stars provided for him in the first instance. Before he left the shore on his way back into Manilla, he met a young European, with whom he exchanged confidences. This young European was another ship doctor, who had himself thought of settling in the Philippines, but was called home by family affairs ; he confirmed Monsieur de la Gironière in his purpose. There was a difficulty about his dress ; it was not quite the costume in which to pay a physician's visits. "Never mind that my dear fellow," said his friend. "I can furnish you with all you want : a new suit of clothes and six magnificent lancets. You shall have them at cost price." The bargain was settled ; the departing doctor turned back to his inn, out of which Doctor Pablo presently issued fully equipped. He had a most respectable and professional set of clothes ; only they were too long for him in every respect, and everywhere too wide. He had six lancets in his pocket, and his little calico waistcoat packed up in his hat. He had paid for his equipment twenty-four piastres, so he came out into the streets of Manilla with just one piastre in his hand, and the whole world of the Philippines before him.

A triumphant idea presently occurred to him. There was a Spanish captain, Juan Porras, known to be almost blind. He would go and offer him his services. Where did he live ? A hundred people in the streets were asked in vain. At last an Indian shopkeeper observed, "If *senor Don Juan* is a captain, he will be known in any guard house." To a guard-house Doctor Pablo went, and thence was at once conducted by a soldier to the captain's dwelling. Night was then closing.

Don Juan Porras was an Andalusian, and a jolly fellow. He was in the act of covering his eyes with enormous poultices.

"*Senor capitan*," said the young Breton, "I am a doctor and a learned oculist. I am come to take care of you, and I am sure that I know how to cure you."

"Quite enough," he replied ; "every physician in Manilla is an ape."

"That is just my opinion," said Doctor Pablo; "and for that reason I have resolved to come myself and practise in the Philippines."

"What countryman are you?"

"I am from France."

"A French physician! I am at your service. Take my eyes; do what you will with them."

"Your eyes *senor capitan*, are very bad. If they are to be healed soon, they ought not to be left a minute."

"Would you mind making a short stay with me?"

"I consent on condition that you let me pay for my board and lodging."

"Do as you will," replied Don Juan; "the thing is settled at once. Send for your luggage."

Doctor Pablo's canvass trousers had been thrown aside as too ragged to be worth preserving, and his whole luggage was the little white waistcoat packed up in his hat, and his hat was all the box he had. He adopted, the straightforward course, which is at all times the sensible and right course; he told the captain the plain truth about himself, and that his lodgings could be paid for only out of his earnings, say from month to month. The captain was on his part delighted. "If you are poor," he said, "it will be the making of you to cure me. You are sure to do your best."

Doctor Pablo and the captain got on very well together. An examination of the eyes next morning showed that the right eye was not only lost, but enveloped in a mass of cancerous disease that would ere long have destroyed his patient's life. Of the other eye there was still hope. "Your right eye," the doctor said, "and all this growth about it has to be removed by an operation, or you must die." The operation was undergone. The wounds healed, the flesh became sound, and, after about six weeks, the use of the left eye was recovered. During this time Doctor Pablo met with a few other patients; so, at the end of the first month, he was able to pay punctually for his board and lodging.

The captain was cured, but nobody knew that, for he still refused to stir out of doors. "I won't go out," he said, "to be called

Captain One-eye. You must get a glass eye from France before I'll stir abroad."

"But that will make a delay of eighteen months."

"You must wait eighteen months, then, before you get the credit of my cure. Worry me, and I'll keep my shutters closed, and make people believe that I can't bear the light, and am as bad as ever."

If Captain Juan Porrás would but show himself, then Doctor Pablo's fortune would be made. Was Doctor Pablo to wait eighteen months, until a false eye could be received from France? Certainly not. He would turn mechanician, and get up an eye at Manilla under his own superintendence. He did so, and the captain (though it did not feel as if it were a clever fit) found it not unsatisfactory. He put on spectacles, looked at himself in the glass and consented to go out.

But what, somebody may ask, is all this story about? Is it true? I only know that it is all seriously vouched for, by the person chiefly concerned: to wit, the doctor himself. Monsieur Alexandre Dumas having included the adventures of Monsieur de la Gironière in a romance of "A Thousand and One Phantoms." Monsieur de la Gironière considered that it was time to tell the naked truth concerning himself and his adventures. This he now does in a little book called *Twenty Years in the Philippines*; of which, as we understand from a notice prefixed by the author, an English translation is to appear, or perhaps by this time has appeared.

The return of Don Juan caused a great sensation in Manilla. Every one talked of *Senor Don Pablo*, the great French physician. Patients came from all parts; and, young as he was, he leaped from indigence to opulence. He kept a carriage and four, but still lodged in the captain's house.

At that time it happened that a young American friend pointed out to him a lady dressed in deep mourning, who was occasionally to be seen upon the promenades—one of the most beautiful women in the town. She was the Marchioness of Salinas, eighteen or nineteen years old, and already a widow. Doctor Pablo fell in love.

Vain attempts were made to meet this charming *senora* in private circles; but she

was not to be seen within doors anywhere. One morning an Indian boy came to fetch the French physician to a boy, his master. He drove to the house indicated—one of the best in the suburb of Santa Cruz—saw the patient, and was writing a prescription in the sick room, when he heard the rustle of a dress behind him, turned his head and saw the lady of his dreams. He dropped his pen and began talking incoherently; she smiled, asked what he thought of her nephew, and went away. This made Doctor Pablo very diligent in his attendance on the boy; and six months afterwards Madame de las Salinas—Anna—was his wife. She had a fortune of 30,000 pounds, expected daily in galleons from Mexico.

One evening while they were at tea, news came that the galleons were in the offing. Husband and wife had agreed that when this money came they would retire to France. Don Pablo had then a splendid practice at Manilla, and held several official situations, kept two carriages and eight horses; also a fine table, at which all Europeans were welcome guests. It was not ruin, therefore, when the tidings came next day that his wife's money was lost! It had been seized on its way through Mexico by Colonel Yturbe, and paid to the credit of the independent cause, in a civil war then and there in progress. The only difference to Doctor Pablo was, that he could not quit the Philippines.

Among other situations Doctor Pablo held the post of surgeon-major to the first light battalion of the line, and was a warm friend to its captain, Novales. Novales one night revolted, the regiment began an insurrection, and the surgeon-major rushed out at three o'clock in the morning, not exactly knowing what to do. Tumult and cannonading followed. Pablo did not return to his wife for twenty-one hours; he had given his service to the Spaniards, and returned safe. He found his wife upon her knees; she rose to receive him but her wits were gone. The terror she had suffered cost her an illness that deprived her, for a time, of reason. He watched over her and she recovered. A month afterwards she relapsed, and it soon appeared that she was subject to monthly relapses of insanity.

He took her in search of health to the Tierra Alta, a district much infested by bandits; but he did not mind bandits. He had sundry adventures with them, and the result of them all was that these people thought Doctor Pablo a fine fellow, and liked him. With much care, Anna's health was at last perfectly restored.

Then the young couple, devoted to each other, returned into Manilla, where, soon afterwards, Doctor Pablo considered that he had been insulted by the governor; who had refused to discharge a soldier on account of ill-health on his recommendation. Pablo suddenly resigned every office he held under the state, and asked his wife how she would like to go and live at Iala-Iala? Anywhere, she replied, with Doctor Pablo. He bought therefore with his savings, the peninsula of Iala-Iala; and, although the governor behaved courteously, refused his resignation, and appeased his wrath, he held to his purpose firmly, and set out to inspect his new theatre of action.

It proved to be a peninsula divided by a chain of mountains which subsided in a series of hills towards the lake. It was covered with forests and thick grassy pasturage, and was full of game; Doctor Pablo held himself to be a mighty hunter, great in the chase of the pheasant or the buffalo. There were no animals on the domain more noxious than civet cats and monkeys—men excepted. The peninsula was a noted haunt of pirates and bandits. Doctor Pablo went to the cabin of the person who was pointed out to him as the most desperate pirate, a fellow who would do his half-a-dozen murders in a day, and said to him, "Mabutin-Tajo,"—that was his name—"you are a great villain. I am lord of Iala-Iala, I wish you to change your mode of life. If you refuse, I'll punish you. I want a guard; give me your word of honour that you'll be an honest man, and I will make you my lieutenant." The man, after a pause, vowed that he would be faithful to the death, and showed the way to the house of another desperado who would be his serjeant. From these, and with these, the Doctor went to others of their stamp, raised a little army, and by evening had in cavalry and infantry, a force of ten

men, which was as large as he required. He was captain, Mabutin-Tajo was lieutenant, and the business of the men was thenceforward not to break order but to keep it. He got the people of the place together, caused them to consent to assemble in a village, marked the line of a street, planned sites for a church and for his own mansion, set the people at work, and masons and master workmen to help them, from Manila.

The people of Manila thought the great French physician, had gone mad, but his faithful wife heartily entered into his scheme; and, after eight months of constant passing to and fro, he at last informed her that her castle at Iala was erected, and conveyed her to her domain.

Doctor Pablo begged from the governor the post which we should call in London that of Police Magistrate of the Province of the Lagune. This made him the supreme judge on his own domain, and secured more perfectly his influence over the people. From the Archbishop Hilarion, he begged Father Miguel de San Francisco as a curate. This priest was denied to him, as a person with whom no one could live in peace. Doctor Pablo persisted and obtained his wish. Father Miguel came. He was a fiery, energetic man, a Malay, who got on very well with his new patron, and was appreciated by his flock: not the less because he laboured much among them as a teacher and in other ways, and preached only once a year, and then it was always the same sermon—a short one in two parts—half Spanish for the gentle-folks, half Tagaloc for the Indians.

In this way, Monsieur Paul de la Gironière settled at Iala. There, he lived many years. He reformed the natives, taught them, and humanised them. Without a cannon-shot, he put an end to piracy. He cleared woods, and covered the soil with plantations of indigo and sugar-cane, rice and coffee. The end of his history was that he left Iala-Iala when its church contained the graves of his dear wife and of his two infant children, of a favourite brother who had quitted France to dwell with him, of his wife's sister, and other friends. Doctor Pablo went back, a lonely man, to his old mother, in France, in 1839, after having passed twenty years in the Philippines.

MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

D'ye mind the tree by the roadside, Kate,
And the school-house standing by:
Where the gray-haired teacher used to wait,
As our morning steps drew nigh.
How we watched the while, for his friendly
smile,
As we tripped the way along;
Oft hand in hand, a score in a band—
A happy childish throng.

The school-house now is torn away,
Not a beam or a post remains;
And the sunny green where we used to play,
Yields the farmer golden gains.
O'er you and I have years gone by,
But my heart is still the same;
When I think of the names of our school-day
games,
It thrills at the very name.

And that good old man who taught us so
well,
To learn and love our book;
How high did the glow of pleasure swell,
At his kind approving look.
But his task is done beneath the sun,
And his eye with age grown dim,
Has now no light, for death's long night
Has closed life's day for him.

He sleeps, but I know not what marks his
tomb,
Or where is his resting spot;
But fresh in my heart shall his memory
bloom,
Till memory's self is not.
His stories oft told, which never seemed old,
Are fresh in my mind to-day;
For, Kate, while he taught, 'twas amuse-
ment we thought,
And the time passed unheeded away.

Vienna, May 18th, 1854.

G. W.

INNOCENT'S DAY.—A commemoration of the slaughter of the infants in Bethlehem by Herod. A singular custom formerly prevailed in France, which was called *giving the innocents*. All the young people found in bed on the morning of this day was subjected to a smart discipline.

THE WAY THEY MAKE CONVERTS
IN RUSSIA.

THE Czar has still some partisans left in England: not many, certainly; but some, both influential and sincere, who believe in the generosity of his protection, and the truth of his religious zeal; who accept his version of the history of the war, and see him only as the conscientious defender of his Church, regarding his occupation of the Principalities as the simple demand for tolerance towards his co-religionists, and the slaughter at Sinope as the energetic expression of his philanthropy. We would convert these men—many of whom are worth converting—and prove to them what religion and toleration mean with the Czar. We will tell them a story of some nuns at Minsk; a story which was denied by the Russian minister at Rome, with Russian veracity; but which both public and private documents in our possession establish and confirm.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century—for it is as well to go back to the origin of things,—a large body in the Greek Church separated itself from the orthodox or State establishment; under the name of the Uniate, or United Greek Church, entered into communion with Rome, placing itself under the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, in opposition to that of the Patriarch; and afterwards of the Sovereign. This schism struck the deepest root in Lithuania, and modern Poland; and, since that partition of the empire, has had powerful political influence, in keeping up the feeling of Polish nationality; the Uniate Church and national fidelity being held as synonymous; while the Polish adherent to the Russo-Greek, or orthodox Church was generally assumed to be an apostate to his faith, and a traitor to his country. It was therefore a matter of great importance to the Czar to destroy this schismatic branch, and the usual machinery of threats, bribes, and cajolery was put in motion. Laws were passed, which forbade the hearing of mass, excepting on Sundays and great festivals; which forbade the teaching of the Catholic religion to the children of Catholic parents; which prescribed the sermons that were to be preached, and the

catechisms that were to be used in Catholic churches; and which allowed of no theological explanations of theological differences; which, latter, dispersed the Catholic priests with violence, shut up their churches, and refused all spiritual consolations to their flocks; which excommunicated as schismatic, all Catholic children not baptised according to the rules of the established church within four and twenty hours after their birth, and which offered entire pardon and indemnity to any Catholic convicted of any crime whatsoever—murder, robbery, no matter what—who recanted, and became orthodox. So much vigorous legislation was not without its effect. In the spring of eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the whole of the Episcopal body of the Uniate signed the act of recantation, petitioning the Emperor graciously to re-admit them into the bosom of the orthodox Church, and asking pardon both of him and of God, for their long blindness and obstinacy.

Amongst these petitioners, the Bishop Siemaszko distinguished himself as particularly ardent in his profession of orthodoxy, and as a proof of his zeal—or as its reward—he undertook the task of converting the Basilian nuns of Minsk, with whom is our present story, and of whom he had been “bishop and shepherd.” He began his mission with moderation, even with kindness, calling on them, affectionately, as their pastor, to renounce the communion of Rome, and the acts of St. Basil; but, as their refusals were more vehement than he had looked for, his behaviour suddenly changed; and one Friday, as the nuns were going to prayers, Siemaszko, accompanied by Uszakoff the civil governor of Minsk and a troop of soldiers, burst open the convent gates, to offer them their final choice between honours with the orthodox religion, and constancy to their communion with forced labour in Siberia. The nuns despised his threats as they had rejected his bribes. The reverend mother, Makrena Mirazyslawski answered generally in the name of all, and Siemaszko then ordered them, angrily, to prepare instantly for a march. With difficulty they obtained permission to offer up a few prayers before their departure. They flung themselves before the Host, the rene-

gade prelate cursing them as they prayed. Thirty-five knelt on the church flags; but, when they rose up to go, one was found dead, Rosalie Lenszeka. Her heart had broken between fear and grief.

They were marched through the town; the orphan children, of whom they had forty-seven in the convent, following them with tears and lamentations, and many of the inhabitants crowding round them, weeping too; for, according to various dispositions, these nuns of St. Basil were much beloved. Their kindness and benevolence to the poor and the afflicted was a matter of public-notoriety and of public benefit. The soldiers were afraid of a popular demonstration if they attempted any personal violence in the town, so that the nuns were not ironed until they came to their first halting-place, about a league from Minsk. There they were chained in couples, with irons on their hands and feet, and in this manner they marched for seven days, until they reached Witebsk. They were placed in a convent of Czermick, or Black Nuns, chiefly widows of Russian soldiers; women of coarse habits and cruel feelings, to whom they were appointed servants, or rather serfs and victims. Their coupling chains were removed; but their irons remained on their feet; and these they wore for the seven years of their persecution. At this convent—which had formerly been Basilian, and had belonged to the Uniate Church—they found thirteen of its former owners Basilian nuns, subject to the same treatment which they themselves were about to undergo. The whole of the sisterhood united was placed under the charge of the Father Ignatius Michallwicz who had formerly been their own almoner; but who was now orthodox and renegade.

Before six o'clock in the morning, the nuns performed the work of the house, drew the water, carried it, prepared the wood, lighted the fires, and, in short did all that was required in the establishment. At six they went to hard labour: breaking stones and carrying them in wheelbarrows, to which they were chained. From noon to one o'clock they rested; from one till dark, hard labour again: and, after dark, household work and

attending the cattle. Then to rest, such as they might find, in a low damp room, where a few wisps of straw were their only furniture, and where their clanking irons were not removed. Their food was so scanty and so wretched that the beggars used to bring them bread, and often they shared the provender of the cattle when serving them, a crime the Black Nuns punished with blows, telling them they did not deserve to share the food of their hogs. One of their most painful duties was, cleaning the high leather boots worn by the Czermicks, with a certain preparation called "dziegiec," which was overpoweringly sickening. But the poor nuns of Minsk lived to remember their leather boots and the "dziegiec" with regret.

After two months of this life—finding them still persistent—Siemaszko ordered them to be flogged twice a week, fifty lashes each time. The floggings took place in the courtyard, under a kind of a shed, in the presence of the deacons, the priests, the children, the nuns: "of everything," says the mother Makrena, "that lived and blasphemed in this dwelling." Their flesh often hung in strips from their bodies and the way to their work was tracked with blood; but they made neither resistance nor complaint, and only wept when they did not pray. It was in the winter; and they were not allowed any fire; so that the cold froze their limbs, and poisoned their wounds, making their punishment still more severe. After one of these flagellations, a nun, Colomba Goraka, fainted on her way to work. They beat her until she recovered her senses; when, staggering to her wheelbarrow, she attempted to move it and fell dead. Another nun, Baptista Downar, was burned alive in a large stove. The Czermicks shut her up in it after she had lighted the fire. Another, Nepomucena Grotkowska, was killed, perhaps accidentally, by the Czermick abbess, who "clove open her head, by striking it with a log of wood, because she had dared to make use of a knife to scrape from a plank a stain of tar, which she could not remove in any other way." It was a breach of discipline, and disobedience to a rule of the abbess. Another nun, Susannah Rypinka, died from the flogging; and a fifth, Coletta Sielawa, was

also killed *accidentally*, by a Black Nun who broke her ribs by knocking her down violently against a pile of wood.

After they had been many months at Witebsk, Siemaszko wrote angrily to Michallwicz, asking why he had not been able to overcome their obstinacy. The superintendent answered that they were "soft as wax in his hands," and ready to recant, and that Siemaszko might come to receive their confession. To bring this about, and substantiate his boast, he began new tortures. They were suddenly seized, and divided into four parties, shut up in damp dungeons, and given scarcely enough to exist on. The dungeon in which the reverend mother and her eight sisters were confined was full of worms and vermin, which crawled about their persons when they slept. Their only food was half-putrid vegetables. The other three divisions had for the first two days a pound of bran bread, and a pint of water each, which was then reduced one half. Every day Michallwicz attempted to induce them to recant; now with promises, and now with threats, and now with a false paper, which he asserted in turn to each party that the others had signed, and were then warm and comfortable, "enjoying their coffee." "Would it not be better," he used to say to the mother, "to be abess again, than to be eaten alive by the worms? Come! sign, as all your children have done." The brave old women still persisted, though trembling lest any of her nuns had given way; but, seizing the paper from his hand, she opened it, and found it a blank. Heaping reproaches on his head, she flung the false petition in his face; and this "traitor,—Judas, envoy of Lucifer,—went back to his master, quite ashamed," leaving her and her children triumphant. Siemaszko, however, arrived. He spoke to them gently, congratulated them on their decision, promised them grand honours, and appointed the mother, Makrena, Mother General of her orthodox charge. Eagerly, yet in terror lest they should find a traitor amongst them, they all denied their conversion; and the reverend mother refused her office with more energy, doubtless, than policy, flinging back the superb cross, with which he wished to

decorate her, telling him to wear it himself, and then "instead of, as in the old times, a thief hanging on the cross, they should see the cross hanging on a thief." Finding that he could make no impression on them, Siemaszko, indignant at the useless trouble he had taken, and the unnecessary civility he had shown, ordered them to be severely flogged beneath his own windows: and so ended this prelatie visitation.

Among other more revolting, but not more severe, cruelties, was the manner in which they were made to bring water from the river. To "prevent the Polish spirit from passing into the water," the nuns were obliged to hold the heavy copper jars at arms' length. It was a great distance between the convent and the river, especially in winter, when they had to go a long way round; and the poor creatures were sometimes unable to keep the jars held out at the required distance. If they drew them nearer, the water was polluted; and the Czernick Nuns, who were always with them, armed with whips and sticks, flung it over them, and they were obliged to go back to the river for more. This happened perhaps many times in the day, and as they were not allowed to change their clothes—indeed they had none but what they wore—they were sometimes the whole day and night enveloped in a sheet of ice, for the water froze in the clothes, instead of drying. Another misfortune which affected them more than others, that seemed more difficult to bear, was the loss of their only cooking utensil: an earthenware pot given them by a Jew, in which they used to cook the only warm food they had to eat, namely, the "braha," the grounds of a sort of spirit made from corn. Michallwicz shattered it with the heel of his boot, and the poor nuns found all their patience and resignation necessary to enable them to bear this loss cheerfully. However, "they carried it to God," with the same marvellous patience they showed throughout; and afterwards another Jew gave them an iron kettle.

Again Siemaszko came among them; this time to reconsecrate the Uniate Church at Witebsk to the orthodox faith. He tried to make the nuns assist in the ceremony, which would have been equal to a public pro-

fession of faith; but they steadfastly refused, and suffered themselves to be cut, maimed, bruised, ill-treated, and wounded, rather than commit what they believed to be a mortal sin. The Abbess had her head laid open, and there was not one of the nuns who was not bleeding from one or many wounds. At the church door as they were being forced in, one of the nuns snatched a log of wood from a carpenter at work, and threw it at the bishop's feet; and the Abbess Makrena offered him a hatchet, crying, "Thou hast been our shepherd, become our executioner! Like the father of St. Barbe, destroy thy children!" the nuns kneeling before him. Siemaszko dashed the hatchet from the mother's hands; and, in falling, it cut the leg and foot of one of the sisters. With a blow of his hand he knocked out one of Makrena's teeth, and beat her brutally about the head. Then, perhaps, from the excess and reaction of his passion, he fainted: so the barbarous scene ended. But after this their persecutions were greatly increased, and the death of Michallwicz, who fell, when drunk, into a pool and was drowned, only added to their sorrows; for the Pope Swanow, who succeeded, continually blamed his moderation, and repeated, daily, "I am no Michallwicz!"

At the end of eighteen hundred and forty, two years after their arrival at Witebsk, they were suddenly marched off to Polosk. By this time their clothes were completely worn out, and they received a fresh supply; namely, two petticoats of sacking, and a half square of linen for the head. This was all they had. At Polosk, they found other Basilian nuns, whose persecutions had begun at the same time as that of the nuns of Witebsk, and who had lost fifteen out of their former number of twenty-five, from the barbarities they had suffered. Of the remaining ten, two were mad, who yet were chained, fastened to the wheelbarrows, and compelled to work like the rest. One died soon after the arrival of the nuns of Minsk, and the other was one day found covered with blood, lying dead on the floor of the prison. In Polosk, or rather at Spas, which is about a league from the town, the nuns were set to work on a palace about to be

built for Siemaszko. They first had to break the stones, not with hammers, but with the stones themselves, which dislocated their arms, so that they were often obliged to help each other to replace them in the sockets; tumours came on their necks and heads, their hands were swollen, chapped, and bleeding, and their bodies were one mass of open wounds and festering sores. At night they could not lie down nor sleep, and often passed the whole night leaning against each other, weeping and praying. Their numbers were sadly thinned during this period. It might be truly said that they moistened the foundations of that prelatie palace with their blood. Three died in eight days; two of over fatigue; and the third, too weak to guide a bucket of lime, which she was drawing up to the third story, let the rope slip through her hands, and the bucket falling on her head crushed her to death. Five were buried alive in an excavation they were making for potters' earth. The pit was very deep, and cracks and crevices had already warned them there was danger; but the papas (priests) would not allow any precautions to be taken, and the bank giving way, buried them as they worked, without an attempt being made to save them. Nine other nuns died by the falling of a wall they were building. The mother herself escaped, only by the fortunate accident of exchanging her own labour (she was up on the scaffolding with the rest) for the harder task of a sister, named Rosalie Medumecka, who was carrying gravel. Rosalie called out, "My mother, I can do no more!" and the mother descended to relieve her, the sister taking her place on the scaffolding. In a few minutes a fearful crash, a cloud of dust, a piercing cry, and a moaning prayer, startled her from her labour; the wall had given way, and the nine sisters were crushed beneath the ruins. When she recovered from the faintness into which this terrible sight threw her, she was scourged, and driven to her work again.

One morning, a Russian verse was found written on the walls.

*Here, instead of a monastery,
Are Siberia and the Gallies.*

The Basilian nuns were accused of having written this, and were flogged so brutally

that two died; one that same evening, and the other the next morning. On this occasion word was again sent to Siemaszko, telling him that, terrified at their losses, they were prepared to recant. He arrived at Polosk in the autumn of eighteen hundred and forty-one, to receive the same answer of firm and vehement denial, the Abbess Makrena passionately reproaching him with being "apostate, traitor to the Church of Jesus Christ!" It was on this occasion that he read to them the ukase signed by the Emperor, which "approved, confirmed, and found holy, holy, thrice holy, all that Siemaszko had done, and that he may do for the propagation of the orthodox faith, commanding that no person dare to resist him in anything, and commanding also that in cases of resistance the military be placed under his orders on his simple demand." It was on this occasion also that he broke the upper cartilage of the mother's nose, and that he flogged the sisterhood as he had threatened, "till he had taken off three skins, one that they had received from God, and two from the Emperor, that is to say those that will come after;" when he affirmed they would be less obstinate, and would repent. After this scourging, another nun, Baseliise Holynska, died, like so many others before her. But Siemaszko had not yet scourged them into pliability; and still they resisted him and stood firm.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two, they were again flogged twice a week, fifty blows each time; and again three nuns died from the torture: one died during punishment, and the twenty blows that remained of her number was struck on her corpse; one died two hours after; and the third lingered in great agony till night, when she expired in her mother's arms, pressing the crucifix to her bleeding lips, and murmuring, "I love thee with all my heart!" as she died. After they had been scourged thus six times, the Russian General and his wife interfered. They came to the place as the executioners were about to begin, and the General commanded him to desist, telling him that he should be hung. "The Emperor," he said to their proto-papa Wierowkin, "has no knowledge of the horrible torments you inflict on your victims; and when he learns

that I have hung thee, he may think, perhaps, 'The good old man has lost his senses;' but you will be hanged none the less for it." He did not know that all this was done under the express permission of the Emperor, and with his knowledge. But Siemaszko returned, and by virtue of the ukase inflicted fresh cruelties on them; all the more bitter because of the temporary cessation. One evening they were brought home from work sooner than usual. As they entered they were surrounded by a crowd of ferocious men with whom drink, and rage, and cruelty, and viler passions still, had transformed into worse than wild beasts. The nuns defended themselves—effectually, though the place swam with blood, and the barbarities used that fearful night were such as make one tremble. Two nuns were trampled to death, their countenances so disfigured by blows and the iron heels of the men's boots as to render them scarcely recognisable as human beings. One nun died from a bite in her shoulder, coupled with other wounds, and one had her nose bitten off; eight lost their sight, and the mother's head was laid open, her side gashed with a knife, and three wounds inflicted on her arms. It was one prostrate mass of blood and agony that those drunken fiends left groaning on the floor of their prison. During the night, a sister, Scholastica Rento, died: Wierowkin and the Czermicks saying, "See how God punishes you for your obstinacy!"

Some months after this, a new punishment was devised. The remaining sisters were shut up for six days, and given only salted herrings to eat, without a drop of water or any other kind of food. This was one of the most painful tortures they had undergone, and made many of them fear for their reason. In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-three their place of residence was again changed. Between soldiers with fixed bayonets they were marched off to Miadzioly. Here again they were placed with the Black Nuns, in a convent formerly belonging to the Carmelites, and here it was the infamous murder and torture of the baths took place. The nuns, excepting those eight who were blind, were put into a kind of sack, with both arms thrust into a single sleeve, so that they

could neither defend themselves nor assist each other. They were marched to the lake, flung in, and when up to their chests in water, with ropes fastened round their necks, men in boats dragged them along. This punishment lasted for about three hours. Sometimes the boats drifted on shore, and the poor women were then able to gain their feet for a moment, but the papa under whose charge they were at Miadzioly, would then order the boatmen to row out into the lake, crying, "Drown them like puppies! drown them all!" They had these baths six times, twice a week for three weeks. They were not allowed to change their clothes all the night, and thus their old wounds were poisoned, and opened afresh, while new ones appeared all over their bodies. Three nuns were drowned in the baths, and buried without rites or service by the side of the lake. At last the punishment was discontinued, partly because the waters began to freeze, and partly because the Jews—who seem to have been always compassionate—entreated, and petitioned, and agitated the town, until the authorities thought it best to put an end to what was ceasing to be a warning, and becoming a martyrdom. But seven of the nuns had become entirely infirm, and at the end of their second year's residence at Miadzioly, only four remained of the three united sisterhoods of Minsk, Witebsk, and Polosk, who could still use their limbs or work. The rest were either blind or crippled. During the last year, two nuns died; one suffocated by a badly acting stove, which they were allowed sometimes to use, and the second was frozen to death in the forest, when sent out to gather firewood.

In March eighteen hundred and forty-five, they received warning from a friend, a priest of their own communion, who told them that they were all to be sent off to Siberia, who advised them to make their escape if possible. A good opportunity presented itself at this time; for the birthday of the proto-papa Skrykin was approaching, when the whole convent would probably be given up to drunkenness and excess. So it happened; and on the night of the first of April—when guards, deacons, nuns, and priests were all lying drunk and incapable—the mother

Makrena and three of her nuns made their escape from the convent, having first filed off their irons. They parted beneath the convent walls giving each other rendezvous at a house where lived some sisters of another order; and here the reverend mother and one of the nuns did meet; but their hosts showed so much uneasiness at harbouring such guests, that the poor women took to flight again, each in different directions. After enduring great hardships and privations, Makrena arrived at Posen, where, she presented herself at a convent of the Sisters of Charity; and where, on the fourteenth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-five, her depositions on oath were taken before S. Kramarkiewicz, and the "Medicine Rath Herr," S. Jagielski, in the presence of the chaplain of the convent, Albin Thinet. These depositions, signed with the name and sealed with the seal of the Archbishop of Gnesna and Posen, attested also by the imperial police of Posen, are now in our possession. Count Dzialynska, a Polish gentleman certifies to the reception of the reverend mother in his château at Rornik, on her way through the grand duchy of Posen to Rome by way of Paris. Count Dzialynska says: "The abbess gave me the history of her lengthened sufferings; the truthful character of her relation, the persons whom she named to me, and other circumstances which my position allowed me to appreciate, inspired me with the most absolute faith in her words. She showed me her head, which bore on the top of the skull—at the left side, I believe—a large depression, covered with a newly-formed skin. The cicatrice exactly resembled those of severe sabre cuts: it was nearly an inch broad, and in length equivalent to the half of the last joint of the little finger. Her walk was feeble (chancelante), and the superioress (who accompanied her) assured me that her legs bore the marks of her fetters." This certificate we have seen.

The first person who published the story of the Abbess, was a little too hurried to be quite accurate. Instead of at Minsk, he placed this convent at Kowna. This the Russian government made a great point of, and denied energetically—with truth, as to the mere

locality: with unblushing falsehood as to everything else. But we have the deposition on oath of a professor at Posen, Jean Rymarkiewicz, who asserts that he was one of a hundred prisoners lodged for a whole winter in the Basilian convent at Minsk; and that the nuns who had been driven out to an outhouse, to make room for the prisoners, "procured comforts for them, both in food and clothing." Finally, we have the account of an English Protestant lady, who saw and conversed with the mother Makrena in February, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, in the convent of the Santa Trinita at Rome. At that time she was still suffering; but vigorous, stout-hearted, energetic and determined as ever. To this lady she gave some curious details not published; one of her escape through the gates of the frontier town. Unprovided with a passport, she was sure of being stopped, and if stopped discovered. A herd of cattle were passing, and the Abbess hid herself among them, passing through on all fours unperceived. Before she had thus escaped from the Russian territory, she went one day to church, where she heard her description given in the sermon; for the government set a large price on these poor fugitives, whose escape and freedom of speech might bring more ugly things to light. After service, she went boldly to the house of the priest and proclaimed herself. But, instead of delivering her up to the authorities, he gave her bread and money, and set her in the right way to the frontier town.

The Abbess Makrena is probably now the sole Popish representative of the order of St. Basil. She is more than sixty years of age, and is about to found the order of St. Basil at Rome, in a house near the Scala Santa, and has already four novices, three Poles and one Italian. "Her conversation is vehement, rapid, gesticulative" (we are again quoting our English lady), "her spirit as strong to bear persecution as it was likely to attract it and ready to forget it. Like a female Luther, or St. Ignatius, she seemed violent, daring and uncompromising.

[Whoever uses such means, in the name of Christianity, with a view to its propagation, be he Greek, Roman or Anglican, proves that the Spirit of Christ dwells not in him.—Ed.]

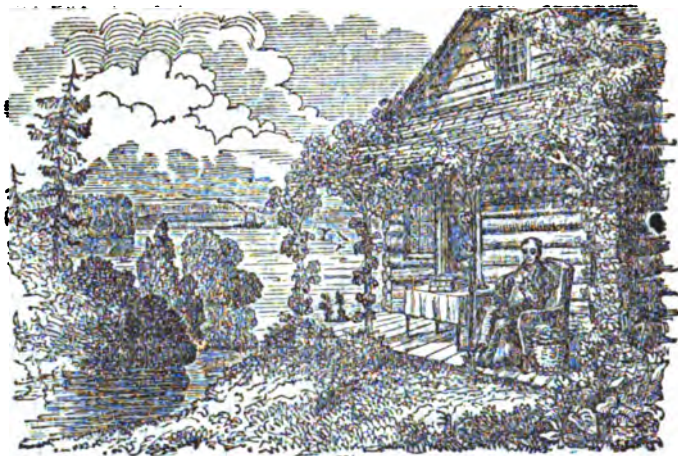
SONNET.

TO SPRING. BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

Spring! beauteous, blue-eyed maid! that in the vale
 And on the mountain tops dost strew the sod
 With star-like daisies—those sweet "smiles of God"
 That cheer'd me in the hours of childhood—hail!
 The timid violet and the primrose pale
 Lift up their heads and smiling, welcome thee!
 Thou fill'st the woods with tuneful minstrelsy,
 Blest gladd'ner of the earth! Yet dost thou fail
 To bring my heart the joy thou *once* didst bring,
 E'er the dark winter of the world did chase
 The sunlight from my soul; and suffering
 And life's inherent sorrows fill'd its place!
 Tell me, when wilt thou, oh, beloved Spring,
 Restore the feelings of my youthful days!

ARAB COURTESIES.—The Bedouin can tell at once when drawing near to an encampment, the tent of the Sheikh. It is generally distinguished by its size, and frequently by the spears standing in front of it. If the stranger be not coming directly towards it, and wishes to be the guest of the chief, he goes out of his way and on approaching he may ride at once to it without passing to any other as it is considered un-courteous and almost an insult to go by any man's tent without stopping and eating his bread. The owner of a tent has even right to claim any one as his guest who passes in front of it on entering an encampment.

AN ORGANIC REMAIN.—A row of columns in Chichester Cathedral, constructed of Sussex marble, excite much attention by their beauty. This they owe to the nature of the material, a limestone of the Weald clays, composed of paludine or fresh-water snails. The ordinary spectator admires them and admits them to be a fitting decoration for an ancient edifice. To the geologist, the building is nothing of yesterday, but the marble itself a genuine antique, for it contains remains of sentient beings, which lived and moved in the past ages to which our arithmetic cannot go back.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXV.

(Major, Doctor, and Laird.)

LAIRD.—I say, Doctor—noo that I've got time to spier—what cam' owre ye on the Queen's birth-day? It was a daft-like thing to be awa' on sic a special occasion! Crabtree here, and mysel', missed ye sairly!

DOCTOR.—Necessity, and not my will, caused my absence. On Tuesday preceding the loyal saturnalia, I was called to visit a patient in the vicinity of Brampton, and did not get back to town till Thursday afternoon.

MAJOR.—I opined that you made it a point not to stir beyond a walking distance from your "crib," (as Captain Bobadil hath it) on curative or killative missions?

DOCTOR.—Such is my general rule, but every rule has its exception.

LAIRD.—That proposition I deny, root and branch! Wha ever heard tell, for instance, o' an exception to the rule, that a bill in Chancery is followed by a bill o' costs?

MAJOR.—Come, come, Laird, you must not, in your senectitude, leave the chopping of pine for the chopping of logic! Permit Sangrado, an' it so please you, to gibe his explanation.

DOCTOR.—Indeed, there is very little explanation to give. A very worthy, though soft-headed friend of mine, residing in Chinguacousy, who thinks in his simplicity that my brain contains the concentrated essence of medical wisdom, was taken very unwell, and forthwith telegraphed for me.

LAIRD.—What ailed the man?

DOCTOR.—Very little, in the primary instance—a fit of indigestion, or something of that sort. Unfortunately, however, he fell in with one of those herb or *yard* empirics who, like locusts, infest this poor credulous Canada, and put himself under his treatment.

MAJOR.—Your story is told—but one catastrophe could result from such premises!

DOCTOR.—Ere three weeks had elapsed, my hapless amicus was bed-ridden in good earnest, and it required all my skill to undo the mischief which the squalid disciple of Hornbook had occasioned.

MAJOR.—How passing strange it is that, in this *enlightened* and *progressive* nineteenth century, men, with the slightest pretensions to rationality, should intrust themselves to vagabonds whose ignorance is as obvious as their assurance!

LAIRD.—Ye may weel say that, Crabtree! A farmer who will not give the making o' a pair o' breeks to ony ane wha has not served a regular apprenticeship to the tailoring craft, will without scruple commit the health—I may say the very existence—o' himsel', his wife, and his bairns to a ne'er-do-weel, whose knowledge o' drugs and anatomy, such as it is, has been acquired by inspiration!

DOCTOR.—There is no great mystery in the matter. The quack, whatever other qualifications he lacks, generally possesses a glib and voluble tongue, which constitutes his main stock-in-trade. Thus endowed, the reptile crawls into a dwelling where sickness has taken up its abode, (these vampires have a keen and

instinctive scent for suffering,) and at once undertake to effect a cure. Most probably some regular physician has been consulted, and pronounced the case to be hopeless, or one, at least, which medicine could not alleviate. The anxious relatives eagerly grasp at the rotten plank thus thrown in their way, and continue grasping it till the rush of death's flood manifests its utter worthlessness!

MAJOR.—One would imagine that a few such upshots would serve to open the eyes of the gullish *hoi polloi*.

DOCTOR.—Not a bit of it! The *yarb* man has a thousand ingenious theories at his finger ends to account for the miscarriage. His directions had not been implicitly followed, or—what is a very common get-off with such gentry—the licensed practitioner had, in the first instance, irremediably injured the patient by the administration of *mercury*, or some other *regler* medicament!

LAIIRD.—I met, no' lang ago, wi' ane o' the weepers—as ye very properly ca' them—at the house o' an auld acquaintance o' mine, Duncan Daidles, wha had been seduced to mak' use o' his services. He had a' the external marks o' a broken-doon field-preacher—such as a roosty black coat, sairly out at the elbows, and a neck-cloth about his craig which *might* hae been white half a century ago. The creature spoke through his nose, wi' a twang savouring unwholesomely o' Dollardom, and, loah preserve us! what a spate o' meaningless, laug-nebbet words he evacuated to be sure!

DOCTOR.—What was the name of the fellow?

LAIIRD.—He ca'd himsel' Dr. Shark, o' Brampton!

DOCTOR.—Why, that is the identical vagabond who occasioned my late inopportane exodus from Toronto! Confound him! if he had been caged in his proper domicile, the Provincial Penitentiary, I should not have been prevented from celebrating the nativity of Begins in your good company!

LAIIRD.—Seeing that I was a stranger, Dr. Shark did a' he could to impress me wi' a sense o' his skill, by expatiating upon a' the ills to which human flesh is heir to, and his infallible remedies for the same. When he was palavering, I couldna help thinking upon the lines o' Robin Burns, referring to a similar character:

“And then o' doctor's saws and whittles,
O' a' dimensions, ashapes, and mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an bottles,
He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A. B. C.

“Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and peas,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fortis—what you please,
He can content ye.

“Forby some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae!”

MAJOR.—One portion of your quotation I should judge was a trifle inappropriate—I refer to the rattling over of “*Latin names!*”

LAIIRD.—If the Shark didna spout Latin, he rapped out a gush o' Dutch, and sic like unknown tongues, which answered the purpose quite as weel!

DOCTOR.—And how fared it with the trustful Daidles?

LAIIRD.—It was a crowning mercy that I happened to ca' upon him! Though I am nae leech, I soon saw that the pair body was labouring under pleurisy; and there was the Hippocrates—or rather, I should say, the hypocrite—o' Brampton, drenching him wi' denty-lion tea and lime-water!

DOCTOR.—The murderous ruffian!

LAIIRD.—The very words I used to the scoundrel! By my certy, I kicked him out o' the door in double quick time, and sent aff an express for a *real* doctor, wha arrived just in season, and nae mair, to save the sick gowk's life by proper remedies!

MAJOR.—What a crying disgrace to the authorities of “this Canada” that man-slaughtering brigands, like Shark, of Brampton, are permitted to fatten and wax plethoric upon the blood of their fellow-creatures! Let a publican vend a horn to a pilgrim, without having a license to do so, and, presto! he is pulled up, and stringently fined for the delict! On the other hand, there are to be found in every quarter of the Province desperadoes like *Doctor* Shark, murdering with impunity in the very teeth of the law!

DOCTOR.—Yes! and, keeping out of view the certain loss of human life which is thus occasioned, what an injustice to men who, at much expenditure of precious money, and more precious time, have qualified themselves to practice in a legal manner!

LAIIRD.—Some unco liberal folk argue that “the people” should be left to judge for themselves in sic matters! But, as I say, what for is this rule no carried out in a' things? Land surveyors and barristers canna carry on their

trades without a leeshence, and if they ventured to do sae, would be harled owre the coals before ye could cry Jaak Robinson! Noo, will ony ane tell me that the measuring o' a kail-yard, or the pleading a case anent the price o' a stirk or a wheen bushels o' wheat is mair important than the life or death o' ane o' God's images—silly and feckless though that image be? Answer me that.

MAJOR.—Your question is unanswerable.

LAIRED.—Vera weel! Why, then, in the name o' common justice, is fish made o' ane and flesh o' the ither?

MAJOR.—Why, indeed!

DOCTOR.—I have noticed, as a general rule, that the patrons of quacks are clamorous advocates for a Maine Liquor-law. Now, are "the million" not quite as well qualified to judge for themselves as to the quality of the beverages which they ought to imbibe, as they are to pronounce judgment upon the capabilities of their medical advisers?

LAIRED.—A plain man, like your humble servant, would think sae!

MAJOR.—The root of the whole matter is, that we live in an age of rampant humbug! Every day we see Peter robbed, in order that the sum due to Paul may be liquidated! One man may abduct a horse, without any impertinent question being asked, while another will subject himself to the manipulation of Squire Ketoh for merely looking at the quadruped from over a fence!

DOCTOR.—I notice from the accounts given by the *fourth estate*, that her Majesty's birth-day was honoured becomingly in "Muddy Little York."

LAIRED.—Oo, man, it was a grand and speerit-stirring demonstration! If ye had been wi' us at Mr. Wyllie's wunnook on the forenoon o' Wednesday, the 24th o' May, and seen the parade sailing along wi' its flags and banners, and cornets and dulcimers, ye would hae imagined that ye were in Glasgow or Auld Reekie!

MAJOR.—You indeed missed a spectacle well worth seeing! Never did I behold a finer body of men than that which then defiled along King Street! When I gazed upon the stalwart fire brigades, and the national societies of the United Empire, how did I long that John Mitchel could have witnessed the most suggestive sight! If he could have gazed upon that noble turn-out of Anglo-Saxons and Celts, and marked the flush of affectionate loyalty which

crimsoned their honest cheeks, he never more would have babbled about a Yankee invasion of Canada!

LAIRED.—He would just as soon hae speculated upon the possibility o' quarrying doon the rock o' Quebec, and bigging dry stane dykes wi' the chips thereof!

DOCTOR.—How did the represented persons ages look?

MAJOR.—"First-rate," as our unsophisticated bush-whackers would say! Nothing could be more sublime than the bearing of the Grand Turk—Britannia seemed born to command—and our friend Louis Napoleon had an imperial aroma which was hugely imposing!

DOCTOR.—Was the night procession effective?

LAIRED.—It was the very cream o' the concern! I and the Major were standing at the Parliament Buildings, and when I saw the forest o' torches advancing, and heard the row-dedding o' the drums, it reminded me for a' the world o' the Porteous mob coming to storm the *Heart o' Mid-Lothian*! The effect closely rubbed shooters wi' the shoo-blime!

DOCTOR.—It was a pity that the pyrotechnical display proved a failure!

LAIRED.—Pyro—pyrotech—I saw naething there bearing sic a heatheniah, jaw-dislocating designation!

DOCTOR.—Oh, I mean the fireworks!

LAIRED.—What gars ye use daft-like words like that? Ye should mind that everybody disna understand Welsh! Sairly has your education, I fear, been neglectit, doctor though you be!

MAJOR.—The drawback to which you refer was amply compensated by the luminous manner in which the incremation of Judge Mondelet passed off.

LAIRED.—Dinna mention the name o' that landlouper, or you will gie me a fit o' the colic! I declare that my throat's sair yet wi' shouting and yelling at the reprobate, as the loyal flames consumed him to ashes! If there exists an infidel wha questions the sterling British feeling o' our community, he should hae seen that sight! By my certy, the skiris o' delight which greeted each squib and rocket as it exploded in the wame o' the railing Rabshakeh, would hae sent him hame a thorough convert frae his heresy!

DOCTOR.—You are too hard upon the unfortunate law-monger of Montreal! He evidently lacks a few coppers of the shilling!

LAIRED.—Mair shame to the men that suffer

a daft body to squirm and clocher upon the bench! O'd, he should be deciding pleas between speeders and blue-bottles in Dr. Workman's Hotel!

MAJOR.—Tory though I be, I must say this much for the unfortunate fellow, that he has made no attempt to justify his dismal back-sliding! Mondelet is evidently a flatulent talker by nature, and consequently his silence under the jobations which he has been receiving must charitably be set down to the score of penitence!

LAIRD.—Dell thank him for hauding his tongue! He has said naething, because he had naething to say!

DOCTOR.—JAM *satis*—as the urchin said, when he had finished the discussion of a pot of preserves! Let us call a new cause!

MAJOR.—You have sometimes observed, Sangrado, that Brother Jonathan was lacking in humour?

DOCTOR.—I confess the corn—as Jonathan aforesaid hath it. In nine cases out of ten—and I speak equally in reference to his literature and his pictorial art—he mistakes exaggeration for wit.

MAJOR.—The duodecimo which I hold in my hand rather contradicts your theory.

DOCTOR.—Its name?

MAJOR.—“*The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.*”

DOCTOR.—The author?

MAJOR.—Joseph G. Baldwin, a blackbrigadesman, hailing from Livingston, Alabama.

DOCTOR.—What is the drift of the affair?

MAJOR.—It consists of a series of sketches of the Bar of the State of Alabama, and a fresher or more appetizing volume I have not masticated for many a long day. Mr. Baldwin (who is signally free from the detestable sin of book-making) presents us with a gallery of pictures, all of them, evidently, taken from the life. He introduces his reader into a newly-formed community, and pourtrays, with a hand at once free and cultivated, the peculiarities of men and manners therein existing.

DOCTOR.—If Mr. Baldwin heard an inveterate anti-republican *fossil* like you speak after this fashion, he might well exclaim, “Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!”

MAJOR.—The praise, however, is sincere and well-founded.

LAIRD.—Afford us an opportunity o' judging for oursel's!

MAJOR.—Willingly! There is not much in the following anecdote, but still sufficient to enable you to judge of the author's style. [Reads.]

A COOL REJOINER.—A Mr. Kelly, who was in the habit of *imbibing* pretty freely, at a court held in one of the counties of North Alabama, upon a case being called, in which K. found he could not get along for want of proof, was asked by the court what course he would take in the matter. “Why,” said K., “if it please your honor, I believe *I will take water*” (a common expression, signifying that the person using it would take a nonsuit). Judge A. was on the bench, and was something of a wag in a dry way, and had his pen in his hand ready to make the entry.

“Well,” said the Judge, “brother K., if you do, you will astonish your stomach most mightily.”

LAIRD.—Lawyer Kelly puts me in mind o' the drouthy Laird o' Strathbungo. When on his death-bed, the Laird gave solemn directions to his son touching the most orthodox manner of manufacturing toddy. “John,” said he, “dinna forget to put into the tumbler a sufficiency o' sugar, and plenty o' whusky; and be sure and dinna forget, that every drop o' water ye add to the brewing spoils the toddy!”

MAJOR.—There is something peculiarly racy in the following description of an interview between a case-hunting, pettifogging barrister, and a worthy whom he wished to hook as a client. [Reads.]

JOHN STOUT, ESQ., AND MARK SULLIVAN.—Mark Sullivan was imprisoned in the Sumter county jail, having changed the venue and place of residence from Washington county, where he had committed a murder. John Stout was an old acquaintance of Mark's, and being of a susceptible nature when there was any likelihood of a fee, was not a man to stand on ceremony or the etiquette of the profession. He did not wait to be sent for, but usually hurried post-haste to comfort his friends, when in the consolatory circumstances of the unfortunate Mark. John had a great love for the profession, and a remarkable perseverance under discouraging circumstances, having clung to the bar after being at least twice stricken from the roll, for some practices indicating a much greater zeal for his clients than for truth, justice, or fair dealing; but he had managed to get reinstated on promises of amendment, which were, we fear, much more profuse than sincere. John's standard of morality was not exalted, nor were his attainments in the profession great; having confined himself mostly to a class of cases and of clients better suited to give notoriety than enviable reputation to the practioner. He seemed to have a separate instinct, like a car-rion crow's, for the filthy; and he snuffed up a tainted atmosphere, as Swedenborg says *certain*

spirits do, with a rare relish. But with all John's industry and enterprise, John never throve, but at fifty years of age, he was as seedy and threadbare in clothes as in character. He had no settled abode, but was a sort of Calumc Tartar of the Law, and roamed over the country generally, stirring up contention and breeding dirty lawsuits, fishing up fraudulent papers, and hunting up complaisant witnesses to very spouryphal facts.

Well, on one bright May morning, Squire Stout presented himself at the door of the jail in Livingston, and asked admittance, professing a desire to see Mr. Mark Sullivan, an old friend. Harvey Thompson, the then sheriff, admitted him to the door within, and which stood between Mark and the passage. John desired to be led into the room in which Mark was, wishing, he said, to hold a private interview with Mark as one of Mark's counsel; but Harvey peremptorily refused—telling him, however, that he might talk with the prisoner in his presence. The door being thrown open, left nothing but the iron lattice-work between the friends, and Mark, dragging his chain along, came to the door. At first, he did not seem to recognize John; but John, running his hand through the intertices, grasped Mark's with fervour, asking him, at the same time, if it were possible that he had forgotten his old friend, John Stout. Mark, as most men in durance, was not slow to recognise any friendship, real or imaginary, that might be made to turn out to advantage, and, of course, allowed the claim, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to see John. John soon got his *hydraulics* in readiness,—for sympathy and pathetic eloquence are wonderfully cheap accessories to rascality,—and begun applying his handkerchief to his eyes with great energy. "Mark, my old friend, you and I have been friends many a long year, old fellow; we have played many a game of seven up together, Mark, and shot at many a shooting match, Mark, and drunk many a gallon of 'red eye' together;—and to think, Mark, my old friend and companion, that I loved and trusted like a brother, Mark, should be in this dreadful fix,—far from wife, children, and friends, Mark,—it makes a child of me, and I can't—control—my feelings." (Here John wept with considerable vivacity, and doubled up an old handanna handkerchief and mopped his eyes mightily.) Mark was not one of the crying sort. He was a Roman-nosed, eagle-eyed ruffian of a fellow, some six feet two inches high, and with a look and step that the McGregor himself might feel entitled him to be respected on the heather.

So Mark responded to this lachrymal ebullition of Stout's a little impatiently; "Hoot, man, what are you making all that *how-de-do* for? It aint so bad as you let on. To be sure, it aint as pleasant as sitting on a log by a camp fire, with a tickler of the reverend stuff, a pack of the documents and two or three good fellows, and a good piece of fat deer meat roasting at the end of a ramrod; but, for all that, it aint so bad as might be: they can't do nothing

with me: it was done fair,—it was an old quarrel. We settled it in the old way: I had my rifle, and I plugged him fust—he might a knowed I would. It was devil take the hindmost. It wasn't my fault he didn't draw trigger fust—they can't hurt me for it. But I hate to be stayin' here so long, and the fishin' time comin' on, too—it's mighty hard, but it can't be helped, I suppose." (And here Mark heaved a slight sigh.)

"Ah, Mark," said John, "I aint so certain about that; that is, unless you are particular well defended. You see, Mark, it aint now like it used to be in the good old times. They are getting new notions now-a-days. Since the penitentiary has been built, they are got quare ways of doing things,—they are sending gentlemen there reg'lar as pigtracks. I believe they do it just because they've got an idea it helps to pay taxes. When it used to be neck or nothin', why, one of the young hands could clear a man; but now it takes the best sort of testimony, and the smartest sort of lawyers in the market, to get a friend clear. The way things are goin' on now, murdering a man will be no better than stealin' a nigger, after a while."

"Yes," said Mark, "things is going downwards,—there aint no denyin' of that. I know'd the time in old Washington, when people let gentlemen settle these here little matters their own way, and nobody interfered, but minded their own business. And now you can't put an inch or two of knife in a fellow, or lam him over the head a few times with a light-wood knot, but every little lackey must poke his nose into it, and *Law, law, law*, is the word,—the cowardly, nasty slinks; and then them lawyers must have their jaw in it, and bow, bow wow, it goes; and the juror, they must have their say so in it; and the sherrer, he must do something, too; and the old cuss that grinds out the law to 'em in the box, he must have his *how-de-do* about it; and then the witnesses, they must swear to their packs of lies—and the lawyers git to bawlin' and bellerin', like Methodist preachers at a camp meetin'—allers quarrellin' and no fightin'—jawin' and jawin' back, and such eternal lyin'—I tell you, Stout, I won't stay in no such country. When I get out of here, I mean to go to Texas, whar a man can see some peace, and not be interfered with in his private consarns. All this come about consensens so many new settlers comin' in the settlement, bringin' their new-fool ways with 'em. The fust of it was two preachers comin' along. I told 'em 'twould never do—and if my advice had been tuk, the thing could a been stopped in time; but the boys said they wanted to hear the news them fellers fotch'd about the Gospel and sich—and there was old Ramsouser's mill-pond so handy, too!—but it's too late now. And then the doggery-keepers got to sellin' licker by the drink, instead of the half-pint, and a dime a drink at that; and then the Devil was to pay, and no mistake. But they can't hurt me, John.

They'll have to let me out: and ef it wasn't so cussed mean, I'd take the law on 'em, and sue 'em for damages; but then it would be throv'd up to my children, that Mark Sullivan tuk the law on a man; and, besides, Stout, I've got another way of settlin' the thing up,—in the old way,—ef my life is spared, and Providence favors me. But that aint nothin' to the present purpose. John, where do you live now?"

John.—"I'm living in Jackson, Mississippi, now, Mark; and hearing you were in distress, I let go all holds, and came to see you. Says I, my old friend Mark Sullivan is in trouble, and I must go and see him out; and says my wife: 'John Stout, you pretend you never deserted a friend, and here you are, and your old friend Mark Sullivan, that you thought so much of, laying in jail, when you, if any man could, can get him clear.' Now, Mark I couldn't stand that. When my wife throw'd that up to me, I just had my horse got out, and travelled on, hardly stopping day or night, till I got here. And the U. S. Court was in session, too, and a big lawsuit was coming on for a million of dollars. I and Prentiss and George Yerger was for the plaintiff, and we were to get five thousand dollars, certain, and a hundred thousand dollars if we gained it. I went to see George, before I left, and George said I must stay—it would never do. Says he, 'John,—he used always to call me John,—'you know,'—which I did, Mark,—that our client relies on you, and you must be here at the trial. I can fix up the papers, and Prent. can do the fancy work to the jury; but when it comes to the heavy licks of the law, John, you are the man, and no mistake.' And just then Prentiss come in, and, after putting his arm and sorter hugging me to him,—which was Prent.'s way with his intimate friends,—says, 'John, my old friend, you have to follow on our side, and you must wash Sam Boyd and Jo Holt into Scotch snuff; and you'll do it, too, John: and after gaining the case, we'll have a frolic that will suck the sweet out of the time of day.' And then Yerger up and tells Prentiss about my going off; and Prentiss opened his eyes, and asked me if I was crazy; and I told him jist this: says I, 'Prent, you are a magnanimous man, that loves his friend, aint you?' and Prentiss said he hoped he was. And then said I, 'Prentiss, Mark Sullivan is my friend, and in jail, away from his wife and children, and nobody to get him out of that scrape; and may be, if I don't go and defend him—there is no knowing what may come of it; and how could I ever survive to think a friend of mine had come to harm for want of my going to him in the dark, dismal time of his distress.' (Here John took out the handkerchief again, and began weeping, after a fashion Mr. Alfred Jingle might have envied, even when performing for the benefit of Mr. Samuel Weller.) 'No,' said I, 'Sergeant Prentiss, let the case go to h—ll, for me;—John Stout and Andrew Jackson never deserted a friend, and never will.' Said Prentiss, 'John, I admire your principles; give us your hand, old fellow;

and come, let us take a drink;—for Prent. was always in the habit of treating his noble sentiments—George wasn't. Well, Mark, you see I came, and am at your service through thick and thin."

"Yes," said Mark, "I'm much obleeged to you, John, but I'm afeared I can't afford to have you,—you're too dear an article for my pocket; besides I've got old John Gayle, and I reckon he'll do."

"Why," said John, "I don't dispute, Mark, but that the old Governor is some punkins, you might have done worse. I'll not disparage any of my brethren. I'll say to his back what I've said to his face. You might do worse than get old John—but, Mark, two heads are better than one; and though I may say it, when it comes to the genius licks of the law in these big cases, it aint every man in your fix can get such counsel. Now, Mark, money is money, and feelins is feelins; and I don't care if I do lose the case at Jackson. If you will only secure two hundred dollars to pay expenses, I am your man, and you are as good as cleared already."

But Mark couldn't or wouldn't come into those reasonable terms, and his friend Stout left him in no very amiable mood,—having quite recovered from the fit of hysterics into which he had fallen,—and Mark turned to Thompson, and making sundry gyrations with his fingers upon a base formed by his nose, his right thumb resting thereon, seemed to intimate that John Stout's proposition and himself were little short of a humbug, which couldn't win.

Mark, though ably and eloquently defended, was convicted at the next court, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. And Stout, speaking of the result afterwards, said he did not wonder at it, for the old rascal, after having sent for him all the way from Jackson, higgled with him on a fee of one thousand dollars, when he, in indignant disgust at his meanness, left him to his fate.

DOCTOR.—Pray lend me Mr. Baldwin's book. You have afforded me a whet, which prompts me to peruse the whole of it. By way of excambion, I will bestow upon you the reading of a sensibly written and prettily illustrated volume—"*Africa and the American Flag. By Commander Andrew H. Foote, U. S. Navy.*" published in New York by Appleton & Co., and vended in Toronto by our friend Thomas Maclear.

MAJOR.—I observe that the lithographic engravings are well drawn, and tastefully put upon the stone.

DOCTOR.—They are; and you will find that the letter-press is of cognate merit. Though somewhat given to prosing, in common with the majority of nautical authors, the Commander is a man of sense and observation, and

tells what he has to say in a business-like, agreeable manner.

LAIED.—Gie us a crunch o' ane o' the skipper's biscuits!

DOCTOR.—Open your month, then—or rather, I should say, shut the same! Here is an account of some of the difficulties which oppose themselves to a thorough abolishment of that most infernal of all traffics, the slave-trade. [*Reads.*]

Captain Winniet visited Ashantee in October, 1849. He found on the route large thriving additional villages, as far as English protection extended. He was received at Kumassi with the usual display of African music, musketry, and marching. He was led for a mile and a half through a lane at heads and shoulders, clustered thick on both sides. There were here and there diverging branches of a like character, as thick with heads and shoulders; and at the end of each, a chief sitting in his chair of state. To and by each chief, a hand was waved as a salutation, until the monarch himself was reached. He rose, came forward, and, with heavy lumps of gold dangling at his wrists, exhibited his agility in dancing. When this act of state ceremony had been properly done up, he offered his hand to shake, and thus completed the etiquette of a reception at court. The houses, with piazzas projecting to shelter them from the sun—public-rooms in front, and dwelling-rooms behind, nicely plastered and colored—were greatly admired.

The pleading about the slave-trade was the main business and the main difficulty; but the nature of such negotiations appears, in its most impressive aspect, in the case of Dahomey.

This chief professes great devotedness to England. In consequence of some difficulty, he gave notice to European foreigners, "that he was not much accustomed to cut off white heads, but if any interfered with an agent of the English government, he would cut off their heads as readily as those of his black people." By merdorous incursions against his neighbors, he seized about nine thousand victims annually. He sold about three thousand of these directly on his own account, gave the rest chiefly away to his troops, who sold them: a duty of five dollars being paid on each slave exported, afforded him altogether a revenue of about three hundred thousand dollars.

This was a serious matter to argue against. He stated the case strongly: "The form of my government cannot be suddenly changed, without causing such a revolution as would deprive me of my throne, and precipitate the kingdom into anarchy. . . . I am very desirous to acquire the friendship of England. I and my army are ready, at all times, to fight the queen's enemies, and do anything the English government may ask of me, except to give up the slave-trade. No other trade is known to my people. Palm-oil, it is true, is engaging the attention of some of them, but it is a slow

method of making money, and brings only a very small amount of duties into my coffers. The planting of cotton and coffee has been suggested, but that is slower still. The trees have to grow, and I shall probably be in my grave before I reap any benefit from them; and what am I to do in the mean time? Who will pay my troops in the mean time? Who will buy arms and clothes for them? Who will buy dresses for my wives? Who will give me supplies of cowries, rum, gunpowder and cloth, for my annual 'customs?' I hold my power by the observance of the time-honored customs of my forefathers. I should forfeit it, and entail on myself a life full of shame, and a death full of misery, by neglecting them. The slave-trade has been the ruling principle of my people. It is the source of their glory and wealth. Their songs celebrate their victories, and the mother lulls the child to sleep with notes of triumph over an enemy reduced to slavery. Can I by signing such a treaty, change the sentiments of a whole people? It cannot be!"

The case was a puzzling one for this intelligent, open-hearted, and ambitious barbarian. He had trained an army of savage heroes, and as savage heroines, thirsting for distinction and for plunder. This army cowers at his feet as long as he satiates its appetite for excitement, rapine and blood. But woe to him if it turn in disappointed fury upon him! Such is military despotism; perilous to restrain, and perilous to let loose. Blessed is that people which is clear of it!

There is this strange incident in the affair, that the English power, which sent an ambassador to plead the case with him in this peaceful mode, was at the same time covering the sea with cruisers, and lining the shore with factories, and combining every native influence to extinguish the sole source from which flowed the security and splendor of his rule. He knew this, and could offer no moral objection to it, although complaining of the extent to which it reduced his authority, and crippled his resources.

The urgency to which the King of Dahomey was subjected, ended, in 1862, in his yielding. England had proposed to pay him some annual sum for a time, as a partial compensation for the loss of his revenue: it may therefore be presumed that he is a stipendiary of the British government; and as the practices given up by him can scarcely, in any circumstances, be suddenly revived, his interest will retain him faithful to the engagement. It is a strange, bold, and perilous undertaking, that he should direct his disciplined army, his hero and his heroine battalions, to the arts of peace! But to these he and they must henceforward look as the source of their wealth, security, and greatness.

Queen Victoria, it is said, has lately sent the King of Dahomey two thousand ornamental caps for the Amazon soldiers.

MAJOR.—Human nature is the same selfish, calculating thing everywhere. The arguments used by the ebony monarch of Dahomey against abandoning the huckstering of human flesh are precisely analogous to those by which the Southern planters excuse their devotion to the "peculiar institution!" Heaven grant that the latter may soon come to follow the Christian example of the African potentate!

DOCTOR.—Amen say I; but verily the passing of the ill-omened Nebraska bill affords faint prospect that the aspiration will be answered!

LAIRD.—To come a thocht nearer hame than Africa, has ony o' ye read the new story, "*The Lamplighter*," which the Yankee newspapers are making sic a din aboot?

MAJOR.—I have, and think it but a very so-so piece of goods. If it had been published in England, and reprinted in New York, I very much question whether it would have reached a plurality of editions. "*The Lamplighter*" is a very decent third-class novel, but nothing more, containing a large sprinkling of that philanthropic mawkishness which pervades "*Hot Corn*," and works of a similar description.

LAIRD.—If I wasna bothered with the rheumatics, I would gang doon upon my twa knees, and register an oath against ever reading a newspaper criticism again. They just tend to mislead simple folk, and cheat them out o' their hard-earned bawbees!

DOCTOR.—The evil of puffing is beginning to work its own cure. It has revealed such a climax of turpitude, that even "the million," who are not admitted behind the scenes, scunner at the grossness of the laudatory messes served up for their mastication! There are hundreds and thousands who no more dream of perusing a book-notice than they would the advertisements of "Huff's Liniment," or "Kellogg's unequalled Worm Tea!"

LAIRD.—And sae Jeems Montgomery is laid in the mools at last! Weel! there's the end o' a true poet, and an honest, God-fearing man!

MAJOR.—Your expression, Laird, is somewhat infelicitous. The materialism of the patriarch has, it is true, disappeared for a brief season, but his sweet numbers will survive as long as the tongue in which they are indited! There is never an end of a true poet! Even after this globe is burned up, his strains will continue to vibrate either in heaven or in hell, because thought can no more be extinguished than the spirit which engendered it!

DOCTOR.—Montgomery, though seldom sinking to the dull and phlegmatic level of mediocrity, as seldom soars to the cloud-capped peaks of excellence!

MAJOR.—I am not prepared to endorse the orthodoxy of that verdict! Few of our "makers" have surpassed the Sheffield bard in describing the external features of nature; and as a hymn writer, he is worthy to measure spears with Isaac Watts!

LAIRD.—Hae ony o' ye read Lever's last story, "*The Dodd Family Abroad*!"

MAJOR.—I have, and strongly recommend you to follow my example. Though as a serial the production did not attain the popularity of its predecessors from the same pen, I think it almost equal to the best of them.

LAIRD.—Wha are the Dodds?

MAJOR.—An Irish family, who seek the Continent under the impression that they can save money by so doing, which, of course, turns out to be a complete delusion. Anxious to get into "high life," they become the prey of legions of sharpers, and finally return to their bogs, poor in purse, but rich in experience!

LAIRD.—I'll buy the book for Girzy! For some time back, she has been casting sheep's een at a hairy-faced loon, that peddles cigars, and threeps that he's a Polish Coont! Oh, if I can catch him trying to wile awa the silly tawpie frae Bonnie Braes, I'll gie him a polish- ing that he'll no forget in a century and a half!

DOCTOR.—Speaking of the Poles, I have just been reading *The Knout and the Russians*, written by Germain de Lagny, and containing a vast amount of well-digested information touching our friend Nicholas, his empire, and slaves.

LAIRD.—Could ye no' hae said his slaves at once, and been done wi' it?

MAJOR.—Peace, good agriculturist! Do you not know that since the passing of the Nebraska bill, and the forcible abduction of poor Burns from Boston, it is impolitic in the highest degree to speak of slaves or slavery within five hundred miles of the model republic?

LAIRD.—What are we to say, then?

MAJOR.—Animated, cotton-engendering ebony chattels!

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' ye, man! Div' ye think that I am ganging to tak' such a round-about road to describe a when poor, oppressed, coom-complexion childern o' Adam and Eve? Na, na! If I did, I wud be as daft as the crazy German philosopher who invented a steam engine to draw aff his boots!

DOCTOR.—Returning to the *Knout*, it is one of the most reasonable productions of the day, and tells everything relating to the Muscovite empire, with which a person would require to be indoctrinated at the present crisis.

LAIRD.—My sister, honest woman, is to be in toon the morn, and will be wanting, nae doubt, to see a' that's to be seen. Is it your conscientious opinion, Crabtree, that I might safely tak' her to see Sandford's opera troopers, that are holding forth in the Royal Lyceum?

MAJOR.—There will not be the slightest risk in the transaction. For a nominal premium, I will insure the morals of the thrice-virtuous Griselda from all taint or contamination in attending the exhibitions of these simulated Ethiopians!

LAIRD.—Are they no' niggers, then?

MAJOR.—No more than yourself! They are regular Anglo-Saxon professionals, possessed of of very fair voices, and a considerable dash of humour.

DOCTOR.—How do they get along with their burlesques of the Italian Opera?

MAJOR.—Very well, indeed! The caricature is not offensively broad, and much of the vocalisation would do credit to the serious lyrical drama.

DOCTOR.—Is Sandford's troupe then really so good?

MAJOR.—Capital, in every sense, except in some of their selections, and a lecture on woman's rights, which, though undoubtedly clever, was *tant soit peu* broad.

DOCTOR.—I see by the bills that there was some dancing as well. Of what class was it?

MAJOR.—A man and a boy, and very good they both are. I cannot say that I admire dancing in public; in fact, I disapprove altogether of its tendency. Still, it must be confessed that the duration of the senior dances was most wonderful. His muscle and strength must be astonishing, and what makes it more wonderful is the fact of his not being slightly made, but rather the reverse.

DOCTOR.—What burlesques in the Italian way did they give?

MAJOR.—Several. They sang parodies on "*Mira O Norma*," the dying "*Scena from Lucia*," besides *Somnambula* and *Cinderella*. The best proof I can give, however, of my thinking them good, is the fact of my hurrying the sederunt to an end, in order to see "*Somnambula*." Come, Laird, attention, and I will run over my Colonial Chit-Chat and News from Abroad, which I again

mean to give once a month, as I find by the old plan that I was always pinched for room.

LAIRD.—Wait a wee; I see ye hae anither o' thae bonnie picture-buiks. Rax it owre here.

DOCTOR.—There it is, and I think you will find it the best number, so far as plates are concerned, out.

LAIRD.—For ance in your life, Doctor, ye're no wrang; the faces are a' very bonnie—especially the White Rose and the Myrtle. Puir lassie! she seems indeed

"Long to have watched and wept,
And bitter reckoning kept."

But still, wi' a' that, there is a look as if she knew where to seek for comfort, or, as the buik itsel says,

"What hope can thee avail,
But that which riseth amid prayer to Heaven
Upon the gloomy hour,
Like thy soft breath, sweet flower,
Whose odours are alone to midnight given?"

DOCTOR.—Really the face representing Hope is very pretty—(Major interrupting him)—

MAJOR.—I have not the least doubt of it, but you must excuse me if I cut short our discussion. I do not wish to miss the last part of the entertainment at the Lyceum. There are some burlesque imitations of the Opera and Italian singers, that it is well worth double the usual rate of admission to see.

LAIRD.—Hout, mon, I paid sax and three-pence this morning for a copy o' Hugh Miller's *Autobiography*. Ye ken Hugh, that wrote the *Auld Red Sandstone*, and other pieces?

DOCTOR.—I know him well, Laird, at least through the medium of his writings. He is a man of decided ability, though burdened with a heavy stock of self-esteem. The work to which you allude contains pregnant proofs of my assertion. Just think of five hundred and fifty closely-printed duodecimo pages being occupied with the story of a life singularly barren of incident, and which could have been told with every reasonable amplification in one-fifth of that space! The ex-stonemason is a second edition of *P. P., Clerk of this Parish*, that model and type of all egotistical chroniclers of their own sayings and doings!

LAIRD.—I'll just get Maclear to change the book, if it's such an intak'.

DOCTOR.—Nay, I did not go so far as to characterize it after such a harsh fashion. As a Scotchman, you will find many things of an appetising nature in its pages. Miller writes pleasingly, even when giving way to twaddle, and some of the records of his early struggles are touching and graphic.

DOCTOR.—One moment, my dear Major, before you begin. What will you give me for a piece of news?

LAIRD.—I'll gie ye threé bawbees.

MAJOR.—And I not a cent, but on the contrary, were I a betting character, I would give you the odds that your fresh piece of intelligence relates to Jullien.

DOCTOR.—Well guessed!

MAJOR.—Did you suppose it possible that anything connected with Jullien's promised visit to Toronto could fail to run like wildfire?

DOCTOR.—What a treat the Torontonians will have in that incomparable band! and how I shall rejoice to hear again Kóenig, Bottesini, and the other stars who accompany him!

MAJOR.—When do they come? I did hear that they intended to visit us, but not the exact time.

DOCTOR.—On the 5th and 6th July their performances will take place, and I would recommend people from the country, who intend to come in for the concerts, to write to their friends to secure tickets beforehand, as doubtless the Lind mania will be re-enacted in Toronto. You know also that Anna Thillon will accompany Jullien?

MAJOR.—No; and I am not sorry to hear it, as I shall be able in one night thereby to kill two birds with one stone—that is, judge of two celebrities. And now I'll go on with my Colonial Chit-Chat. [*Major reads.*]

On the 8th May, Mr. Chackaluna launched a new steamer at St. Catharines. She was named the "Zimmerman." The ceremony of naming was performed by Miss Dickson. After which a large party was entertained by the owners at lunch.

A prohibitory Liquor-law has passed the Legislature of Prince Edward Island—ayes, 15; nays, 7.

It is said that thousands of cattle will starve to death in New Brunswick before the grass grows.

"Considerable damage," says the *Peterboro' Despatch*, has been done on our river this year, by the high waters. Several booms broke away, and logs of course scattered, and one dam was much injured."

Government has raised the salaries of the Professors in the University College to £450 a year. One, if not more, of the salaries stood at this figure before; and the present advance has made them uniform. One of the considerations which led to this step was the unusual dearness which prevails and presses in a peculiar manner upon persons in receipt of fixed incomes.

The *Quebec Canadian* says that Mr. Chaveau left Quebec a few days ago for Upper Canada, one object of his visit being connected with the formation of Deaf and Dumb Institutions in both sections of the Province. We are well pleased at this. It was rather a reproach to Canada to be so long

without such institutions. We trust the government will not neglect the matter, now that they have taken it in hand.

The *Guelph Herald*, of the 16th May, says a very handsome specimen of the Canadian porcupine, weighing over 20 lbs., was shot by Mr. D. Warren, a short distance out the York road. "We have seen," the *Herald* says, "several of these animals captured in the back woods, but none equal in size or appearance to Mr. Warren's specimen."

The inhabitants of Whitby have resolved to procure its incorporation, and also to take £25,000 stock in the Whitby and Lake Huron Railroad.

There are large quantities of snow between Quebec and Montreal, being the only instance for the last twenty-seven years of snow lying on the ground to such a late period of the season—at least so says the *Montreal Sun*.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE.

Friday, 26th May, was a magnificent day for an eclipse of the sun. The sky throughout was clear and unclouded, except a slight cirrous haze along the horizon. This continued without change up to the time at which the eclipse commenced. Then not a speck was visible. 44m. 44sec. past 3 o'clock was the time the first contact took place. At this moment a marked decrease in the intensity of the solar rays, as shown by a radiating thermometer, was observed. The wind at the time was S. S. W., and showing a mean velocity of from five to six miles an hour. The barometer was remarkably steady throughout the whole day, and at the period of contact exhibited no change. The point of contact was about 145° from the vertex toward the west. About 20 minutes to 5 o'clock, a slight haze began to gather on the western horizon, and also an appearance of layers of well-defined strata inclined from the sun towards the northern horizon. About 4 minutes past 5 o'clock was the period of the greatest obscuration. Then to the ordinary observer the sun presented the appearance as of the moon when two or three days old, the extent covered being about 11°-06—12 being unity. The atmosphere assumed a pleasing sombre gloom, a perceptible change having taken place in the sultry state of the air. Still, however, the birds kept singing around, and no change was manifested in the animal creation. Gradually the obscuration became less complete, and the air resumed its natural condition. At 35 minutes past 5 the edge of the moon appeared serrated, and the edge of the sun's disc appeared sharp and well-defined. The edge of the moon exterior to the sun was not at any time visible. About 14 minutes 6 seconds past 6 o'clock the contact ceased, and the sun's disc was perfectly clear. The range of the solar radiation from the commencement of the eclipse to the period of the greatest obscuration, was 23°-5, and from that time to the last contact it was 13°. There is something very striking in the accuracy of the instructions drawn up by Professors Cherriman and Irving, and published by the Canadian Institute some weeks ago. In reference to the eclipse, we were there informed that the period of the first contact would be 44 minutes 40 seconds past three o'clock, and that its last contact would be 18 minutes 50 seconds past six. The remarks already made show a variation of only four seconds

in the first contact, and sixteen seconds in the last; and it is quite possible that in the first instance the Professors may be right, as there is every possibility that the observer may slip a few seconds ere he makes the first discovery.—*Colonist*.

GOVERNOR GENERAL'S SPEECH.

Quebec, June 13, 1854.

To-day at three o'clock the Governor General, the Earl of Elgin, proceeded in state to the Council Chamber in the buildings.

The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, his Excellency opened the second session of the fourth Parliament of the Province.

SPEECH.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly.—During the recess the Province has sustained, I regret to say, serious loss by fire in the destruction of the Houses of Parliament, and the buildings which were secured for the temporary occupation of the Legislature—the best arrangements possible have been made for your accommodation.

Her Majesty the Queen having failed in her anxious and protracted endeavours to preserve the blessings of peace, has felt herself called on through regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire has been recognised as essential to the peace of Europe, to take up arms in conjunction with the Emperor of France for the defence of the Sultan.

The manifestations of the loyalty and sympathy which have been so general throughout the Province at this conjuncture, will, I am confident, be heartily responded to by the Legislature.

The cordial co-operation on this war is well calculated to call forth the sympathies of a country peopled by the descendants of those two Empires.

Having, during my recent visit to England, been honored by the Queen's command to endeavor to effect the settlement of various important questions bearing upon the interest of the British North American Provinces, which had long been pending between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, I proceeded to Washington, where, after frank discussion with the authorities of the United States, I was enabled to conclude a treaty which now awaits ratification, upon terms which it is my firm conviction will prove in the highest degree advantageous to the colony generally, as well as to the United States.

A measure to give effect to that treaty will be submitted for the United States approbation. I will communicate to you the dispatch from the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

With reference to the addresses to the Queen from the two houses of the Legislature on the subject of the constitution of the Legislative Council, I will commend to your consideration the passing of a law for bringing into early operation the act of the last Session which extends the elective franchise in order that the constitutional expression of opinion may be obtained as speedily as possible under the system of representation recently established on the various important questions on which legislature is required.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly, the public accounts for the past year and the estimates for the present will be submitted to you without

delay, and I rely with confidence on your willingness to make the necessary provisions for the exigencies of the government. The prosperous condition of the revenue may suggest to you the propriety of making such reduction in the tariff as may be compatible with security of the public credit; and efficiency in the public services.

During my sojourn in England I was much struck by the proofs which I received from all quarters of the increasing interest of Canadian affairs; and I trust that my acquaintance with the Province, derived from a long residence within it, may have enabled me to render some service in spreading more widely a knowledge of its resources and of the feelings of the inhabitants.

Although a state of warfare has a necessary tendency to restrict operations involving large expenditures of capital, I feel confident that the credit of Canada has attained a position in English opinion which it never before achieved; and that to enable you to retain it, nothing more is required than prudence in your undertakings, and the maintenance of the high character for fidelity to pecuniary engagements which the Province has at all times borne.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT,

Quebec, June, 23, 1854.

This evening the House met at 3 o'clock amidst great excitement. After the speaker had taken the chair Sir Allan McNab addressed the meeting, asked, if it was the intention of his Excellency as reported to prorogue the House? Mr. Hincks said yes. Sir Allan McNab: In order afterwards to dissolve it? Mr. Hincks, yes. Sir A. McNab, without altering the Franchise bill so as to make it come into immediate operation? Mr. Hincks; of course. Sir A. McNab: I have then to say for myself and friends near me that we are quite ready to give our assistance to pass that bill in order to make it available at the next election. We are also ready to pass the supplies or give anything else to enable the Government to be carried on in the best manner. It is not necessary for me to remark on the proposition without affording the country the means of understanding its reasons; we can only say that we are ready to return a respectful reply to the speech, and if the good sense of the House was to insert in that reply sentiments not in accordance with those of other gentlemen opposite, the latter ought not to have shrunk from the responsibility of presenting it and thus avoid by advising his Excellency, to do what he took to be a breach of the constitution, they then prevented the House from giving its views to the Governor General. I think it necessary to express these sentiments, in order that the truth should be known.

Mr. McKenzie entirely agreed with the learned and gallant Knight. (Loud cries of "hear, hear.") The House has placed on the Statute Book a Bill, to which it had given an unanimous assent, to give a wider expression to the popular opinion of the country; this was not a measure of party or class, but concerned all, and he would just read the preamble to show how necessary and just it was thought. He read as follows:—"Whereas it is the right to extend the election franchise to certain classes of persons who are now excluded

from voting at elections of members of the Legislative Assembly." (Here a messenger from the Council appeared at the Bar, and the Speaker read the notice to prorogue.) Mr. Mackenzie,—There was no necessity for delay. The bill in question could be passed immediately. The £10,000 job bill was passed through all its stages at once, and passing this bill, would give the franchise to 100,000 people. Would they dissolve before they had completed it? The bill should be carried at once. (Great cheering through the House.) (The Speaker here rose.) Mr. Mackenzie said, wait a minute, give me a minute. (Cheers and cries of "go on,") (the Speaker standing all the time.) He asked if the Inspector who had so earnestly opposed his exclusion from the House was now to deprive thousands of their political rights, were the representatives to be thus driven from their seats like soldiers by a drill sergeant in a garrison house, they had come to see the public acts. Where were they? The treaty. What has become of it? To lower the tariff. Why is it not done? Was information to be thus shut out from them. Though their table was furnished with the best of reports which ought to be presented (bursts of applause, cries of order). As an old Reformer he cried shame on the government. Cries of hurrah, shame on them! Cries of order, hear and hurrah. Three knocks were now heard at the door. Shame on them. Cries of go on. What was to be said to the constituencies about this summary, disposing of the House, he would move that the House sit till six o'clock. Mr. Speaker.—That cannot be done if any member objects to it. Mr. Mackenzie, the Governor General had declared, in a late speech, the people of Canada were thoroughly loyal to the Queen. Was this a way to increase their loyalty? Mr. McDonald (of Kingston) began to speak with great vehemence, in the midst of great uproar, saying the House was quite ready to return a respectful answer. Mr. Mackenzie here walked with his motion to the Speaker's chair. Mr. Sherwood here rose to a question of order: the messenger had been admitted without the consent of the House. Mr. McDonald, still standing, proceeded,—he stood here for the liberties of the people of Canada—[Here the uproar became tremendous, Mr. McDonald speaking at the top of his voice, with violent gesticulation; but being quite inaudible—and the Speaker standing up, as if to speak.]—Mr. Drummond called the Speaker to keep order—to preserve the dignity of the House. Mr. Robinson rising with great excitement, "Dignity of the House! What dignity are we treated with? Mr. Mackenzie: Put my motion.—[Order!—Chair!—Hear! hear!—Sir A. McNab, during a moment's calm, said the Ministry had not explained whether they had tendered their resignation, or in what position they stood before the Country. Was this like English Statesmen? Left standing with only four independent votes from Upper Canada, and a bare majority from Lower Canada they will allow nothing to be said, but dissolved the House the moment it expressed an opinion different from theirs. Mr. George Brown attempted to speak; he was understood to say, why don't the Ministry pass their necessary measures to escape inquiry into their corruption. [Yeas and tremendous Noes.] Mr. Lancton here asked the Speaker whether he could continue, if not he would yield to that opin-

ion. Mr. Speaker stated he had said, admit the messenger, and that being done, the messenger within the walls, he thought a discussion irregular. [Cries of Chair, Chair.] Mr. Brown still standing and attempting to speak.

The House arose and went to the Legislative Council Chamber. On entering, the Speaker of the Assembly read the following Speech to the Governor General:—

May it please Your Excellency:

It has been the immemorial custom of the Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament, to communicate to the Throne the general result of the deliberations of the Assembly, upon the principal subjects which employed the attention of Parliament, during the period of their labours. It is not now part of my duty to address your Excellency, inasmuch as there has been no Act passed or judgment of Parliament obtained by your Excellency's announcement of the cause for summoning Parliament by your gracious speech from the throne. The passage of an act through its several stages according to the law of the custom of Parliament, solemnly declared applicable to Parliament proceedings by a decision of the Legislative Assembly of 1851. It is held to be necessary in order to constitute a Session of Parliament this we have been unable to accomplish owing to the command which your Excellency has laid upon us to meet you this day for the purpose of prorogation and at the same time I feel called upon to assure your Excellency on the part of her Majesty's faithful subjects, that it is not from any want of respect to myself or to the august personage whom you represent in these provinces, that no answer has been returned by the Legislative Assembly to your gracious speech from the throne. After the speakers had done reading, Lord Elgin then read the speech proroguing the Parliament.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

Public attention in Europe seems to be wholly engrossed in the war with Russia, and other affairs are only interesting, so far as they affect the great question of checking Russian assumption and progress. Scarce a doubt now remains of the adhesion of both Austria and Prussia, and the active co operation of the former power may be looked upon as certain.

In Denmark and Sweden, also, although the Governments have as yet taken no decided action, still, the voice of public opinion has been so plainly expressed as not to permit, at most, more than the observance of neutrality.

The Black Sea, from being a Russian lake, now bears on its bosom not a Russian sail, excepting the vessels at Sebastopol and Odessa, and even under the guns at those places it is doubtful how long the Russian flag will be permitted to wave. Sixty-nine thousand of the allied troops are even now at Silistria, and

decisive intelligence may be looked for at an early period from that quarter.

In the Baltic, the French squadron has joined Sir Charles Napier, and the positions of Heligoland and Cronstadt are so closely watched as to leave very little probability that a junction of the Russian fleets can be accomplished. The King of Portugal is at present in England, and from his presence there may be augured the establishment, or rather the continuation of the good feeling which has always existed between the two countries. In Greece the evil advice of the Queen has been met by such decided action on the part of the allied powers as to leave no alternative to the King, but to discard his ministry and to adopt the measures dictated to him. From India, we have nothing of importance to record, except the success of the Americans in opening the trade with Japan, a measure which will without doubt extend to other commercial nations.

In the United States, three questions have engrossed public attention. The Nebraska question—the surrender of a slave in Boston, under the Rendition act, and the Cuban question. The first of these, the most iniquitous measure that ever disgraced a pseudo free country, has now become law, and the American Government has stultified itself by providing in the 19th century a new territory for farther cruelties to be exercised on Slaves. In other words Nebraska is to be a slave territory, where God's image is to be subjected to the ruthless cruelties of devilish men. Some hope may, however, be gleaned from the storm of indignation which the passage of this iniquitous measure has excited in the north, as exemplified in the following extract:—

“When it is undertaken to deprive us (the north) not of our money—which, for the sake of peace, we might be willing to part with—but of that whose value money cannot estimate, when it is attempted to shut out from us the atmosphere, the essential life-breath of liberty; when it is sought to gag our free mouths, to forbid and stop the beating of our free hearts, to subdue us by penal statutes into a servile torpidity, and an obsequious silence, shall we hesitate one moment to repel this impudent effort of despotism, because if we refuse to submit, it will endanger the Union? *Perish the Union; let it ten times perish from the moment it becomes inconsistent with humanity and freedom!* If such manly and noble sentiments animated the breasts of any large portion of northern men, we should yet have hope of liberty in the United States. But with the clergy and cottonocracy steeped in selfishness, and callous to truth and

freedom, we cannot predict any speedy determination, to despotism on this continent.”

The third question, affecting Cuba may now be almost said to be settled, as recent advices show that the Americans had really nothing to complain of, that, the Government have been merely feeling the public pulse, and that now they are satisfied that France and England will permit no filibustering expeditions, excitement will be permitted gradually to wear itself out.

Some of the most important items during the month will be found below.

THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

The fleets appear to be still cruising before Sebastopol. For some days there had been a heavy fog, and the French and English vessels had to keep up a constant ringing of bells and firing of guns, to prevent running foul of each other. The cable which is put across the mouth of Sebastopol is described as consisting of a number of chain-cables twisted together, and secured on each side by strong masonry, and is hove taught by capstans. From its being formed of separate chains, it would be sufficiently strong to keep out a steamer or any vessel going at full speed.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

All that was known at Copenhagen up to Sunday last, was, that on the 23rd May, Sir Charles Napier lay before Hango Point, prepared to bombard the fortress Gustafavern. The *Austerlitz* was with him, and also Rear-Admiral Chads, on board the *St. Jean d'Acres*, Rear-Admiral Plumridge, with the flying squadron, had been sent on special service up to the Gulf of Bothnia. Admiral Corry lay at Gottsaka Sandoe.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SILISTRIA.

The eyes of Europe and Asia are still directed to this fortress, which, up to the latest despatches, continued to hold out manfully against the Russians. On the 16th, Mussa Pacha ordered all warehouses exposed to the shells of the enemy, and all buildings of every kind, and trees outside of the town, which might have afforded them shelter, to be destroyed. In the interior of the fortress intrenchments have been thrown up, from which it may be inferred that Mussa Pacha intends to defend the place to the last, even if the walls should be destroyed. A telegraphic despatch from Belgrade, of the 29th, states that the Russians had attacked Silistria with all the force available at that point, from the Danube and by land, and had been repulsed four times. The rumour that Mussa Pacha had offered to capitulate was a Russian invention. He has declared that, rather than surrender, he will blow up the fortress. The *Journal des Debats*, speaking of the alleged imminent danger of the fortress being taken says:

If we may judge of the present by the past, the fall of Silistria ought not to be regarded

as imminent. In 1828, after a siege of more than sixty days, the Russians were obliged to retire; and in 1829 they did not get possession of it until forty-four days after the trenches were opened. According to the last accounts the regular works of approach had only just begun. In the last war Silistria was only defended by a fortified wall; whereas, since that period, four large detached forts have been added to the defences of the place. In 1828 and 1829 the garrison of Silistria was only composed of from 8000 to 10,000 irregular soldiers, while now it has 20,000 regular troops. All these reasons must tend to inspire the belief that the place cannot be on the point of being taken, but the fortune of arms and the changes of war are so great that in such a case, more perhaps than in any other, reliance can alone be placed on *faits accomplis*.

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Quebec, Saturday, June 17, 1854.

The following is a synopsis of the Reciprocity Treaty, a copy of which was submitted yesterday to the Provincial Parliament by Lord Elgin.

Article I throws open the fisheries of British America excepting those of Newfoundland and the salmon, shad, and shell fisheries, to American citizens.

Article II provides for settling fishery disputes by arbitration, and also gives to the British a right in the American fisheries to the thirty-sixth parallel of north latitude.

Article III provides for the free exchange of flour and breadstuffs; all kinds of fresh, smoked and salted meats; cotton, wool, seeds and vegetables; dried and undried fruits; all kinds of fish and the products of fish, and all other creatures in the water; poultry and eggs; furs and skins; undressed stone and marble in its crude or unwrought state; slate; butter, cheese, tallow and lard; horns; manure; ores of all kinds; coal; tar, pitch and turpentine; ashes; lumber of all kinds, round, hewed, or sawed, and manufactured in whole or in part; firewood; plants, trees and shrubs; pelts; fish oil; rice; broom corn; barley; gypsum, ground or unground; burr or grindstones, hewn or rough, wrought or unwrought; dye stuffs; flax; manufactured tobacco; rags.

Article IV throws open the River St. Lawrence and the Canadian Canals to American vessels—the American Government undertaking to urge the State Governments to admit British vessels into their canals. Both nations to enjoy the navigation on equal terms.

Article V provides for the ratification of the treaty within six months, or sooner if possible. Great Britain may withdraw from Americans the right of navigating her waters, in which case Americans can annul article second.

Article VI provides for including Newfoundland, with her consent.

The Spiritualists have organized a National Society for the diffusion of their faith and the

facts on which it is based. Their President is GOV. NATHANIEL P. TALLEMADGE, Wisconsin.

“Within the last two years, Spiritualism has increased in strength and stature with a growth unprecedented in the history of mental giants. If it be a lie, there is every prospect of its enveloping this world, and, by its weight, sinking this world one degree lower in the depth of degradation. If it be a lie, it has come in so lovely a garb that men will seek it unless they be warned by a strong voice; men will flee to it as though it were an angel sent from Heaven—will become enveloped in its false light, and will be borne down to death by the weight of its false glory. If it be a lie, ye men of America, who have one thought toward the good of your fellows, it is your duty to come forward as one man, to tear the veil from the face of the lie, and expose it in all its hideousness. We challenge you, as men—as earnest men, as men desiring the good of your fellows—to come and do that thing.

“We believe that Spirituality is a Heaven born truth. We profess to know that angels from Heaven—that the Spirits of good men progressing toward perfection—have come here upon the earth we stand on, and talked with us, face to face, and uttered words to us bearing the impress of their divine origin. We sincerely believe this. We are respectable men; we do not believe ourselves to be insane. We ask you to come and meet us, and discuss the question with us; to examine these facts which we allege, and to prove, if you are able, either that these facts never did occur, or that their origin is other than that which it purports to be.”

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Dress of rich blue silk, with very broad black stripes; the skirt is long, full, and has three deep flounces. Jacket body, high at the back, opening in front *en demi cœur*. *Talms* of black satin, trimmed on the bottom by a broad black lace, above which is laid a black velvet band *en bias*, finished at each edge by a very narrow silk braid; this velvet is continued up the left side of the front and round the neck; but on the right side, which crosses over a little, is a Grecian border of velvet, and four small buttons close it towards the top. Boinet of white silk, trimmed with blonde; low on the right side is a white feather; a smaller feather is placed on the left side above the flowers.

Fig. 2 is a skirt of lilac *moire antique*, with very broad black stripes; it is long and full. Black velvet *basquine* body; the corsage is low, and the *basquine* closes to the bottom; a square handkerchief of brussels net is worn over the shoulders, the ends crossed in the centre of corsage, and fastened by a rose colored satin rosette; these rosettes graduating in size, are continued to the bottom of the *basquine*. The tight sleeves are open at the back of the arm to the elbow; each side is cut in two points which meet in the centre, the full sleeves

of Brussels net sitting in puffs between the points; two rosettes ornament the sleeves. Black lace cap, with narrow border of white blond next the face.

DESCRIPTION OF SECOND PLATE.

Fig. 1 is a jacket of brown silk. It is cut open in front, and a black ribbon, striped with satin, laid flat on the edge, graduating towards the waist, where it unites in a bow and ends. The *basquine* is rather deep, and rounds gracefully to the person. The sleeves are modified from the original pagoda form, and are somewhat close to the arm. Both sleeves and the *basquine* are edged with black guipure lace, and knots of ribbon are arranged upon them in tasteful order.

Fig. 2 is a child's mantilla of mode-colored silk, remarkable for that elegant simplicity which is so becoming to the young. It is cut almost round, descending in a slight wave in front, and falls open at the neck. The edge is cut up in slits, three inches apart, and gores are introduced into the opening, which creates an unique and remarkably graceful border; a satin ribbon, quilled full, runs up inside the gore, ending at the point in a bow and ends. A quilling of the same ribbon surrounds the garment, running up the front and around the neck.

A garment that accords so well with the innocence and simplicity of childhood, is sure to meet with approbation, and that alone is sufficient to demand for it an extensive sale.

Fig. 3 is a specimen of black guipure lace, some two inches and a half wide, deeply indented with pointed scrolls. These scrolls are edged with a delicate range of minor scrolls that surrounds a sort of mosaic pattern. These patterns are divided by delicately wrought stars, and the centre of each is embellished with an open star, exquisitely wrought. This style of lace, as our readers know, is among the most elegant and expensive trimmings of the day, and in selecting this from the best stock, we simply keep up with the demands of a fashionable toilette.

Fig. 4.—The material is black silk twisted into fine even cord. The head, close and narrow, diverges into tufts of silk that are netted three inches deep in square close meshes, about an inch from the head, a change is made by the netting needle, and by some trick of the art a row of small stars is produced, that give one of peculiar elegance to the net-work. This netted border descends in points, and the silk from each point is gathered into a long slender tassel, which flows open and free, forming a united fringe as it escapes from the netting.

Fig. 5 is one of those bathing dresses so necessary to a sea-side excursion or residence, if the invigorating sea-bath is to be enjoyed as it should be. The material is common Scotch plaid, green and red, in alternate checks. It is cut short in the bloomer fashion, which, though very convenient when half veiled in snowy surf, ought to astonish the sharks themselves on dry land. But a bathing dress is only intended for convenience, and the least idea of making it elegant would be preposterous. The dress is made with a loose skirt set to an old fashioned tight yoke, and gathered around the waist with a plaid belt; it is cut short, leaving the feet and ankles free. Long bishop-sleeves, fastened around the wrist and a band, protect the arm. The pantalettes are made loose, and fastened around the ankles with narrow bands.

Fig. 6 is a linen chemise. The neck is encircled with an embroidered linen band, delicately pointed at the outer edge; the pattern is divided into polka spots done in satin stitch, and exquisitely wrought eyelets in sloping lines. The sleeves are cut entire with the garment, and the embroidered edge is united on the shoulder in a point that meets the band upon the neck, uniting with it by a lace button. The garment is of very fine linen, gathered full into the band before and behind; it is open directly in front five or six inches, and the opening is finished with an edge of the embroidery.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Amongst the most tasteful dresses we notice a Silk dress, the skirt with three broad flounces, with deep festooned edges; in each festoon is a palm of either stamped velvet or silk gimp; the edges of the flounces must correspond with the palms, and must therefore be either narrow velvet or gimp. Low body in the *Watteau* style, with small *basquine*; its trimmed with a narrow *revers* to correspond with the flounces; bows of narrow black velvet ornament the front of *corsage*; the edge of *basquine* is festooned, the festoons and palms being of the same size as those of the *revers*. The sleeve is of a moderate width at the top, and very wide from the elbow; it is trimmed with two broad silk frills laid on the sleeve, they are narrowed towards the front of the arm; the top frill is trimmed a little above the elbow. Small lace cap plumed with tri-coloured ribbon; long black lace lappets tied under the chin.

It is not difficult to see that the highest in the French nation are adapting all the best taste in fashion that prevails in England, in the same manner that we are adapting all that is refined and tasteful which is produced in Paris.

Skirts of dresses are worn long, and when without flounces they are extremely full; plain skirts are equally in favour with flounces for the promenade; the edges of flounces are generally trimmed, when not woven a *disposition*; some of the styles of trimming will be seen by referring to our plates; narrow silk braid, gimp, or several rows of narrow velvet are much in favour for the edge of flounces whether plain or festooned. Skirts to be worn with jacket bodies should be laid in large flat plaits in the front and over the hips; for those bodies where the jacket or *basquine* closes to the bottom, the fulness is better set into a plain piece cut on the bias.

Jacket dresses continue in favour for morning dresses; we have given several varieties of them in our costumes already; sleeves, with some few exceptions, are generally of the pagoda form; some being left open in the front of the arm, some at the back and crossed with braid or ribbon; some are slashed, others have *revers* turned back; some ladies are wearing the tight sleeve, others the full sleeves divided into three or four *bouillons*, but these are exceptions.

Mantles will be worn short; at present those of the *Talma* style prevail; but as the season advances, the scarf mantilla, low on the shoulders, will, without doubt, be much in favour; taffetas and thin silks will be the materials for this style of mantle.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

F. B. M.—Mr. Staunton is probably the best chess-player in the world. Next to him we should place the celebrated Russian player, Petroff, and the profound German, Von Heydebrandt der Laan.

CLOVERFIELD.—The solutions are correct, but we wish you had tried No. 25, as amended. Pray tell your fair friend "Betty," that we hope her success in solving our last Problem will induce her to try that in the present number.

ENQUIRER.—We publish none but original positions on diagrams, though we make an occasional exception in favor of clever problems of Canadian authorship. We shall be glad to see your original Problem.

AMY.—We have made use of your Enigma in the present number. The key move to Mr. Bolton's very pretty enigmas in our last is 1. P becomes a Knight. The other, from the *Schachzeitung*, you have solved correctly. We should feel happy if some of our other correspondents would follow your example, and favour us now and again with an original position.

Solutions to Problem 7, by J. B., Betty Martin, M. D., and J. H. K., are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Cloverfield, Amy, Enquirer, are correct.

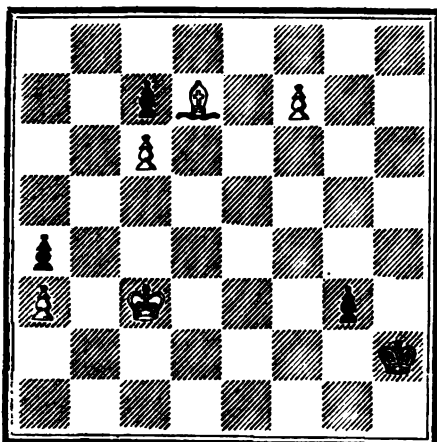
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. VII.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K R 3d (disc ch). | K to Q 4th (best). |
| 2. B to K B 5th. | K to Q 3d. |
| 3. R to K R 7th. | K or P moves. |
| 4. R mates. | |

PROBLEM NO. VIII.

Being an End Game from an Amateur in Guelph.

BLACK.



WHITE.

In this position, White having to play, Queened the Pawn; Black then played P to K Kt 7th, whereupon White announced mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 28. By Amy.

WHITE.—K at Q 6th; R at K 2d; Kt at K R 2d; Ps at K B 3d, Q B 2d, and Q Kt 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q 5th, Ps at K 6th and Q B 6th.
White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 29. From the PICTORIAL TIMES. By M. R. F.

WHITE.—K at his R 5th; R at K 5th; B at Q B 5th, and Kt at K B 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q R 4th and P at Q 4th.
White to play and mate in three moves.

IMPROMPTU

BY A GENTLEMAN, ON PRESENTING HIS NIECES WITH A SET OF CHESSMEN.

(From the Chess-Player's Chronicle.)

The box now presented to you, my dear nieces, Start not! contains *men*, though in thirty-two pieces; But may each of you meet with one perfect and whole

For a partner through life, with a heart and a soul; May you each in life's game e'er successfully move, And all conquests achieved, prove the conquests of love;

May you ever be able on banks to give *check*, And may *Bishops* and *Knights* oft bow at your beck; May *Castles* surrender whenever you attack 'em, And staunch prove your *men*, with your good *Queen* to back 'em;

May your fortunes permit you to dwell in the *squares*, And enjoy life's delights without tasting its cares. May you each find a *mate*, this life's journey to sweeten;

And though more than once *mated*, may you never be beaten!

CHESS IN TORONTO.

We extract from a recent number of the *Chess Player's Chronicle* the following spirited little game, played in Toronto last year between two amateurs, formerly distinguished members of the Cambridge Chess Clubs, and which the Editor of the *Chronicle* tells his English readers came off "in the backwoods of America." Should Mr. Staunton ever do us the honour of paying a visit to Toronto, we trust he will not feel any disappointment at finding a flourishing and rapidly increasing city instead of these "backwoods,"—the sudden disappearance of which, if it cause him any surprise, he must refer to "mysterious agency."

(Evans' Gambit.)

White.

Black.

(MR. CALTHROP.)

(Prof. CHERRIMAN.)

1. P to K 4th.

P to K 4th.

2. K Kt to B 3d.

Q Kt to B 3d.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 3. B to Q B 4th. | B to Q B 4th. |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th. | B takes Kt P. |
| 5. Castles. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 6. P to Q B 3d. | B to Q R 4th. |
| 7. P to Q 4th. | Castles. |
| 8. B to Q R 3d. | P to Q 3d. |
| 9. P takes K P. | K Kt takes P. |
| 10. Q to Q B 2nd. | Kt to Q B 4th. |
| 11. K R to Q sq. | Q to K 2d. |
| 12. Q B takes Kt. | P takes B. |
| 13. Q to K 4th. | P to K Kt 3d. |
| 14. R to K sq. | B to K B 4th. |
| 15. Q to K B 4th. | B takes Q Kt. |
| 16. Q to K R 6th (a). | K to R sq (b). |
| 17. Kt to his 5th. | P to K B 3d. |
| 18. K P takes P. | Q takes R (ch). |
| 19. B to K B sq., | |

And Black resigns.

Notes.

(a) A beautiful move, and one which leaves Black with out any resource.

(b) To admit of the advance of the K. B. P.

Slight skirmish, lately played at the Toronto Chess Club, in which Mr. G. Palmer gives the odds of the Queen's Kt. to another amateur. (Before playing over this game, remove Black's Q Kt. from the board.)

(Evans' Gambit.)

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Black.</i> (MR. P.) | <i>White.</i> (MR. —.) |
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th. | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th. | B takes Kt P. |
| 5. P to Q B 3d. | B to Q R 4th. |
| 6. Castles. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 7. P to Q 4th. | B takes Q B P (a). |
| 8. Q to her Kt 3d. | B takes Q R. |
| 9. B takes K B P (ch). | K to B sq. |
| 10. Q B to Q R 3d (ch). | P to Q 3d. |
| 11. R takes K B. | Q Kt takes Q P (b). |
| 12. Kt takes Kt. | P takes Kt. |
| 13. P to K 5th. | Kt to K 5th. |
| 14. P takes P. | P takes P. |
| 15. R to K sq. | Q to K B 3d (c). |
| 16. R takes Kt. | Q takes B. |
| 17. B takes P (ch). | K to Kt sq. |
| 18. R mates. | |

Notes.

(a) Imprudent. His best play was to Castle.

(b) Kt to Q R 4th would have been much more effective.

(c) B to K B 4th seems his best move here.

Another brief skirmish just played between two members of the Toronto Chess Club.

(King's Knight's Gambit.)

Black. (MR. P.—) *White.* (MR. R.—)

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to K B 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d. | P to K Kt 4th. |
| 4. B to Q B 4th. | B to K Kt 2d. |
| 5. Castles. | P to Q 3d. |
| 6. P to Q 4th. | P to K R 3d. |
| 7. P to Q B 3d. | K Kt to K 2d (a) |
| 8. Q to Q Kt 3d. | Castles. |
| 9. P to K Kt 3d. | P takes P (b). |
| 10. Q B takes P. | P takes K R P (ch). |
| 11. K to R sq. | P takes B. |
| 12. Kt takes K Kt P. | Q B to K 3d (c). |
| 13. B takes B. | P takes B. |

And Black announced checkmate in five moves.

Notes.

(a) Up to this point the game is correctly opened, but White should here play 7. Q B to K 3d, having a good defence.

(b) The proper play is to advance the K Kt P on the Kt.

(c) By this move he loses all chances of the game. P to Q 4th looks much more promising.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

We are tempted to give the subjoined game, which appeared in the Berlin Chess Magazine, the *Schachzeitung*, some few months back, on account of the instructive problem presented at the end.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

White.

Black.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| (M. MATSHEGO.) | (MR. FALKBEER.) |
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to K B 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d. | P to K Kt 4th. |
| 4. P to K R 4th. | P to K Kt 5th. |
| 5. K Kt to K 5th. | K Kt to B 3d (a). |
| 6. Q Kt to B 3d (b). | P to Q 3d. |
| 7. Kt to Q B 4th. | K B to K 2d. |
| 8. P to Q 4th. | Kt to K R 4th. |
| 9. K B to K 2d (c). | B takes K R P (ch). |
| 10. K to Q 2d. | Q to Kt 4th (d). |
| 11. K to Q 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 12. P to Q R 3d. | B to K B 7th. |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 5th. | B takes Q P. |
| 14. Q Kt tks Q B P (ch). | K to Q sq. |
| 15. Q Kt to Q 5th. | P to K B 4th. |
| 16. K Kt takes Q P. | P takes K P (ch). |
| 17. K to Q B 4th. | |

And here Black announced mate in *six* moves. We leave the solution to the sagacity of our readers.

Notes.

(a) This defence is commended by Heydebrand in his last edition of the German Handbuch.

(b) Better to play K B to Q B 4th.

(c) The *Schachzeitung* recommends Q to her 3d at this point.

(d) Mr. Falkbeer has now an attack which nothing can withstand.

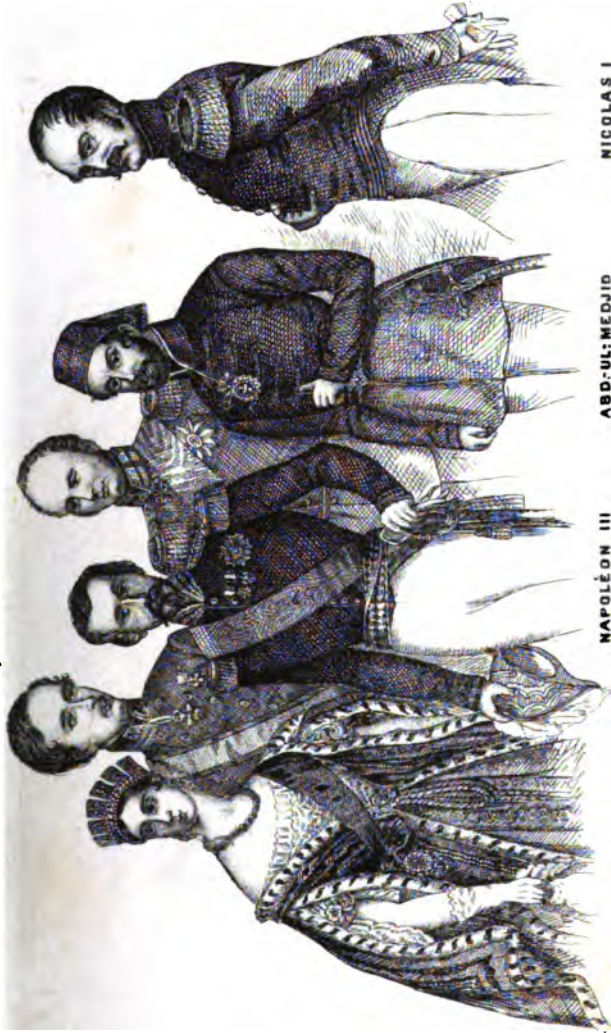


BARON METCALFE,

LATE GOVERNOR OF CANADA

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.





NICOLAS I
Emperor of Russia.

ABD-UL-MEDJID
Sultan.

NAPOLEON III
Emperor of the French.

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV
King of Prussia.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I
Emperor of Austria.

THE BELLIGERENT POWERS OF EUROPE.

Maclear & Co's Lith. Toronto.



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PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST

Maclear & Co Lith: Toronto.



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Fig. 1.

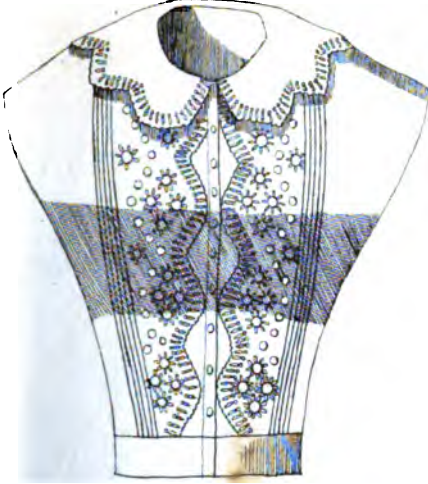


Fig. 2.

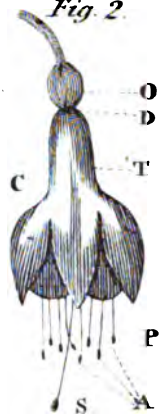


Fig. 1.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.

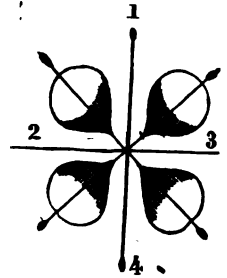


Fig. 5.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 8.

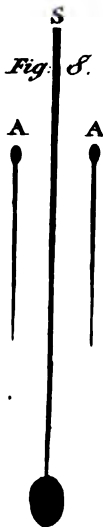


Fig. 7.



Fig. 6.

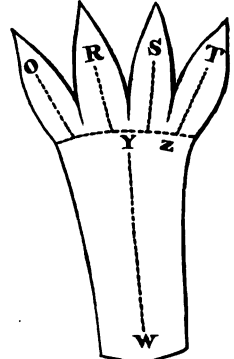


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: AUGUST, 1854.—NO. 2.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XIX.

We give below, as promised in our last chapter, Capt. Porter's lengthy vindication of himself for the loss of the *Essex*, and we

** Letter from Captain Porter to the Secretary of the Navy.*

ESSEX JUNIOR, July 3rd, 1814—at Sea.

SIR,—I have done myself the honour to address you repeatedly since I left the *Delaware*; but have scarcely a hope that one of my letters has reached you; therefore consider it necessary to give you a brief history of my proceedings since that period.

I sailed from the *Delaware* on the 27th of October, 1812, and repaired with all diligence (agreeably to instructions from Commodore Bainbridge) to Port Praya, Fernando de Noronha, and Cape Frio; and arrived at each place on the day appointed to meet him. On my passage from Port Praya to Fernando de Noronha, I captured his Britannic Majesty's packet *Nocton*; and after taking out about 71,000 pounds sterling in specie, sent her under command of Lieutenant Finch for America. I cruised off Rio de Janeiro, and about Cape Frio, until the 12th of January, 1813, hearing frequently of the Commodore, by vessels from Bahia. I here captured but one schooner, with hides and tallow—I sent her into Porto Rico. The *Montague*, the Admiral's ship, being in pursuit of me, my provisions now getting short, and finding it necessary to look out for a supply, to enable me to meet the Commodore by the 1st of April, off St. Helena, I proceeded to the

think that a more extraordinary production for mingled cunning and blundering it would be difficult to find. Captain Porter appears to have been particularly struck with the display of motto flags, and the number of jacks at the mast heads, apparently quite forgetful that he acknowledges to have sported an equal number himself. An ensign and motto flag at the gaff, another motto flag, "free trade and equal rights," at the fore, an ensign in the mizen rigging, and

island of St. Catharines (the last place of rendezvous on the coast of Brazil) as the most likely to supply my wants, and at the same time afford me that secrecy necessary to enable me to elude the British ships of war on the coast, and expected there. I here could procure only wood, water and rum, and a few bags of flour; and hearing of the Commodore's action with the *Java*, the capture of the *Hornet* by the *Montague*, and a considerable augmentation of the British force on the coast, and of several being in pursuit of me, I found it necessary to get to sea as soon as possible. I now, agreeably to the Commodore's plan, stretched to the southward, securing the coast so far as Rio de la Plata. I heard that Buenos Ayres was in a state of starvation, and could not supply our wants; and that the government of Montevideo was very inimical to us. The Commodore's instructions now left it completely discretionary with me what course to pursue, and I determined on following that which had not only met his approbation, but the approbation of the then secretary of the navy. I accordingly shaped my course for the Pacific; and after suffering greatly from short allowance of provisions, and heavy gales off Cape Horn (for which my ship and men were badly provided) I arrived at Valparaiso on the 14th of March, 1813. I here took in as much jerked beef and other provisions, as my ship would conve-

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and several jacks hoisted in different parts of the ship—all these are mentioned by Capt. Porter, and had he not acknowledged it,

niently stow, and ran down the coast of Chili and Peru; in this track I fell in with a Peruvian corsair, which had on board twenty-four Americans as prisoners, the crews of two whale ships, which she had taken on the coast of Chili. The captain informed me, that, as the allies of Great Britain, they would capture all they should meet with, in expectation of a war between Spain and the United States, I consequently threw all his guns and ammunition into the sea, liberated the Americans, wrote a respectful letter to the viceroi, explaining the cause of my proceedings, which I delivered to her captain. I then proceeded for Lima and re-captured one of the vessels as she was entering the port. From thence I proceeded for the Gallipagos Islands, where I cruized from the 17th of April, until the 3rd of October, 1813; during which time I touched only once on the coast of America, which was for the purpose of procuring a supply of fresh water, as none is to be found among those islands, which are, perhaps, the most barren and desolate of any known.

While among this group, I captured the following British ships, employed chiefly in the spermaceti whale fishery:—

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

	Tons.	Men.	Guns.	Pierced for.
Montezuma	270	21	2	
Policy	175	26	10	18
Georgiana	280	25	6	18
Greenwich	888	25	10	20
Atlantic	855	24	8	20
Rose	220	21	8	20
Hector	270	25	11	20
Catharine	270	29	8	18
Seringapatam	857	81	14	26
Charlton	274	21	10	18
New Zealander	259	23	8	18
Sir A. Hammond	801	81	12	18
	3,456	802	107	

As some of those ships were captured by boats, and others by prizes, my officers and men had several opportunities of showing their gallantry,

The *Rose* and *Charlton* were given to the prisoners, the *Hector*, *Catharine* and *Montezuma*, I sent to Valparaiso, where they were laid up; the *Policy*, *Georgiana* and *New Zealander*, I sent for America; the *Greenwich* I kept as a store ship, to contain the stores of any other prizes, necessary for us; and the *Atlantic*, now called *Essex Junior*, I equipped with twenty guns, and gave command of her to lieutenant Downes,

Lieutenant Downes had conveyed the prizes to Valparaiso, and on his return brought me letters informing me, that a squadron under the command of commodore James Hillyar, consisting of the frigate *Phoebe*, of thirty-six guns,

James' Naval History would have furnished the information.

We should scarcely note such a trifle, were

the *Raccoon* and *Cherub* sloops of war, and a store-ship of twenty guns, had sailed on the 6th of July for this sea. The *Raccoon* and *Cherub* had been seeking me for some time on the coast of Brazil, and on their return from their cruize, joined the squadron sent in search of me to the Pacific. My ship, as it may be supposed, after being near a year at sea, required some repairs to put her into a state to meet them; which I determined to do, and bring them to action if I could meet them on nearly equal terms. I proceeded now in company with the remainder of my prizes, to the island of *Nooaheevah* or *Madison's* island, lying in the *Washington* group, discovered by a captain Ingraham, of Boston; here I caulked and completely overhauled my ship, made for her a new set of water casks, her old ones being entirely decayed, and took on board from my prizes provisions and stores for upwards of four months, and sailed for the coast of Chili on the 12th of December, 1813. Previous to sailing, I secured the *Seringapatam*, *Greenwich* and *Sir Andrew Hammond* under the guns of a battery, which I erected for their protection, (after taking possession of this fine island for the United States, and establishing the most friendly intercourse with the natives,) I left them under the charge of lieutenant Gamble of the marines, with twenty-one men, with orders to repair to Valparaiso, after a certain period.

I arrived on the coast of Chili on the 12th of January, 1814; looked into *Conception* and *Valparaiso*, found at both places only three English vessels, and learned that the squadron which sailed from *Rio de Janeiro* for that sea had not been heard of since their departure, and were supposed to be lost in endeavouring to double *Cape Horn*.

I had completely broken up the British navigation in the Pacific; the vessels which had not been captured by me, were laid up and dare not venture out. I had afforded the most ample protection to our own vessels, which were on my arrival, very numerous and unprotected. The valuable whale fishery there is entirely destroyed, and the actual injury we have done them may be estimated at two and half millions of dollars, independent of expenses of the vessels in search of me. They have furnished me amply with sails, cordage, cables, anchors, provisions medicines and stores of every description; and the slops on board them have furnished clothing for the seamen. We had, in fact, lived on the enemy since I had been in that sea, every prize having proved a well found store-ship for me. I had not yet been under the necessity of drawing bills on the department for any object, and had been enabled to make considerable advances to my officers and crew on account of pay.

For the unexampled time we had kept the sea, my crew had continued remarkably healthy.

it not a part of the ridiculous pretension and sneering which prevailed, and which laid American officers open to the charge that

I had but one case of the scurvy, and had lost only the following men by death; viz.:

John S. Cowan, lieutenant. Robert Miller, surgeon.
Levi Holmes, o. seaman. Edward Sweeney do.
Samuel Groce, seaman.
James Spafford, gunner's mate.
Benjamin Geers, } quarter gunners.
John Rodgers, }
Andrew Mahan, corporal of marines.
Lewis Price, private marine.

I had done all the injury that could be done the British commerce in the Pacific, and still hoped to signalize my cruise by something more splendid before leaving that sea. I thought it not improbable that commodore Hillyar might have kept his arrival secret, and believing that he would seek me at Valparaiso as the most likely place to find me, I therefore determined to cruise about that place, and should I fail of meeting him, hoped to be compensated by the capture of some merchant ships, said to be expected from England.

The *Phœbe*, agreeably to my expectations, came to seek me at Valparaiso, where I was anchored with the *Essex*, my armed prize the *Essex Junior*, under the command of lieutenant Downes, on the look out off the harbour; but, contrary to the course I thought he would pursue, commodore Hillyar brought with him the *Cherub* sloop of war, mounting 28 guns, 18 32 pound carronades, 8 24's and 2 long 9's on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, and a complement of 180 men. The force of the *Phœbe* is as follows: 30 long 18 pounders, sixteen 32 pound carronades, one howitzer, and six 8 pounders in the tops, in all 53 guns, and a complement of 320 men, making a force of 81 guns and 500 men; in addition to which they took on board the crew of an English letter of marque lying in port. Both ships had picked crews, and were sent into the Pacific, in company with the *Raccoon* of 22 guns and a store ship of 20 guns, for the express purpose of seeking the *Essex*, and were prepared with flags bearing the motto, "God and country; British sailors' best rights—Traitors offend both." This was intended as a reply to my motto "*Free Trade and sailors' Rights*," under the erroneous impression that my crew were chiefly Englishmen, or to counteract its effect on their own crews. The force of the *Essex* was 46 guns, forty 32 pound carronades, and six long 12's, and her crew, which had been much reduced by prizes, amounted only to 255 men. The *Essex Junior*, which was intended only as a store-ship mounted twenty guns, ten 18 pound carronades, and ten short 6's, with only 60 men on board. In reply to their motto, I wrote at my mizen, "*God, our Country and Liberty; Tyrants offend them.*"

On getting their provisions on board, they went off the port for the purpose of blockading

misrepresentation and false writing formed part of an American officer's duty to his country. Captain Porter declares that, in

me, where they cruized for near six weeks; during which time I endeavoured to provoke a challenge, and frequently, but ineffectually, to bring the *Phœbe* alone to action, first with both my ships, and afterwards with my single ship, with both crews on board. I was several times under way, and ascertained that I had greatly the advantage in point of sailing, and once succeeded in closing within a gun-shot of the *Phœbe*, and commenced a fire on her, when she ran down for the *Cherub*, which was two and a half miles to leeward; this excited some surprise and expressions of indignation, as previous to my getting under way, she hove to off the port, hoisted her motto flag and fired a gun to windward. Commodore Hillyar seemed determined to avoid a contest with me on nearly equal terms, and from his extreme prudence in keeping both his ships ever after constantly within hail of each other, there were no hopes of any advantages to my country from a longer stay in port. I therefore determined to put to sea the first opportunity which should offer; and I was the more strongly induced to do so, as I had gained certain intelligence that the *Tagus* rated 38, and two other frigates, had sailed for that sea in pursuit of me; and I had reason to expect the arrival of the *Raccoon* from N.W. coast of America where she had been sent for the purpose of destroying our fur establishment on the *Columbia*. A rendezvous was appointed for the *Essex Junior*, and every arrangement made for sailing, and I intended to let them chase me off, to give the *Essex Junior* an opportunity of escaping. On the 28th March, the day after this determination was formed the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, when I parted my larboard cable and dragged my starboard anchor directly out to sea. Not a moment was to be lost in getting sail on the ship. The enemy were close in with the point forming the west side of the bay; but on opening them, I saw a prospect of passing windward, when I took in my top-gallant-sails, which were set over single reefed top-sails, and braced up for this purpose; but on rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship and carried away her main-top-mast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea, who were drowned. Both ships now gave chase to me, and I endeavoured in my disabled state to regain the port; but finding I could not recover the common anchorage, I ran close into a small bay, about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery on the east side of the harbour, and let go my anchor within pistol shot of the shore, where I intended to repair my damages as soon as possible. The enemy continued to approach, and shewed an evident intention of attacking, regardless of the neutrality of the place where I was anchored, and the caution observed in their approach to the attack of the crippled *Essex* was truly ridiculous, as was their

half an hour, he disabled, with three guns only, both his opponents, so as to compel them to haul off to repair damages; this as-

sertion may, and doubtless will, be readily adopted by readers who know nothing of what three twelve-pounders can effect in the

display of their motto flags, and the number of jacks at all the mast-heads. I, with as much expedition as circumstances would admit of, got my ship ready for action, and endeavoured to get a spring on my cable, but had not succeeded, when the enemy, at 54 minutes after 3 P.M. made his attack, the Phoebe placed herself under my stern, and the Cherub on my starboard bow; but the Cherub soon finding her situation a hot one, bore up and ran under my stern also; where both ships kept up a hot raking fire, I had got three long 12 pounders out of the stern ports, which were worked with so much bravery and skill, *that in half an hour we so disabled both as to compel them to haul off to repair damages.* In the course of this firing, I had, by the great exertions of Mr. Edward Barnewall, the acting sailing-master, assisted by Mr. Linscott, the boatswain, succeeded in getting springs on our cable three different times; but the fire of the enemy was so excessive, that before we could get our broad-side to bear, they were shot away and thus rendered useless to us. My ship had received many injuries, and several had been killed and wounded—but my brave officers and men, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances under which we were brought to action, and the powerful force opposed to us, were no ways discouraged—all appeared determined to defend their ship to the last extremity, and to die in preference to a shameful surrender. *Our gaff, with the ensign and the motto flag at the mizen, had been shot away, but Free trade and Sailors' Rights, continued to fly at the fore. Our ensign was replaced by another—and to guard against a similar event, an ensign was made fast in the mizen-rigging, and several jacks were hoisted in different parts of the ship.* The enemy soon repaired his damages for a fresh attack; he now placed himself, with both his ships, on my starboard quarter, out of the reach of my carronades, and where my stern guns could not be brought to bear—he there kept up a most galling fire, which it was out of my power to return, when I saw no prospect of injuring him without getting under way and becoming the assailant. My top-sail sheets and halyards were all shot away, as well as the jib and fore-top-mast-stay-sail-halyards. The only rope not cut was the flying-jib-halyards—and that being the only sail I could set, I caused it to be hoisted, my cable to be cut, and ran down on both ships, with an intention of laying the Phoebe on board.

The firing on both sides was now tremendous; I had let fall my foretopsail and foresail, but the want of tacks and sheets rendered them almost useless to us—yet we were enabled for a short time to close with the enemy; and although our decks were now strewed with dead and our cockpit filled with wounded—although our ship had been several times on

fire, and was rendered a perfect wreck, we were still encouraged to hope to save her, from the circumstance of the Cherub, from her crippled state, being compelled to haul off. She did not return to close action again, although she had it apparently in her power to do so, but kept up a distant firing with her long guns. The Phoebe, from our disabled state, was enabled however, by edging off, to choose the distance which best suited her long guns, and kept up a tremendous fire on us, which mowed down my brave companions by the dozen. Many of my guns had been rendered useless by the enemy's shot, and many of them had their whole crews destroyed—we manned them again from those which were disabled, and one gun in particular was three times manned—fifteen men were slain at it in the course of the action! but strange as it may appear, the captain of it escaped with only a slight wound. Finding that the enemy had it in his power to choose his distance, I now gave up all hopes of closing with him, and, as the wind for the moment, seemed to favour the design, I determined to endeavour to run her on shore, land my men and destroy her. Every thing seemed to favour my wishes. We had approached the shore within musket shot, and I had no doubt of succeeding, when in an instant the wind shifted from the land (as it is very common in this port in the latter part of the day) and payed our head down on the Phoebe, where we were again exposed to a dreadful raking fire—My ship was now totally unmanageable: yet as her head was toward the enemy, and he to the leeward of me, I still hoped to be able to board him. At this moment Lieut. Downes came on board to receive my orders, under the impression that I should soon be a prisoner. He could be of no use to me in the then wretched state of the Essex; and finding (from the enemy's putting his helm up) that my last attempt at boarding would not succeed, I directed him after he had been ten minutes on board, to return to his own ship, to be prepared for defending and destroying her in case of attack. He took with him several of my wounded, leaving three of his boat's crew on board to make room for them.—The Cherub now had an opportunity of distinguishing herself, by keeping up a hot fire on him during his return. The slaughter on board my ship had now become horrible, the enemy continued to rake us, and we unable to bring a gun to bear. I therefore directed a hawser to be bent to the sheet anchor, and the anchor to be cut from the bows to bring her head round: this succeeded. We again got our broadside to bear, and as the enemy was much crippled and unable to hold his own, I have no doubt he would have drifted out of gun shot before he discovered we had anchored, had not the hawser unfortunately parted. My ship had taken fire several times

teeth of a heavy fire of long eighteens, but cannot impose upon any one else. Other accounts were received of this engagement than

during the action, but alarmingly so forward and aft at this moment, the flames were bursting up each hatchway, and no hopes were entertained of saving her; our distance from the shore did not exceed three quarters of a mile, and I hoped many of my brave crew would be able to save themselves, should the ship blow up, as I was informed the fire was near the magazine, and the explosion of a large quantity of powder below served to increase the horror of our situation—our boats were destroyed by the enemy's shot; I therefore directed those who could swim to jump overboard, and endeavour to gain the shore. Some reached it—some were taken by the enemy, and some perishing in the attempt; but most preferred sharing with me the fate of the ship. We, who remained, now turned our attention wholly to extinguishing the flames; and when we had succeeded went again to our guns, where the firing was kept up for some minutes, but the crew had by this time become so weakened, that they all declared to me the impossibility of making further resistance, and entreated me to surrender my ship to save the wounded, as all further attempt at opposition must prove ineffectual, almost every gun being disabled by the destruction of their crews. I now sent for the officers of divisions to consult them; but what was my surprize to find only acting Lieut. Stephen Decatur M'Knight remaining, (who confirmed the report respecting the condition of the guns on the gun deck—those on the spar deck were not in a better state). Lieut. Wilmer, after fighting most gallantly through the action, had been knocked overboard by a splinter while getting the sheet anchor from the bows and was drowned. Acting Lieut. John G. Cowell had lost a leg; Mr. Edw. Barnewell, acting sailing master had been carried below after receiving two severe wounds, one in the breast and one in the face; and acting Lieut. William H. Odenheimer had been knocked overboard from the quarter an instant before, and did not regain the ship until after the surrender. I was informed that the cockpit, the steerage, the wardroom and the berth deck could contain no more wounded; that the wounded were killed while the surgeons were dressing them, and that unless something was speedily done to prevent it, the ship would soon sink from the number of shot holes in her bottom. And on sending for the carpenter he informed us that all his crew had been killed or wounded, and that he had once been over the side to stop the leaks when his slings had been shot away, and it was with difficulty he was saved from drowning. The enemy from the smoothness of the water, and the impossibility of our reaching him with our carronades, and the little apprehension that was excited by our fire which had now become much slackened, was enabled to take aim at us as at a target; his shot never missed our hull,

those furnished by the officers engaged on either side, and, in the private letters from some of the on-lookers, not one syllable is

and my ship was cut up in a manner which was perhaps, never before witnessed—in fine, I saw no hopes of saving her, and at 20 minutes after 6 P.M. gave the painful order to strike the colours. 75 men, including officers, were all that remained of my whole crew, after the action, capable of doing duty, and many of them severely wounded, some of whom have since died. The enemy still continued his fire, and my brave though unfortunate companions, were still falling about me. I directed an opposite gun to be fired, to shew them we intended no further resistance; but they did not desist; four men were killed at my side, and others in different parts of the ship. I now believed he intended to shew us no quarter, and that it would be as well to die with my flag flying as struck, and was on the point of again hoisting it, when about ten minutes after hauling the colours down he ceased firing.

I cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the conduct of those engaged for such an unparalleled length of time, under such circumstances, with me, in the arduous and unequal contest. Let it suffice to say that more bravery, skill, patriotism and zeal were never displayed on any occasion. Every one seemed determined to die in defence of their much loved country's cause, and nothing but views of humanity could ever have reconciled them to the surrender of the ship; they remembered the wounded and helpless shipmates below. To acting lieutenants M'Knight and Odenheimer I feel much indebted for their great exertions and bravery throughout the action in fighting and encouraging the men at their divisions, for the dexterous management of the long guns, and for their promptness in remanning their guns as their crews were slaughtered. The conduct of that brave and heroic officer, acting lieutenant John G. Cowell, who lost his leg in the latter part of the action, excited the admiration of every man in the ship, and after being wounded would not consent to be taken below until loss of blood rendered him insensible. Mr. Edward Barnewell acting sailing master, whose activity and courage was equally conspicuous, returned on deck after his first wound, and remained after receiving his second until fainting with loss of blood. Mr. Samuel B. Johnson who had joined me the day before, and acted as marine officer, conducted himself with great bravery, and exerted himself in assisting at the long guns; the musketry after the first half hour being useless, from our long distance.

Mr. M. W. Bostwick, whom I had appointed acting purser of the Essex Junior, and who was on board my ship, did the duties of aid, in a manner which reflects on him the highest honour, and midshipmen Isaacs, Farragut and Odden, as well as acting midshipmen James Terry, James R. Lyman and Samuel Duzenbury, and master's mate William Pierce exerted themselves

mentioned of the British vessels hauling off to repair damages. Again, Captain Porter endeavours to insinuate that he was attacked

in the performance of their respective duties and gave an earnest of their value to the service; the three first are too young to recommend for promotion, the latter I beg leave to recommend for confirmation as well as the acting lieutenants, and Messrs. Barnewell, Johnston and Bostwick.

We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced. The defence of the Essex has not been less honorable to her officers and crew, than the capture of an equal force, and I now consider my situation less unpleasant than that of commodore Hillyar, who, in violation of every principle of honour and generosity, and regardless of the rights of nations, attacked the Essex in her crippled state; within pistol shot of neutral shore; when for six weeks I had daily offered him fair and honorable combat, on terms greatly to his advantage; the blood of the slain must be on his head, and he has yet to reconcile his conduct to heaven, to his conscience and to the world.

My loss has been dreadfully severe, 58 killed or have since died of their wounds; and among them lieutenant Cowell; 89 were severely wounded, 27 slightly, and 31 are missing; making in all 154, killed, wounded, and missing, a list of whose names is annexed.

The professional knowledge of Dr. Richard Hoffman, acting surgeon, and Doctor Alexander Montgomery, acting surgeon's mate, added to their assiduity and the benevolent attentions and assistance of Mr. D. P. Adams, the chaplain, saved the lives of many of the wounded, those gentlemen have been indefatigable in their attentions to them; the two first I beg leave to recommend for confirmation, and the latter to the notice of the department.

I must in justification of myself observe, that with our six twelve pounders along we fought this action, our carronades being almost useless.

The loss in killed and wounded has been great with the enemy; among the former is the first lieutenant of the Phoebe, and of the latter captain Tucker of the Cherub, whose wounds are severe. Both the Essex and Phoebe were in a sinking state, and it was with difficulty they could be kept afloat until they anchored in Valparaiso next morning. The battered state of the Essex, will, I believe, prevent her ever reaching England, and I also think it will be out of their power to repair the damages of the Phoebe so as to enable her to double Cape Horn. All the masts and yards of the Phoebe and Cherub are badly crippled, and their hulls much cut up; the former had eighteen twelve pound shot through her below her water line, some three feet under water. Nothing but the smoothness of the water saved both the Phoebe and Essex.

I hope Sir, that our conduct may prove satisfactory to our country, and that it will testify

in a neutral port, although confessing, a dozen lines above, that he was unable to recover the common anchorage.

it by obtaining our speedy exchange, that we may again have it in our power to prove our zeal,

Commodore Hillyar, I am informed, has thought proper to state to his Government that the action lasted only 45 minutes; should he have done so, the motive may be easily discovered—but the thousands of disinterested witnesses who covered the surrounding hills can testify that we fought his ships for two hours and a half; upwards of fifty broadsides were fired by the enemy agreeable to their own accounts, and upwards of seventy five by ours; excepting the few minutes they were repairing damages the firing was incessant.

Soon after my capture I entered into an agreement with commodore Hillyar to disarm my prize the Essex Junior, and proceed with the survivors of my officers and crew in her to the United States, taking with me all her officers and crew. He consented to grant her a passport to secure her from recapture. The ship was small and we knew we had much to suffer, yet we hoped soon to reach our country in safety, that we might again have it in our power to serve it. This arrangement was attended with no additional expence, as she was abundantly supplied with provisions and stores for the voyage.

In justice to commodore Hillyar, I must observe, that, although I can never be reconciled to the manner of his attack on the Essex, or to his conduct before the action, he has, since our capture shewn the greatest humanity to my wounded, whom he permitted me to land on condition that the United States should bear their expenses, and has endeavoured as much as lay in his power to alleviate the distresses of war by the most generous and delicate deportment towards myself and officers and crew; he gave orders that the property of every person should be respected—his orders, however, were not so strictly attended to as might have been expected; besides being deprived of books, charts, &c. &c., both myself and officers lost many articles of our clothing, some to a considerable amount. I should not have considered this last circumstance of sufficient importance to notice, did it not mark a striking difference between the navy of Great Britain and that of the United States, highly creditable to the latter.

By the arrival of the Tagus, a few days after my capture, I was informed that besides the ships which had arrived in the Pacific in pursuit of me, and those still expected, others were sent to cruise for me in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor and New Holland, and that another frigate was sent to the River la Plata.

To possess the Essex it has cost the British government near six millions of dollars, and yet, sir, her capture was owing entirely to accident; and if we consider the expedition with which naval contests are now decided, the action is a

It may not be, perhaps, known to every one, that in the English merchant service a different style of painting their vessels prevailed at that time to what was adopted in the United States. In British vessels imitation port holes were painted, whilst in American, a plain white or red riband was painted from stem to stern. Captain Porter knew perfectly well when making his statement of his capture of twelve letters of marque, that he would not deceive sailors, especially as he admits that the vessels were employed in the spermaceti whale fishery.

To any one who has ever seen the decks of a vessel while on the fishing grounds and the state of her decks, the absurdity of Capt. Porter's representing vessels of one hundred and seventy-five tons as carrying ten guns, or being pierced for eighteen, is simply ridiculous. We have, however, shown on a previous occasions an attempt by would-be American Nelsons to swell the capture of West India droghers and other coasting vessels, into "gallant and successful carrying of H. M. S. armed vessel, of fifteen tons, twelve guns, and ninety men." Such, in sooth, is very much the spirit in which Capt. Porter dictated his report; the gallant commander forgot, however, in his estimate of the cost to the British Government of the capture of the Essex, to record the fact of the ultimate re-capture of many of the vessels, and of all of their cargoes.

dishonour to them. Had they brought their ships boldly into action with a force so very superior, and having the choice of position, they should either have captured or destroyed us in a fourth the time they were about it.

During the action, our consul general, Mr. Poinsett, called on the governor of Valparaiso, and requested that the batteries might protect the Essex. This request was refused, but he promised that if she should succeed in fighting her way to the common anchorage he would send an officer to the British commander and request him to cease firing, but declined using force under any circumstances, and there is no doubt of a perfect understanding existing between them; this conduct added to the assistance given to the British, and their friendly reception after the action, and the strong bias of the faction which govern Chili in favour of the English, as well as their hostility to the Americans, induced Mr. Poinsett to leave that country. Under such circumstances, I did not conceive it would be proper for me to claim the restoration of my

Captain Porter must have had a prodigious opinion of his own prowess, if we may judge by the number of vessels which he represents as having been equipped, manned, and despatched to various parts of the world, for no other purpose than that of capturing the redoubtable Captain David Porter—six millions of dollars spent in despatching fresh vessels to the Pacific, besides those already there, to the Chinese Seas, to Timor, to New Zealand, to New Holland, and as if one side of the continent might be insufficient to restrain Captain Porter's ardour, vessels to the Rio de la Plata were also found necessary.

A Russian squadron, at the present time supposed to be cruising somewhere in our Indian possessions, has not excited half the alarm, nor do we find that half the preparations have been made, which were deemed necessary to ensure the capture of our American frigate. Enough, however, of Captain David Porter and his ridiculous attempt at self-glorification.

The Americans, not yet satisfied that the chance of conquering Canada was hopeless, determined, early in 1814, to make another attempt. We find, accordingly, that, from the beginning of April to the end of June, General Brown, the American commander, was actively engaged in preparing his army of invasion. Towards the end of June, the Secretary at War, at

ship, confident that the claim would be made by my government to more effect. Finding some difficulty in the sale of my prizes, I had taken the Hector and Catharine out to sea and burnt them with their cargoes.

I exchanged lieutenant M'Knight, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Lyman and eleven seamen for part of the crew of the Sir Andrew Hammond, and sailed from Valparaiso on the 27th April, where the enemy were still patching up their ships to put them in a state for proceeding to Rio de Janeiro previous to going to England.

Annexed is a list of the remains of my crew to be exchanged, as also a copy of the correspondence between commodore Hillyar and myself on that subject. I also send you a list of the prisoners I have taken during my cruise, amounting to 848.

I have the honor to be, &c. D. PORTER.

The honorable Secretary of the navy of the United States, Washington.

Washington, judging, it may be supposed, from Brown's despatches, that sufficient preparations had been made, issued his fiat "to carry Fort Erie, and beat up the enemy's quarters at Chippewa;" adding, however, the prudent proviso that "in case his (the British) fleet gets the control of Lake Ontario, you are immediately to re-cross the strait." A few of the heads of General Armstrong's "heads of plan of campaign" are interesting, as they show how very certain the Secretary at War had made himself that all his plans were to succeed. The first was, That such portions of the Erie fleet, and of the garrison at Detroit, as the officer commanding may deem necessary for the purpose, be despatched without delay to the western lakes, with orders to attack or capture a British fort or depot, established at Matchadash Bay, on Lake Huron; recapture Michilimacinac, &c. These orders very explicit, and doubtless, when issued, General Armstrong considered them almost as already executed. We showed, however, in our last chapter the miserable failure which attended all the operations undertaken in this direction, and that the Americans, instead of crowning themselves with glory and rich furs, reaped only a harvest of defeat and disgrace.

Simultaneous orders were also issued to bring all surplus vessels on Lake Erie to assist in transporting the left division to the Canadian shore, and that such division, after landing, should "be marched as expeditiously as possible on the British position at Burlington Bay, to siege and fortify that post, and, having thus cut the enemy's line of land communication between York and Fort George, await the arrival and co-operation of the Ontario fleet." This was, of course, assuming that Chauncey had disposed of Sir James Yeo and his fleet, and that such would be the case, Armstrong does not appear to have doubted, as he adds, "The commanders of the two armies will have within their choice, a speedy investment of Fort George and Niagara; rapid descent on Sackett's Harbour; a junction with the brigade at that post, and a direct attack on Kingston."

Having completed his arrangements, Gen. Brown, on receipt of Gen. Armstrong's instructions, issued the following general order, dated July 2d, 1814:—

Major-General Brown has the satisfaction to announce to the troops of his division on the frontier, that he is authorized by the orders of his Government, to put them in motion against the enemy. The first and second brigades, with the corps of artillery, will cross the strait before, them, this night, or as early to-morrow as possible. The necessary instructions have been given to the brigadiers, and by them to the commanding officers of regiments and corps,

Upon entering Canada the laws of war will govern; men found in arms, or otherwise engaged in the service of the enemy, will be treated as enemies; those behaving peaceably, and following their private occupations, will be treated as friends. Private property, in all cases, will be held sacred; public property, whenever found, will be seized and disposed of by the commanding general. Our utmost protection will be given to all who join, or who evince a desire to join us.

Plundering is prohibited. The Major-General does not apprehend any difficulty on this account, with the regular army and volunteers who press to the standard of their country, to avenge her wrongs, and to gain a name in arms. Profligate men, who follow the army for plunder, must not expect that they will escape the vengeance of the gallant spirits who are struggling to exalt the national character. Any plunderer shall be punished with death who may be found violating this order."

After the specimen of humanity afforded by the party under Colonel Campbell, who landed on the 13th May, at Dover, General Brown's assertion that from the United States regulars, he apprehended nothing on the score of marauding or plundering, appears supremely ridiculous. It must be borne in mind that the detachment in question was not composed of profligate men, who followed the army for plunder, but of United States regular infantry, the absurdity is therefore heightened when it is remembered that, so notorious was the conduct of these men, that it was found

necessary, for appearance's sake, to hold a court of enquiry, and that the result of said enquiry was, not a disproof of excesses having been committed, but merely that there were extenuating circumstances. Another point worthy of remark in this general order is the invitation held out to the Canadians to turn traitors. By thus stooping to invite men to commit a most dastardly action, the American General decidedly lowered his own and the character of the troops he commanded. We have found, however, that the same course was adopted on every occasion when temptation could be extended, and from this fact the only inference to be drawn is that the Americans possessed no very keen sense of honor themselves, and, perhaps, from not knowing what honesty meant, were also inclined to give others credit for not being burthened with the commodity.

The force assembled by General Brown, so far as we can gather from the various American accounts, amounted to at least a body of three thousand regular infantry, besides about a thousand volunteers and Indians, making in all a force of some four thousand one hundred men. This number included four hundred artillery and a squadron of dragoons. Besides this regular force there were, according to James, "between Erie and Lewiston, the 1st regiment of infantry, a regular rifle corps, and from two to three hundred volunteers, under Colonel Swift." These two bodies mustered collectively five thousand strong, and even this is not all, as the militia of the district are not included, nor the regular force which Commodore Chauncey was expected to bring from Sackett's Harbour. It is clear, then, that Gen. Armstrong expected that the attack would be made by a force of at least ten thousand men.

Fortunately for Upper Canada, these overwhelming numbers were prevented, in consequence of Chauncey's not acquiring a superiority in Lake Ontario, from uniting, and the two divisions which crossed the strait did not much exceed four thousand men. Even these numbers, however, were fearful odds when the strength of their opponents is considered; the British troops mustering, along the whole Niagara frontier, only seven-

teen hundred and eighty rank and file, out of which number, too, the garrisons at Forts Erie, George, Missisagu, and Niagara must be subtracted, leaving an available force of seven hundred and sixty regulars at General Riall's disposal. To this number must, however, be added three hundred sedentary militia and as many Indians, in all thirteen hundred and fifty men to oppose an invading force of four thousand. General Riall was compelled, besides, to almost strip the forts of their garrisons when marching against Brown at Chippewa.

It appears as if Canada owed almost as much to the incapacity or differences of the American commanders, as was due to the gallantry of the troops. We have shown that this was the fact in previous invasions, and it would appear that the present attempt did not furnish an exception. This conclusion may be deduced from the following extract from General Brown's memoranda of occurrences in the campaign of 1814, on the Niagara:—

"Toward the evening of the 2nd, General Ripley (the second in command) appeared to be much discomposed. He objected to the division made of the transports, and complained that he would not be able to cross with sufficient force; that the principal fighting would be above the fort where he was ordered to land, and that he had seen lights during the night and smoke during the day, for some time past. Gen. Brown endeavoured to satisfy him, but in vain. He (Ripley) tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, as the General was inflexibly determined that the army should cross agreeably to the arrangements he had made."

It is difficult to understand on what grounds the American General could have based his objections. By their spies the Americans were fully informed as to the smallness of the numbers that could be mustered against them, and, in fact, they were in this instance too well served by their spies, by whom they were led to believe that the British did not amount to one thousand men, regulars, militia, and Indians all included. That this was the case was proved by General Brown dividing his force, in order to prevent the possibility of the garrison at Fort Erie escaping.

Whatever were Ripley's reasons for dissatisfaction, it is certain that the movement of his division across the river was made more slowly than that of the other, under General Scott. It is absolutely necessary not to pass over these indications of want of unanimity among the American commanders, as it would otherwise be laying ourselves open to the same charges that are so justly preferred against American historians of distorting the truth. This insinuation must be particularly guarded against by the English chronicler of the war, inasmuch as it generally falls to his lot to recount the defeat of large bodies of Americans by very inferior force; hence other reasons must be sought than the mere difference in the bravery of the troops, and these are very readily found in the incapacity and quarrels of the commanders.

The two divisions having crossed on the 3rd of July, invested Fort Erie, which, being incapable of actual defence, both from the nature of the fortifications and the smallness of its garrison, was at once surrendered. Here we would direct attention to that part of General Brown's despatch where it is stated that "Fort Erie did not, as I assured you it should not, detain me a single day." This is particularly absurd, when it is remembered that, by American accounts, the garrison only amounted to one hundred and seventy, and that General Wilkinson in his memoirs distinctly states that "Fort Erie was in a defenceless condition."

The American divisions landed, one a mile and a half above, and the other the same distance below Erie, so that no opposition could be brought to bear from the guns of the fort; and, on its surrender, the garrison was promptly despatched across the river, and marched into the interior of New York State, a detachment of artillery and a few infantry being left as a garrison; three armed schooners, under the command of Lieutenant Kennedy, being stationed as a further security under its walls.

It was not until 8 A.M. that General Riall received the intelligence of the Americans having landed, and he instantly, on receipt of the information, ordered five companies of

the Royal Scots to advance as a reinforcement of the post. The advance of this body was, however, checked by the intelligence of the surrender of the fort. General Riall then determined on an immediate attack, but was induced, by its being represented to him that the 8th regiment was hourly expected from York (now Toronto), to postpone the attack until the morning of the 4th. On the morning of the 4th the attack was accordingly made.

In the letters of *Veritas*, some very pertinent remarks are made on this subject, which we transcribe:—"General Riall's attack upon the enemy, under so great a disproportion of force, as probably five to one, has been censured by many; but the probability is, that if he had not done so, and broke in upon their plan of operations, by that daring and unexpected manœuvre, they, probably, without the aid of their fleet, would (by appearing to threaten an attack upon our lines at Chippewa) have marched to the left, and have actually cut off our communication with Burlington, as originally intended.

"In this view of the subject, his attack was fortunate, and the retreat afterwards made by him is deserving of credit, from having been effected in good order, without loss of men, artillery, stores, or baggage; so that the confidence of his troops remained unabated. Had he retreated in the first instance without fighting, the probability is that his men would have been dispirited, as considering such a retrograde movement then premature."

We fully concur with the opinions expressed by *Veritas*, which we think are fully borne out by a consideration of the plans laid down by the Secretary at War, and the adoption of this movement by General Riall, when ignorant of the force of the enemy, can only be considered as a proof of the judgment and bravery of that officer, who was only anxious to prevent a junction with the force that might be expected in the fleet.

From Major-General Riall to Lieutenant-General Sir G. Drummond.

Chippewa, July 6.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that the enemy effected a landing on the morning of the 3d instant at the ferry, op-

posite Black Rock, having driven in the picket of the garrison of Fort Erie. I was made acquainted with the circumstance about eight in the morning, and gave orders for the immediate advance to Chippewa of five companies of the royal Scots, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, to reinforce the garrison of that place. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson had moved forward from thence with the light companies of the 100th, some militia, and a few Indians, to reconnoitre their position and numbers; he found them posted on the ridge parallel with the river, near the ferry, and in strong force. I received instructions from Major Buck, that they had also landed a considerable force above Fort-Erie. In consequence of the King's regiment, which I had every reason to expect this day before from York, not having arrived, I was prevented from making an attack that night.

The following morning, the 4th, a body of their troops were reported to be advancing by the river; I moved to reconnoitre, and found them to be in considerable force, with cavalry and artillery, and a large body of rifemen. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson was in advance during this reconnoissance with the light company of the royal Scots, and the flank company of the 100th, and a few of the 19th light dragoons, four of whom, and eight horses, were wounded in a skirmish with the enemy's rifemen.

Having been joined by the King's regiment on the morning of the 5th, I made my dispositions for attack at four o'clock in the afternoon. The light companies of the royal Scots, and 100th regiment, with the second Lincoln militia, formed the advance under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. The Indian warriors were, throughout, on our right flanks in the woods. The troops moved in three columns, the third (the King's regiment) being in advance. The enemy had taken up a position with his right resting on some buildings and orchards, close on the river Niagara, and strongly supported by artillery; his left towards the wood, having a considerable body of rifemen and Indians in front of it.

Our Indians and militia were shortly engaged with the enemy's rifemen and Indians, who at first checked their advance: but

the light troops being brought to their support, they succeeded, after a sharp contest, in dislodging them, in a very handsome style. I placed two light twenty-four pounders and a five-and-a-half inch howitzer against the right of the enemy's position, and formed the royal Scots and 100th regiment, with the intention of making a movement upon his left, which deployed with the greatest regularity, and opened a very heavy fire. I immediately moved up the King's regiment to the right, while the royal Scots and 100th regiment were directed to charge the enemy in front, for which they advanced with the greatest gallantry, under a most destructive fire. I am sorry to say, however, in this attempt they suffered so severely, that I was obliged to withdraw them, finding their further efforts against the superior numbers of the enemy would be unavailing. Lieutenant Colonel Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweeddale, commanding these regiments, being wounded, as were most of the officers belonging to each. I directed a retreat to be made upon Chippewa, which was conducted with good order and regularity, covered by the King's regiment, under Major Evans, and the light troops under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson; and I have pleasure in saying, that not a single prisoner fell into the enemy's hands, except those who were disabled from wounds. From the report of some prisoners, we have made the enemy's force to amount to about six thousand men, with a very numerous train of artillery, having been augmented by a very large body of troops, which moved down from Fort Erie immediately before the commencement of the action. Our own force, in regular troops, amounted to about fifteen hundred, exclusive of the militia and Indians, of which last description there were not above three hundred. Fort Erie, I understand, surrendered upon capitulation, on the 3d inst. Although this affair was not attended with the success which I had hoped for, it will be gratifying to you to learn that the officers and men behaved with the greatest gallantry. I am particularly indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson for the very great assistance I have received from him, and for the manner in which he led his light troops into action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Marquis of Tweeddale, and Major Evans, commanding the King's regiments, merit my warmest praise for the good example they showed at the head of their respective regiments.

The artillery, under the command of Capt. Macconnochie, was ably served and directed with good effect; and I am particularly obliged to Major Lisle, of the 19th light dragoons, for the manner in which he covered and protected one of the twenty-four-pounders which had been disabled. I have reason to be highly satisfied with the zeal, activity, and intelligence of Captain Holland, my aide-de-camp, Captain Eliot, deputy-assistant quarter-master-general; staff-adjutant Greig, and Lieutenant Fox, of the royal Scots, who acted as Major of brigade during the absence of Major Glegg at Fort George. The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon, of the 2d Lincoln militia, has been most exemplary; and I am very much indebted to him for it, on this as well as on other occasions, in which he has evinced the greatest zeal for his Majesty's service. The conduct of the officers and men of this regiment has also been highly praiseworthy. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson has reported to me, in the most favourable terms, the excellent manner in which Lieut. Horton, with a part of the 19th light dragoons, observed the motions of the enemy, while he occupied the position he took on his first landing, and during his advance to this place.—I have, &c.,

P. RIALI, Major-Gen.

General Brown's despatch is short,* but is remarkable for one feature, viz., that, even with the knowledge of his own strength, he

* From *Major-General Brown to the American Secretary at War.*

Chippewa Plains, July 6, 1814.

SIR,—Excuse my silence; I have been much engaged; Fort Erie did not, as I assured you it should not, detain me a single day. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th, I arrived at this place with the reserve, General Scott having taken the position about noon with the van. My arrangements for turning and taking in the rear the enemy's position east of Chippewa was made, when Major-General Riall, suspecting our intention, and adhering to the rule that it

could not have been very sanguine of ultimate success. The General distinctly states that, with his gallant and accomplished troops, he will break down all opposition between him and Lake Ontario; but he is careful to qualify this admission by adding that "if joined by the fleet, all will be well," but that, if such junction should not take place, he will endeavour to avoid disgrace.

Some of the American accounts of the battle of Chippewa are worthy of notice for their outrageous extravagance. Mr. O'Connor, for instance, states that the British regulars suffered defeat from an inferior force, principally volunteers and militia, inferior in everything but courage to the vanquished enemy. Yet this same writer was in possession of official documents which particularized the presence of four regiments of regular infantry and a corps of artillery, and the fact of these bodies having suffered severely in the engagement. This statement was made, too, in direct opposition to General Wilkinson's account, which states the effective strength of General Scott's brigade *alone* at eleven hundred regular infantry, and the force that crossed the strait under General Brown at about three thousand five hundred men, including twenty-seven hundred regulars.†

is better to give than to receive an attack, came from behind his works about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th in order of battle. We did not baulk him. Before six o'clock his line was broken and his forces defeated, leaving on the field 400 killed and wounded. He was closely pressed, and would have been utterly ruined, but for the proximity of his works, whither he fled for shelter.

The wounded of the enemy, and those of our own army, must be attended to. They will be removed to Buffalo. This, with my limited means of transportation, will take a day or two, after which I shall advance, not doubting but that the gallant and accomplished troops I lead, will break down all opposition between me and Lake Ontario, when, if met by the fleet, all is well—if not, under the favor of heaven, we shall behave in a way to avoid disgrace. My detailed report shall be made in a day or two.

I am, with the highest respect, &c.,

JACOB BROWN.

Hon. Secretary of War.

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. I., pages 646, 652, 654, 658.

One of the strongest proofs that can be adduced of the Americans *not having gained a victory* at Chippewa, is that General Brown remained from the 4th to the 8th before he could summon up resolution to make another attempt against General Riall, who still maintained his position at Chippewa. On the 8th the American General resolved on a forward movement, and after a slight skirmish with some of General Riall's artillery (a small body of men with two guns), the Chippewa creek was crossed, and the Americans advanced as far as Queenston, General Riall retreating to Fort George.

From the 8th of July to the 23rd of the month, General Brown, with his enormous force, was content to remain without striking a blow, unless an occasional demonstration before Forts George and Missisaga, or the wanton conflagration of the village of St. David's, be considered as such. During this time, the American General wrote the most moving letters to Commodore Chauncey, almost imploring his co-operation.

"All accounts agree," writes Gen. Brown, "that the force of the enemy at Kingston is very light. Meet me on the Lake shore, north of Fort George, with your fleet, and we will be able, I have no doubt, to settle a plan of operations that will break the power of the enemy in Upper Canada, and that in the course of a short time. At all events, let me hear from you. I have looked for your fleet with the greatest anxiety since the 10th. *I do not doubt my ability to meet the enemy in the field, and to march in any direction over his country, your fleet carrying for me the necessary supplies. We can threaten Forts George and Niagara, and carry Burlington Heights and York; and proceed direct to Kingston, and carry that place. For God's sake, let me see you.*"*

This letter is remarkable for many reasons, not the least curious of which is the pathetic and almost touching appeal of a general, with four thousand men at his back, to a naval commander to bring him four thousand more,

to enable him to go in pursuit of an enemy, not mustering more than half his number. The mingled promises and intreaties are very amusing; in one paragraph Chauncey is assured of his (General Brown's) "ability to meet the enemy in the field," and in the very next sentence he is entreated "for God sake" to come to assist in threatening Fort George, a fortification which was abandoned by General MacClure, with a garrison of two thousand men, on account of its untenability. This, too, at a time when the garrison did not number five hundred men, and the force that could be brought against it reached four thousand. Another very ridiculous feature in this letter is the promise to Chauncey that, if he will only come and help, after the upper peninsula is cleared, the army *will proceed to Kingston and carry the place*, this, too, from a man who remained with a force quadruple the strength of that opposing him. for thirteen days, without mustering up sufficient courage to attempt more brilliant enterprises than the burning of an unprotected village, and the plundering of a few scattered farm houses. We have, however, occupied too much space already with the proceedings of such a commander as General Brown, and we very willingly accompany him back to Chippewa, to which place he retreated on the 24th, while under a violent fit of apprehension of his four thousand men being surrounded or intercepted. We gladly turn from such an exhibition of American generalship to General Riall, who, after throwing reinforcements into Forts George and Missisaga retired towards Burlington heights, where he expected to be joined by the 103rd regiment, and the flank companies of the 104th. This meeting taking place, however, at the twenty mile creek, General Riall, instantly retraced his steps, and took up a position about thirteen miles from the American army.

We will leave the two armies thus posted, while we notice the atrocities perpetrated by the Americans during their three weeks campaign in the Niagara district. In doing this we will take no one sided British account, but a letter from an American officer, a major McFarland; we may also refer to

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, Vol. I., page 666.

the fact, that an American officer, Colonel Stone, was dismissed the service by the sentence of a Court Martial for the wanton destruction of St. David's. Major McFarland writes :—

“The militia and Indians plundered and burnt everything. The whole population is against us, not a foraging party, but is fired on, and not unfrequently returns with missing numbers. This state was to be anticipated. The militia have burnt several private dwelling houses, and, on the 19th instant, burnt the village of St. David, consisting of about thirty or forty houses. This was done within three miles of camp; and my battalion was sent to cover the retreat, as they (the militia) had been sent to scour the country, and it was presumed they might be pursued. My G-d! what a service. I never witnessed such a scene; and had not the commanding officer of the party, lieutenant colonel Stone, been disgraced, and sent out of the army, I should have resigned my commission.”

Let our readers should imagine that Major McFarland was one of the parties disaffected to the war, and whose report would consequently not be trustworthy, we give a few more extracts from his letter :— “He declares that he desires no better fun than to fight the British troops whom, according to James, this same Major politely calls cut-throats.”—he also glories in being a “staunch American” “What then” asks James, “must have been the scenes and sufferings that could excite compassion in such a breast.”

To return, however, to the two generals. On learning that General Brown had retreated, General Riall advanced with his augmented force, now nearly one thousand strong, and took up a position near Lundy's Lane (about a mile from the Falls), and about two and a half miles from the American position. The American commander, having been instructed that General Riall had crossed over from Queenston to Lewiston, to effect a diversion, and that a small party occupied Lundy's Lane, determined by a counter diversion to advance on that post. He accordingly despatched General Scott with eleven hundred rank and file

against the enemy, with special orders to “report if the enemy appeared,” and to apply for assistance if necessary. General Scott, having learned that the force occupying Lundy's Lane was more than a mere patrolling party, reported it to General Brown, who immediately pressed forward to support him. General Riall, on the advance of this superior force, very prudentially gave orders to retire on Queenston. Assistance was, however, nearer at hand than General Riall could have hoped or anticipated.

No sooner had General Drummond heard of the landing of a large American force, and the result of the battle at Chippewa, than he hastened from Kingston to York, which place he left on the evening of the 24th, arriving at Fort Niagara on the next morning. The greatest energy seems to have characterized General Drummond's motions, and we find him first dispersing Colonel Swift and his party of volunteers, and then rapidly advancing with about eight hundred rank and file to the support of General Riall.

When within a short distance of Lundy's Lane, General Drummond learned that the force under General Riall was in retreat, and his first act was to change the retreat into an advance upon the position so lately abandoned, and the position was again occupied when the American troops were within half a mile of it. For the particulars of this action we will, however, refer our readers to General Drummond's despatch :—

From Lieutenant-general Drummond to Sir G. Prevost.

Head Quarters, near Niagara Falls,
Sir,
July 27, 1814.

I embarked on board his majesty's schooner Netley, at York, on Sunday evening the 24th inst., and reached Niagara at day-break the following morning. Finding, from lieutenant-colonel Tucker, that major-general Riall was understood to be moving towards the Falls of Niagara to support the advance of his division, which he had pushed on to that place on the preceding evening, I ordered lieutenant-colonel Morrison, with the 89th regiment and a detachment of the royals and king's, drawn from Fort George and Mississaga to proceed to the same point in order that, with the united force I might

act against the enemy (posted at Street's Creek, with his advance at Chippewa) on my arrival if it should be found expedient.—I ordered lieutenant-colonel Tucker, at the same time to proceed up the right bank of the river, with 300 of the 31st, about 200 of the royal Scots, and a body of Indian warriors, supported (on the river) by a party of armed seamen, under captain Dobbs, royal navy. The object of this movement was to disperse or capture, a body of the enemy encamped at Lewiston. Some unavoidable delay having occurred in the march of the troops up the right bank, the enemy had moved off previous to lieutenant-colonel Tucker's arrival. I have to express myself satisfied with the exertions of that officer.

Having refreshed the troops at Queenstown, and having brought across the 41st, royals, and Indians, I sent back the 41st and 100th regiments, to form the garrisons of forts George, Mississaga, and Niagara, under lieutenant-colonel Tucker, and moved with the 89th, and detachments of the royals and king's, and light company of the 41st, in all about 800 men, to join major-general Riall's division at the Falls.

When arrived within a few miles of that position, I met a report from major-general Riall that the enemy was advancing in great force. I immediately pushed on, and joined the head of lieutenant-colonel Morrison's columns just as it reached the road leading to the Beaver Dam, over the summit of the hill at Lundy's Lane. Instead of the whole of major-general Riall's division, which I expected to have found occupying this position, I found it almost in the occupation of the enemy, whose columns were within 600 yards of the top of the hill, and the surrounding woods filled with his light troops. The advance of major-general Riall's division, consisting of the Glengarry light infantry and incorporated militia, having commenced a retreat upon Fort George, I countermanded these corps, and formed the 89th regiment, the royal Scots detachment, and the 41st light company, in the rear of the hill, their left resting on the great road; my two 24 pounder brass field guns a little advanced, in front of the centre, on the summit of the hill; the Glengarry light infantry on

the right; the battalion of incorporated militia, and the detachment of the king's regiment on the left of the great road; the squadron of the 19th light dragoons in the rear of the left, on the road. I had scarcely completed this formation when the whole front was warmly and closely engaged. The enemy's principal efforts were directed against our left and centre. After repeated attacks, the troops on the left were partially forced back, and the enemy gained a momentary possession of the road. This gave him, however, no material advantage, as the troops which had been forced back formed in the rear of the 89th regiment, fronting the road, and securing the flank. It was during this short interval that major-general Riall, having received a severe wound, was intercepted as he was passing to the rear, by a party of the enemy's cavalry, and taken prisoner.—In the centre, the repeated and determined attacks of the enemy were met by the 89th regiment, the detachments of the royals and king's, and the light company of the 41st regiment, with the most perfect steadiness and intrepid gallantry, and the enemy was constantly repulsed with very heavy loss.—In so determined a manner were their attacks directed against our guns, that our artillerymen were bayoneted by the enemy while in the act of loading, and the muzzles of the enemy's guns were advanced within a few yards of ours. The darkness of the night during this extraordinary conflict, occasioned several uncommon incidents: our troops having for a moment been pushed back, some of our guns remained for a few minutes in the enemy's hands; they, however, were not only quickly recovered, but the two pieces (a 6-pounder and a 5½ inch howitzer) which the enemy had brought up, were captured by us, together with several tumbrils, and in limbering up our guns at one period, one of the enemy's 6-pounders was put by mistake on a limber of ours, and one of our 6-pounders limbered on one of his: by which means the pieces were exchanged; and thus, though we captured two of his guns, yet, as he obtained one of ours, we have gained only one gun.

About 9 o'clock, (the action having commenced at 6,) there was a short intermission

of firing, during which it appears the enemy was employed in bringing up the whole of his remaining force; and he shortly afterwards renewed his attack with fresh troops, but was everywhere repulsed with equal gallantry and success. About this period the remainder of major-general Riall's division, which had been ordered to retire on the advance of the enemy, consisting of the 103d regiment, under Colonel Scott; the head-quarter division of the royal Scots; the head-quarter division of the 8th, or king's; flank companies of the 104th; and some detachments of militia, under lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, inspecting field officer, joined the troops engaged; and I placed them in a second line, with the exception of the royal Scots and flank companies of the 104th, with which I prolonged my line in front to the right, where I was apprehensive of the enemy outflanking me.

The enemy's efforts to carry the hill were continued till about midnight, when he had suffered so severely from the superior steadiness and discipline of his majesty's troops, that he gave up the contest, and retreated with great precipitation to his camp beyond the Chippewa. On the following day he abandoned his camp, threw the greater part of his baggage, camp equipage, and provisions, into the Rapids, and having set fire to Street's mills, and destroyed the bridge at Chippewa, continued his retreat in great disorder towards Fort Erie. My light troops, cavalry, and Indians are detached in pursuit, and to harass his retreat, which I doubt not he will continue until he reaches his own shore.

The loss sustained by the enemy in this severe action cannot be estimated at less than 1,500 men, including several hundred of prisoners left in our hands; his two commanding generals, Brown and Scott, are said to be wounded, his whole force, which has never been rated at less than 5,000, having been engaged.

Enclosed I have the honour to transnit a return of our loss, which has been very considerable. The number of troops under my command did not, for the first three hours, exceed 1600 men; and the addition of the

troops under Colonel Scott, did not increase it to more than two thousand eight hundred of every description.

A very difficult, but at the same time a most gratifying duty remains, that of endeavouring to do justice to the merits of the officers and soldiers by whose valor and discipline this important success has been obtained. I was, very early in the action, deprived of major-general Riall, who, I regret to learn, has suffered the amputation of his arm* and whose bravery, zeal, and activity, have always been conspicuous.

To lieutenant-colonel Harvey, deputy-adjutant-general, I am so deeply indebted for his valuable assistance previous to, as well as his able and energetic exertions during, this severe contest, that I feel myself called upon to point your excellency's attention to the distinguished merits of this highly deserving officer, whose services have been particularly conspicuous in every affair that has taken place since his arrival in this province. The zeal and intelligence displayed by major Glegg, assistant-adjutant-general, deserve my warmest approbation. I much regret the loss of a very intelligent and promising young officer, lieutenant Moorsom, 104th regiment, deputy-assistant-adjutant-general, who was killed towards the close of the action. The active exertions of captain Eliot, deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general, of whose gallantry and conduct I had occasion on two former instances to remark, were conspicuous. Major Maule and lieutenant Le Breton of the quarter-master-general's department were extremely useful to me: the latter was severely wounded.

Amongst the officers from whose active exertions I derived the greatest assistance, I cannot omit to mention my aides-de-camp, captains Jervoise and Loring, and captain Holland, aide-de-camp to major-general Riall. Captain Loring was unfortunately taken prisoner by some of the enemy's dragoons, whilst in the execution of an order.

(To be continued.)

* It was afterwards ascertained, that major-general-Riall, though severely wounded, did not lose his arm.

THOUGHTS FOR AUGUST.

Then cometh harvest.—

Lift up your eyes, and look in the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—JOHN IV. 35.

Spring and Summer, with all the bright hopes they inspired, have now all but passed away, leaving to us the realization of those hopes to which the advent of the former gave birth, and which were fostered by the heats of the latter.

The year has now assumed the appearance of a matron, who, having laid aside the girlish graces of early youth, appears in the full perfection of womanly beauty, and in whom the transition from youth to maturity has been so gently developed as to create a doubt whether instead of beauty lost, fresh charms have not been added.

In like manner it may be said of the present month, that it partakes in some degree, of the beauties of those preceding; and the meadows, from which has been already gathered the crop that now fills the barn yard, again smile with the renewed herbage springing up in the first mown fields.

In a little work, entitled a "Harvest Tract", the harvest and its associations have been made the basis of many interesting and apposite reflections.

The allusions to pastoral and agricultural labours in the Old Testament are indeed calculated to awaken in all minds a lively interest, as links connecting those old times with our own; while, in the New Testament, the harvest is made the type of the most solemn and momentous of all coming events relating to man.

"From the time of Adam," runs the tract, "who was himself the first harvest reaper, the Bible gives many notices of harvest time. We read of Cain being a tiller of the ground, and bringing his first harvest fruits as an offering to the Lord; again we read of Noah becoming a husbandman, or man of the ground, gathering, doubtless, rich crops from the renewed face of the earth. Next, of Ruth following her kinsman's reapers during the barley harvest in one of the valleys of Bethlehem; two hundred years later, we read of the prophet Samuel, when he was bent with age, at the time of the wheat harvest, calling down rain and thunder from heaven." Before giving another extract from the same work, it may be added that our Saviour himself when looking around on the glories of the harvest season, uttered to his

disciples the verses with which this notice is headed.

The second quotation we make shews us that the harvest season is the fulfillment of a covenant promise, pledged to man with all the solemnity and earnestness with which we can conceive the Divine condescension capable of yielding to man.

"One summer-evening after the deluge, Noah was seen standing by an altar of burnt offering. No sooner did the blood of slain animals stream over its sides, and the column of smoke from the blazing sacrifices reach the sky, than a rainbow was observed to span the sky. God pointed out to that aged worshipper that bow in the cloud. He told him it was the sign and seal of a new covenant. In that grant the harvest has a foremost place: while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

When we remember that we read in sacred narrative of the consequences of the failure of the harvests in Egypt, and when we reflect on the misery entailed on European countries, in modern days, by a similar failure, we cannot but feel convinced that the promise "that seed time and harvest shall not cease", was well suited to the advent of that new order of things which succeeded the deluge.

Again, harvest may be looked at by the Christian in another light; by him it may be regarded as a picture of true religion, which having plucked out the tares of this world is now about "to reap in joy", and this view is confirmed when we remember that the Bible takes a harvest field to describe the joys of salvation. "They joy before thee according to the joy of harvest."

August owed its name to Augustus, in the same way that from Julius Cæsar was July named, by our Saxon ancestors it was, however, called, according to Verstegan, *Arn-month*, *barn-month*, from the filling of their barns; *arn* meaning harvest. It was also named, according to other authorities, *Wood-month*.

To the sportsman, August in this country lacks one great attraction; to him the 12th sounds no note of preparation. To him the bloody harvest to be gleaned on the moors is denied, and true cause of thankfulness have we all that such is the case. In our happy land the frightful list of poaching penalties is unknown, and to every man is conceded the right

of taking that which the Almighty gave for the use of all.

Our adopted country has yet to don a garment worn by some of the counties of Merrie England at this season. Our fields have yet to clothe themselves with the nodding honours of the hop harvest. Howitt, speaking of this cultivation, observes, "we cannot boast of our vineyards; but we question whether Italy itself can show a more beautiful or picturesque scene than an English hop garden in picking time." This feature will not, however, be long wanting in our Canadian landscape, and some future Canadian poet may then be able to dwell on all the beauties of his, or her, native land as sweetly as Mary Howitt does, concerning an English August, in her *Lays of the Seasons*:—

Arise, thou child of nature, rise!

Arise thy slumbering spirit now!

The Autumn sheaves are on the hill,
And solemn are the woods and still,

With clustering fruits on every bough.

There's merry laughter in the field,

And harmless jest and frolic rout;
And the last harvest-wain goes by
With its rustling load so pleasantly

To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

There are busy gleaners in the field—

The old, whose work is never done,
And eager, laughing, childish bands,
Rubbing the ears in their little hands.

And singing 'neath the autumn sun.

There are peasants in the hamlets low,

Busied among their orchard-trees,
Where the pleasant apples are red and gold,
Like token fruits of those of old,
In the gardens of the *Hesperides*.

And boys are busy in the woods,

Gathering the ripe nuts, bright and brown;—
In shady lanes the children stray
Looking for blackberries through the day,
Those berries of such old renown!

—Grey mists at morn brood o'er the earth,

Shadowy as those on northern seas:
The gossamer's filmy work is done,
Like a web by moonlight fairies spun,
And left to whiten in the breeze.

The sun bursts forth—the distant hills

Shine out, and splendid is the day—
A sombre radiance crowns each tree,
A fading glory solemnly
Hangs on each leaf in its decay.

Go to the silent autumn woods!

There has gone forth a spirit stern;
Its wing has waved in triumph here,
The Spring's green tender leaf is sere,
And withering hangs the summer fern.

Now to the mountains turn thine eye,—

How shine they through the burnished air!
The little flocks, like drifts of snow,
The shepherds' sheiling grey and low,
Thou seest them in their beauty there.

Oh to lie down in wilds apart,

Where man is seldom seen or heard;
In still and ancient forests, where
Mows not his scythe, ploughs not his share,
With the shy deer and cooing bird!

To go in dreaminess of mood,

O'er a lone heath, that spreads around
A solitude like a silent sea,
Where rises not a hut or tree,
The wide-embracing sky its bound!

Oh! beautiful those wastes of heath,

Stretching for miles to lure the bee,
Where the wild-bird, on pinion strong,
Wheels round and pours his piping song,
And timid creatures wander free.

—Far sails the thistle's hoary down;

All summer flowers have passed away—
This is the appointed time for seed,
From the forest-oak to the meanest weed,
A time of gathering and decay.

But go not to the autumn hills,

Stand not beneath the autumn trees,
If thy unchastened spirit brook
No warning voice, no stern rebuke,
For thy life's ceaseless vanities!

Now lift thine eyes, weak child of pride,

And lo! behind yon branching pine,
Broad, red and like a burning sun,
Comes up the glorious autumn-moon,
God's creature, like a thing divine!

It is not, as our childhood deemed

The nightly moon, a silver shield,
Borne on some viewless warrior's breast
In battle from the east to west,
Along the blue ethereal field.

Oh high magnificence of eve!

Thus silent in thy pomp of light,
A world self-balanced thou appearest,
An ark of fire, thou onward steerest
Thy upward, glorious course aright!

The peasant stands beside his door,
To mark thee in thy bright ascent ;
The village matron, 'neath her tree,
Sits in her simple piety,
Gazing in silent wonderment.

'Tis well when aught can wake the heart
To love and faith whose trust is right !
'Tis well when the soul is not seared,
And the low whisper can be heard
That breathes through nature day and night !

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN II.

EMBRACING MATTERS WHICH WILL BE PATENT
TO THE PATIENT PERUSER.

I almost regret having commenced these papers! The "coil and pother" which my primary "Yarn" has excited amongst the purser fraternity of Old Ontario, almost passes belief! They deem that it is *unprofessional* for one of their number to tell tales out of ship; and during the last month the most strenuous exertions have been used by them to discover the obnoxious delinquent.

Hitherto, however, the finger of suspicion has not pointed in the direction of your humble servant. Whenever the subject is mooted, I invariably assume an air of utter ignorance, and even go the length, at times, of denying, point blank, that I have so much as read the denounced article!

Some rigid moralists may feel inclined to haul me over the coals for adopting such a line of procedure, but, in my opinion, without any legitimate ground. From time immemorial authors on the anonymous "lay," have been permitted to wear their vizards with impunity, and to adopt every *ruse* and "doublement" to prevent quidnuncs from peeping behind the same. There can be no question but that the inditer of *Junius's Letters*—that matchless cento of sparkling Billingsgate—frequently must have turned up his eyes in simulated horror, when the subject of the epistles was alluded to, in his presence, at court. Who ever dreamed of calling Sir Philip Francis (supposing Sir Philip to have been *nomina umbra*) a knave, for thus acting? Surely, according to every canon of fair play, the "sauce" which was conceded to the vituperative knight, will not be withheld from the humble purser of the Hamilton and Montreal "through" steamer ——!

As I wish to be as candid as is consistent with the preservation of my incognito, I hereby depone that I sail under a "purser's name." This declaration is rendered necessary from the fact, that since the spinning of my first "yarn," not a few of my professional conferees have been interrogated by peripatetic Yankees, whether they responded to the cognomination of Stobo! In some instances this line of examination has proved so unpalatable, that it has eventuated in the doubling of fists, and the unfolding of bowie knives! Sincerely do I trust that for the future no cognate disputes will mar the amenity of our steam mercantile navy!

During the currency of the last month, multi-form and multitudinous specimens of the genus *homo* have been temporary tenants of my cabin.

I have been favoured with the society of, at least, a baker's dozen of M.P.P.'s, *en route* for their several constituencies, brimful of patriotism and bunkum! If credence could be reposed in the assertions of these single-minded genetry, the destinies of Canada hinged upon the fact of their re-election! Not a mother's son of them did covet a prolongation of political life—far, very far from it! But then there was something so crushingly overwhelming in the idea of such wretches as Gammon of Gooseville or Thimblorig of Turncoattown being returned to serve in the ensuing Parliament, that, like Curtius, they were determined to plunge into the gulph in order that they might secure the regeneration of the Province!

It is with sorrow I am constrained to state that the *open sesame* of a goblet frequently disclosed secrets, which somewhat detracted from the "severe virtue" of these colonial Hampdens! At the outset of a communing, Noodle would denounce his opponent Doodle, because he went for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. When, however, the truth-expiscating alcohol had done its work, I generally found out that the "head and front" of Doodle's delinquency consisted in his having an interest in the line of some railway, which, if adopted, would deteriorate the value of Noodle's property! Jupiter knows that I have not one farthing at stake in "this Canada," and hence I may be permitted to record my deliberate opinion that, in nine cases out of ten, "public spirit" and "breeches pockets" are, in these latitudes, synonymous and convertible terms! Fully do I concede that on both sides of the political blanket *bona fide* theorists are to be found, who are guided by *principle* in their proceedings.

Like angels' visits, or plums in a poor's-house contract pudding, however, such exceptions are few and far between, and are generally elbowed into the mud by the votaries of that potent idol, the all-absorbing NUMBER ONE!

But I must turn over a new leaf in my log! The sweltering temperature of a Canadian July is ill-adapted for the discussion of such fever-engendering topics. I do this the more readily because a purser is *de officio* a non-politician! Like his vice-regal betters, he is bound to preserve a "dignified neutrality," and smile equally upon Conservative and Clear Grit, provided always, that the dollars are forthcoming!

About a fortnight ago, my attention was arrested by the appearance of one of our deck passengers, who was making an aquatic pilgrimage from Hamilton to Montreal. There was something in the cut of the gent's garments, and the Silvester Daggerwood disposition of his "unlovely love locks" (as the old king-killers of Cromwell's time would say), which convinced me that he had "faced the music" in his day and generation. This impression was strengthened by the manner in which he received my demand for the honorarium exigible for the conveyance of his person. Opening his purse, he drew forth the requisite number of bills, exclaiming, with a tea-horse sigh, as he placed them in my hands, "Farewell! a long farewell! Ye come like shadows, and ye so depart!"

Being myself a waif and stray of society, I have always cherished a kindly feeling towards that hair-brained tribe who are "vagabonds by Act of Parliament!" Consequently, having certiorated myself that my customer was a son of Thespis, I requested him to keep his money in his purse, and to visit my pursorial domain when the hurry of business was over. The invitation was accepted with a profusion of thanks, and after the ——— had cleared out from Browne's wharf, Mr Alonzo Fitz Mortimer, for so did my guest designate himself, made his "first appearance" in the "Purser's Cabin."

The heart of Alonzo being warmed by a cigar, and some kindred accessories which it is not essential to specify, he, like the jealous Moor of Venice, recounted "all his story's history." That story I do not intend inflicting upon my readers. It was the "thrice told tale" of life's gay morn dissipated in dreamy idleness, followed by the scorching meridian of disappointment, and the cold, grey afternoon of poverty and carking care!

Having waxed stale as a third-rate provincial actor in the mother country, Fitz Mortimer had found his way to New York, and meeting there no encouragement, was now proceeding to Montreal, in the hope of securing an engagement from the manager of a troupe performing in that city.

During the voyage my new acquaintance recounted to me sundry of his "experiences," a few of which I have jotted down for the entertainment of the perusers of these pages.

In order to avoid the irksomeness and confusion of *inverted commas*, the reader will be so good as imagine that instead of Denis Lynch Stobo, it is Alonzo Fitz Mortimer who is now holding forth.

REMINISCENCES OF A POOR PLAYER.

James Sheridan Knowles! How my heart warms at the name of that single-minded and enthusiastic son of genius! For more than two years I was a member of his elocution class in Glasgow, and I look backward to the days which I spent under his tuition as amongst the brightest and most genial of my life.

To become a pupil of Knowles was to become, in a great measure, his adopted child. He loved his "boys" with an affection greatly analogous to that of a father, nor was the kindness ever thrown away. We never looked upon him in the light of a task-exacting pedagogue. There was not one of us that would not have gone through fire and water for "Old Knowles" or "Paddy Knowles," as in kindly familiarity we called him, almost to his face! The severest chastisement which he could inflict upon offenders was to debar them from the school-room for a certain number of days. In other seminaries holidays are the reward of merit and diligence, with us they were regarded as penitential penalties!

Though in the receipt of a considerable income from class fees, Knowles, in process of time, degenerated into poverty. This untoward state of things was not attributable either to extravagance or dissipation. In the words of a kindred spirit—

"Even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Never could he hear unmoved the tale of sorrow, or the supplication of penury. His last shilling was always at the service of the man who could make out a plausible case of hardship or want.

Unfortunately the designing and fraudulent took advantage of this generally known temper-

ament of the dramatist, and shoals of sordid leeches were ever ready to fasten upon him whenever he had a guinea in his purse. Much of the money thus disbursed was in the shape of loans, but as he seldom exacted acknowledgments of debt, the coin might as well have been buried in the recesses of the *Dominic's Hole*—the deepest pool in the River Clyde!

And so poor Paddy Knowles began to be in want!

It was whilst creditors were clamorous, and the demands of a numerous family pressing upon him, that he composed the beautiful play of the *Hunchback*. Having despatched it to London, the merits of the production were at once recognised by the parties to whom it was submitted, and it was accepted and put in rehearsal. At that period Fanny Kemble was in the full flush and zenith of her reputation, and she was cast for the character of Julia, the part of the wayward, but honest Master Walter being appropriated to Farren the elder.

Everything went on swimmingly for a season. Each succeeding post brought tidings to Glasgow that the knowing ones regarded the success of the drama as a matter of inevitable certainty: especially when its literary merits were backed by such commanding histrionic talent.

Brightly shone the hopes of the author. Already he felt his limbs freed from the meshes in which he had been so long entangled. By anticipation he breathed the delicious and bracing atmosphere of independence!

At this crisis Farren was smitten by the inexorable hand of sickness! An attack of palsy stretched the mime upon his bed, with the certainty that months, perchance years, would elapse ere he could again assume the exercise of his profession.

What was to be done?

Fanny Kemble's engagement was of limited duration, and the *Hunchback*, if played at all, must be produced within a week or two. No actor could be found willing to study the onerous part of "Master Walter" at such a brief notice, and more especially as the public had expected to see a long established favourite in the role. To walk in the shoes of Farren was like attempting to bend the bow of Achilles!

In these circumstances, the management of Covent Garden wrote to Knowles, suggesting, as a forlorn hope, that he should enact the embarrassing character himself!

Like mocking madness did that proposal sound to the sorely perplexed "Paddy." In

his "green and salad days" he had been for a brief period upon the stage, but for twenty years he had worn neither sock nor buskin. It is true that during that period he had been engaged in the practice and tuition of the elocutionary art, but every one at all conversant with such matters is aware that there is nearly as much difference between reciting detached pieces in a school-room, and representing a character upon the stage, as there is between a sham fight and a genuine passage at arms.

However, there was no help for it. Hobson's choice was the order of the day! Knowles or nobody, was the stern fiat of the fates!

With a heavy heart and care-clouded brow the poor author took his departure for the British metropolis. I accompanied him to the mail coach, and never shall I forget the desponding and non-elastic tones of his voice, as he bade me good-bye. "My dear boy," said he, "before the month is out my destiny will be sealed! I shall either make a spoon, or hopelessly spoil a horn!"

To cut a long story short, the eventful evening came round, and the green curtain rose upon the first scene of the *Hunchback*.

I need not dwell upon the success of this sterling play, or the reception of the author-actor. These are matters of dramatic history, and must be familiar to all who take an interest in such affairs. Enough to say that the enthusiasm of the audience found fresh fuel in every act, and that Knowles fairly divided the plaudits with Miss Kemble. At the conclusion, the heuse—and it was an overflowing one—rose to the representatives of Julia and her new-found father, and loud, hearty, and long-continued were the *vivas* which rendered that famous theatre vocal!

"How did you feel, sir," quoth I to my old master, when I first saw him after the achievement of his triumph, "how did you feel at the moment when your victory had reached its culminating point?" "I cannot tell you what I felt," was the reply, "but I shall tell you what I did. So soon as I could escape from the stage, I ran trembling and panting to my dressing-room, and bolting the door, I sunk down upon my knees, and from the bottom of my soul thanked God for his wondrous kindness to me! If ever I uttered the prayer of a grateful heart, it was in that little chamber!"

When the worthy fellow was thus speaking to me, the big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and so deep was his emotion, that it was

difficult for him to articulate with distinctness!

He had, indeed, substantial cause for gratitude. The event of that night made him at once a comparatively wealthy man—as wealthy, at least, as the amiable irregularities before alluded to, and which always clung to him, permitted him to be. I know not, indeed, how matters fare with the poet, now that he has exchanged the stage for the pulpit, but I shrewdly opine that in his case the ancient adage, “what is bred in the bone will be seen in the flesh,” can suffer no refutation.

From this moment Knowles became not merely the most popular dramatic writer of the day (a distinction which he retained as long as he cultivated that branch of literature), but also a leading theatrical star. Engagements were tendered to him by every manager of mark in the United Kingdom, and he was as great a favourite in the provinces as he had been in London.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that the triumph of their dear old master filled the hearts of his Glasgow “boys” with surpassing exultation! “Have you heard of ‘Paddy’s success?’” was a query which was put by hundreds, and I question much whether the tidings of the victory of Waterloo produced a greater sensation in the ancient city of St. Mungo and Bailie Nicol Jarvie!

As a matter of course, Alexander, the proprietor of the Dunlop Street theatre, lost no time in securing the services of such a popular and telling “card,” and due notice was given of the first appearance of our now distinguished townsman.

About ten days prior to that epoch, I received a letter from Knowles, requesting me to engage lodgings for him—his family having by this time removed to the vicinity of Edinburgh. “Be sure,” said he, “that there is a table to accommodate twenty-five persons, at least, at dinner. This must be a *sine-qua-non*.” He likewise expressed a hope that some of the “boys” would be in waiting for him at the arrival of the stage coach.

These injunctions and wishes were duly complied with, and about seven o’clock, on a fine, clear, bracing morning, an unusual number of watchers for the advent of the London mail were congregated at the “Tontine Hotel,” in front of the equestrian statue of that Dutch-Anglo potentate, whose memory is “glorious and immortal.” I very much doubt whether, if William himself had been galvanized into exist-

ence, and expected to exhibit his hooked proboscis in Glasgow, that day, he would have engendered a tithe of the stir which our beloved “Paddy” called forth!

At length, the echoes of the Gallowgate were awakened by the notes of the guard’s horn, and presently the royal “convenience,” as our ancestors were wont to say, bore in sight!

Long before the Jehu reined up his sweating steeds, the little round face of Knowles, glowing like a sun with good-will, excitement, and sincere affection, was protruded from one of the windows of the coach, an apparition which was greeted by his quondam disciples with a perfect storm of shouts! Had a stranger witnessed the manner in which “Paddy” was almost literally dragged from his locomotive quarters to the pavement, he would have been half-inclined to “opinionate” that the aforesaid “Paddy,” having committed some inexpiable and unprecedented delict, was about to undergo the manipulation of Judge Lynch and his “unchartered” myrmidons! Verily, if people could be killed with kindness, our ancient preceptor apparently ran no small risk of such a catastrophe!

I doubt not but that many a one, not in the secret, beheld with astonishment the progress of the gifted Milesian and his “tail” along the Trongate that memorable morning! Wrapped up in his favorite blue cloak, which he wore somewhat after the fashion of a *toga*, Knowles strutted, or rather, I should say, *stotted* along like a Coriolanus just imported from the bogs of Kerry! At the most moderate computation, a hundred, or, “by our Lady” a hundred and fifty of the “boys” swelled his triumph, some acting as pioneers, others as henchmen, and the balance bringing up the rear. Not for a moment was the tongue of the dramatist permitted to lie fallow by the owner thereof. Question followed question, as wave succeeds wave, and the theme of them all was still the same, videlicet, the state and condition of the “old chaps!” Everything else gave place to this one, absorbing topic of interrogation, “How’s Tom? where’s Dick? Is Harry married yet?” Not a single allusion was made to the theatre, or the *Hunchback*, or anything having the remotest bearing upon “the shop.” Rob Roy, when he reached the wilds of Aberfoyle, exclaimed, “My foot is upon my native heath, and my name is Macgregor!” In like manner, no sooner did Knowles find himself once more in the city of his affections, than a wet sponge

was drawn, as it were, over the record of the interval, which had elapsed since he last dwelt there! He was once more surrounded by his beloved, and I may truly add, much loving "boys," and all his metropolitan triumphs were for the time forgotten! This may sound to some as the language of exaggeration, but none of the "brotherhood" will assert that one of my expressions is too strong by a single jot or tittle! No pencil could colour too vividly the surpassing affection which existed between this glorious, warm-hearted Irishman and the pupils, who regarded him as a father, or rather, I should say, as a dear elder brother!

In this manner the procession reached the lodgings previously engaged for the "star," as before alluded to. I may mention that they were situated in Argyle Street, near the office of the *Courier*, edited at that time by William Motherwell, author of *Jeanie Morrison*, and now by his accomplished biographer, James McConochy. Here the convocation dispersed, but only for a brief season as regarded a portion of the members thereof, at least.

"Mark me, boys" said Knowles, "you see this table. My dinner hour is three o'clock, and every day (Sunday excepted) I expect to see as many of my boys as the board will accommodate! I have no time, as you know, to give invitations, and therefore I depend upon you to make my wishes known as generally as possible."

Faithfully were the master's behests complied with, and no sinecure had the purveyor or cook of that establishment during the sojourn of James Sheridan Knowles therein!

Very humanizing and full of pleasure were these gustatorial re-unions. They were green spots upon the arid desert of life, the aroma of which lingered long upon the palates of those who assisted at them.

There was something essentially *republican* in the character of these meetings; I speak, of course, not politically but socially. The only qualification of admission being "old boyship," characters the most incongruous, so far as the cold, mechanical, everyday world's shibboleth was concerned, periodically did justice to the cheer of their entertainer. High and low, rich poor, daily were guests of that good and single-minded man!

At his table you might behold the lawyer and his clerk—the manufacturer and his foreman—the prosperous merchant, and the insolvent trader whose name had swelled the last week's

bead roll of bankrupts! All had been pupils of the golden-hearted "Paddy," and consequently all had an equal title to his affections and regards!

You may call it the dotage and drivelling of Utopianism, but I cannot help thinking that these meetings were productive of solid and substantial good. They tended to remove the sordid and paralyzing incrustation of selfishness, which is so frequently apt to gather around the every-day human heart! They re-kindled the generous fire of school-boy life! They constrained the man who for long years had been steeped to the throat in the numbing and petrifying quagmires of the "ready reckoner" and "multiplication table," to remember, that mere gain was not the *to kalon* of existence; and that a retrospective gale from "youth's glad morn" possessed an invigorating power, precious beyond gold and silver!

In Glasgow, as you may probably have heard, there has from time immemorial existed a strong prejudice against theatricals. Of late years the inimical feeling has somewhat abated, but at the period of which I am speaking it was in pretty vigorous blast. Many an honest "elder" or burgeois would as soon have heard that his son had been in Bridewell as within the precincts of the "D——'s house"—as the temple of Thespis was termed—and the majority of those who visited the forbidden ground did it covertly, and "upon the sly!"

During the professional visits of Knowles, however, to the anti-dramatic city, this state of things was most thoroughly reversed. In the "Golden Legend" we read of some saints, whose *sudorous* virtue was so potent that it neutralized the evil qualities of the most pestiferous poisons, and rendered henbane and arsenic harmless and nutritious as oatmeal porridge. Equally marvellous was the effect of the "Paddy's" presence in Glasgow! A "plenary indulgence" was, by common consent, extended to all who then thought proper, to visit the "debatable land." Grave men, members of "Kirk Sessions," not only permitted their children to pass the *tabooed* Rubicon, but themselves ventured over the prohibited strand! I have seen samples and swatches of all religious denominations present in the theatre when Knowles was "holding forth." One evening I beheld a Quaker, habited in the *orthodox* drab flourishing enthusiastically his *canonical* hat at the point when Master Walter reveals to Julia that he is her veritable

papa! On ordinary occasions such a phenomenon might have been provocative of scandal and backbiting, but as it was, no one deemed that anything was out of joint! Aminadab had been an "old pupil," and consequently it was "all right!"

I must do Knowles the justice to say, that he never encouraged his pupils to adopt the stage as a profession. Many a time and oft has he pointed out in my presence the multifarious evils and drawbacks which necessarily accompany such a life. Frequently did he assure us that the prizes in the histrionic lottery were few and far between, and that a miserably small per centage of the romance which existed in *front* of the curtain was to be found *behind* the same! The best proof of my averment is to be found in the fact that a very small number of the "boys" were led to abandon the pen, the shuttle, or the measuring wand, for the tin-foil-adorned truncheon. This is a truth which

"NOBODY CAN DENY"

who is at all conversant with the circumstances of the case!

Would that I had profited by the lessons thus read to me! What a *mare magnum* of misery, mortification, and grinding penury I should then have avoided!

The stage-struck greenhorn looks upon actors as closely identified with the personages whom they represent. Well do I remember "doffing my castor" to William Maoready, the forenoon succeeding the night on which I beheld him wearing the crown and regalia of Richard III. A large portion of the "divinity" which "hedges in a king" seemed to adhere to him, and I thought that none should be too proud to "do him reverence!" I deemed that, at the very least, he must have the *feelings* of royalty, and that next to the *genuins article* these were to be prized and sought after!

Alas! storn experience has convinced me that all this is the mere madness of imagination! The very cunning and quintessence of the bathos of boyhood's baseless bewitchment!

Much do I question whether the most gifted votaries of the tragic muse ever experience anything approximating to an identification with the characters they represent.

Jack Ormond, a provincial actor of considerable celebrity, once told me the following anecdote.

On one occasion he was playing Iago at Belfast, to the elder Keon's Othello. Never was the great tragedian in "higher feather."

Never did he carry the sympathies and feelings of an audience so thoroughly along with him. He did wind them—as the saying runs—around his little finger—and was, *pro tempore*, the identical chivalrous Moor imagined and imperishably stereotyped by the inspired poacher of Stratford-upon-Avon.

At the delivery of that inexpressibly touching passage commencing with—

"FAREWELL THE PLUMED HOST, AND THE BIRD WAR,"

the whole theatre was, literally, drenched with tears. There was a "lonesome and desolate beauty"—as Charles Lamb expressed it,—in the tones of his unequal, but still most musical voice, which no human heart could resist. They expressed the very sublime and climax of utter and careless misery! To the most stolid auditor they conveyed the profound pathos of the story—certiorating him that the fairy dream of a life-time had been broken, and that nothing loomed in the cold prospective save a sea of

"WAVELESS, TIDELESS, SHORELESS, SAILLESS WOE."

Even the counterfeit Iago himself—"albeit unused to the melting mood,"—was smitten with a feeling of remorse, and for a moment opined that if he should be tarred and feathered, and then dragged through the most "convenient" horse pool, no great violence would be done to the principles of poetical justice.

"What was my astonishment, however," continued honest Ormond, "when, after having declared that his 'occupation' was gone, Othello turned round his head, and looked at me as impudently as a beggar would do at a bad copper! 'Hang it, Jack! (said the little vagabond, thrusting his tongue into his cheek)—hang it, Jack, I think that will do!'"

After such a crushing case in point, the man who talks about "the poetry of the stage," so far as actors are concerned, may recite his legends to the marines! If he has nothing better to do he may enlarge upon the sentimental sorrows of a shell oyster, or wax maudlin upon the blighted loves of a frosted turnip, with as much hope of a fructifying result!

HOPE is the sunbeam of the heart, which dispels or gilds the chilling clouds of adversity.

EDUCATION is a young man's capital—every hour spent in study is working for high wages.

A strong mind and a cultivated mind may claim respect; but there is needed a noble one to win affection.

REMARKS ON THE SOUTHERN STATES
AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

BY A CANADIAN.

Notwithstanding the facilities for information, on all subjects, afforded in these days of Rail-roads and Telegraphs, when almost every man becomes a "Tourist," and few, indeed, can exist without their newspapers and magazines, it is hoped that the following disconnected and cursory remarks from actual observation, while on a visit for a few months to the South last winter—made for the benefit of impaired health—may not be unacceptable to some readers of the "Anglo-American."

In submitting them to the public, I have not endeavoured to give anything like a continued narrative of my tour, nor, (had I presumed to attempt such a thing) do I flatter myself that it would have possessed any general interest. I have, accordingly, confined my observations to such peculiarities of the country, its institutions and the manners of the people—of a general nature—as I noted down at the time, and which appeared new and strange to me, an unsophisticated Canadian.

Leaving Canada in the month of February last, in the depth of a very severe winter, I looked forward with high-wrought expectations of pleasure and improvement, to the delightful changes of climate, scenery, and habits which, to my imagination would be afforded by a few months travel and residence in the sunny plains of South Carolina. I had also a great curiosity to see the practical operation and effects of that system of Slavery, of which I had often heard and read such horrors. Some of my anticipations were abundantly realized; but in others, and some of the most pleasurable ones, I confess to a decided disappointment. Such, indeed, is generally the result of any anticipated pleasure which is looked forward to for the first time. We have nothing before our eyes to tie us down to the prosaic realities of every-day life—full scope is allowed for imagination to run riot—and when the time comes for the realization of our vision, we awake and find it was but a dream. I have heard it confessed by many visitors to that stupendous and wonderful work of nature—the Falls of Niagara—that on their first visit they were greatly disappointed. They had pictured and seldom set down, in their own minds, what the general appearance of the Great Cataract would and

should present, and the effect that would be produced: and when they find many things different from what they had imagined, they involuntarily feel a species of disappointment, which disables them from fully considering and admiring the wonders and magnificence which everywhere prevail, and which it requires a second visit fully to appreciate. But this is a digression.

Having procured sundry letters of introduction, I set off to New York, a journey which I accomplished in twenty-two hours, where I remained for about a week. I also visited (but on my return from the South) Boston and most of the other large cities of the Northern and New England States; but of these and their notables—being as familiar as "Household Words" to most Canadians, in this travel-loving age—I shall say nothing.

Of all the Cities of the North, and indeed of the United States, Philadelphia, I think, excels in beauty, regularity of its streets, and the fine architectural effect of its buildings. As it is, perhaps, less generally visited, especially by the commercial travelling community, than most of the other great cities of the continent, I may be permitted to dwell, for a moment, upon some of its peculiarities. It is beautifully laid out on a peninsula formed by the junction of the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, which, at this point runs Southward, at the distance of about two miles apart, and almost parallel to each other. The Delaware here forms the boundary between New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and also bounds the City on the East, while the Schuylkill, originally, formed its limit on the west side. Latterly, however, with the increasing growth of the place, it has extended itself much to the westward of the latter river; and, although these districts bear distinct names—such as Matua, West Philadelphia, &c—they may, properly, be considered as forming a part of the city. Philadelphia covers a very large space of ground. More even than New York, although its population is not so great by some hundred thousands.

One of the most remarkable features of this city of "Brotherly Love," is the width, regularity, and neatness of its streets. They all run perfectly straight and at right angles to each other. Those between the two rivers, running east and west, are all distinguished by the names of trees (which, perhaps, at one time flourished on the site.) Such as Chesnut,

Walnut, Pine, &c.; while the streets running north and south, are numbered 1, 2, 3, &c., beginning with those running parallel to the river on the Delaware side, and so continuing up to the Schuylkill. Thus, by attending to this arrangement of the streets, to reach any required point of the City, is no difficult matter, even to a perfect stranger. Another circumstance, which adds much to the beauty of the streets, as well to the general appearance of the City—and which distinguishes most of the cities of the States, that I visited, from our Canadian towns—is, the shrubbery and trees planted, often two or three rows deep, along each street, forming, when in leaf, as well a protection to the houses, as a delightfully refreshing shade to pedestrians.

The scenery on the Delaware is generally tame and monotonous, but on the Schuylkill side, it is much wilder, forming, in summer many agreeable landscapes, and delightful places of excursion for pleasure hunters. Philadelphia contains a host of fine public buildings, such as the United States Marine Hospital, the Philadelphia Bank, &c., but the most magnificent structure in it—and second to none in the United States—is the celebrated Girard College, for the education of Orphan Children, built from the proceeds of a bequest of \$2,000,000 left for the purpose by Stephen Girard, formerly a wealthy but eccentric citizen of Philadelphia. It is situated on an elevated piece of ground near the city, and consists of five fine buildings, all constructed of the most beautiful and richly wrought white marble. The principal one, which is built after the model of an ancient Grecian Temple, is devoted to class rooms, while the others are occupied as residences for the Teachers and Students. The main structure is 218 feet long, and 160 feet wide, surrounded by 34 Corinthian columns. The view of the city and surrounding country, from its roof is magnificent.

Amongst other places which I visited in Philadelphia, and which is looked upon with the greatest interest and veneration by all Americans, is the Old State-house, or, (as it is called) Independence Hall, where the celebrated "Declaration" was drawn up, and from the door of which it was read to the assembled people. I saw there collected many of the old national curiosities and relics; amongst others, a bench or seat (made from Washington's pew; in Christ's church) on which, it is the boast of

the Cerberus who guards the place, to inform all visitors, that "the father of his country," Lafayette and other of the principal men of the Revolution, had often sat. Also, the Old Bell that first pealed forth the (so called) *notes of liberty*, on the memorable 4th of July, 1776. It bears the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout this land unto all the inhabitants thereof." These and a great many other reminiscences of Revolutionary times, are carefully preserved in the Cupola of the Hall, and shewn to visitors as matters of the greatest interest. But I am afraid I have dwelt much too long upon Philadelphia and its beauties; for, although I was greatly attracted by it myself, and although much could be written on the subject, it is hardly relevant to the matter in hand.

After satisfying my curiosity by visiting the places of interest, and seeing the "Lions" of *Gotham* and Philadelphia I looked about me, to ascertain the earliest and most pleasant way of travelling South. As I had already got a little experience of railway travelling, and found it not at all conducive either to health or comfort—especially for an invalid—when it was necessary to remain all night upon the cars, I resolved to proceed by sea, at all events, part of the way.

Accordingly, on the 21st of February, I took my passage at New York, on the steamship "Roanoke" for Norfolk (Virginia.) On the previous night, there had been a most violent snow-storm, and a high wind; and although the weather had moderated, and was now comparatively fine, the swell upon the ocean had not subsided, and we felt the rocking and rolling of the ship very severely. I have no doubt that many of the passengers heartily wished themselves safely again on *terra firma*. On the following day, however, the sea had calmed down—the temperature was much warmer—and everything indicated our Southward progress. I cannot tell with what delight I enjoyed the fine, soft, and comparatively mild breezes of "old father Ocean," so different from the harsh and cold blasts which we had encountered scarce twenty-four hours before.

It is not my intention to give an account of a sea voyage. Hundreds of pens have already anticipated me in this. Suffice it to say, that after a fine trip of about thirty hours, we landed safely at Norfolk, in "Old Virginia," where I first set my foot in the land of Slavery, and the

land also of "liberty and equality." This inconsistency in terms, I leave Brother Jonathan to explain, as I honestly confess myself unable as well as unwilling, to take such liberties with language and the plain meaning of words, as to attempt to reconcile the two!

Having now fairly arrived in the Southern States, I took every opportunity of noting what appeared to me singular or peculiar to the country or people among whom I was to sojourn for a time.

Norfolk, although one of the oldest towns of the Union, is a small place, of about 15,000. It is, however, the principal port of Entry of the State, and lies about a hundred miles South East of Richmond, the Capital. Situate on the Elizabeth River, about 82 miles from its entrance into the sea, through Hampton Roads, (the basin formed by the James and Elizabeth Rivers,) it possesses a spacious harbour, this is one of its principal advantages, neither the town nor the surrounding country having anything to boast of in beauty of appearance. The ground is low and marshy; and some twelve or fifteen miles from the city, is a marsh or swamp, covering the greater portion of the county of Norfolk, called on account of its extent and gloomy appearance, the "Great Dismal Swamp." The chief attraction of Norfolk is its refined and agreeable society. The inhabitants, principally natives of the place, are mostly of English or Scottish descent, and are entirely free from any of those peculiarities of appearance and accent, which Canadians instinctively associate with their ideas of all Americans or "Yankees," as they are almost universally, though erroneously termed.—Making just allowances for the difference of their sentiments and views on political subjects—the natural effects of the form of Government under which they live, and the "peculiar Institution" which prevails among them—the Virginians, as a whole, present, to my mind, a truer type of the "old countryman," than even we Canadians can, though it is our glory and boast that we are still bound by ties of loyalty and affection to "Fatherland." They are extremely hospitable to strangers; and, if I may judge from my own experience, visitors to the South, possessing the proper means of introduction, may rely upon being received and treated with every attention.

At Gosport, on the west side of the river,

nearly opposite Norfolk, there is an extensive navy-yard. Through the kindness of G. P. R. James, Esq., the British Consul, of Virginia, I was introduced to the Commandant, who with the greatest readiness and pleasure (and not the less so, I believe, because I was a British subject) conducted me through the yard, the armoury, and all the other offices connected with it, showing me every thing that might interest a stranger, and explaining what I did not understand. He also accompanied me on board the mammoth ship of war, "the Pennsylvania," then lying in the river, just at the entrance of Hampton Roads.

She is the largest in the American navy, carrying, I think, 140 guns. Although now old and unfit for active service, she is still—*pro forma*, I suppose—kept manned and every appearance of discipline maintained. I found the Captain and Officers most agreeable and liberal-minded fellows, with none of that narrow prejudice on national and political subjects, which (I had supposed) generally characterized republican Americans. While they respected and admired their own Institutions and laws, they were still not wilfully blind to the advantages of any other form of Government because it differed from their own.

One of the principal objects of my curiosity, when approaching, for the first time, the States of the South, was, to see the Slaves—the kinds of labour in which they are engaged—and to observe their habits and appearance. I suppose I must have entertained some undefined, but most exaggerated ideas upon the subject, for I recollect, on my first arrival in Virginia, feeling a degree of surprise—and even something not far removed from disappointment—when I saw the negroes going about on the ordinary business of servants, different in little—from their free brethren of the North, except in a display of subdued and respectful deference towards the Whites.

I seldom saw any come into the presence of a white man, without taking off his hat and making a bow, and even cringing obeisance. In the cities, the Slaves are employed in all the usual household and menial duties of servants, while on the plantations and farms their labour is, of course, varied according to the productions of the country.

Virginia is almost entirely a tobacco-growing State. Wheat is in many parts produced, but very little cotton or rice. There is neither so

much necessity nor demand for slave labour in this State as farther South; and the consequence is, that a vast number of Slaves are continually being exported, and sent "down South" to work on the cotton, rice, and sugar plantations of the Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, and other States. The raising and selling of Slaves is, indeed, quite a business—and a very lucrative one too—among the Virginians. They speculated on the production, growth and price of their "niggers" with as much *nonchalance* as a Canadian farmer would do regarding the prospects of his wheat crop. Richmond is one of the principal slave marts of the Union, and negroes are daily bought and sold for the Southern market.

Although Virginia, and, indeed the whole of the older States of the South are crossed and intersected in all directions by Railways, the travelling there is by no means so comfortable or speedy, while at the same time it is much more expensive than the North. When a traveller books himself for a journey of any length on the Railways in the South, especially at night, he must not look forward to the enjoyment of much comfort or ease, or assuredly he will find before he reaches his destination that he has "reckoned without his host." There are so many roads belonging to different Companies, and consequently, so much changing of cars—re-checking of luggage—and so many rivers and ferries to be crossed, that little rest, and no sleep, is to be obtained. I can speak feelingly on this subject, as I do so from experience, having travelled by rail, from Norfolk to Charleston, a journey, which it took two whole days and a night to accomplish.

There is an immense travel on this route. The cars were crowded to excess. Here might be seen the lively Yankee, bent on some expedition, having for its object the multiplication of his darling "dollars and cents." Here also, the more refined and dignified looking Southerner, speculating upon the probable fluctuations of the tobacco and cotton market. While each was engaged in his own occupation or reflections, a group of a very different kind and bound on a very different errand from any of these, was occupying another part of the train—a "gang of slaves," bought at the Richmond auctions, and destined for the plantations of the South. During the day, they had been huddled together in a freight car like so many sheep, until night came on, when they

were turned into a car, of a very inferior class, provided for the purpose of carrying Slaves. To satisfy my curiosity, I went in, during the evening to see them, as well as the dim light of a single lamp would permit. Here I found them all collected together chatting and laughing in the most gay and light hearted manner. Occasionally they varied their amusements, by singing some of their own melodies—such as "Ole Virginny," and "The Old Folks at Home," while one, who carried a banjo—the only *souvenir*, that he was taking away, perhaps, for ever, from his native land—accompanied them upon the instrument. It was with a feeling of some surprise and even wonder that I beheld them all apparently so happy—without a care or thought of what was to be their future lot.

I was much disappointed in the general appearance of the country through which we travelled. The whole route through the South Eastern part of Virginia, North Carolina, and the greater part of South Carolina, with little exception, lay in a low and swampy waste, covered with interminable pine forests, and presented the most barren and uninviting prospect that I had ever beheld. As we approached Charleston, however, things began to bear a somewhat less dreary aspect. Although it was still February, the trees and underwood were already beginning to burst forth into leaf, while the yellow jasmin, and innumerable other flowers of every hue—whose names (if, indeed, they possess any) I never learned, or have by this time forgotten—were scattered profusely, in all directions, throughout the woods, adorning the marshes and swamps through which we were travelling. These flowers of early spring, as I afterwards saw, abound in almost all parts of South Carolina.

I was much pleased with Charleston. When I arrived—about the end of February—the climate was delightful, the weather being somewhat similar in temperature to what we experience in Canada about the middle of May. The rose-bushes, in the gardens which are attached to almost every dwelling, were already covered with flowers. I had the pleasure of enjoying the fragrance of a beautiful bouquet, at a time when the "merry sleigh-bells" were still in requisition in the snow covered fields of Canada.

Charleston is a fine old city, built on a point

of land formed by the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, which here unite and flow, at the distance of some seven miles, into the ocean. It resembles New York to a certain extent, but on a much smaller scale. At the Southern point of the City, is the "Battery," similar in general appearance, but even more extensive than that of New York. From this various avenues run northward to the distance of about two miles, while the streets at right angles to these lead down to the different wharves which line the shores of the rivers, and where the principal business of the city is carried on. It has a population of about 55,000, and is thus little larger than Toronto, although it occupies a much greater space than our Queen City. The houses are generally separated from each other by gardens, and are almost universally surrounded on the East and South sides by piazzas, which afford a delightfully refreshing retreat in the afternoons.

There are many very old buildings in the city, such as the Post Office, and St. Michael's church, which were erected long before the Revolution, and the latter of which was designed by the celebrated architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

Between the city and the sea, just at the mouth of the River lies Sullivan's Island, a place of much interest to Americans, as the scene of some successful operations of the Revolutionary forces. On this island, which is almost covered with buildings, is situated Fort Moultrie, by which and Forts Pinckney and Johnson, the harbour is defended. Charleston is considered the metropolis of the South Atlantic States, as New Orleans is, of those on the Gulf of Mexico. It possesses a very extensive cotton and rice market; and here the products of the South are shipped for exportation to almost all parts of the world.

The staple productions of South Carolina are rice and cotton. It is also one of the most extensive Slave-labour States in the Union, the Slave population even exceeding that of the free whites. Its soil, however, is poor—being, generally, sandy, low and swampy. Along the whole line of coast, and stretching far both to the North and South of this State, lies a strip of comparatively fertile land. It extends inland for about twenty or thirty miles, although its breadth varies in different places. This tract embraces the far-famed *sea-islands* of South Carolina and Georgia, which are separat-

ed from the mainland and from each other by vast numbers of winding channels. These are of sufficient width and depth to allow the navigation of steamers of a medium class, and thus form a passage between the islands and the mainland, called the "inland route," all the way from Charleston to Savannah, although this is not the course that is usually taken. These islands produce cotton of the finest quality, rivalling even silk in softness and strength. This "sea-island cotton" is much prized and brings a price, four or five times greater than that produced in the interior. The principal trees which originally covered and in many places still remain upon these islands, are the live-oak and pine, while interspersed among them is a thick growth of vines and underwood. From the branches of these trees, in many places, hang, drooping nearly to the ground, long fringes of grey moss, giving them a fine and venerable appearance. Here also flourish in abundance the fig, orange, pomegranate, and other fruit trees, peculiar to southern climes.

To the interior of this extensive and fertile strip, stretches, to a distance of upwards of a hundred miles, a vast tract of barren and monotonous sandy land, covered with almost endless forests of long-leaved pine. This country is low, flat, and in some places extremely swampy. The soil is miserably poor, and where it is fit for cultivation, almost the only productions are corn and an inferior quality of cotton.

Wheat is not raised in any part of South Carolina; nor can hay be produced, neither the climate, nor soil being favourable for the growth of grass. The consequence is, that the Carolinas are obliged to import what they require for their horses, and the few cattle necessary for their wants; which causes hay to be extremely expensive. It sells generally at about \$10 per ton.

From what I have already said regarding the nature of the country, it will readily be imagined that there is little in the scenery of South Carolina, or, of almost any South Atlantic State, to attract admiration. Indeed, from what I myself saw, and heard I may safely say that as far westward as the Blue Ridge (which is a continuation of the Alleghenies) it is tame and monotonous in the extreme. I remained, for about a month, at Aiken, a small town (about 180

miles in the interior of South Carolina) which is much resorted to by invalids both from the North and South, on account of its dry and salubrious climate. Although the place itself, has little to recommend it but this, I found it crowded to excess by visitors. There are, indeed, some fine drives in the neighbourhood; and, at the distance of a few miles, lies a picturesque little village, beautifully situated in a valley or dell, and almost surrounded by high and, in some places, precipitous hills. These were densely covered with a rich green foliage, while the jasmin and numerous other flowers, which ran along the banks and twined themselves among the vines and shrubbery, lent their charms and served to make up a scene of migled loveliness and grandeur.

With some few such exceptions as this, however, the scenery of the South, and, indeed, I may say, of the United States as a whole, as far as my observation enabled me to judge, will not bear a comparison, in variety or magnificence, with that of many parts of Canada,—if I except also some scenes on the Hudson River, and along the shores of Long Island.

One of the most beautiful of the small cities of the South which I visited was Augusta, (Georgia.) It is called the “flower garden” of the South, a name which the abundance of roses, azelias, and other beautiful flowers, that filled the gardens, appeared to me to justify. Here, as well as in Charleston and many other parts of the South, the rose bushes are in bloom during almost the whole year, with the exception of about three months in what they call *winter*. But, from the mild temperature which is enjoyed even in that season, a Canadian would consider the term altogether misapplied.

The people of South Carolina and, indeed, of the Southern States generally, are noted for their social and hospitable habits towards all, but especially to strangers; and my own experience taught me that the enviable reputation was well deserved.

There is little in their appearance or dress that struck me as remarkable or different from what I had seen in the North. I was, indeed, somewhat amused by the fashion in which the men wore their beards. Although I had become somewhat familiarized with the moustache and goatee, I was certainly unprepared for the extremes to which the “movement” is carried among the Southerners. The *fossil*

razor has here fallen much into disuse—the barber’s “occupation is gone”—and the *facial hair* is allowed in many cases to extend itself down even to the breast. The marvels of the old nursery song, which commemorates the days “when the birds built their nests in old men’s beards,” seem here almost capable of actual realization.

Among the ladies, I saw little of that peculiar type of beauty which is generally supposed to characterize the dark-eyed daughters of the South. I was somewhat astonished to find that the fair complexion prevailed almost as extensively as the brunette. If a comparison were made between the contending claims to beauty, among the ladies of the South and of Canada, as a whole, in my opinion the palm would decidedly be carried off by the latter. The fair Southerners, however, are extremely social and agreeable in society, and possess a high talent for conversation. They can converse with ease and fluency upon all subjects, from the latest fashion for bonnets to the beauties and advantages of their “glorious” government and institutions.

There are few indications of prosperity or improvement in the Southern cities and towns generally. Indeed the Southerners are much behind us in enterprise, industry, comparative increase in population, and all the marks of prosperity which characterize this progressive age. What they were a century ago, they still are. This condition of laggardness, and even in some cases of retrogression, I set down (and I think justly so) almost entirely to the account of their system of slavery. This, by inculcating the idea, that labour is beneath the dignity of a white man, paralyzes industry and almost entirely closes the door to immigration.

Amongst other things in which I considered South Carolina behind the age, was the antiquated state of their laws, especially the criminal code. Having become acquainted with a professional gentleman of Charleston, who gave me every information, and procured me access to books upon this subject, I learned that South Carolina had early introduced the common law of England, which still prevails more intact, in that State than in any other part of America or even Britain itself. There having been little or no legislation upon most subjects embraced by the system of Jurisprudence, many of the old rules and forms of the common law, which, however reasonable and

necessary in former times, are unsuited to the present day, still remain in force. Among these is the absurd and unjust privilege allowed to people of education to escape, in many cases, the deserved punishment of their crimes, called 'benefit of Clergy.' In short, read the 4th Vol. of the Commentaries of Blackstone, without the notes of recent alterations, and you will obtain a pretty just idea of the state of the criminal law of South Carolina.

The law, on other subjects, or, as it is sometimes called, the *civil* law, in contradistinction to the *criminal*, approaches more nearly to our own. Such alterations, however, have been made as was necessary for the proper working and enforcement of the institution of Slavery.

It is a common expression and familiar to all Canadian readers, that the slave is considered and treated as a *mere chattel*. This is shown in a variety of ways. But, I think, it will be brought home with more force to the mind, at least of legal readers, when I say that *Trover* and *Replevin* are the proper forms of action, by which the title to slaves or the legality of their seizure are universally tried—in the same way as a disputed question of property in a horse would be decided in Canada. I was much amused by noticing, in one of their books of Reports, an account of a case of Replevin brought by the owner of a negro boy which had been bound as apprentice to a hair dresser, and, while in the establishment of the latter, had been distrained by the landlord for rent. It was argued, by the counsel for the plaintiff, that the law which allows a landlord to distrain whatever and whosoever property is found on the premises, should not be held to extend to slaves, because they (although doubtless but goods) are still *reasonable* chattels: and he illustrated the injustice that might ensue by supposing a case in which a number of slaves having a dislike to their owner and plotting his ruin, might wilfully go upon the premises of another for the express purpose of being taken for rent. This reasoning, however, was not considered of sufficient weight to control the general law upon the subject. And the counsel then resorted to another and a more successful line of argument, namely, that the boy must, in this case, be considered as goods bailed for the purposes of trade, and consequently exempt from distress. To so great an extent is this "chattel" doctrine carried, and so completely does it deprive the negroes of all civil rights, that, to call

a man a *mulatto* is considered slander, and the words are actionable *per se*, without proof of any special damage.

Although slaves are thus treated by the law as goods and chattels, they are considered to have sufficient reason and legal capacity to commit crimes; and they are strictly held responsible for their actions. In such cases, however, they are not tried by the usual tribunals of the country; but a court, composed of five slaveholders of the County are assembled to try and pass sentence upon the offender.

I have often been asked since my return to Canada what I now think of the system of slavery. And after having seen it in all its phases—in the cities, on the plantations and in the auction rooms—I must confess, that the prejudices which I always entertained against it, have not been much strengthened by my experience. We hear but of the evils and abuses of the system here: and, before passing sentence upon it, justice demands that both sides should, at least, be heard. It is true, that the master has an almost uncontrolled *legal* power over the liberty and even the life of his slave; that he can, at will, sever the ties which bind the slave to all that he has hitherto held dear—from his children and his partner—I can hardly, in strictness, call her *wife*, as I believe that the marriage ceremony is seldom if ever performed among them. It is also true that the principles of learning are carefully and strictly denied to the coloured race. Still, although there are so many things in the social condition of the slave and in the uncertain tenure with which he holds his liberty and all family ties, and are abhorrent to our British ideas of right, it is but justice to the Slaveholders to say, that the evils of the system alone, are held up to view, and these generally much exaggerated. The slaves are with little exception, well treated, well fed and comfortably clothed; and seldom, if ever, are any of those scenes of cruelty, so forcibly portrayed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin", perpetrated in real life. Neither are they by any means, overworked. A good farm servant in Canada would be required and expected to do twice the amount of labor that is exacted from a slave. I am also bound to say, that in the many sales and auctions of slaves that I witnessed, (which perhaps present one of the most abhorrent features of the system), I observed every anxiety displayed to effect the sale in such a

way as to prevent, if possible, the separation of husband and wife, and mothers from their young children. Again the slaves themselves appear universally happy and contented with their lot, and generally attached to their masters. I have myself conversed with some of them, and particularly I remember, with one—almost completely white, and with little of the appearance of the negro about him—who possessed a greater degree of intelligence than the majority. He told me he was well treated and happy, and in answer to some observation of mine, said that as long as he remained in his present position he would prefer slavery to freedom.

Although while the slave continues faithful to his master and attends to what is there considered his *duty*, he is thus, generally, treated with leniency, no sooner however does he—actuated by what we would consider natural impulse—attempt to escape or obtain his liberty, than all feelings of compassion and pity are scattered to the winds, and every engine of the law is put in requisition to ensure his recapture. He is looked upon as an ungrateful and abandoned outcast, capable, and indeed naturally inclined to every villany. I remember cutting out of a North Carolina newspaper, a notice about a runaway slave, purporting to be an official warrant signed by two Justices of the Peace, of the State; and which I regarded as rather a curiosity in its way. I have unfortunately mislaid it or would have given it here *verbatim*. However, in substance, after reciting that a slave called Sambo (giving his description) belonging to a certain planter of the State had run away from his master, and was supposed (as a matter of course) to be committing *depredations and felonies*, it called upon the said Sambo to return forthwith to his owner; or in default thereof, all persons were thereby warranted and required to hunt down, shoot and kill the said slave without mercy and *without impeachment for any crime or offence*.

Whether the bloodhounds thus let loose upon poor Sambo were successful, or whether he voluntarily returned in pursuance of the notice, I never learned. But I think the latter rather doubtful seeing that in all probability he could not read a word of it.

The Southerners are very sensitive on the subject of slavery, especially if anything is said to its disadvantage. They look upon the abolitionists of the Northern States as fanatics

←and little better than promoters and abettors of plunder and robbery. I have heard the gifted authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, called, *par excellence*, "that wicked woman".

While it is with such feelings that they regard the discussion of this question even at a distance, it may easily be imagined that anything like interference with the slaves, or attempts to seduce them from their bondage, is not only reprobated as an act of the most uncalled for officiousness, but is even punished as a crime. Such conduct would be looked upon in a light similar to that in which we would regard a band of conspirators, plotting to carry off our houses or other property.

Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties in the way of a calm discussion of this question with a Southerner, I have had conversations on the subject, with many slaveholders. As arguments in favour of the system they have pointed to the well-fed, comfortable, and contented condition of their slaves, and contrasted it with the, often, miserable and destitute lot of many of the free Blacks, of whom there are a considerable number in South Carolina. They have even attempted to justify the institution upon grounds of Christian morality as well as expediency. They consider that the poor negro has a claim upon them, for the protection which the system affords—and that if the institution were swept away and the Blacks exposed to free competition with the white man they would be completely crushed under the superior intelligence and physical organization of the latter.

Again while they admit that there is no legal obligation upon the master to grant any rights or indulgence to the slave they contend that as soon as the relation of master and slave is assumed, a *moral duty* arises—binding upon the Slaveholders, and the fulfillment of which is well calculated to call forth, and necessarily requires the exercise of many Christian virtues. Upon this subject, I may be allowed to quote a passage from a well-written little work, entitled "Slavery in the Southern States" being an answer to the question "What do you think of Uncle Tom's Cabin in the South?" In page 45 the author says:—

"We are reluctant to seem to admit the possibility that the relation of slavery should necessarily exclude the attainment of Christianity by master or slave. For on the contrary we think there is much in slavery, if rightly appreciated, that is eminently calcu-

lated to give rise to the Christian virtues. For it is the only system of labor in which a *recognized moral obligation enters into the contract*. In slavery, if its whole scope be properly appreciated, society is held together by ties of moral duties clearly defined, instead of depending upon that cold irresponsibility that presides over the *traffic* for labor in the great labor-markets. They taunt us with the traffic in flesh and blood; but how is the reality? The Southerner who buys his slaves at the auction-table is buying with the conviction pressing upon him that his property comes to him with weighty claims of humanity, and of Christian duty, that must not be denied. The capitalist who bids for labor abroad buys the sinews and muscles of the man, and there the contract ends. If the pittance per week be inefficient for wife and children, it is nothing to the capitalist, for there is no obligation on him beyond the payment of wages. They taunt us with owning the slave body and soul. Yes! We would have the whole South feel that the soul of the slave is in some sense in the masters keeping, to be charged against him hereafter. The great marts of labor abroad are not so encumbered; flesh and blood are bartered away, but no man who buys is oppressed with any thing beyond. They taunt us with denying all legal rights to the slave. Theirs is the hard letter of the law—nothing that is not “in the bond”! With us the moral code becomes positive law where legal rights end. Society ceases to be a state of war; because a new element is introduced, an element which secures protection for the poor and demands forbearance from the rich, its principle of authority being an ever-present and well defined moral obligation, which, as a security for Christian action, is in strong contrast with the stern demand-and-supply principle.”

As to the sophistry, and even, shallowness of any such arguments, however, as a justification of slavery, as it now exists in the South, I never entertained a moment's doubt; and, I think, they must be apparent to all; but it is both interesting and instructive to notice what positions the slaveholder assumes as a defence for the system.

I had opportunities, while in the South, of seeing and learning a little on the subject of life on the plantations, although the season of the year was not very favourable for sight-seeing. Plantation life is altogether peculiar

to itself and different from anything that I had hitherto been accustomed to. Although generally situated at some little distance from any town or village, plantations have not the appearance of loneliness or isolation. The dwelling of the planter is in itself a kind of palace, on a small scale—the residence of the superior, and over which he holds a species of patriarchal sway; while, at a short distance may be seen the cabins of the slaves ranged in rows, sometimes in numbers sufficient to form a small village of themselves.

I frequently paid a visit to the plantation of Mr. L——, on James' Island, immediately on the opposite side of the Cooper River from Charleston. This is one of the Sea Islands that I have already mentioned and which produce such a superior quality of cotton. Mr. L—— had over a hundred working slaves on his plantation; and when I was there in April—the middle of the planting season—I saw them all pursuing their labours in the field. The soil requires a great deal of digging and hoeing before it is fit to receive the cotton seed. I believe it is generally calculated that five acres of cotton on an average for each working slave, is as much as a planter can properly cultivate. The cotton comes to maturity about the month of August, when the “picking” begins and continues up till about December. I was shown the various processes of “ginning” and other preliminaries through which the cotton has to go before being fit for the market, but this would neither be very interesting to readers, nor do I feel myself capable, at this interval of time, to recall the particulars. On James' Island I met many of the planters, and found them all extremely social and hospitable. In many respects they are not unlike the superior classes of our Canadian farmers. The planters there, and indeed in almost all parts of the State, are obliged, I was informed, to remove from their plantations during the months of July, August, and September. A pestilential malaria, producing fevers of the worst type, prevails during these months to such an extent that no constitution but that of the negro can withstand its ravages. The whites have accordingly to migrate to their several town or village residences, from which they or their overseers pay occasional visits to the plantations to see that the work is being properly conducted. Many of the planters and their families also make tours to the North during these months, where, in some of the

watering places of New England they generally spend the hottest part of the summer.

This inability of the whites to live—much less to work—during three important months of the year, on some of the principal cotton and rice plantations of the South, should form a matter of grave deliberation to those who, without reflection, clamor for the immediate and total abolition of slavery; especially when it is remembered that the Southern States are entirely and essentially an agricultural country, and that without the proper cultivation of the soil they would present a mere barren waste, and might for all practical purposes be blotted out of the map.* Nor would the evil stop here. Millions of bales of cotton are yearly exported out of these States, and the interruption of this trade alone would exercise a most important and destructive influence not only on the prosperity of European commerce, but upon the employment and even subsistence of thousands of British and European operatives. It would be no answer to say that the free blacks could and would work as well as when in a state of slavery. The history of emancipation hitherto has taught us the contrary.†

If the violently philanthropic spirit, which is rampant throughout all classes of Northerners in these days of abolition agitation, would permit such considerations as these having their due weight, it might be a subject at least of much just speculation whether the continuance for a time of a system, of slavery in a modified form and stript of many of its present horrible abuses, might not operate for the good of both the white and the negro.

But I feel that I have already been far more lengthy in my observations than I originally intended, and must, with all possible despatch, draw my remarks on the South to a close, and bring myself back to Canada, where, happily, there is neither inclination nor necessity for the existence of any such institution as that which is peculiar to the South.

It is not till we have actually left behind us a country, to which a long residence has habituated us, that one can justly appreciate all its natural beauties and advantages. I felt this,

* Better, far, that such should be the case, than that the curse of slavery should be perpetuated.—*Ed. A. A. Mag.*

† This we deny flatly, and if necessary, it could be easily proved, that the decline of the West India Islands is not to be attributed to *emancipation*, but to causes which originated in the damning effects of slavery.—*Ed.*

while in the States, when making comparisons between that country and our own. I now see in a stronger light than ever, the many splendid natural advantages and facilities for improvement which our noble Province possesses; and look upon it, if not superior, as, at least, second to none in America in fertility of soil, freedom of institutions, and all the genius from which may reasonably be expected to expand a flourishing and prosperous country.

I LEAVE THEE FOR AWHILE, MY LOVE.

I LEAVE thee for awhile, my love, I leave thee
with a sigh,
The fountain spring within my soul is playing
in my eye;
I do not blush to own the tear,—but let it touch
my cheek,
And what my lip has failed to tell, that drop
perchance may speak.
Mavourneen! when again I seek my green isle
in the west,
Oh, promise thou wilt share my lot, and set this
heart at rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; but every hour
will be
Uncheer'd and lonely till the one that brings
me back to thee.
I go to make my riches more; but where is
man to find
A vein of gold so rich and pure as that I leave
behind?
Mavourneen, though a fairy's hand should build
a diamond nest,
Till thou wouldst share and make it warm, this
heart would know no rest.

I leave thee for awhile, my love; my cheek is
cold and white,
But ah, I see a promise stand within thy glance
of light;
When next I seek old Erin's shore, thy step will
bless it too,
And then the grass will seem more green, the
sky will have more blue.
Mavourneen, first and dearest loved, there's
sunshine in my breast,
For thou wilt share my future lot, and set this
heart at rest.

A LADY'S VISIT TO THE GOLD DIGGINGS.*

The opening of the second chapter of this book made us a little doubtful as to whether we were about to pursue a volume of "romance" or "reality," for there the writer describes the attempt to get on board the ship destined to convey them to the golden shores, which ship was moored off Gravesend, that popular Cockney resort, where wonderful announcements are to be seen of "Tea made with shrimps," and where donkeys fatten on light food, heavy burthens, and heavier blows. Mrs. Clacy says:—

"Although in the cloudy month of April, the sun shone brightly on the masts of our bonny bark, which lay in full sight of the windows of the 'Old Falcon,' where we were taking up our temporary quarters. The sea was very rough, but as we were anxious to get on board without further delay, we entrusted our valuable lives in a four-oared boat, despite the dismal prognostications of our worthy host. A pleasant row that was, at one moment covered over with salt-water—the next riding on the top of a wave, ten times the size of our frail conveyance—then came a concussion—in veering, our rudder smashed into a smaller boat, which immediately filled and sank, and our rowers, disheartened at this mishap, would go no further. The return was still rougher—my face smarted dreadfully from the cutting splashes of the salt-water; they contrived, however, to land us safely at the 'Old Falcon,' though in a pitiabte plight; charging only a sovereign for this delightful trip—very moderate, considering the number of salt-water baths they had given us gratis. In the evening, a second trial proved more successful, and we reached our vessel safely."

We have seen a good deal of rough weather—"wind against tide," and plenty of each—off Gravesend, but should never have described the small riot in the river as "the sea being very rough," nor could we have borne witness to looking on a wave "ten times bigger than a four-oared boat;" but we find on the morning of sailing that "The first sound that awoke me was the 'cheerily' song of the sailors, as the anchor was heaved—not again, we trusted, to be lowered till our eyes should rest on the waters of Port Phillip. And then the cry of 'raise tacks and sheets' (which I, in nautical ignorance, interpreted 'hay-stacks and sheep') sent many a sluggard from their berths to bid a last farewell to the banks of the Thames," and

probably the same nautical ignorance might extend to the height of a wave.

However, we find our writer and her party safely landed at Melbourne, where among the scenes given, here is one calculated to impart very lax notions of the state of Australian manners, and the value of Australian money:—

"Another day, when passing the post-office, a regular tropical shower of rain came on rather suddenly, and I hastened up to the platform for shelter. As I stood there, looking out into Great Bourke Street, a man and, I suppose, his wife, passed by. He had a letter in his hand for the post; but as the pathway to the receiving-box looked very muddy, he made his companion take it to the box, whilst he himself, from beneath his umbrella, complacently watched her getting wet through. 'Colonial politeness,' thought I, as the happy couple walked on.

"Sometimes a jovial wedding-party comes dashing through the streets; there they go, the bridegroom with one arm round his lady's waist, the other raising a champagne-bottle to his lips; the gay vehicles that follow contain company even more unrestrained, and from them noisier demonstrations of merriment may be heard. These diggers' weddings are all the rage, and bridal veils, white kid gloves, and, above all, orange-blossoms are generally most difficult to procure at any price.

"At times, you may see men, half-mad, throwing sovereigns, like half-pence, out of their pockets into the streets; and I once saw a digger, who was looking over a large number of bank-notes, deliberately tear to pieces and trample in the mud under his feet every soiled or ragged one he came to, swearing all the time at the gold-brokers for 'giving him dirty paper money for pure Alexander gold; he wouldn't carry dirt in his pocket; not he; thank God! he'd plenty to tear up and spend to.'"

Mrs. Clacy and her friends progressed through the Black Forest to the diggings of Eagle Hawk Gully, where they ensconced themselves in a tent and commenced operations. Mrs. Clacy says—

"The stores, which are distinguished by a flag, are numerous and well stocked. A new style of lodging and boarding house is in great vogue. It is a tent fitted up with stringy bark couches, ranged down each side the tent, leaving a narrow passage up the middle. The lodgers are supplied with mutton, damper, and tea, three times a day, for the charge of 5s. a meal, and 5s. for the bed; this is by the week, a casual guest must pay double; and as eighteen inches is on an average considered ample width to sleep in, a tent twenty-four feet long will bring in a good return to the owner.

"The stores at the diggings are large tents, generally square or oblong, and everything re-

* *A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia*, in 1854-53. By Mrs. Charles Clacy. London. Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

quired by a digger can be obtained for money, from sugar-candy to potted anchovies; from East India pickles to Bass's pale ale; from ankle jack boots to a pair of stays; from a baby's cap to a cradle; and every apparatus for mining, from a pick to a needle. But the confusion—the din—the medley—what a scene for a shop-walker! Here lies a pair of herrings dripping into a bag of sugar, or a box of raisins; there a gay-looking bundle of ribbons beneath two tumblers, and a half-finished bottle of ale. Cheese and butter, bread and yellow soap, pork and currants, saddles and frocks, wide-awakes and blue serge shirts, green veils and shovels, baby-linen and tallow candles, are all heaped indiscriminately together; added to which, there are children bawling, men swearing, store-keeper sulky, and last, not *least*, women's tongues going nineteen to the dozen."

This cannot be an agreeable state of things for a lady to go shopping in. For our own part, we should prefer selecting a ribbon at Howell and James's, walking gently on to Mr. Meltem's to order the candles, and dropping a line to Mr. Salter respecting the bloaters; but there is no accounting for taste.

Of the digger's life we hear that—"He must endure almost incredible hardships. In the rainy season, he must not murmur if compelled to work up to his knees in water, and sleep on the wet ground, without a fire, in the pouring rain, and perhaps no shelter above him more waterproof than a blanket or a gum-tree; and this not for once only, but day after day, night after night. In the summer, he must work hard under a burning sun, tortured by the musquitto and the little stinging March flies, or feel his eyes smart and his throat grow dry and parched, as the hot winds, laden with dust, pass over him. How grateful now would be a draught from some cold sparkling streamlet; but, instead, with what sort of water must he quench his thirst? Much the same, gentle reader, as that which runs down the sides of a dirty road on a rainy day, and for this a shilling a bucket must be paid. Hardships such as these are often the daily routine of a digger's life; yet, strange to say, far from depressing the spirits or weakening the frame, they appear in most cases to give strength and energy to both. This is principally owing to the climate, which even in the wet season, is mild and salubrious."

Mrs. Clacy's party work and live hard for some time before they light upon any gold, but at last, after no end of "digging," "puddling," and "cradling," they get "a slice of luck," and accordingly the philosopher's stone seems rolling before them. Not content for long with their present

good fortune, they seek to do better, and move on to Iron Bark Gully, where they meet with this incident:—

"We passed a butcher's shop, or rather tent, which formed a curious spectacle. The animals, cut into halves or quarters, were hung round; no small joints there—half a sheep or none; heads, feet, and skins were lying about for any one to have for the trouble of picking up, and a quantity of goods of all sorts and sizes, gridirons, sauce-pans, cradles, empty tea-chests, were lying scattered around in all directions, ticketed 'for sale.' We quickly went on, for it was not a particularly pleasant sight, and at some distance perceived a quiet little nook rather out of the road, in which was one solitary tent. We hastened our steps, and advanced nearer, when we perceived that the tent was made of a large blanket suspended over a rope, which was tied from one tree to another. The blanket was fastened into the ground by large wooden pegs. Near to the opening of the tent, upon a piece of rock, sat a little girl of about ten years old. By her side was a quantity of the coarse green gauze of which the digger's veils are made. She was working at this so industriously, and her little head was bent so fixedly over her fingers, that she did not notice our approach. We stood for some minutes silently watching her, till Frank, wishing to see more of her countenance, clapped his hands noisily together for the purpose of rousing her.

"She started, and looked up. What a volume of sorrow and of suffering did those pale features speak!

"Suddenly a look of pleasure flashed over her countenance. She sprang from her seat, and advancing towards Frank, exclaimed:—'Maybe you'll be wanting a veil, sir. I've plenty of nice ones, stronger, better, and cheaper than you'll get at the store. Summer dust's coming, sir. You'll want one, won't you? I haven't sold one this week,' she added, almost imploringly, perceiving what she fancied a 'no-customer' look in his face.

"'I'll have one, little girl,' he answered, in a kindly tone; 'and what price is it to be?'

"'Eighteenpence, sir, if you'd please be so good.'

"Frank put the money into her hand, but returned the veil. This action seemed not quite to satisfy her; either she did not comprehend what he meant, or it hurt her self-pride, for she said quickly:

"'I haven't only green veils—p'raps you'd like some candles better—I makes them too.'

"'You make them!' said Frank, laughing, as he glanced at the little hands that were still holding

the veil for his acceptance. 'You make them! Your mother makes the candles, you mean.'

" 'I have no mother, now,' said she, with an expression of real melancholy in her countenance and voice. 'I makes the candles and the veils, and the diggers they buys them of me, cos grandfather's ill, and got nobody to work for him but me.'

"Where do you and your granfather live? I asked. 'In there?' pointing to the blanket tent.

"She nodded her head, adding, in a lower tone, 'He's asleep now. He sleeps more than he did. He's killed hisself digging for the gold, and he never got none, and he says 'he'll dig till he dies.'"

"Dig till he dies." Fit motto of many a disappointed gold-seeker, the finale of many a broken up, desolated home, the last dying words of many a husband, far away from wife or kindred, with no loved ones near to soothe his departing moments—no better burial-place than the very hole, perchance, in which his last earthly labours were spent. These were some of the thoughts that rapidly chased one another in my mind as the sad words and still sadder tone fell upon my ear.

"I was roused by hearing Frank's voice in inquiry as to how she made her candles, and she answered all our questions with a child-like naïveté, peculiarly her own. She told us how she boded down the fat—how once it had caught fire, and burnt her severely, and there was the scar still showing on her brown little arm—then how she poured the hot fat into the tin mould, first fastening in the wicks, then shut up the mould, and left it to grow cold as quickly as it would; all this, and many other particulars which I have long since forgotten, she told us; and little by little we learnt, too, her own history.

"Father, mother, grandfather, and herself had all come to the diggings the summer before. Her father met with a severe accident in digging, and returned to Melbourne. He returned only to die, and his wife soon followed him to the grave. Having no other friend or relative in the colonies, the child had been left with her aged grandfather, who appeared as infatuated with the gold-fields as a more hale and younger man. His strength and health were rapidly failing, yet he still dug on. 'We shall be rich, and Jessie a fine lady before I die,' was ever his promise to her, and that at times when they were almost wanting food."

The party of adventurers lived a wandering life for a while, and returned to Melbourne; and after some excursive trips, we find Mrs. Clacy returning to Old England, and giving this advice:—

"To those of my own sex who desire to emigrate to Australia, I say do so by all means, if you

can go under suitable protection, possess good health, are not fastidious or 'fine-lady-like,' can milk cows, churn butter, cook a damper, and mix a pudding. The worst risk you run is that of getting married, and finding yourself treated with twenty times the respect and consideration you may meet with in England. Here (as far as number goes) women beat the 'lords of creation;' in Australia it is the reverse, and there we may be pretty sure of having our own way. But to those ladies who cannot wait upon themselves, and whose fair fingers are unused to the exertion of doing anything useful, my advice is, for your own sakes remain at home.

"Young men of sanguine dispositions read the startling amounts of gold shipped from the colonies, they think of the 'John Bull Nugget,' and other similar prizes, turn a deaf ear when you speak of blanks, and determinedly overlook the vast amount of labour which the gold diggings have consumed. Whenever I meet with this class of would-be emigrants, the remarks of an old digger which I once overheard recur to my mind. The conversation at the time was turned upon the subject of the many young men flocking from the 'old country,' to the gold fields, and their evident unfitness for them. 'Every young man, before paying his passage-money,' said he, 'should take a few days' spell at well-sinking in England; if he can stand that comfortably, the diggings won't hurt him.'"

This volume is lightly and pleasantly written and any one who wishes to require a cursory knowledge of life at the Diggings, cannot do better than peruse it.

A LAMANSQUE CEREMONY.—On certain days of high ceremony a Lama Bokte, to manifest his power, "will kill himself, yet not die." On these occasions the Lama seats himself on an altar in front of the temple gate, and there, in the presence of a vast multitude of pilgrims, and after terrible invocations by the inferior Lamas, slits open his stomach with the sacred knife, takes out his entrails, and places them before him. He then replaces his intestines, and the ceremony terminates. During the disgusting spectacle, the Lama predicts future events, and gives oracular answers to all questions. There can be little doubt that the whole thing is a piece of jugglery; but Mr. Huc, in his *Treatise in Turkey, Thibet, and China*, relates the matter very gravely, and seems to consider it as a good miracle as a winking "Maddona," only that it is of the demoniac kind.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

(From the German of Zschöкке.)

"We shall certainly be very happy together," exclaimed Miss Louise to her aunt, the evening previous to her marriage; and her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled with inward delight. Every one may easily imagine, when a bride says "we," whom, in the whole world, she means.

"I don't doubt it, dear Louise," replied the aunt; "only take care you *remain* happy together."

"Who ever can doubt our remaining happy! I know myself, and if I am not quite perfect, yet my love to him will surely make me so; and as long as we love each other we cannot be unhappy. Our love shall never grow old."

"Dear me!" sighed the aunt; "you talk just like a young girl of nineteen will talk on the eve of her wedding, in a paroxysm of charming hopes and expectations. My dear girl, remember what I say. Even the heart grows old. There are days in which the charm of the senses must die away; and that delusion once gone, then only it becomes manifest whether we are truly amiable or not. When habit makes what is most captivating an every-day affair, when youthful vigour fades, when more and more troubles crowd amongst the pleasures of domestic life, then, Louise, and not before that time, is the wife able to say of her husband, 'he is amiable,' and the husband of his wife, 'her gracefulness is imperishable.' But really, on the eve of marriage, such assertions seem, to my thinking, ridiculous."

I understand you, dear aunt. You mean to say that we shall only learn the value of our mutual virtues in future years. But he to whom I belong, is he not the noblest, worthiest, of all young men in the whole town? Does he not show, in all his doings, that goodness and nobility which always procure happiness?"

"Dear Louise," replied the aunt, "you are right; and I may say, without flattery, that you both certainly have virtues. But, my darling, they are but blooming, and will take some time yet before they have ripened, under sunshine and showers. No blossoms deceive more than these. It is never known in what soil they take root. Who knows the secrets of the heart?"

"Oh, dear aunt, you frighten me, indeed,"

"So much the better, Louise; it is well you should be awakened to such reflections on the

eve of your marriage. You know I love you sincerely, and therefore I tell you my thoughts. I am not yet an old aunt. At the age of thirty-seven one still hopes and looks joyfully towards the future. Nor am I a bigot. I have an excellent husband, I am happy; and therefore I think I have a right to speak to you thus, and to draw your attention to a secret of which pretty young girls know little or nothing, and young gentlemen trouble but little about; but nevertheless it is of the greatest importance in every household, and can alone produce enduring love and indestructible happiness."

Louise took her aunt's hand in her own. "Darling aunt," she said, "you know I believe everything you say. You mean to tell me that constant happiness and everlasting love are not ensured to us by mere casualties, by passing charms, but by the virtues of our souls, which we bring each other as the best dowry, and which never grow old."

"That depends, Louise; virtues also grow old, and with old age become like the charms of the body, unattractive."

"Dear aunt, you don't say so. Pray tell me a virtue that can grow ugly with old age."

"When once they have become so, we no longer call them virtues, the same as with a pretty girl, who is no more spoken of when time has turned her into a shrivelled old woman."

"But, dear aunt, virtues are not temporal or perishable."

"That depends."

"How can good-nature become ugly?"

"The very moment it changes into effeminate laxness."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes rough insolence."

"And modesty?"

"Changes into servility."

"And noble pride?"

"To mean haughtiness."

"And politeness?"

"Acting the parasite."

"No, dear aunt, no. You make me almost angry. Thus my future husband can never degenerate. He has one virtue which will keep him from all wrong paths; he has a sound mind and an indelible passion for all that is great, good, and beautiful. And this tender sentimentality for all that is noble lives in me as well as in him. Thus there is within us a born guarantee of happiness.

"And should it grow old with you, it would

become unpleasant sensibility, which is the arch destroyer of matrimonial felicity. Sensibility I do not wish to deny you; but God forbid that the graceful girl should become, in advanced life, a fastidious and querulous lady. You know the Countess Stammern?"

"Who, about a year ago, was divorced from her husband?"

"You know the true cause of her divorce?"

"There are many different reports about it."

"The countess herself told me the whole affair, and now I will tell it to you. It is instructive as well as ludicrous, and may, indeed, be serviceable as an example."

Louise being very anxious to hear the story, her aunt straightway related it:—Count Stammern and his wife passed for the most amiable, the most enviable of couples. Their union resulted from mutual inclination of affection after several years' acquaintance. They loved each other with enthusiasm. Each appeared to have been created for the other—handsome, kind, and regardful—of perfect agreement in graces, sentiments, and ideas. I remember well the scenes that occurred, when they were first formally betrothed, and their parents, happening to disagree, desired the union to be annulled. The countess fell dangerously ill, and the enthusiastic lover threatened to terminate his life like Goethe's *Werther*. To save, however, the life of the young and beautiful countess, and to prevent the count committing so rash an act, the parents were obliged, *notens volens*, to become, at least apparently, reconciled. The reconciliation prevented the untimely end of the betrothed pair. Scarcely, however, was the countess out of danger when the parents again flew out at each other, and endeavoured to postpone the marriage for a term of years. But this did not suit our young couple; so one fine night they eloped, passed the frontier, got married, and forthwith established for themselves a paradise on earth. From this moment the union of that couple was looked upon as one of the happiest, and as a model pattern of harmony and peace. From morning to night they seemed to think of nothing else but how to please each other. They addressed poems the one to the other, and the other to the one, the most amiable, the most affectionate imaginable. Winter as well as summer each embellished the other's rooms with the most beautiful flowers. Each separate piece of furniture became endeared to them by some sweet reminiscence or other. The second year these excesses of sentimentality

became a little relaxed, and they went abroad. But at all parties, balls, and places of amusement they saw but themselves, looked but for each other, cared only for each other. It became almost offensive. The third year they gave up their amiable naughtiness in public. At home, however, they remained much the same. The fourth year they seemed to recover from this paroxysm of love, and, so far as they were able to, separately; he, here—she, there; passed an evening, and sometimes a whole day, in company, without feeling home-sick. Thus time went on, and each succeeding twelve months reduced the egotism of their affection; until, in the tenth year, they were like ourselves, or rather like all good and excellent people who have been married ten years. Now they had become ten years older, so had their love, and alas! their virtues also. Their sentimentality had made them the proverb of the whole town, and everybody liked them for it, and sympathised with them.

The seventeenth year, misunderstandings occurred, and nothing was easier than to make one suspect the expressions of the other; but this they ascribed to the sincerity of their affection, for no wound is so poignant as the dark look of a beloved person. During the eighteenth year, frequent disputes took place, but without serious consequences, and such as happen in the best regulated families. They looked cold for a day or two, and then smiled again. The nineteenth year their mutual susceptibility made them resolve to avoid too frequent contact.

"You are susceptible," said the Count, "and irritable. So am I—sometimes. That won't do. You may become violent—so may I. I think, therefore, it will be best for me to allow you do as you like, while I do as I like. Thus we can live happily together, without worrying each other. We love each other, of course; we must not, however, allow our love to torment us to death."

The countess thought the same. Thenceforward they kept a double household, and only met at dinner. Neither asked the other, "Where have you been?" or "Where are you going?" Peaceful days returned, and harmony prevailed. If one objected to the other's proceedings, one or two compliments set all to rights again.

One evening, during the nineteenth year, after returning from the theatre, they supped together, and afterwards sat chatting before the fire. They were yet full of emotion produced by one of Iffland's splendid dramas. The hap-

piness of conjugal and domestic life, the description of which delighted them so much on the stage, seemed to be vivified and advanced to actuality now they were at home.

"Dear me!" said the countess. "It's all very well, if one could but remain young."

"I am sure you have no reason to complain. Where is there a woman looking so well as you do? I cannot see the least difference between my wife of to-day and my wife of twenty years ago. A few whims, perhaps; but these one must submit to. Our union is, nevertheless, one of the most enviable on earth. Were I a single man, and happened to see you, upon my word to none other would I offer my hand and heart."

"Very polite, I must confess," said the countess, sighing. "But, my dear friend, consider. Already twenty years! What am I now, and what was I then?"

"Now a pretty little wife—then a pretty little girl. I would not exchange the one for other!" And he pressed her to his breast and kissed her fondly.

"We should be happy, quite happy, but for one thing, my dear, dear friend. One blessing, which completes the happiness of marriage, is denied us."

"I understand you; you mean an heir or heiress—a being to inherit thy gracefulness and virtue—but," added the count, kissing his wife's hand, "you are only thirty-eight, and I a few years past forty; who knows? Perhaps—"

"Oh! how happy I should be! Although one child gives not less care than joy. The least mishap may take it from us."

"Therefore *two* children. You are right. And not only two, but *three*, because, with two, if one should die, you are still in the same dilemma. I am sure Heaven will hear our prayers—and three children will yet play around us."

"Dear friend," said the countess, smiling; "it is almost too much. If they happen to be boys?"

"Well; we have twenty thousand a year—enough for us and for them. The eldest shall enter the army; the second shall be a diplomatist; expensive professions—but they will rise in rank. You know we have relatives and influence."

"You forget the youngest, my dear Charles."

"The youngest—not at all. We'll prepare him for the church; so there is a good prospect in store for him."

"What do you say? My son a priest! No, never! That will never be—never!"

"Will you allow me to ask—why not! He may become a bishop."

"Never, never, I say. I will never be the mother of a priest. Of what are you thinking? If I had a hundred sons, I would never consent to it."

"A strange whim of yours, dear wife! In spite of all and every aversion to priests, you would not, certainly, oppose yourself to his happiness and ours?"

"I declare, most solemnly, it shall never be! Call it bad temper, whim, or whatever you please. I know that *you* have a whim—which is the love of having everything your own way. Don't forget, however, that a mother has certain rights."

"Not in affairs of this kind. The father has judgment—"

"If such judgment should not, however, suffice?"

"If mine should not suffice, miladi, yours would certainly be the last I should ask for. You may depend upon that. Should such be the case, I shall know how to make my will respected."

"Dear me! I am aware that you are my husband and master; but certainly I have not the honor to be your servant-maid."

"Nor I your fool, miladi. I have always shown you indulgence in everything—perhaps too much so; but, willingly as I bear your caprice, pardon me for thinking there are sometimes ideas which are rather *too* ridiculous."

"Much obliged to you for the moralization, of which you yourself have given me this very moment so convincing and practical a proof. Whoever may have been the most indulgent, I know that for many years I have submitted silently to your caprices, and pardoned them generously—ascribing them to want of reflection and breeding rather than to the absence of a good heart; but you tire out the most divine patience—"

"With regard to that, you are certainly in the right, miladi. Your whims and vagaries have tried my patience most severely, and you may call it good luck that I have endured them so long; for believe me that I speak sincerely when I say it has been by no means pleasant to make one's self the obedient servant of your flights. I must tell you so, once and for all."

"If I had only determined to speak my mind, I could have told you years ago of your being

a proud, self-sufficient egotist, with whom it is really difficult to get on in any fashion; a heartless creature, who speaks of feeling just as it is the way of such to boast of what they do not possess."

"Indeed! That accounts for your talking so much about discernment and delicacy. You may deceive others; thanks to Heaven, I am undeceived. The more perfectly I become acquainted with you, the more disgusting do I find your affectations; and, upon my word, were it not that I had compassion upon you, I would long ago have sent you back to your friends, in order that I, at least, might live in peace."

"You only anticipate my wishes. A clumsy and tiresome egotist like yourself, is not created to make the happiness of a sensible woman, and after such an explanation you may easily imagine that no greater pleasure or relief can be in store for me than to be quit of you as soon as possible."

"Delightful, indeed! All comes above board now. I take you at your word, and wish for nothing better. Good night, madame, pleasant dreams to you! To-morrow we will see all this settled."

"The sooner the better, Milord."

Thus they separated. On the morrow a notary was called in. Witnesses were procured, the act of divorce written out, and signed on both sides, in spite of the entreaties, expostulations, and scoldings of friends, relatives, and even persons of high rank. Thus a long and apparently happy union was abruptly broken off. The ridiculous quarrel about the future destination of three sons not yet born broke up, betwixt two persons, that happiness which was expected to last for ever. And really the count and countess were among the most agreeable persons in the world. Nothing can be preferred against them except weakness—and to that, however, we are all liable.

"Ludicrous and amusing you call this tale!" said Louise to her aunt, with a sad look. "I am quite low-spirited about it. I comprehend now how very excellent people may make their union turn out unhappily. You ought to console and comfort me, because you know you have done much towards making me wretched. I should never be able to look my future husband in the face without fear for our future state. Only think! what a misfortune—"

"What do you mean" asked the aunt.

"Oh, dear aunt, if I could only remain young, I could then be certain of my husband's everlasting attachment."

"You are very much mistaken, dear child. If you were to preserve your freshness and beauty for ever, long habit would be sure to make your husband indifferent towards it. Habit is the greatest necromancer in the world, as well as one of the most benevolent household gods. Handsome as well as ugly, all becomes alike. If one is young and grows old, habit prevents the husband from observing it, and *vice versa*. If she remained young, whilst he became old, it might lead to consequences—the old gentleman might become jealous. It is much better as it is. Only imagine yourself an old matron, and your husband a blooming young man. What would your thoughts be then?"

Louise blushed, and said, "I don't know."

"But," continued the aunt, "I'll tell you a secret, which—"

"That's it," interrupted Louise, eagerly. "That is just what I should like to hear."

"Now, listen to me," resumed the aunt. "Take heed of all I am going to tell you now. I have experience. It consists of two parts. The first part relates to the sources of a happy union; prevents, in itself, all possibility of discord; and would, at last, make spiders and flies the very best of friends. The other and second part gives the surest and safest method to preserve female gracefulness."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Louise.

"Now, then, for the first part. Almost immediately after the wedding take your husband, and demand of him a solemn promise, offering to take the same yourself. Vow to each other solemnly, that you will *never*, even for a mere joke, tease or quarrel with each other. *Never*, I tell you—*never*. Because teasing and quarrelling in fun may change at length to teasing and quarrelling in good earnest. Take this as a warning. Then you must promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have any secrets between you, whatever reason or excuse you may have for them. You must know each other thoroughly, and if either of you should have committed a mistake, it should be instantly confessed, without a moment's hesitation—even should it be with tears in your eyes, only confess it. And in the same manner, as there are no secrets betwixt you, endeavour to keep your domestic, matrimonial, and other matters

in secret from your father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. God and yourselves are sufficient to be acquainted therewith. Every third person you include would side with either the one or the other, and create mischief. This must never be. Promise this faithfully to each other; renew your promise with every temptation, and you will find that all will be well. Thus you will unite hearts and souls, and become *one*. Many a young couple, if they had but known on their wedding day this simple recipe of prudence and practiced it, would be happier than they unfortunately are."

Louise embraced and kissed her aunt ardently, saying, "My dear aunt, I easily perceive it *must* be so; and wherever this complete confidence does not exist, the wedded couple remain but as strangers, not knowing each other, even after their union. It *shall* be so, for otherwise there can be no happiness. And now, my dear aunt, something about the best means to preserve female beauty?"

The aunt smiled and said, "You know, my dear girl, we cannot deny that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than a plain one, and men like very much to see us handsome. What, however, we really like in men, and men in us, is not mere skin, hair, features, figure, &c., as with a portrait or a statue, but the prime source of delight is in the heart, and the sentiment which, thence arising, gives significance and eloquence to every look, every word, and every action, to earnestness, to joy, and sadness. Men adore us the more they suppose us to be possessed of virtues of the heart which our exteriors promise, and, on our part, we find a malicious man loathsome, however handsome and polite he may be. A young woman, therefore, who wishes to preserve her beauty, must endeavour to cherish the same mind, the same excellent qualities of the heart, and the same virtues, by which she attracted her lover; and the finest agency by means of which virtue may be kept from growing old, and enshrined in perennial youth, is *religion*. Preserve an innocent and pious heart, trusting constantly in God, and you will always have that beauty of soul, for the sake of which thy lover adores thee at present. I am no Pharisee, nor am I a bigot. I am your aunt of seven and thirty years. I am fond of dancing, I am fond of dressing myself, and I like to joke. So you cannot take it amiss that I speak to you thus. Be, and continue to be, a good and sincere Christian, and, take my word for it, you

will be still handsome when a mother—still handsome when a grandmother!"

Louise, with tears upon her happy face, embraced her aunt tenderly. "I thank you," said she, "my dear, dear, angelic aunt!"

FREEDOM AND THE RIGHT.

On, on, brave hearts, ye will not lag, there's Glory to be won;

Up with our "Cross," and where's the flag can better face the sun?

Ye go to fight the noble fight, to teach the creed of Ruth,

For honest laws and human cause, for Liberty and Truth.

Let British valour help the wrong'd to conquer and defy;

Strike, strike the blow, let tyrants know that kings may reach too high.

When despot knave would fain enslave by foul and crushing Might,

Let England raise the battle cry of "Freedom and the Right."

The olive branch is ever blest, and fair and bright to see;

We know its worth, and will not let Oppression fell the tree.

The fierce marauder who has marred its rich and holy fruit,

Will find the barrel and the blade prepared to guard its root.

On, on, brave band, by sea and land; and show the Northern host,

That English courage never yields, when Honour gives the post.

Up with our standard; wide and high, there's Glory in the fight,

And let the despot fear our cry of "Freedom and the Right."

THE DIAMOND.—This costly mineral is ascertained to be pure carbon; yet no two things can be more dissimilar than a piece of charcoal and a diamond. If charcoal could be dissolved and crystallized, the result would be a diamond. We cannot tell under what conditions this wonderful operation is performed by the process of nature, but there can be no doubt that vast intervals of time are an essential element in the formation of the gem. Beauty may, therefore, receive admonition from her adornments. What is the span of human life compared with the age of the diamond? What is its age compared with the eternity to which the soul is predicted?

LORD METCALFE.

Lord Metcalfe, the second son of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, a Berkshire baronet of some distinction, was born in 1785, and, through his father's interest, who was an East India Company director, and also a member of Parliament, he received an early appointment in the Company's service.

In the year 1800, when little more than fifteen, he entered, on his arrival in Calcutta, the College at Fort William, and, so rapid was his progress in the native languages, that he was very soon appointed assistant to the resident at the Court of Sineah, one of the Mahratta Chiefs.

At this Court he remained about a year, and was then recalled for promotion, first as Secretary to the Supreme Government, and, shortly afterwards to a post in the Governor General's own office.

In 1803 Mr Metcalfe attended, as civil servant, during Lord Lake's campaign, and was present at the siege of Bhurtpore. From this time he rose rapidly in the service, and the closest application to mastering the languages and obtaining a thorough insight into the policy of the Native Governments, raised him from office to office till we find him in 1834 assuming the duties of Governor General, an office then vacant by the recall of Lord William Bentinck. It was during his tenure of office that he passed the law, which had been long a desideratum in India, granting full freedom to the press of the province.

Relieved by Lord Auckland in 1836 of the Governor Generalship, he resumed the Government of Agra, but being unable to satisfy the Board of Directors in Leadenhall-street, of the justice and propriety of his measure respecting the press, he resigned his office in 1837, and closed his Indian career, having been previously created a Civil Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, by King William IV.

The following eulogy was passed on Lord Metcalfe's career in India:—

"Thus ended his Indian career, in which during a period of 37 or 38 years, he had exhibited talents of the highest order, and filled, with great credit to himself and great benefit to the Company, the highest offices, and from which he retired, beloved by all who knew him, and held in great estimation by the natives of all castes; in proof of which I could produce many touching anecdotes, but I must omit to do so, as I am in hopes some abler pen than mine, and

having more command of authentic materials, will favour the public with a fuller account of the Life of Sir Charles; indeed, if I am rightly informed, it is the intention of a gentleman well fitted for the task, to give us such a desideratum, and from his talents and personal acquaintance with his lordship, and Indian affairs in general, a guarantee is afforded of the work being ably accomplished. It was the good fortune of the writer of this to be once present at an accidental meeting between his lordship and a native of Bengal, who had been a servant to the gentleman at whose house he stopped in Agra, and the exuberant joy of the man at thus meeting, so far from his native land, one whom he called his country's friend, was very great—"Saib Metcalfe!" was his cry of astonishment and joy, and the effect was heightened by the affability and kindness with which the worthy old man entered into his feelings."

On retiring from the service of the H.E.I.C., Sir Charles determined to pass the remainder of his life at his paternal estate of Fernhill, in Berkshire. He had, as he said himself, no taste for the political turmoil which then agitated England; besides, his constitution needed assistance—thirty-seven years' active service in India does not usually give health or strength—and he promised himself, for the residue of his days, the richest of all enjoyments, the happy life of an English country gentleman. But his country again called for his services, and to that call he never turned a deaf ear; he at once abandoned his intentions, sacrificed his domestic comforts, and left a home which his presence had gladdened but for one short year, to embark again on the stormy sea of politics.

The new duty imposed on Sir Charles Metcalfe was the assumption of the Government of Jamaica, and the success and popularity of his Government may be judged from the fact that "the scene of his departure from Jamaica is described as having been such as the inhabitants had never before witnessed; all places of business were shut, a general grief oppressed the crowds which flocked to bid him adieu! and amid blessings and prayers he took leave of a people whom he had restored from a state of almost hopeless anarchy, to peace, happiness and prosperity. A proof of the estimation in which he was held, is found in the fact, that within a few months £5,000 were subscribed for a statue to him, and a large sum to found an Hospital, to be called the Metcalfe Dispensary.

The Hospital was completed in 1843. The statue, which was entrusted to Mr. Bailey, is of granite, nine feet high; Sir Charles is represented in a full military Court Dress, with trousers and boots, and a cloak hanging over the left shoulder; it is said to be an exquisite piece of work, and now stands opposite the Senate House, in Spanish Town, Jamaica. The cause of Sir Charles Metcalfe leaving Jamaica, was the necessity of a change of climate, as a sore in his face had assumed a cancerous character, and on his return to England an operation, at the time thought effectual, was performed by Sir B. Brodie.

In 1842, the Governor Generalship of Canada being vacant by Sir Charles Bagots' resignation. Sir Charles Metcalfe, although personally unknown to a single member of the Ministry, was solicited by Sir Robert Peel to accept it, and as his health had materially improved, the offer was accepted.

In 1844 Sir Charles was created Baron Metcalfe, and we may deduce from the fact that the Home Government must have therefore approved of his administration of office. It is not, however, our desire to record more of Lord Metcalfe's career in Canada, than the statement that the terrible disease under which he laboured had, it was hoped, been checked; but in 1845 it again resumed its virulent character, and on the 25th of November he bade farewell to Canada, with the touching and kindly prayer of, "May God bless you all." He arrived in good spirits at Boston, and sailed for England on the 1st of December, where he died shortly after.

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DISTANCES OF HEAVENLY BODIES.—The popular mind is very sceptical regarding the simplest facts of astronomical science; and to give an instance, the declared distance of the sun, moon, planets, and stars, from the earth, are deemed mere assumptions. Many will ask, Who has stretched the line between the earth and sun to determine the interval between them? But such an operation is unnecessary. We know the dimensions of the earth whereon we live, and its semi-diameter is a known quantity that forms the base of a right-angled triangle, at whose apex the distant body is situated. This element of calculation makes the determination of the lunar, solar, and planetary distances a problem as simple as the daily operations of the surveyor or leveller.

A man may be great by chance; but never wise or good without taking pains for it.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

FEMALE HEROISM: A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

In war, all kinds of deceptive lying and hypocrisy are thought legitimate. The great object to be obtained is how to conquer the enemy. Shall it be done by out-manceuvring him, by leading him on a false scent, by surprising him at night-time, by bribing the men stationed at the outposts, or by meeting him in fair open conflict? Sometimes the enemy is subdued by force; sometimes by stratagem; and sometimes by accident. Hence, any means are considered good and useful, which are likely to accomplish the object in the most satisfactory way. According to this code of war-ethics, we regard the following incident, recorded by the Duchess D'Abrantes in her Memoirs, to be heroic and affecting in the highest degree:—

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a Guerilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Campo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow foot-paths, were the resort of banditti and Guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified by the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or a guide, while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening, where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn, and a quantity of loaves were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder and swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached, as

the provisions had been burnt to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves, that after all their toils and dangers no refreshments were to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach! All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into that forest where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hopes of discovering some food or booty; they proceeded from a young woman holding a child a year old, in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant. 'Stay lieutenant,' said one of them, here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one, who is past speaking: question her a little.'

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains; and was pale, but not trembling.

'Why are you alone here?' asked the Lieutenant.

'I staid with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest,' replied she, haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman; 'I staid to take care of her.'

'Why have your neighbors left the village?' The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire; she fixed on the Lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered: 'You know very well; were they not all to be massacred?'

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders: 'But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine skins?'

'That you might find nothing; as they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them.'

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and more welcome than all, several skins of wine, all discovered in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected

supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman:—

'Whence come these provisions?'

'They are all the same as those we burnt; we concealed them for our friends.'

'Is your husband with yonder brigands?'

'My husband is in heaven!' said she, lifting up her eyes; 'he died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand!'

'Have you any brother amongst them?'

'I have no longer a tie—except my poor child'—and she pressed the infant to her heart:—the poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

'Commander,' exclaimed one of the soldiers, 'pray order a division of the booty, for we are very hungry, and devilish thirsty.'

'One moment, my children; listen,' said he, eyeing the young woman with suspicious inquisition; 'these provisions are good I hope?'

'How should they be otherwise?' replied the Spaniard, contemptuously—'they were not for you.'

'Well! here's to thy health, then, demonia,' said a young sub-lieutenant opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught, but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

'One moment. Since this wine is good, you will not object to a glass.'

'Oh, dear no! as much as you please.' And accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

'Huzza! Huzza!' shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

'And your child will drink some also,' said the lieutenant; 'he is so pale, that it will do him good.'

The Spaniard had herself drank without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled: the motion however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid—its features contracted—and its mouth convulsed with agony, gave vent to piteous

shrieks. The mother too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

'Wretch!' exclaimed the commandant, 'thou hast poisoned us!'

'Yes,' said she, with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle. 'Yes I have poisoned you. I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place;—was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter! Yes—yes—you will die, and die in perdition, while I shall go to heaven.'

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers at first did not comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them; in vain their commander interposed; they repulsed him, and dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit—which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by miracle.

The persuasion that the bed of death would be disturbed in search of booty, was indeed holding us as savages; and such was the impression produced by the man who could command, 'Let no sanctuary deter your search.' By such means were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especially by the oppressions of General D... If the inhabitants of Argueno had not received information that they were to be massacred, they would not have taken the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was related to me, on the eve of my departure from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplating the murderous war of people against people! I trembled for the first time since my entrance into Spain. I was become timid. Alas! it was

not on my own account—but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity—and amidst what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS.

It is unnecessary, in our notice of the plate of the Allied Powers, which the present number contains, to give a special sketch of any of the persons represented, but the Sultan of Turkey, with whose history our readers may not, perhaps, be so familiar. We therefore confine ourselves to a mere statement of births, accessions, and marriages, reserving our space for a short sketch of

ABDUL MEDJID, PRESENT SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The Sultan Mahmoud, so celebrated for the many radical reforms which he endeavoured to effect in his dominions, died on the 1st of July, 1839, just six days after the entire defeat of his army at Nezib. He was at the time aged fifty-four and had been on the throne thirty-one years.

Abdul Medjid, the prince called to be his successor, was the one and twentieth son of the departed Sultan, and having been born at Constantinople on the 19th April, 1823, had just entered on the sixteenth year of his age. His youth had been like the majority of the princes of his race, and precocious indulgence in the pleasures of the harem had formed the only preparations which he had made as yet for the fulfilment of the duties of sovereignty.

Nevertheless, he laid hold of the reins of power with a strong hand, and gave early evidence of his disregard for established customs whose usages were not sanctioned by any higher authority, and of his determination to proceed in the path of reform trod by his father. For instance, when he repaired to the sacred mosque of Eyoub for the purpose of being girded, according to solemn usage, with the sabre of Othman, the symbol of his authority, he did so dressed in an unorthodox costume, and great debates were entered into upon the question, could the *padischa* be so admitted into the sacred precincts. The Chiek ul Islam and all the Ulemas pronounced decidedly and with much warmth in favour of the continued observance of the ancient custom. No former Sultan had undergone the ceremony clothed in any other than the traditional costume, and what would the world say to an innovation so manifestly opposed to the

true spirit of Islam and the majesty of the Khalifat? All opposition, however, was cut short by the old vizier, Khosrew, who at last exclaimed to the chief of the Ulemas: "By Allah and his prophet! if you raise any more objections, your head shall be nailed to the gates of the palace within an hour! This threat silenced the boldest, and Abdul Medjid entered the holy of holies dressed for the most part, in European fashion.

A still more remarkable instance, to the same effect, may be also adduced. It had been the constant practice of his predecessors, on their ascent to the throne, to put to death the greater number of their nearest relatives, for the purpose of doing away with the possibility of their possession of it being disputed. His own father, Mahmoud II. had thus caused nine of his brothers to be strangled in one day, and as Abdul Medjid had a brother who was of a most violent temper and ambitious disposition, we might have naturally expected him, in his regard to have followed his father's example. To his honour be it spoken, however, the Sultan left him in full possession of life and liberty; nor has he ever had occasion to repent of the humanity he thus exhibited.

His reign was inaugurated under gloomy auspices. Four days only after its commencement news arrived at Constantinople of the defeat and total dispersion of the army of Hafiz, and of the taking by Ibrahim Pasha of the Camp of Nezib, and all the warlike stores of the destroyed army. Nor was this even the worst, for within another forty-eight hours intelligence was brought of the defection of the fleet; which had been given up to the Pasha of Egypt by its commander, Ahmed Fewkay, in consequence of his sworn enmity to the man whom Abdul Medjid had made his vizier, Khosrew.—Master, therefore, both of land and sea, might not a *coup de main* at any moment make Ibrahim Pasha master of Constantinople also? And might not this state of affairs cause Russia to step in and assert that right of protectorate over the Turkish Empire which the convention of Unkiar Skelessi had given her, and had endowed her with authority to exercise whenever circumstances might require her so to do, and thus between the forces of the Czar on the one hand and those of Mehemet Ali on the other, the throne of the new Sultan be all but torn to pieces. Fortunately, however, Russia did not esteem it expedient to press her pretensions to the protectorate just at this moment, and the

states of Western Europe interfering to prevent Ibrahim Pasha following up the advantage which his victory at Nezib and the defection of the Turkish fleet had combined to accord him, Turkey was once more allowed breathing time.

Just four years after the commencement of his reign, Abdul Mejid gave his people the famous Hatté Sheriff, which has been justly denominated the charter of their liberties. It made a vast number of changes in the laws of Government, all tending to the promotion of the welfare of the people, security for whose lives and property is for the first time ensured. All the reforms pointed out in it, however, circumstances have not enabled Abdul Mejid to complete. But he has done all that it has been, humanly speaking, possible for him to do; he has increased the freedom which his subjects formerly enjoyed, as well as added to their security; he has taken all power to insure their education; has radically reformed the administrative machinery of the country, and brought the State's finances into a better state than they were ever before in; and has equitably adjusted the manner in which the taxes shall be gathered and levies for the army made, and made those troops which fifteen years ago, Ibrahim Pasha drove before him like a horde of savages, almost equal in discipline to those of the nations of Western Europe.

Of the political relations which Abdul Mejid has at various times held with the surrounding Governments, we have not in this article space to speak; whilst the grave events which date from the arrival of Prince Menschikoff at Constantinople are too familiar to every reader to need recounting. We only allude to them for the purpose of noticing the attitude in which the Sultan has faced the new perils which have recently gathered round his Empire, an attitude in every respect fulfilling the early promises of his reign.

Abdul Medjid is in the thirty-first year of his age, but he appears somewhat older in consequence of his black beard, and the fatigue, both mental and bodily, which he has undergone, and is undergoing. His features are not very regular, nor his complexion very fair, but this last defect is usually remedied by the free use of cosmetics. His eyes are brilliant and piercing, but so fired as to give to his countenance an air which at the first glance is rather unpleasing, and his beard is short, but unusually thick and bristly. His ordinary costume is very simple, and is composed principally of a kind of palcôt

of dark blue cloth, European pantaloons, and Japan boots, with a *fez* to which the imperial tuft of heron plumes is attached by a golden buckle adorned with diamonds.

AUSTRIA.

Francis-Joseph I. Emperor of Austria, born August 18, 1830; succeeded his uncle, Ferdinand I., on his abdication, Dec. 2, 1848 (his father, Archduke Francis-Charles, renouncing his claim in his favour).

PRUSSIA.

Frederick-William IV., King of Prussia, born Oct. 15, 1795; succeeded his father, Frederick-William III., June 7, 1810; married Nov. 29, 1823, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Maximilian-Joseph King of Bavaria.

FRANCE.

Napoleon III. Emperor of the French, born April 20, 1808; son of Louis-Napoleon, ex-King of Holland; elected 11th, and proclaimed 20th December 1848, President of the French Republic; re-elected President for ten years December 3, 1851; and declared Emperor December 2, 1852.

RUSSIA.

Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, born July 6, 1796; succeeded his brother, Alexander, Dec. 1, 1825; married July 13, 1817, Charlotte (now Alexandra), sister of the King of Prussia, born July 13, 1798. Issue, 1. Alexander, hereditary, Grand Duke, born April 29, 1818; married April 28, 1841, Maria, sister of the Grand Duke of Hesse; issue, four sons. 2. Constantine, born Sept. 21, 1827; married Sept. 11, 1848, Grand Duchess Josséfowna of Saxe-Altenburg; issue, a son and a daughter. 3. Nicholas, born August 8, 1831. 4. Michael, born Oct. 25, 1832. 5. Maria, born August 18, 1819; married July 14, 1839, Maximilian, Duke of Leuchtenberg, who died Nov. 5, 1852; issue, four sons and two daughters. 6. Olga, born Sept. 11, 1822; married July 13, 1846, Charles, Prince Royal of Wurtemberg.

LIFE IN THE DESERT.—If a Bedouin tribe be moving in great haste before an enemy, and should be unable to stop for many hours, or be making a forced march to avoid pursuit over a desert, where wells are very distant from each other, the women sometimes prepare bread whilst riding on camels. The fire is then lighted in an earthen vessel. One woman kneads the dough, a second rolls it out, and a third bakes it. Boys or women on foot pass the materials, as required, from one to the other.

THE BEE.

AN! who is so blest as the honey-bee,
The sylph and humming-bird of the flowers?
The light-wing'd elf! who so happy as he,
Making the most of the golden hours?
No hermit austere in his waxen cell,
But an epicure, and a sage as well!

He kisses the rose's blushing cheeks,
And sucks the balm from the woodbine's lip,
While a merry murmur his pleasure speaks;
Nor only doth he sing and sip.
But reaps besides, and carries away
A harvest to hive for a rainy day.

The garden's Sultan, he fondly flies
From bud to bud through his Flower-serai;
He waits not to see—he is far too wise!—
His blooming Beauties wither and die;
But the moment one turns pale, he retreats
To solace himself with another's sweets.

Come, friends, let's take for our guide the Bee!
Who the way of wisdom so well can teach!
Let's follow his gay philosophy!
Ne'er lose a blossom within our reach;
Nor fail, 'mid the Present, to garner up
Some gleanings for filling the Future's cup!

A TARTAR INN.—On the arrival of a traveller, he is met by the comptroller of the table, who announces what there is to eat, and as the visitor selects his dishes, this official repeats them in a measured chant to, the governor of the pot. Before commencing his repast, courtesy requires the traveller to invite everybody present to partake with him. "Come," he says, "come my friends and drink a glass of wine with me; come and eat a plate of rice." And everybody answers, "No, thank you; do you rather come and seat yourself at my table. It is I who invite you." And so the matter ends. When traveller rises to depart, the comptroller of the table again chants over the names of the dishes, observing this time to include the price in his song.

Enduring fame depends mainly on enduring effects. Posterity care little about any but those who have done something for posterity's interests.

Conscience is the best friend we have; with it we may bid defiance to man; without it all the friends in the world can be of no use to us.

He who beholds the faults of others through his own virtues, is generally disposed to forgive them; indulgence is the child of purity of heart.

ROLIÇA.

BY THOMAS CAXTON.

Waiting for the coming combat
 Stood LABORDE at break of day,
 Up the valley, forward pressing,
 Came the Iron WELLESLEY,
 Up the gorge and through the thickets,
 On the Plains of Roliça.

Shout the strong advancing columns,
 Answers vibrate o'er the hills ;
 On each side along the mountains,
 Through the air the echo trills,
 Down into the sleeping valley
 Bounding o'er the leaping rills.

France's vet'rans loudly answer,—
 Answer to the British cheer,
 With the hearty shout that rises
 O'er the startled foemen's ear,
 From a famed, victorious army,
 That has never bowed to fear.

In the woods the muskets rattle,
 Through the air the whizzing hail,
 On the breezes, sharp and piercing,
 Passing by the wounded's wail,
 Speak the soreness of the combat
 Just commencing in the vale.

Gently o'er the mountains stealing,
 Comes the golden morning's mist,
 With its rosy folds concealing
 The fair crag whose brow it kiss'd ;
 Leaning on Aurora's bosom
 Like a flashing Amethyst.

Lo! the God of Light uprising,
 Mounts the brilliant car of day,
 Coursing through the East resplendant,
 Fly his swift steeds on their way,
 Flinging back a flood of glory
 On the glittering array.

Shake their manes, and hill and valley,
 Gold-brown rocks and forest green,
 Purple cloudlets, tinged with radiance,
 Sparkle 'neath the golden sheen,
 Glints the bright steel in the sunlight,
 Moves the heaven's gorgeous screen.

Strike their hoofs, and earth and heaven
 Glow with showers of diamond light ;
 Gleam the gold and silver trappings
 Of the war steeds in their might ;
 Ope' the standards o'er the battle,
 Where the most courageous fight.

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Creeping upwards, softly, slowly,
 On the sun-bright morning sky,
 Curl the blood-tinged wreaths of battle,
 Bearing up the startling cry,
 Bearing up the shrieks and curses
 Of the wounded ere they die.

Ghastly faces turned to heaven,
 Gone the human look divine,
 Anguish—cold and withering anguish
 Traceable in every line,
 Like a mutilated carcase
 Heaved from out a burning mine.

Some in death, and others waiting
 Listening for the soothing sound
 Of his silent, welcome footsteps,
 O'er the trembling, furrowed ground ;
 Some their stricken spirits yielding
 With a quick, convulsive bound.

Havoc through the valley striding,
 Deadly missions everywhere,
 Desolating either army,
 Yet no heart is quailing there ;
 Hotter—thicker—nearer rolling,
 Curls the red smoke up the air.

Frenchmen, bravely, proudly pressing
 On the dense opposing mass ;
 Britons nobly, fiercely rushing
 Like a red wave o'er the grass,
 Bearing back the dark battalions
 Backward to the granite pass.

Through the gorge, a band of heroes
 Rush, with Spartan courage filled ;
 Battling—struggling—falling—dying,
 On that desolating field ;
 Scarce a handful now retreating
 Back, to rally, not to yield.

LAKE, with bold, intrepid daring,
 Cheers them on with sword in hand ;
 Onward to the charge returning,
 Where the French in order stand,
 Striking down the very bravest
 Of that too-determined band.

Now he reels, that brave commander,
 Reels and falls upon the plain ;
 But his death is fast avenging,
 Fall the French like autumn grain ;
 Though they meet the fierce encounter
 As the granite meets the main.

Up the heights of Zambugeira,
 Rushing to avenge the dead,
 See ! the gallant NINTH are crowding—
 Not as erst by STEWART led,
 Death and danger madly braving
 In the cause for which he bled.

Blood upon the grassy hill-side,
 • On the Adamantine rock,
 On the myrtle-covered hillock,
 Where the restless Britons flock;
 Blood upon the hill above them
 Where the Gaul withstands the shock—
 From the tangled thickets pouring,
 Come the French with hasty stride,
 Pressing towards their massive squadrons
 As the streamlet seeks the tide;
 Backward move the sturdy columns,
 Backward in their stubborn pride.
 Backward, steadily retreating,
 Went LABORDÈ upon that day,
 At his heels, with thundering footsteps,
 Came the Iron WELLESLEY;
 Up the gorge, and through the thickets,
 On the Plains of Roliça.

Belleville, May, 1854.

THE STARS.—Lord Rosse's telescope has resolved into stars, nebulae which were previously supposed to be part of a thin, diffused vapour, filling vast regions of space, and destined, in long cycles of ages, to condense into worlds. The discovery has disturbed the nebular hypothesis, but it has also revealed a startling truth. The distances of these stars are so amazing and incomprehensible, that the light they send forth requires cycles of ages to traverse the space between them and the earth. We see them, therefore, by rays emitted ages before man appeared on the earth; and, for aught we can tell, their light was extinguished thousands of years ago. Were they now annihilated (if annihilation were possible), the present dwellers on the earth, and far distant generations of men, could know nothing of their extinction.

SOCIETY.—In the beginning of the world, the common Creator of all vouchsafed to the brute herd only the principle of vitality; to us he gave souls also, that an instinct of affection, reciprocally shared, might urge us to seek for, and to give, assistance; to unite in one people, those before widely scattered; to emerge from the ancient wood, and abandon the forests where our fathers dwelt; to build houses, to join another's dwelling to our own houses; that the confidence mutually engendered by a neighbour's threshold might add security to our slumbers; to cover with our arms a fellow citizen when falling or staggering from a ghastly wound; to sound the battle signal from a common clarion; to be defended by the same ramparts, and closed in by the key of a common portal.

JUSTICE BY JUDGE JEFFERYS.

MASTER GEORGE JEFFERYS, subsequently the notorious Chief Justice and Chancellor, was elected Common-serjeant of the City of London in March, 1671; and a trial which took place before him a few days after his elevation to that minor judicial office is, it strikes me, not only curious in itself, but as throwing some light upon the reckless habits and tendencies of the Nero of the Bench, whilst yet but on the threshold of his ruffianly career. The incidents are gleaned from the brief records of the time, and I have done little more than give them sequence and connection.

Charles Carver, a native of Staffordshire, and skilful worker in metals, for some reason not mentioned, crossed the seas, soon after reaching manhood, to the plantations, by which probably Virginia is meant; but not prospering there, returned in 1670, and took up his abode in London. He was now about thirty years of age, well-favoured, six feet in height, and soon became a constant evening guest at the Lamb, Aldersgate Street, then kept by a widow landlady, Mistress Rebecca Hobson, a year or so younger than himself, and a native of the same country. Whether Carver's voyage to the plantations, recent return, and present friendly footing at the Lamb were referable to a former intimacy with the said Rebecca before she became Mistress Hobson, is not directly stated; the probability, however, being in the affirmative. Be that as it may, whether it was a reknitting of a previous broken attachment or the formation of a new one, the fact was undeniable that Charles Carver made rapid progress in the dame's good graces, and that if her humour held it would not be long before the Lamb and the lady had a new master—to use the term, ridiculous as it sounds now-a-days, recognised by the marital code and practice of the period when the second Charles was king. There was some danger that her humour would not hold, she having other strings to her widow's bow, and one especially which it was difficult to detach and cast off—a Mr. Nathaniel Betteridge, established in the Minories as a practical jeweller, and reputedly well to do in the world. This person had been assiduous in both morning and evening attendance at the Lamb from the time poor Samuel Hobson had been medically pronounced incurable,—a forecasting tenderness not apparently displeasing to the fair relict, expectant

and actual, till the appearance of Carver, when the light of her countenance was gradually withdrawn from the jeweller, to shine with daily increasing brightness and benignity upon the comely and stalwart worker in metals. Nathaniel Betteridge was not, however, a man to accept defeat in such a struggle if victory might be won by any means, however foul or dishonest; the prize which was fast slipping through his fingers, after they had in imagination already clutched it, being relatively to the condition of the competing parties a highly desirable one, as without taking into account the personal qualities of the lady, of whom in that respect I only find it remarked that she was a buxom, well-reputed dame, she was known to be left by her husband's will upwards of £2000, lent on bond to the worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, together with a freehold of the Lamb hostelry, unencumbered by the troublesome appendages of children. The first mode adopted by Betteridge for regaining the position in the wealthy widow's favour he had fallen from, was the common one of bounce and braggadocia. He gave out that his property considerably exceeded that of Mistress Hobson; and he indignantly warned her that it would be a rash and ruinous step on her part to reject the honest suit of a man of respectability and substance in favour of that of a fellow, the labour of whose hands barely sufficed for his own meagre maintenance. Mistress Hobson was not unmoved by these commonsense considerations; but the effect was temporary only, being sure to presently evaporate in the sunshine of Carver's good-looking, good-humoured countenance; not the less readily, we may be sure, that it began to be whispered about, quite aloud enough to reach Mistress Hobson's sharp ears, that Nathaniel Betteridge was in by no means such prosperous circumstances as he pretended,—so far from it, in truth, that it was doubtful whether without the nuptial transfer of the widow's cash to his own gaping pockets he would be long able to keep himself out of the dreaded clutch of sheriff's officers. Unsuccessful upon his first tack, and still confident that at the worst he stood second in the Lamb landlady's favour, Betteridge fell upon another scheme for compassing his end. He had not failed to remark certain defects of character in Carver, which, judiciously brought into play, could not, he thought, fail to sink him (Carver) in the esteem of Mistress Hobson. As the

first move in his new game, Betteridge formally withdrew his pretensions to the widow's hand, in a flattering, regretfully-gallant way, of course; and forthwith set himself to cultivate Charles Carver's facile friendship. So readily did he succeed, that the whilom rivals soon became intimate companions; simple, forgiving Nathaniel Betteridge opening his purse and house to his new and far from too-industriously inclined croaky, with the most delightful generosity and unreserve; besides introducing him to various haunts of enticing dissipation, which Carver, comparatively a stranger in London, had till then been happily ignorant of. The calculated result of this evil companionship was that Carver frequently absented himself of an evening from the Lamb; and when he did appear there it was generally late, and he often flustered with drink. He was, it seems, too generous, or too silly to betray his tempter; but Mistress Hobson's widow-wit was of too keen a quality not to easily discern the true bearings of the case. In sooth, she had never believed in the sincerity of Betteridge's voluntary abandonment of his suitorship,—a natural vanity, probably, refusing to believe that her charms, not links of love alone but all-constraining gold, could be so easily cast off; and though exceedingly wroth with Carver, she nevertheless permitted herself to forgive him; marriage would no doubt, as he himself constantly insisted, proved a cure for such irregularities; and Betteridge to his great dismay, heard, whilst discussing some excellent ale and cold beef, one morning in January, 1671, that the union, for better for worse, of Charles Carver and Rebecca Hobson, was definitely fixed to take place on St. Valentine's Day in the ensuing month.

There was no time for further shilly-shallying; so utterly desperate were his affairs, that if he would avoid incarceration, perhaps for life, a decisive blow must be struck without delay; and after brief communing with the devil, meaning thereby his own evil thoughts and reckless passions, the insolvent jeweller hit upon a truly infernal scheme, supposing that, as intimated, his subsequent and crowning deed was from that moment contemplated and resolved upon; which I can hardly believe, his path in crime being, it strikes me, at first, as is almost invariably the case, but dimly outlined and defined.

The first enginery set in motion was the sending anonymous letters to Mistress Hobson,

the burden of all being that Carver was passionately attached to another woman, and desirous only of marrying the wealthy Mistress of the Lamb for her money, which he would infallibly squander upon his leman. These missives, couched in vague and general terms, did not disturb the widow's mind. She rightly guessed from whose quiver such venomously-barbed but, after all, blunt and harmless arrows were supplied; but a letter which reached her in the first week in February, setting forth names, time, and place, which she might, if so minded, verify for herself, made her pause. Carver, it was asserted, had made an appointment to meet the damsel of his heart, on the morrow afternoon, at the Bull Inn, Aldgate; and he *had* informed Mistress Hobson that he should, though of course much grieving thereat, be absent from the Lamb on the evening of that morrow!

This array of commingling circumstances occasioned even trustful Mistress Hobson some foreboding heartquakes, which had nothing abated when, at about three o'clock the next afternoon, she stepped into the chair hired to convey her to Aldgate; but as she turned round to give some parting direction to a servant, the fox-like glance of Nathaniel Betteridge peering triumphantly from a corner of the cautiously uplifted red curtain of the back boozing-room, threw in a moment, a healthier hue over her green and yellow fancies. Whatever mischief poor Carver had been led into was, she felt strongly reassured, the contrivance of that knave of a jeweller. Still it would be as well to thoroughly convince herself of the falsity of the accusation, and nodding defiantly in the direction of the drinking-room, she, in a loud, chirruping voice, bade the chairman move on quickly, as she was pressed for time.

Upon reaching the Bull, her first inquiry was for Will Burton, a waiter, formerly of the Lamb. Will, a hard north country blade, sharpened by town practice to a very keen edge indeed, guessed her errand in a twinkling; but so taken unawares was he, that to his own great astonishment he positively felt a red-hot tinge flush through his unaccustomed face, as his former mistress said, with prompt decision, "Charles Carver is here, and there is a young woman with him." Now Carver was a favourite of Will's, and though compelled to admit the perplexing fact so sharply stated, he rallied instantly and declared with emphasis that Carver had no more supposed he should

meet a lady there, than that King Charles would pay him a visit. Will added, that Carver had been hooked into playing a rather heavy match at shovel-board, which he was induced to do, to his (Will Burton's) knowledge, because thinking he was pretty sure to win, he had a notion to surprise a certain lady with a wedding present of one of the rich cardinals, just then so fashionable amongst the quality. Will, however, did not believe he would win, seeing that—

"Never mind about winning or losing," interrupted the much mollified Mistress Hobson: "it's about Carver's companion I wish to be informed.

"As to that," Will said, "it happened just this wise: Carver had been in the house about ten minutes waiting for the match-man, when a nicely dressed young person, who said she had been informed at his lodgings where he might be found, asked to see and speak with him. Will Burton showed her at once into No. 8 dining-room, where Carver was quietly seated over a mug of Lamb's-wool; and he (Will) being naturally of an inquiring turn of mind, contrived, easily enough, to hear what passed. The stranger pretended she came from the same place, in Staffordshire as Carver; that she knew his father and mother, and having just lost her place, had taken the liberty to see him for the purpose of requesting a small loan to enable her to get back without delay to her native town; she pretending of course, to be in deep distress, and pumping up showers of tears, and all that kind of bother. Carver, however, would'nt have it at all at first, but at last he ordered her some dinner, which she was then eating; and this," concluded Will, "is the whole roundabout of it, I am willing to take oath."

Will Burton was believed. This the widow's condescending smile, as she shook him by the hand, leaving therein a gold crown-piece, satisfactorily proved; although she at the same time requested him to point out No. 8. Will reluctantly complied, but his fear of an explosion was not realized. Mistress Hobson was contented throwing the door suddenly open, presenting herself drawn up to the fullest height, and flaming with tempestuous scorn for a few moments at the entrance, during which brief space she contrived to gaze whole volumes at the utterly confounded Carver; then sailed majestically away, regained the sedan-chair, and departed homewards at double-quick pace.

Nathaniel Betteridge was still at the Lamb when its proprietress returned; and one glance at her crimsoned features showed anger there, indeed, but not a sparkle of jealousy! Greatly perplexed that this should be so, he immediately hastened off to ascertain the cause of the unexpected failure of his device.

Preceding him for a few minutes we shall find that Carver had no sooner recovered the use of his faculties, paralysed for a while by the astounding apparition in the doorway, than he rushed out in pursuit. He was too late: the sedan-chair had vanished, and returning, foaming with fury, he found that the Staffordshire hussey was also gone! Will Burton's quickly volunteered explanation, however, greatly mitigated his angry dismay, and the shovel-board players making their appearance, he subsided by degrees into a sufficiently placid state of mind, fully resolving, at the same time, to make matters right at the Lamb at the earliest possible moment on the morrow. A continuous run of ill-luck, aided by copious draughts of ale, re-inflamed the temper as well as muddled the brain of the imprudent worker in metals. He lost all the money about him, borrowed of Betteridge, who had long since joined the party, till that worthy would lend him no more. This led to a quarrel, and finally, not to dwell upon such disagreeable scenes, Carver was conveyed to bed in a state of brutal insensibility—his drink having, in fact, been drugged by Betteridge. According to Carver's own statement he awoke whilst it was yet night with a splitting headache and a burning throat and tongue. It was some time before he could remember where he was, and at first he had a confused impression that his heavy slumber had been broken by some one groping about the room. When quite awake he noticed by the faint starlight another bedstead in the room the occupant whereof was loudly snoring. He lay for about two hours in a state of fever both of mind and body, and the instant he heard footsteps stirring below he jumped up, bustled on his clothes, hurried down stairs, drank and rinsed his face at the yard-pump, and went away. It was too early to pay a visit to the Lamb; the burning, clammy thirst, partially allayed by the draught of pump water, returned upon him as he was passing through the Minories, and finding himself alone by a tavern where he could obtain credit he entered the King Charles tavern, called for a measure of spiced ale—another—

then another, at which game of ruin we must for a brief space leave him to ascertain what is going on at the Bull Inn, Aldgate.

On the previous night, directly after Carver had been got to bed, Nathaniel Betteridge concluded that he also was too staggery and too out of sorts to go home, and that he could not do better than secure the other bed in the room where his friend and crony was sleeping. This, as a matter of course was acceded to; Betteridge, it was afterwards well remembered, paid his reckoning from a handful of gold and silver coins, with considerable ostentation, and forthwith retired to bed. He did not awake, or, at all events, did not rise till nine o'clock, a few minutes after which there was a furious uproar in the house. Nathaniel Betteridge, upon putting on his clothes, discovered that he had been robbed of all his money. After the first confusion had subsided, suspicion naturally pointed to Carver, who had left the inn so early and furtively, as the robber, whereupon considerate Mr. Betteridge seemed desirous of hushing up the affair; but the character of the house was now at stake; constables were sent for by the landlord, and a search after Carver was made, first at his lodgings, next at the Lamb, without success. At last information was brought that the unfortunate man was drinking at the King Charles: he was found and captured there, immediately taken to the Mansion House, searched by the order of the sitting alderman, and the coins stolen from Betteridge were found carefully concealed in an inner pouch of his doublet. Five minutes after this discovery, and whilst still in a state of stupefaction, he was committed to Newgate, and, in the judgement of the spectators, as good as half-hanged already.

Mistress Hobson's anger vanished at once in presence of the frightful peril in which Carver was emmeshed, foully so, she was confident; but how to bring home that conviction to others was the rub. The family attorney assured her the case against Carver was so plain that to attempt a defence would be merely folly, and strongly advised her not to waste her substance in so futile an effort. In the very crisis of her distress who should walk into the Lamb but an old customer whom she had not seen for a long, long time, vulture-visaged George Jefferys, the barrister, who, not yet thirty, had already won the reputation of a fierce, unscrupulous, and most successful practitioner. He called for ale and tobacco, and was soon absorbed in the

enjoyment of those luxuries, the taste for which it is well known survived his elevation to the chief justice and chancellorships. Mistress Hobson determined to forthwith consult this formidable personage, and the grim auditor listened to her story with keen attention as the two fierce eyes, gleaming intently at her from out a cloud of tobacco smoke, sufficiently testified, though he only gruffly murmured, *inter alia*, when she paused for breath, that he knew the Bull Inn and Will Burton very well.

At length the lady had said her say, and Master Jefferys, after a few minutes' self-communing, said, "I am of opinion dame, that Betteridge is at the bottom of this affair; and it happens that you can just now render me an essential favour; if you agree to do so, I will, for once travel out of the beaten path to slip the neck of this sweetheart of yours out of the halter. The matter stands thus: I am up as a common-serjeant-ship, and a larger sum is required to ensure success than I can just now command. I have been, you are aware, a borrower of your husband several times; now if you will lend me the required sum, at interest, for six months secured by bond, I will strive to pull your friend through, and without charge."

Mistress Hobson joyfully consented; the money was she knew certain to be repaid, and the transaction was concluded without delay. The barrister's iterated and last injunctions, when leaving the Lamb, were, that strict silence should be observed, and Betteridge be treated with civility and kindness for a while.

Late the next evening, soon after Nathaniel Betteridge returned home from the Lamb, in a rather jubilant state of mind, Mistress Hobson's manner having been so unexpectedly gracious, a stern-looking, black-habited gentleman presented himself, upon, he announced, peremptory and important business: "You do not know me, I believe, Nathaniel Betteridge? I supposed not; you may call me Master Charles; I chanced to sleep at the Bull Inn, Aldgate, the same night that you and the fellow now in Newgate did, in a small room leading from yours, which you did not, I think, observe! There—there, do not jump up and stare in that way; but sit quietly, if you can, and listen to what I have to say: it were best," added the speaker, with a coarse vehemence, apparently habitual with him. "You must know," continued Master Charles, "you must know, Nathaniel Betteridge, that I am very wakeful. Ha! you guess the rest!"

"My God!" screamed the jeweller, in a panic of alarm; "What are you here for?—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? This:—that I saw you get out of one bed and conceal your money in Carver's doublet whilst he slept; and——"

"Miscreant! devil!" shouted Betteridge, with momentary audacity: "You lie! you lie!"

The disdainful iron smile of the stranger was more potent than his rage: he hesitated, and sense and courage alike forsaking him, he fell, with clasped hands, upon his knees, and gasped out, "Save—save me; I will agree to anything—anything; what shall I do?"

"Do? Why marry the widow, certainly," chuckled Master Charles: "there can be no danger of detection, provided you agree to pay me over £500 in gold caroluses, one week after the wedding."

Stunned, overwhelmed, feeling as if standing upon the brink of a fathomless gulf, down which the hand of the stern stranger could in a moment hurl him, Betteridge, as soon as he could command his nerves, agreed to and subscribed the required conditions. The memorandum only stated that three months after date Betteridge would pay Master Charles, or bearer, £500. His astute visitor did not probably think it prudent to press him for a more direct confession of his villany. "This will do," said Master Charles, as he turned to leave: "Now you may proceed without fear, as I shall, for my own sake, stick by you, be sure of it to the last."

On the 17th of March, Jefferys was elected common-serjeant; and on the 28th of the same month, Chief Justice Scroggs, having just left the court, after a protracted trial of importance, he was on the bench, when a true bill was handed down from the grand jury-room against Charles Carver. "Good," exclaimed the serjeant with a gleeful glance at the deputy-governor of Newgate, "let the prisoner be arraigned at once." This was done, and in a few minutes Betteridge entered the witness-box. He did not recognise Jefferys in his robes, and the capacious wig just then substituted for the velvet cap, and gave his evidence, in chief, distinctly. "Now, fellow," roared out the common-serjeant "look well at me, and then tell the jury if you have ever seen me before?"

The terrible voice was enough; the recognition by Betteridge of Master Charles in his fierce questioner was instantaneous as light-

ning. Overwhelming as ruin and despair. "The witness," says the report, "gazed at the common-serjeant as some animals are said to do when enthralled by the glance of a deadly serpent from which there is no escape; and it was marvellous to note how the serjeant firked and ferreted him with questions, and he like an instrument played upon by a man's fingers, gave out such replies and confessions as fully revealed his villanous purposes; and, when loosened from the examination, fell down in a fit. A joyful verdict of "not guilty" was returned; Charles Carver accompanied Mistress Hobson home in a coach, was married to her the following week, and always after led a decent and sober life."

Nathaniel Betteridge was convicted of perjury, and sentenced to have his ears cropped and stand in the pillory. He died a prisoner on the debtor side of Newgate.

A SYRIAN LEGEND.

Koja, the son of a shipwright of Beyrout, became the hero of story simply from the excessive constancy of his attachment to Lisa, the daughter of a Maronite merchant. No one knows to what nation Koja belonged, or is quite sure of the epoch of his existence. But as mountains in a misty atmosphere seem far off as soon as you recede a little from them, so in the East, where history sheds no steady light on the past, popular personages who have only just died are often removed to an indefinite distance back in time. This point, however, is of no moment. Men who become famous from the mere display of the affections are always near neighbours. We feel for Petrarch, whose house has left no ruins at Vaucluse, just as if he were living in the next street. More so, perhaps; because time flowing over his story has washed away everything but the sparkling gold. So is it with Koja. There were men who hated and persecuted him in his life; but they are gone, and all now join in lamenting his long separation from Lisa.

The meeting of the two lovers was accidental. One morning, Lisa, who began to find the women's apartment, to which she had been confined during her father's absence at Damascus, somewhat dreary, asked Margota, her aunt, to take her forth, that she might wander on the borders of the sea. The good old lady was well-nigh struck dumb by the request. "All the

saints bless thee!" cried she; "has a Marid (evil spirit) been whispering in thy ear? Why, here am I, at this respectable age. I have lived all my life long at Beyrout, and never once have I desired to go down to the water's edge." Upon this Lisa laughed, and told to her aunt the story of the dove who lived with the tortoise, and who one day expressed a desire to go and eat olives on a hill that was almost out of sight. The tortoise objected, and made a long speech to show the impropriety of such a step; but the dove flashed round and round in the sunlight, and replied, "My friend, you mean to say that you have no wings." So off she flew.

Margota understood from this that her charge would steal out alone, or with one of the slave girls, to satisfy her wish; and with many grumbings began to get ready, first putting on a veil as thick as a towel, then an ample gown of yellow silk, and then a black cloak like a domino. Afterwards she wanted to take all off again to don her yellow boots in greater comfort; but Lisa, who had disguised herself in five minutes, would not allow such delay, and calling to Zarifeh, the slave girl, went down into the court. Margota followed, grumbling at her wilfulness; and so they went forth into the narrow streets, and proceeded in the direction of the sea.

Instead of going down to the port, always full of noisy Greek and Arab sailors, they took a circuitous direction, and reached the water's edge about a mile outside the town. "It is a beautiful evening," said Lisa. "Very cold," quoth Margota, shivering; and indeed a sea-breeze was blowing gently in their faces, and making their silk garments flutter as it passed. The water, however, far out, seemed as placid as the blue heavens above; whilst near at hand small waves, or rather ripples, came creeping up the sandy beach a few inches, and then retreating to return again with a rustling sound. Lisa took off her shoes—she had no stockings—and ran out to try and catch what seemed to her floating diamonds—star-fish that were poisoning themselves near the surface, now expanding, now contracting, and ever leaping out of reach of her hand.

Thus they proceeded slowly until they came to a ledge of rock that jutted some hundred feet into the sea. By this time the wind had freshened a little, and a cloud of spray occasionally played about the extreme end of the point. Margota voted for a return, and tried

to force a cough; but Lisa insisted on running out along the ledge, and away she went. Her guardian, tired and annoyed, sat down on the sand to wait for her return with Zarifeh; both remained looking lazily at the sun, which, with vastly enlarged circumference, was just poisoning itself near the cloudless horizon—a globe of fire in a sea of light.

The time seemed long, and Margota at last said to Zarifeh, "My sight is weak, and I do not descry Lisa on the rock." The slave girl turned her sharp eyes in that direction, and rousing from her apathy, cried, "She is not there!" So she ran forward, while Margota, whose boots were full of sand, followed slowly. The black girl arrived soon, and standing on the rock, shaded her eyes from the sun and looked around. "Where is the child?" cried Margota. "Out on the sea," was the reply. "She is going away!"

On reaching with much difficulty the summit of the rock, Margota to her dismay saw at some distance out on the purple waters, moving towards the golden wake of the sun, a boat impelled by a small sail, and thought she distinguished two persons in it. "Ha!" exclaimed Zarifeh, with a meaning smile, "Lisa has a boatman friend, and he is taking her away. See how the sail swells and bends. But she is not afraid. She stands up clapping her hands; her veil is fluttering; and the stranger is worshipping her face."

Margota could see nothing of all this; but began wringing her hands, for she knew how terrible would be the anger of the father when he heard of what had taken place. The matter, however, was not so serious as she and Zarifeh had at first feared. Lisa, on going out along the rocks, had seen a boat floating near the other side, with a young man seated in it. In the East, when once the formal rules of propriety are disregarded, nature shows itself in its utmost simplicity. Without meaning any harm, Lisa called out, "O, young boatman! this is the first time that I have seen the sea; and I long to ride for one half-hour on its bosom. Take me with thee."

Koja—for it was he—looked up listlessly. He had been sailing about all day, endeavouring to divert his thoughts from themes which trouble youth, and when the wind had fallen, had suffered his boat to float where it listed, just giving now and then a sweep with the oar, more from habit than design. Thus he found himself in that place; and was brought face to face with

Lisa. He complied mechanically with her request, wondering who this maiden might be who was thus out by herself, against all the customs of the country. His fancy suggested that it might be a spirit. She stepped lightly on board when the boat floated up to a projecting ledge; and when the little mast was shipped, and she began to feel the tiny craft glide away from shore, everything was forgotten but the delight of the moment—Margota, and Zarifeh, and prudence, and her father's displeasure—everything was forgotten but the delight of thus passing along like a shadow over the purple waters in the light of the setting sun. Perhaps, too, company so new to her, a handsome youth, who gazed upon her with a bewildered look of admiration, and who seemed silently to entreat her not to notice that the breeze had unveiled her, and that she, whom no strange man ever beheld, was pouring love into his heart—perhaps this was the chief cause of her forgetfulness. Love at first sight is common in the East—where beauty can rarely be marked for a longer space of time than a falling star takes to shoot across one quarter of the heavens. Before the shrill cry of Zarifeh came from the shore, Koja loved Lisa, and Lisa loved Koja, and the destiny of the one became indissolubly united with that of the other.

When Zarifeh called out in the strange wailing voice common to her people, Lisa said to her lover, "We must return; and we must part. This is the flower-time of our lives; afterwards will come the withering sun of adversity." Koja took her hand and placed in it a ring, and said, "If we must part, keep this token. We may never meet again; but it will be a means of communion. If good fortune is with me, it will retain its brightness; if evil, it will dim. If I cease to love, and the grave opens for me, it will become black." Lisa wept at the thought of her lover's death, and took the ring. They exchanged no more words; and presently afterwards the young girl leaped from the boat upon the extreme point of the rock and listened to the approach of her guardian. She did not reply to them, for her eyes and her mind were following Koja, who was sailing on towards the open sea—out, out, towards the place where the sun had gone down—moving to and fro like a shadow, for light was gradually fading, the sail growing gradually dimmer and dimmer until the eye confounded it sometimes with the great white birds that were coming landward, flying low and wearily along the waters. At

length it faded altogether, because night began to come rapidly on; then Lisa said: "I came down to the sea-side with a soul; now it is gone. This is only the form of Lisa. My soul is floating over the waters. Let us go home; the wind is chill, and life's heat has departed from me."

"Wog! woe!" murmured Margota. "The master of that boat was a magician; and he hath cast a spell upon the girl. What have I done?"

So they returned to the house; and Lisa remained day after day lamenting the loss of her soul. She knew that love, such as hers, was destined in this world to bring unhappiness to those who suffered it. Marriages among her people are not based on affection. A husband is chosen by the father, and the daughter is not even asked if she can hope for happiness with him. There was no chance that Koja would be selected; for she knew he was of a different race, a race who worshipped God in a different manner, made bows and prostrations in the Church according to another ritual, kissed the palm of the priest's hand instead of the tips of his fingers, and was altogether, therefore, an alien and an enemy. She also knew that the merchant, her father, had quarreled with the father of Koja for the possession of a ship, so that there was a feud between them. The idea of struggling against law and custom never occurred to her; and she sat down in the chamber, which had appeared in the morning so bright and cheerful, to nurse the young love that had been born, as sadly, as if the grave was already open to receive it.

In the meanwhile, Koja, who equally understood that a fatal passion had taken possession of him, continued sailing out, long after the sun had set and darkness had come on—heavy at first, but then partly dissipated by the moon, which rose over the distant mountains of Lebanon. He felt that in the idle life which he had hitherto led by his father's indulgence, the great love which he had conceived would prove poison to him; and he resolved at once to dissipate his energies in adventure. No thought of relations or friends troubled him; and the narrator does not take the trouble to form a justification. Passion is always selfish; and all poets or romancers in the East identify themselves with those who yield to it, and never dream that any other duties have a claim. Away sailed Koja, until he saw a ship with

many sails moving slowly along in the moonlight. He hailed it, and went on board, and voyaged with it to the Grecian islands, and then to the Frank countries, and back to Egypt. He went on shore, and, pursuing his travels for many years, visited Habesh and the Hejas, and El Hind, and Ajern, and many other countries. In all these places many beautiful women became enamoured of him, and sent to him flowers which they had perfumed with their sighs; but he listened to none, and when they remonstrated with him by messengers he departed from that city and went to another. His heart was wholly occupied with Lisa, whom it seemed impossible he should meet again.

The young girl was equally constant, and spent the chief part of her time in watching the ring which Koja had given her, to know whether it retained its brightness. Sometimes it dulled a little; and as she was unwilling to believe in misfortune, she reproached herself with want of care, and took soft linen and rubbed it; but it changed not by her efforts, obeying all the varied fortunes of the departed one. This ring is not supposed to have been originally endowed with any miraculous powers, but derived its marvellous quality simply from the intensity with which Koja had wished for a means of communion with his beloved one.

When the merchant returned from Damascus his first talk was of a husband for Lisa; but the young girl, knowing there was but one means of escape, feigned madness, and went about the house with flowers and straw in her hair, singing wildly. Margota and Zarifeh knew the cause of this, but they dared not reveal it; and so the merchant grieved, and Lisa remained a maiden, pitied by the whole city. Koja was forgotten, except by his father, who set up a cenotaph for him, and mourned over it for a whole day once a year—the anniversary of the day on which the youth had disappeared, floating away in his boat towards the setting sun.

Time passed on; and Lisa was no longer a young girl, but a full grown woman, still beautiful; yet no longer sought in marriage. She remained in her father's house; while her sisters, who were mere children when the meeting with Koja took place, all found husbands, and soon brought pretty babies for her to admire and nurse. One night, after seven years had gone to the past, the merchant, happening

to be sleepless, heard a voice raised in lamentation. So, he got up and went in its direction, and found that it proceeded from his eldest daughter's room. He listened, and heard her saying: "Oh, Kojn! and art thou near the gates of death? Has this sorrow overtaken me? Is my bridegroom about to be taken away!" The old man marvelled at these words, and quietly raising the curtain that closed the room, beheld Lisa sitting on the carpet with a lamp beside her, holding a ring in the bright light, and shedding tears. "What is the sorrow of my daughter?" said he, gently. She looked up, without any expression of alarm or surprise, and replied: "The last hour is approaching, and I know not where he is or what are the means of protection." Then she showed the ring, which had lost all its brightness, and seemed as if made of old copper. The merchant understood that she had nourished some secret affection, and repented that he had not sought to learn the reason of her madness. He was not very aged—his passions were less strong than of yore—his ambition weaker—his prejudices almost worn away; and therefore, when Lisa told her story, he sympathized with her, and said: "Perchance the young man may yet live, for the ring is not yet black; and there is no limit to the power and mercy of God." As he spoke, the gold assumed a still darker hue; and Lisa shrieked and fell senseless on the carpet.

Now, it happened that at this time Kojn was returning with a caravan across the desert that separates Arabia from Syria. The simoon blew, and obliterated all signs of the track. The caravan wandered—water failed—death began its work. Kojn, though hardened by much travel, suffered the extreme of thirst. Making a last effort, he left the caravan, and wandered away through the sand. Weakness came over him—he sank down, and there seemed no means of escape. He thought of Lisa; and as he felt death coming on, prayed to be united to her in heaven. Then he lost all memory and consciousness; and the ring darkened almost to an ebony-colour. Death had indeed just stretched its hand over him when a troop of maidens from an encampment near at hand, which had been concealed by a hill, came by, on their way to search for some camels that had strayed. One of them saw the dying man, and revived him at first by pressing her moist lips to his. Then she called to one of her companions who had a gourd, and

sprinkled his face with water. Afterwards she made him drink. Then they took him up as if he had been a child, and carried him to the tents, where he was tended all night by the women, while the men went out to save the remnants of the caravan. It is needless to add that before morning, the ring had almost resumed its brightness, and that the heart of Lisa was glad again.

A fresh peril awaited Kojn. The Bedouin girl who had saved him, loved him, and with rude simplicity claimed from him, first the sacrifice of his faith; and then, when he had told his story of his long abiding passion, she could not understand that engrossing kind of attachment, urged her youth, her attractions, her wealth, her services, and even uttered threats. Kojn remained unmoved; and at last Fatmeh said, "I will go with you to that distant city, leaving my father, and my friends, and my country, and learn if there be a woman who can love the absent for seven years. If it be true, she shall be thy wife, and I will be thy wife also." Kojn smiled, and explained that people of his faith could marry but one: a principle which Fatmeh approved, though it disarranged her plans. They escaped together; for the girl said she was determined to view this marvel of fidelity, and perhaps secretly hoped that death might have made the way clear for herself. Wonderful adventures happened to them on their road. But at length Beyrout was reached, and Kojn and Fatmeh stood before the gate of the mansion in which Lisa lived: both disguised as beggars. They asked for shelter, and it was granted. Lisa wondered at the marvellous brightness of the ring; it shone more like a diamond than a piece of gold. She went out into the courtyard, and beheld Kojn. Neither time nor altered dress could conceal him from her; rushing forward she seized his hand and covered it with tears and kisses, saying, "Oh, my master! and hast thou at length returned to gladden me?" Kojn embraced her and then turned towards the spot where Fatmeh had stood. But the Bedouin girl had disappeared, and was no more heard of in Beyrout.

The merchant father of Lisa exacted but one condition, before he would consent to the marriage of the constant lovers,—that Kojn should join the Maronite communion. He easily acquiesced, having, no doubt, learned wisdom from travel. So, after a long period of suffering came a long period of joy.

Were men less divided into sects and classes, there might have been no materials for this legend. We must take the world as it is, however. Half our miseries are of our own making; and some of the finest qualities of humanity are expended in overcoming obstacles to happiness, which nature has not created.

A GREEK GIRL.

She is a baggy dameel with a quaint sly face, and her principal occupation is that of a maid of all work.

But she is dressed to-day; it is St. Somebody's feast, and everybody is idling away their time in consequence. It was St. Whatsname's day the day before yesterday, and it will be St. Whoist's day the day after to-morrow. Though our balloon-clad young acquaintance is idling, it is with a busy idleness; for she has been occupied ever since eight o'clock this morning in carrying about fruit, jellies, and sweetmeats, with strong raw spirits in gilded glasses, and little cups of unstrained coffee. A very singular and amusing picture she makes, as she stands bolt upright, tray in hand before her father's guests. She is pretty. Yes, there is no doubt of that; but she has done almost everything possible to disfigure herself. Though certainly not seventeen, with the rich clear complexion of the Greeks, she is rouged up to the very eyes. Where she is not rouged, she is whitened. Her eyebrows are painted, and she has even found means to introduce some black abomination under her eyelids to make the eyes look larger. Her hair would be almost a marvel if left to itself: but she has twisted it, and plaited it, woven gold coins into it, and tied it up with dirty handkerchiefs and gummed and honied it, till every tress has grown distorted and angry. Her ears are in themselves as sly and coquettish a pair of ears as need be; and they peep out beneath her tortured locks as if they would rather like to have a game at bo-peep than otherwise: but they are literally torn half an inch longer than they should be by an enormous pair of Mosaic ear-rings bought of a pedlar. Her hands might have been nice ones, for they are still small; but they are as tough as horn, and as red as chaps can make them, with sheer hard work, scrubbing and washing about the house. All Greek women I think have been mere housewives since the time of Andromache. Her figure is, if possible, more generally baggy

than her trousers. It bulges out in the most extraordinary bumps and fullness. A short jacket—as much too small for her as the brigand attire of Mr. Keeley of the Theatre-Royal Adelphi—does not make this general plumpness less remarkable; and she has a superfluity of clothes, which reminds one of the late King Christophe's idea of fall dress. Numerous, however, as are the articles of wearing apparel she has put on, they all terminate with the trousers, which are looped up just below the knee. The rest of the leg and feet are bare, and hard, and plump, and purple, and chapped almost beyond belief, even in the fine piercing cold, of a Greek February.

Her mind is a mere blank. Her idea of life is, love making, cleaning the house, serving coffee, and rouging herself on festival days. She cannot read or write, or play the piano; but she can sing and dance. She can talk too, though never before company. No diplomatist can touch her in intrigue or invention. Not even Captain Absolute's groom could tell a falsehood with more composure. She does not know what it is to speak the truth; and, to use a Greek saying, she is literally kneaded up with tricks. The Greek girl has no heart, no affections. She is a mere lump of flesh and calculation. Her marriage is quite an affair of buying and selling. It is arranged by her friends. They offer to give a house (that is indispensable), and so much to whoever will take her off their hands. By and by, somebody comes to do so; the priests are called, there is a quaint strange ceremony, and he is bound, by fine, to perform his promise. This fine is usually ten per cent. on the fortune which was offered him with the lady.

I have said she can talk, but she can only talk of and to her neighbours; and she spends her evenings chiefly in sitting singing in the doorway, and watching them. This she does herself, but she has a little ally (a chit of a girl about seven years old, and looking forty, that you meet in the houses of all the islanders), who is on the look-out all day. No one ever enters a Greek house but the neighbourhood knows it. All down the street, and in the next, and everywhere, those little girls are watching and flitting about on cunning errands as stealthily and swift as cats. Her father and mother will tell you that her own cousins never saw her alone or spoke a dozen consecutive words to her; but I rather fancy she has some acquaintance of her own; and she is generally on terms

of rather startling friendship with the young man servant, who forms almost part of the family in all Greek houses. On summer nights too, when good people should be asleep, you will see closely hooded figures fitting about noiselessly, like black ghosts. They are Greek girls. What they are about nobody knows. Perhaps, looking for the moon, which will not rise for some hours. At every dark corner of a wall, also, you will see young gentlemen sitting in the deep shadow with wonderful perseverance. If you go very near and they do not see you, you may hear them singing songs, but low as the humming of a bee; so low, that they do not disturb even the timid owl who sits hooting amid the ruins of the last fire over the way. The Greek girl knows an amazing quantity of songs, and all of the same kind. They are about equal in point of composition to the worst of our street ballads: full of the same course wit and low trickery. They are sung to dreary monotonous airs; and always through the nose. Never had the national songs of a people so little charm or distinctive character. You seek the strong, sweet language of the heart in vain among them. They have neither grace nor fancy.

With all this, the Greek girl is pious. She would not break any of the severe fasts of her church, even for money; though they condemn her to dry bread and olives for six weeks at a time: nor would she neglect going to church on certain days upon any account. She has a faith in ceremonies, and in charms, relics, and saints, almost touching; but there her belief ends. She would not trust the word of her own father or the archbishop. She cannot suppose it possible that any one would speak the truth unless he was obliged; and she judges correctly, according to her own experience. She herself would promise, and take an unmixed delight in deceiving her own mother on a question about a pin's head; but she would scrupulously avoid doing anything she had promised; and the only way even to prevent her accepting a husband, would be to make her say she would have him beforehand. From that moment her fertile wits would toil night and day to find means of escape. And find them she would, to change her mind the day after she was free.

She has one hope dearer than all the rest. It is that she may one day wear Frank clothes, and see the Greeks at Constantinople. This is no exaggeration; the wrongs of the rayah have

eaten into all classes of society in Turkey, until even women lisp, and children prattle vengeance. It is so strong that it has made the Greeks hate one of the prettiest remaining costumes in the world, as a symbol of their most bitter and cruel servitude.

By and by, the Greek girl will grow old. From a household servant, she will then sink into a drudge, and her head will be always bound up as if she had a chronic toothache. You will see her carrying water on washing days, or groaning and squabbling upon others as she cleans the herbs for dinner. She will have become so old even at thirty, that it is impossible to recognise her. Rouge and whitening will have so corroded her face, that it looks like a sleepy apple or a withered medlar. Her eyes are shrivelled into nothing. Her teeth will have been eaten away by rough wine, and noxious tooth powders. She will be bald when she does not wear a towering wig, that only comes out on St. Everybody's days. The plump figure and all its bumps will have shrivelled into a mere heap of aching old bones, and her only pleasures in this life will be scandal and curiosity.

You will find her croaking about, watching her neighbours at the most unseasonable times. She has wonderful perseverance in ferreting out a secret. She will thus know many more things than are true, and tell them with singular readiness and vivacity. She will be the terror of her neighbourhood, and there is no conciliating her. Kindness, good humour—even money, which she prizes as much as when a girl, and grasps at it as eagerly—will have no effect on her. She must speak evil and hatch troubles, or she would die. The instinct of self-preservation is strong; so she will go upon her old course, come what may. She will be a terror even to her own daughters.

She has been reduced to this state by having been a thing of bargain and sale so long, that she has learned to consider money as the chief good. She has been subject to insult; to be beaten; to be carried away into the harem of a man she has never seen, and whose whole kind she despises; and has lost all natural feeling. All grace, tenderness, and affection, have been burnt out of her as with a brand. She has been looked upon as a mere tame animal until she has become little better. She has been doubted until deception has become her glory. She has been imprisoned and secluded until trickery has become her master

passion. She has been kept from healthy knowledge and graceful accomplishments, from all softening influences and ennobling thoughts, until her mind has festered. When she is young, she is shut up until she becomes uncomfortable from fat; when she is old, she is worked until she becomes a skeleton. None have any respect or love for her, nor would she be now worthy of it, if they had.

But I drop the pen in weariness, only saying, that if a Greek girl be such as I have described her, what must a Greek boy be?"

THE TWO ANGELS OF THE CITY.

At the time of which I write we lived in a large mansion in the midst of an old city. The house was old-fashioned, abounding in wide staircases and long passages. It had been the residence of my aunt's family for many generations, and she had spent the greater part of her life there. I never knew how it was that I became an inmate of it, but the earliest and dearest associations of my life are connected with the place.

In the garden at the back of the house was a grass-plot and an arbour of lattice-work, around which grew up the sweet-scented jasmine, and spread its leaves in the summer time so thickly, as almost to exclude the light of the sun. It was entered through a low narrow doorway, and inside was a small table and a few rustic chairs. Many an hour of sunshine and joy I have spent in that cool and calm retreat. In the hot summer afternoons it was very pleasant to sit with a book upon my knees, and listen to the sweet song-birds that built their nests and lived unmolested in the shadowy trees of the garden; and it was pleasanter still when the forms of two cousins were by my side.

Gertrude and Emmeline were the only children of my aunt. They were both beautiful to me. Gertrude was one year older than Emmeline. There was a great difference between the two girls,—one was a timid, fearful thing, fond of reading quaint old story-books, and of listening to ancient legends of the mythical beings of old. This was my cousin Gertrude; she had a light graceful step, and walked along the grass like the fairies and elf-maids, about whom she so often would talk. Her heart was ever filled with the tenderer emotions of woman. Every word was spoken softly and kindly, as though she were fearful lest she might in the slightest way wound the sensitiveness of any with whom she was associated. There was an intensity of feeling in every glance

of her dark warm eyes, not passionate, but soft, loving, trustful. I never heard a harsh word fall from her lips, nor saw her do anything unkind. Hours upon hours we used to pass together in the cooling shade of the summer arbour, sometimes turning over the leaves of an old story book, and sometimes talking of the strange things we had read.

My other cousin, Emmeline, was little like her sister in such things, but there was a charm and fascination about her that few who saw her could resist. To Gertrude she was all in the world, and more than all. She had dark and very beautiful eyes, full of fervour and expression; sometimes they would flash like bright summer stars, and often would rush into their depths a flood of passionate light, that lingered for a few moments, and then died away into a calm, earnest, intense gaze. Her features were Grecian, and very beautiful, and her voice clear and soft, so that the ear that heard it almost hungered to drink again of its music. Emmeline was not so calm and quiet as her sister,—there was more of passion and fire in her nature, more of restlessness and vivacity.

My aunt was like a mother, to me so that I scarcely could have loved a mother more; but I had never known what it was to look up into my mother's face, and clasp her hand in mine, and bury my head in her bosom.

I had lived there many years, and my cousins were growing up from girlhood to womanhood. Gertrude was nineteen and Emmeline eighteen years old. It was in the summertime when there came to live in our city a widow lady of the name of Raymore, with her two daughters and her son. We observed the strangers at the cathedral many Sundays before we became acquainted with them, and how it happened the acquaintance took place at all I know not, but in the course of a few months they became not unfrequent visitors at our house.

Arthur, the only son of the family, had pale and very thoughtful features, and masses of dark curling hair that clustered around his brows. He had particularly taken my attention whenever I had seen him in the cathedral.

From the time the intimacy sprang up between Mrs. Raymore and her family and ourselves, I perceived a change in both Gertrude and Emmeline, and then began to rise within my heart strange emotions, for which I could not account, even after the lapse of many years. I had observed for many months that Arthur Raymore frequently looked to that part of the cathedral in which we usually sat, but I was too young or too thoughtless to understand why. The truth, however, broke in upon me afterwards to my sorrow, for I had loved my cousin Emmeline with all my childish heart; but

I knew then too well that, although she had passed hours with me (and to me none were happier), and had loved me as if I were her brother, yet the warmer love for which my heart sometimes longed would never be mine.

And so the days passed along for many months, and the visits of Arthur and his sisters to our house were continued with little intermission, until Arthur and I became as good friends as we were likely to be, and when at home I could easily perceive (for I could not at times refrain from watching him) that his eyes followed her wherever she moved, and though it was not often I saw them together—and it was seldom that Arthur spoke long to her—yet by the earnestness of his voice, and the expression of his features, I knew he loved her.

There was one night when this truth appeared more distinctly to me. It was in the early summer time, when the roses and many other flowers were abundant and beautiful. He and his sisters had been at our house the whole of the afternoon. When tea was over, we sat some time looking over books of engravings and portfolios, belonging to my cousins. Arthur and Emmeline sat side by side, and I by the side of Gertrude, opposite to them. Arthur's sister Ellen was playing some air on the piano, but Emmeline and he still turned over the leaves of a portfolio, and the few words he spoke to her were inaudible to any one else, though I saw by Emmeline's drooping head and crimson cheeks, that he was saying something to her unusual for him.

The evening was wearing away, and the rest of the girls were busily engaged, each at her own work, but the conversation had suddenly hushed, and there was no sound in the room but the occasional rustling of the leaves of the portfolio as they were turned over by Arthur's hand, and from the parlour walls many pictures were looking silently down on that silent company.

At length Gertrude looked up from her work, and asked her sister to play a piece of music, of which they were very fond.

When Emmeline had ceased playing, she quietly left her seat, and went from the room unobserved by me, and soon afterwards Arthur too left us. A deep feeling of sadness came over me when alone with Arthur's sisters, and a dread of some impending sorrow, and I too rose and went to my room.

It was a small chamber, and the window looked on to the grass-plot and garden at the back of the house. I stood for some minutes in the dark room, and the tears came into my eyes, for I felt very lonely and sad. I drew near to the window, and looked out into the garden. The sky was very bright and beautiful. Many stars were looking

down from the clear blue arch of heaven; there was no rustling of the leaves in the wind, there was no sound above or below, but a deep solemn quiet rested over and upon all.

There were two figures standing together in the garden against the arbour, and one of them was Emmeline. Without her bonnet, for the night was warm and clear, she was standing with her head drooping downwards, and before her was Arthur. I could hear no words spoken, but I could tell that he was speaking to her—to her whom I loved above all others then beneath the stars, so near and yet so far from me, a vision too true and too sad.

I went no more down stairs that night; there was darkness in my room, and darkness in my heart; the bell of the old cathedral told of the flight of the hours, and still I lay sleepless and sorrowful. It was the first dark night that had ever fallen upon me. I could not help the tears that flowed freely; I could not help the restless unsatisfied aching of my heart, and it was long past midnight before sleep came to my heavy eyes. My first waking thoughts were of the past night; they clung to me and made me sorrowful, in spite of the natural lightness of my heart.

The months passed on. Arthur and his sisters were still visitors at our house, and we had the same evenings over and over again, but I could see no change in either Arthur or Emmeline towards each other, and the kindness of my aunt and cousins to me had nearly worn away the sad impression of that bitter night.

When the autumn came, it was my custom after tea to go into the secluded arbour, and sit there in its shade with a book on my knee till the stars sprang silently into the sky. One fair evening I had been sitting there as usual, and while I was so employed, Arthur and his sisters had called at the house, but I did not go in, and after reading for some time, I fell asleep. The wind was sighing sorrowfully through the leaves, covering the lattice work of the arbour.

Towards the hour of twilight I was awakened with the sound of voices near me in a low conversation. I knew them too well, but I was fearful of moving away, lest I should be seen, for Emmeline and Arthur were standing close by the doorway, but not within it. There was deep earnestness of tone in Arthur's voice that I had never heard before, and a wild fervour of expression, as though he were speaking the last words his lips would ever utter. Now he was talking quickly, and then his voice fell into a low, earnest whisper, with a passion almost fearful to hear.

"You know I have loved you, Emmeline," he cried fiercely; "loved you long—loved you like

my life, like my soul; that my heart wishes to know that you will give me all I desire—all for which I long: and now you tell me that it cannot be. O, Emmeline, Emmeline," he whispered, "do you know that if you will not love me, my whole heart will sink and fail and die! that with the loss of you I lose all things else; and will you now slay my heart with this unkindness?"

And after a little silence, Emmeline replied in a low, sorrowful voice, "You must not think that I am heartless. If you will have a sister's love from me, it is yours, but more I cannot give: do not ask me for more."

There was another silence, which was at length broken by Arthur, who cried hastily and bitterly—

"Why do you ask my heart to be satisfied with a drop when it thirsts for an ocean. O pity me, and—and love me."

"I sympathise with you, if you will not refuse my sympathy; but if you will not accept a sister's love, I can offer you no more," but there was, I thought, a something more than sympathy in her sweet voice, but Arthur seemed not to know it: he did not speak, but stood motionless at a little distance from her, and Emmeline went on.

"You do not know your heart, Arthur; there are worthier objects of its love than I. You turn away: I know you are proud: I know your heart is noble, let it follow a nobler end than to love me. You can accomplish deeds that yet you think very little of. Go out into the world of men—be true to your own heart—have a high purpose, ceaselessly pursue it, and remember me not but in your prayers, for I am very weak and very sinful. You have honoured me, and indeed my heart feels far more than my lips can tell. When you have risen in the world, when you have achieved a great work, and earned a name, or perhaps before, you will thank me for causing you this night's sorrow. Bury the past; go on to meet the future. My prayers will be for your happiness. Do not tell me more. Farewell; we are still friends." And Emmeline walked with a quick step to the house, leaving him standing there silent and motionless. And the glory of the stars was naught to him, and he heard not the whisperings of the peaceful wind, nor felt its coolness on his bare aching brow, and his heart throbbed under the burden of a great love.

He stood long in the same position, and I dared not to move, for I knew he had a grief that alien lips, instead of relieving, would double. Then I saw him as he took a step forwards, and with his head bare and his hands clasped, his soul broke forth in a wild passionate utterance.

Arthur stood there no longer, but strode hurriedly away into the darkness. I saw him no more in

our house after that night; nor did Emmeline. But I often had a feeling of pain that she should have so lightly cast away a heart that was devoted to her as Arthur's was.

Soon after this he left the city, and I knew little of him for many years. The summer came again upon the earth; the birds sang in the garden as of old; and the jasmine twined round and over the arbour, luxuriant as ever; the same stars came tremblingly forth in the calm blue sky, and my two cousins still lived with my aunt in the old house. I had gone away into the world and left the quiet house and the cool arbour for the busy town and the noise of trade, but the recollection of those early and happy days was to me like letters from friends to those exiled in foreign lands. Gertrude and Emmeline had gown up into full and perfect womanhood.

It was with strange feelings that I visited the city again, and walked in the old familiar places, and took my old pathway to the cathedral, with my cousins on either side me.

The evening after I arrived, I half-unconsciously stole away into the quiet graveyard, and my heart's thoughts flew backwards, and dwelt for long in the ark of the past. It was growing dusk; but when leisurely returning, I was startled at the sight of a light figure bending over a low tombstone, and until the moon rose in the sky, that form still bent over it; and still I stood, shielded from observation by the dark shade of the old yew-tree that had cast its mournful shadow over the graves at its feet for many years. I knew the figure was Emmeline, as she rose and turned away: her head was drooping in her bosom, and sorrow deep and strong was in her step. When her form had receded, I passed over to the grave, and on the tombstone I read, in worn letters, the name of Arthur Raymore.

This was many years since. Gertrude and Emmeline have now both found a resting-place side by side in the same cemetery in which Arthur lies. They had been throughout their lives the ministering spirits of the city wherein they dwelt, visiting the abodes of want and of sorrow, and relieving the poor and the oppressed, and to this day they are known, and their memories are blessed, as the two angels of the city.

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APPLYING THE SCALE.—A gentleman, no Solon, having purchased a map on which some animals peculiar to the country were engraved, astonished his friends by boldly affirming that these creatures were several miles in length. Being asked for proof, he coolly produced the map, and taking one of the animals in the compasses, applied it to the scale. "There," said he, "can anything be clearer than that?"

BEAUTIFYING BY ARSENIC.

AMONG the remarkable luxuries indulged in by the human species, perhaps the most remarkable is that of *arsenic eating*! In this country arsenic is known only as a rank poison, and when medical men use it for curative purposes, they exhibit it in the minutest possible doses. But in Styria, Lower Austria, and the hilly region towards Hungary, many of the peasantry eat arsenic regularly, in considerable quantities. The practice is one of some antiquity, is continued throughout a long life, and is handed down from father to son. The young peasants eat arsenic for the purpose of improving their freshness of complexion and plumpness of figure. Who would have expected such an effect from the eating of poison? And yet, on credible authority, regular arsenic-eaters are generally remarkable for their blooming complexions, and full, rounded, and healthy appearance. The quantity of arsenic with which eaters begin, is about half a grain. They continue to take this quantity two or three times a week, in the morning fasting, till they become habituated to it. Then they cautiously increase the dose, as the quantity previously taken seems to diminish in its effects. At length, they are able to take two or three grains at a time with impunity, and even to the apparent benefit of their health; for they look blooming, healthy, and robust. A new and more winning lustre is imparted to the sparkling eyes of the youth, the lips assume a riper ruddiness, the cheeks are painted with fresher bloom,

“Whi:h arsenic's sweet and cunning hand laid on,”

and the form becomes rounded and filled up, thus attracting the admiration of the youths of the other sex. Sometimes, however, the beautifier acts as a poisoner. For instance, Dr. Tschudi relates the following case as having occurred in his own practice:—“A healthy, but pale and thin milkmaid, residing in the parish of H—, had a lover, whom she wished to attach to herself by a more agreeable exterior. She therefore had recourse to the well-known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself, for in a few months she became stout, rosy-cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order, however, to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned—a very painful death.”

Arsenic is also swallowed by the same peasantry, for the purpose of improving their wind. They say it enables them to climb long and steep heights without difficulty of breathing. The middle-aged

and the old alike, use it for this purpose. In Vienna, the drug is extensively used upon horses in order to produce the same effects. A pinch of arsenic is sprinkled amongst their oats or hay, or they tie a piece as big as a pea in a bit of linen, and fasten it to the bit, when the bridle is put into the horse's mouth, where it is gradually dissolved by the saliva, and swallowed. Thus is their glossy, sleek appearance improved; and in country districts, the horses are enabled, with the aid of the little piece of arsenic, to ascend steep roads with heavy burdens. And the practice is continued for a length of time with impunity, both in men and horses. “The peasant R—,” says Dr. Tschudi, “a hale man of sixty, who enjoys capital health at present, takes for every dose a piece about two grains in weight. For the last forty years he has continued the habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he will transmit to his children.”

But once begun, the practice *must* be continued. If left off for a time, symptoms resembling those of poisoning by arsenic at once show themselves; loss of appetite, great flow of saliva, burning in the stomach, spasms in the throat, and oppression of breathing. There is only one mode of relief for these painful symptoms—an immediate return to arsenic-eating. Thus, like all other noxious habits, fairly rooted in the system, it becomes an actual necessity of life. It is the same in the case of horses, to which arsenic has been regularly given. If they pass into the possession of persons who do not give arsenic, they soon lose their sleek, spirited appearance, fall off in flesh, and they can only be restored by recurrence to the use of arsenic.

It is difficult to explain *how* these extraordinary effects of arsenic on the animal system are to be accounted for. But a writer in *Blackwood* (in the interesting series of articles on “The Narcotics we indulge in”), thinks it probable that, when experiments come to be made, they will show that the quantity of carbonic acid given off by the lungs is diminished by the use of this drug. Supposing this to be the case, its effects are, first, that less oxygen is required to be inhaled, and hence the greater ease of breathing under all circumstances, but which is especially perceived in climbing hills; and, second, that the fat of the food which would otherwise have been used up in supplying carbonic acid to be given off by the lungs, is deposited instead in the cellular tissue beneath the skin, and thus pads, plumps out, and renders fair the animal that uses it. But however this may be, the *facts* as to the use of arsenic by the peasantry of Styria, and its experienced effects upon them, are now, we believe, quite undisputed.

A PEEP INTO THE ROUEL TAN-PITS.

EVERY traveller feels sure, after encountering the perils of a pilgrimage, that the world is in wide-mouthed expectancy to listen to his narrative. Partaking of the foible of the traveller, we assume that our readers, the world's most discerning moiety, will indulge themselves with the incidents of an expedition undertaken and accomplished into the domains of Bermondsey.

Olfactory and visual intimations tell the wayfarer when he is verging towards this characteristic district of the metropolis. Breezes, impregnated with odours of various kinds, blow from every point of the compass. The most prominent odor, though far from the most disagreeable, is that of tan, which betrays at once the chief occupation of the natives. So strong is an occasional whiff from some wide, field-like open yard, where the spent tan has been made into the 'sixteen a penny turfs,' which every London ear will recognise, that the incautious stranger might quail at the prospect of going home with an integument of leather, did he not know that living hide is unaffected by 'tan.' Thousands upon thousands of square turfs are disposed like dishes, in long parallel racks, for open-air drying. Soon the goodwife will put some of them into requisition, to make her fire smoulder, while she proposes to herself a Dame Trot peregrination through town. Perfect traditional faith has she inherited from her great-great-grandmother, that her fire cannot possibly go out with a layer of this turf on the top.

Penetrating by degrees nearer the heart of the territory, we are greeted at every step with sights foreign to the north bank of the Thames. Strange black wooden edifices stud the landscape, whose 'lougher' boards gaping open from basement to roof, like Venetian blinds of Patagonian dimensions, or the pantomimic structures of harlequinade, give us a view of innumerable pendant hides within.

Ere long, we discover that we must have stumbled on a part of the metropolis possessing features altogether unique, and having few sympathies with the rest of the leviathan capital. It must be one of those curious dis-

tricts which, without always an assignable reason, attract craftsmen of one kind, to the exclusion of all others. Here are inhabitants sufficient for a large town all engaged in operations that have *leather* for their result. The inscriptions on the houses and the carts introduce by hook or by crook the word 'leather.' Stop a pedestrian, and be sure, in his rejoinder to your inquiry as to your route, you will hear something of leather. It is written on every passenger's brow; it is inhaled with every breath. A vague thought, insensibly acquiring force and shape, steals over the mind, that leather is the primal object of life.

If we peep through the broad gates of one yard, we perceive the insignia of a colony of careful housewives who have had a good clean-up; an array of naked skins like house cloths, stretched out and nailed to the wooden walls. Another yard displays a huge avenue of woolly skins, enough to turn a butcher pallid. We conjecture it belongs to a 'fall-monger,' whose office, a special branch of trade, it is to denude them of their wool. Some of the most unpleasant gusts come from these places, for, in order to get the wool off easily, the skins require to be in a half putrescent state.

On the outskirts of this outlandish country, just where the grass assumes courage to put up its head again, and kitchen gardens try to wear a verdant aspect, we come to a busy nook, exemplifying, on the largest scale, the avocations of the whole neighbourhood. A community of two hundred souls make it their daily rendezvous. The chiefs are well known in the world of leather, as extensive manufacturers, both for export trade and for homeconsumption. With the courtesy distinguishing our great manufacturing princes, we have been enabled to make a crow-quill tracing of tableaux vivants, as interesting as any with which Vauxhall has delighted us, and daily exhibited at the ROUEL TANNERIES.

The wide entrance introduces you to a fine park, rather than to a hive of human industry. A lawn, fringed round with fruit-trees, lengthens out till it is bounded by the residence of one of the chiefs. Upon it a cow is browsing, and a kid gambolling with a lamb, significant symbols of business. Skirting

this lawn, we reach at last a narrow lane, which, traversed in turn, brings us to a spacious square court, chequered like a chess-board with pits of lime and tan. A spirited game is playing, that will not be finished till dusk.

Facing us is a mountain of spent tan. It is the refuse removed from some of the pits, after doing long and good service. Barrow after barrow comes wheeling along, adding to the height in pigmy mimicry of Ben Nevis, the whole being appropriately crowned with a snow-cap of spent lime. If not made into 'turfs,' this tan will probably lay the noise of some granite-paved thoroughfare, and disseminate its fragrance in the vicinity of an invalid knocker, whose fair owner is in that ambiguous but interesting condition of 'as well as can be expected.'

One chequer of the court-yard is surmounted by a tremendous cistern, from which issue self-controlled rivulets to satisfy the need of every thirsty pit. Aqueducts traverse the space, here, there, and everywhere. Pumps also, scattered about, are sending forth gushing deluges of 'ooze,' like floods of new-brewed porter at Whitbread's. In the most human-like manner, they rob Peter to pay Paul; fill one pit at the expense of another. An inspection of the bottom of the empty vats explains the mystery in some degree, which is quite cleared up by the aid of a little information from the proprietor. Connecting all the pits are tubes, by means of which, when the 'taps' are turned, the tanning infusion may be made to pass from one to the other, extracting, successively, the strength of several supplies of bark, till the liquor becomes of premier quality.

'Will you come this way?' exclaims our pioneer. Forthwith we are ushered under a low door into a dry and dusty hermitage, whose tenants are a man and a boy, a great heap of dry bark, a plethoric mill, and an incessant din. Like the cistern and pumps, Mr. Mill acts on his own responsibility, entering into the spirit of work so well, that he seems to have made up his mind not to leave off till put on the superannuated list. To feed him well, and keep him in good condition, is the office of the man and the boy. That he can demolish a goodly meal, is indi-

cated by the diminishing heap of bark. From the internal but loud grumbings going on, one would imagine him kept lately on short commons. Old Gormandiser's purveyor-in-chief remarks, that the bark is tolerably small when brought to the mill. Like the whale, whose appetite is capacious, yet would choke with a herring, so the throat of the mill is too limited for large pieces of bark. Besides which, 'Profit would eat its own head off,' the mill's guardian adds, using an emphatic but frequent phrase with London business men, 'were we to give warehouse room to pieces as large as they are stripped from the tree.' Submitted to the masticating apparatus of the corpulent mill, whose grinders are working in his stomach like the gizzard of a bird, the bark is quickly ground as fine as you please.

Oak bark and sumach, separately or mixed, are the exclusive tanning ingredients used here, though many manufacturers use other materials. Oak bark is supplied by our own sturdy forest-trees in every tithing of England, and is of the greatest value from young trees. Sumach is the dried and ground leaves, pedicles and young stalks of a shrub of the same name (*Latine, Rhus coriaria*), that sometimes decorates our own shrubberies, but grows of commercial importance in Hungary, Illyria, and particularly in Sicily. Large quantities are shipped every year for this country from the port of Palermo.

Oak bark has curiously maintained its ground in the tanner's favour, despite all the efforts made to supersede it. Sir Humphrey Davy showed, by elaborate and lengthened experiment, that many vegetable substances contained the tanning principle to a degree as great, or even greater. Terra Japonica, or Catechu, contains seven or eight times as much as oak bark. Experience has shown that the value of the tannin does not depend upon the quantity rendered. It appears to possess qualities varying with the vegetable substance that yields it. Thus, with Catechu, a leather is produced much more pervious to the wet, and, owing probably to an earthy extract with which it is blended, very likely to crack.

According to the kind of leather required, the varieties of tannin are chosen: with some



kinds, that from the Leicester willow, or Spanish chestnut, both of which yield as much as oak bark. For Russia leather, the bark of the black willow is preferred, together with a smearing over of an extract of birch bark, to give its peculiar and much-prized smell. Even mineral waters containing iron and copper, are known to make skins to some extent incorruptible.

Leaving now philosophy, to follow a barrow of ground bark, we see it toppled over into one of the 'taps,' where an emulative Hercules turns a stream out of its course to flow upon it and its fellows who have gone before, and who help to fill the deep receptacle. A brown astringent infusion will result, to be pumped up and over other taps of bark, till it holds in solution as much tannin as possible.

Over the spot where our Hercules stands is a long shed, dividing the surface of chequers into fair halves. Important work, requiring protection from sun and frost, goes on underneath. Numbers of workmen are moving about as busy as the day is long. With a prolonged crook, having a fork at the end like a serpent's tongue, or sting, as smock-frocks maintain, they are hooking up and 'handling' the hides. Now they heap them in miniature Cordilleras, such as the country boasts from whence they came; now they raze their own work. The range of hills disappears under oceans of lixivium, to be again 'handled' and immersed in successively stronger infusions, till no more strength can be absorbed. The tan, combining with the hide, will then have formed the compound substance leather. The liquid, ooze, lixivium, deprived of its strength, remains behind, limpid water. To preclude the possible waste of a particle of strength, this liquor pumps itself afterwards along the wooden aqueducts upon fresh bark in the outer pits, so that water is necessary only to supply waste and evaporation.

In due course, our instructor says, we shall see how beautifully clean the skins are made before going in the tan. Were the least impurity attached to them, it would prevent the tan taking good effect. Various manipulations reduce them to the state of pure gelatine, for which tan has a chemical affinity.

In this condition, they are as clean as stripes and as tempting to a gourmand as that edible delicacy; while, like glue and size, they are soluble in water. Comparison, or rather contrast, of their various stages of manufacture, gives interesting illustrations of the chemistry of common things, and shows how little need there is to travel from home, in order to find the wonderful.

At this point, we are introduced to another preceptor, the foreman of a department. He owns a good-humoured, hearty-like countenance, though somewhat rough in his greeting withal. He takes us aback by a remark to our late guardian—'Do you mean I am to tell the gentlemen the truth?'

'Why, of course,' we interrupt; 'wouldn't you tell the truth under any circumstances?'

'Oh, you dont know what I mean, sir. We working-men cannot use the proper words, like you gentlemen.'

'But gentlemen and workmen too can tell the truth, can't they?'

'Yes, sir; but, you see, we should'nt tell *everything* to everybody we show over our place.'

He is the embodiment of the peculiarities, feelings, and bluntness of the English artisan: while identifying himself with the place of his work, speaking of *our* men and *our* place, yet preserving his native yeoman-like independence. Either we mollify the good fellow by joining in a hearty laugh, or he judges from our looks that we are not clever enough to run off with many of his secrets, for he soon becomes very chatty and communicative.

'We have all our men here to-day for a wonder,' he incidentally remarks.

'Why shouldn't they be? Tanners are not as thirsty as shoemakers on St. Monday, are they?'

'Are they not, by Jove!' he ejaculates, as an all-sufficient reply. 'You wont find many men who don't keep St. Monday.'

'You find it hard to get your hand in after a day's rest?'

'Yes, sir; I do myself, let alone the others. You see, we like to indulge ourselves on Sunday; it's the only day we can. Maybe we have a pint or two extra, and we

are apt to eat a little more than usual at dinner.'

'And you get tired at church,' we added, with a twinkle.'

Our blunt friend laughed outright:— 'Ah! that doesn't trouble me much.'

We are afraid that he is culpable on this point, and has room for improvement, but he calls our attention to the pits before us, which are filled with a composition of lime and water. A bath in this mixture is the preliminary ordeal to fit the hides for the manifold operations to which they are subsequently doomed. It is continued for a time proportionate to the substance of the hide. Castlereagh's expedient of 'digging holes and filling them up again,' to keep workmen employed, would be a productive occupation, compared to that of a group at these pits. Leather-legged and leather-gloved men are 'handling' the hides in the lime pits. The unseemly slime into which they have changed, glides through the operatives' hands as easily as eels slip through the fingers. They clutch hold of them floating in one pit, and slip them into another. The process will be repeated day by day, till the bulbous roots of the hair are loosened, and the extraneous matter on the flesh side is easy to remove.

Following our leader, we enter the 'beam-house.' He startles us on the route by saying, that the hides are put upon the horses here and fleshed. Considering that the original animals once ran wild on the plains of La Plata, and that now, peradventure, their fat is turned into 'long-eights,' their bones into *bona fide* 'dust,' and their flesh into primeval clay, the operation to which the foremen alludes would make even Frankenstein quail.

One glance at the interior, and our mind is no longer benighted. Not that the scene is repugnant: it is as dirty as well can be, and grotesque enough to excite a good laugh. Horses are stalled round the room, but, like the notable Trojan traitor, they are of wood. Semi-cylinders rampant, sometimes 'horses,' sometimes 'beams,' form inclined curves, rising from the ground as high as a man's chest. Over these the hides or skins are thrown by the workmen, who

whether 'unhairing' or 'fleshing,' keep up an incessant bow and bend, as though repeated forgiveness were craved for every discourteous scrape of the knife.

'Hide' is a term applied to the produce of the oxen and horse, which give thick and solid leather for soles. 'Skin,' to that of the calf, seal, and sheep, which give thinner and more flexible leather for 'uppers' and harness. A blunt-edged instrument with two handles is used to delipate them. To flesh them, a knife is used, somewhat similar in shape, but broader, and with double edges, one of which, the foreman assures us, 'cuts like a razor.'

It seems to do so, too, in the dexterous hands of one designated by his foreman 'a right clever fellow, who can use the currier's knife as well.' He is working some beautiful, almost transparent calf. In appearance, his sharp blade slashes recklessly over the surface, yet with exceeding skill he just removes the thin finest coatings of impurity in succession, without a chance slip or injury to the skin.

'I keep the men at one sort of thing,' we are told in reply to a query, 'and then they get used to it, and do more work. Our men can all use either the unhairing or the fleshing knife, but it would take two or three days to get into the way again, if they changed.'

Each little heap of hair at the men's feet will serve a useful end at the hands of the plasterer or feltmaker. If of too little value for this purpose, it will go the way of all seemingly useless things, and, with the dirt, blood, fat, and other impurities, will make invaluable manure.

Some of the men are scraping and paring down hides as large as a carpet. Others are working 'kips,' or the small-sized cow-hides of India. Every hide and skin has to pass through this house. In regular gradation we may trace the different sizes, till it is pardonable to believe that we have reached rabbit-skins. But we are told that they once belonged to kids who skipped on the Swiss mountains. Immense numbers of skins of calf, goat, kid, and lamb are supplied by the states of Europe. The continental cuisine demands veal and lamb much younger than

ours. The skins are consequently smaller. Morocco of the finest quality, for coach furniture, is manufactured from skins of the goats of Switzerland. Germany also supplies goat-skins. Comparatively few come from elsewhere. Of sheep-skins, our own markets supply nearly all. The provincial fellmonger and the skin merchant traverse a large circuit of country round their yards, and collect the sheep-skins of the farmers. In London the skin-cart is a frequent object. Half a million skins are obtained of the farmer from lambs still-born, or that die soon after birth. London and its vicinity provide 1½ millions of lamb-skins, and the same number is appropriated by us from the south of Europe. Sheep and lamb-skins are not submitted to the action of the lime-pits. The process would spoil the wool. A 'pelt' or simple membrane is worth from 2d. to 10d.; the wool, an equal number of shillings. After washing, the skins are hung up in a room heated by flues. This causes a thick, filthy slime to work up, when the wool comes off with a slight pull. Were it allowed, the skins would soon become an incohesive putrescent pulp. But more of the sheep anon.

Holstein and the Baltic chiefly supply calf-skins. A modern application of this leather is nearly a monopoly in the hands of Messrs. Bevington and Morris, the proprietors of the Rouel Tanneries. The scarcity of kid for gloves of late years has introduced calf as a substitute. Properly prepared it makes gentlemen's gloves of a very strong and durable nature, which would trouble sharp connoisseurs to distinguish from kid.

What we learn of the antecedents of the skins, while environed by them, may well excite astonishment. Every part of the world has been laid under tribute to supply this house. Heaps of 'skins' which one man is fleshing once clothed the cows of India.—One and a half millions are ruthlessly flayed every year to supply the British demand.—Our peasantry and mechanics are indebted to them for their strong boots. Let them ponder a moment upon how many backs are bared to keep their toes tidy and warm.—Durability and low price are excellencies disdained by the West-end exquisite, but

prized by folks less fastidious, who follow Dobbin. Bourdeaux calf must encase the tender feet of Belgravia, which, with the expenditure of further processes, would be flexible enough for ladies' shoes and *kid* gloves.

From the cow hides of India we pass to trophies of the power of man over the equine hordes of South America. When Columbus in his voyage to the Indies was intercepted by another world, no animal larger than the Llama existed in America. Now, the progeny of the Spanish horses bound over wild and illimitable plains in herds equally illimitable and wild. After alternations in public favour, the fickleness of which was depressing the trade not long ago almost to extinction, hides from Buenos Ayres have *curried* favour with England's daughters, and of course begin to look up again. You ladies, who these last two winters have stamped your pretty feet, either in dudgeon or to sound the high military heels of which you have been so unconscionably proud, would hardly like to acknowledge your obligations to the slimy sheet before us. Yet in a little while that same soft hide will inclose your feet in as nice a piece of 'cordovan' as ever a La Platen barb supplied. Just think that you incur the charge of robbery, and cruelty, and slaughter, for you bring about the death of many thousand noble steeds, by indulging this new comfort. No judge could sentence you condignly—you look so guileless; yet no criminal at the bar is guiltier. Every time your toes give a furtive, ratlike peep from under your dress, they are crying evidence against you. You have torn a sea'-skin from the Arctic for your glossy toes; pillaged the Columbian highways for the cordovan uppers; traversed the parched plains of Hindostan, to snatch your soles and heels from an unoffending cow.

Considering the size of the horse, it has a very thin skin. The reputation of South American hides is at present very high.—The importations are immense. Half a million horses, and half that number of oxen, are killed to supply England alone. These come partly from tame cattle, partly from wild. The hide is the chief consideration; and the value of that sounds strangely small.

Sometimes sold with the animals in them, they have fetched only about 3d. each. Then they have to be hunted, and caught, and slaughtered, and prepared, and shipped, and tanned, and made into boots, all of which give accumulative value, till if the original possessor want enough back again for leg-gings, he must yield up half a hundred living steeds to pay for it.

The tame animals are kept in a corral or circular enclosure, near the dwelling of the proprietor. Up to their knees in mud, and with nothing to eat, they occupy their time in lowing at each other. Upon the posts which form the supports of the corral, is usually a grave assemblage of idle hawks and ill-looking vultures. Intermingled with these are large white gulls, some on the ground earnestly pecking at the slops of thick blood, while others, on tiptoe, are flapping their wings in luxurious emulation of a human yawn after dinner. A goodly banquet do these birds of omen make. Each drop of blood is where a horse or an ox has died. It is all he has left of his history; and pigs, and gulls, and hawks are rapidly consuming it. The flesh is absolutely valueless. Horns and bones bestrew the ground to an extent greatly more appreciable than their worth. The beef of the ox and tallow have not even a nominal price. It seems pitiful that so much good meat should be absolute waste, whilst in other parts of the world it would be so great a boon. Early in the morning no blood will be seen. A number of horses, with the long slip-knot lasso hanging from their saddles, will be standing in groups apparently asleep. The matadores, meanwhile, lie at full length, smoking their cigars. The cattle are waiting for the last moment of their existence to strike. At the stroke of the clock the men will instantly vault into their saddles, the gates be thrown wide back, and through them the riders rush into the pens. In less time than it takes to say so, every one will have a horse at the end of his lasso. The victims are jerked off the ground, with a jerk that might well break every bone in their bodies. The frenzied beast tries to run away; another flies at his merciless captor; occasionally, one breaks from the lasso;

and here and there is one hamstrung, and limping about on his stumps. Rider and horse often fall together, through the struggle to escape. For an uninitiated wight to get into the middle of this odd scene is an awkward fix. It is Scylla and Charybdis; without knowing where to go, he has to scamper for his life,

Wild cattle are caught and killed in a somewhat different manner. Herds are to be inveigled into a huge corral, and despatched by the 'bolas,' a weapon consisting of two balls connected by a leather thong eight feet in length. One of those balls is held in the hand, while the other is whirled round the head of the hunter, and the whole then flung at the animal. This twists round the creature's legs, and flings it. The merciless Gaucho, or native of the plains, comes up and cuts its throat while prostrate and powerless. When slaughtered, the animals are dragged out, and skinned on the adjoining grounds.

There is a picturesque barbarity in the huge slaughter that takes place in this manner. Indeed the whole proceeding is of a most exciting nature. The noble but doomed tenants of the forests and plains congregate in herds of from 5000 to 10,000. The finest of many herds is selected by a band of fifty mounted huntsmen, who form a semi-circle and keep closing in upon the flock.— Gradually contracting, they drive the nearly maddened creatures forward, with wild, unearthly shouts and cries, till they rush out like a cataract upon the plain. Over this they are driven in the direction of the corral. Many break the guard of agile horsemen, and escape, but many more are pressed into the capacious enclosure. The hunt is repeated till the corral is filled.

There is a dread romance about the slaughter of wild oxen, transcending this beyond comparison. These animals seek the deepest recesses of the forest for their dormitories. Lying down amongst the underwood, with a canopy of foliage impervious to the rays of the moon, they have to be felt for, rather than looked after. Hunters little less wild than their game grope on their hands and knees, with all the stealthiness of serpents. When the shaggy back of a wild ox is touch-

ed, the wily assassin winds round to its throat, draws his keen broad blade across, and leaves the huge unresisting gory beast to welter till morning. More than a hundred will oftentimes disclose to the rising sun the marks of the bloody visitation of only one knife. Meanwhile fifty others have been equally murderous. In one night the destruction is terrible. Thousands upon thousands of a vast herd, which only the day before were scouring the country, lie dead and cold.

After being flayed, the hides are stretched on frames, and dried in the sun. In this condition they come into the hands of the European Merchant. He salts them, to save them from putrefaction, and packs them in bales, and ships them. The history of a hide, from the time of its being on the horse's back till it covers a lady's foot is full of interest. We have remarked the price at which the wild steed is valued. A contract for 20,000 at that rate has been taken and delivered more times than once. The relative value of the animal, and the territory upon which it roams, presents a still more remarkable feature. Formerly when the proprietor sold his horses, an almost unlimited estate went with them, as a perquisite unnecessary to mention. This is not often the case now. The owner of an estate merely disposes of the right to catch and slaughter any number of horses, and retains his lands, although still regarded as very unimportant property.

Many of the skins are injured, and sometimes the greater part of a cargo lost, by the depredations of a little insect called the *pollia*. The extensive and rapid ravages of this creature necessitate strict examination before shipment. The hides are whipped repeatedly, but, despite every care, they do a great deal of damage, as the London merchants well know.

There, Mr. Foreman, this philosophy is for your special behoof, in part payment of the knowledge you are giving us. To you we are indebted for the fact, that what cordovans are not used up by the ladies' new boots, are less delicately finished for the wear of our servant-maids and country wives.

Missing a good many of the 'beams' during this disquisition, we come to one over which is thrown what we are told is the skin of a seal. The history of this one article would make a paper lengthy, useful and interesting. It gives employment in the proper season to a fleet of 300 or 400 vessels. It is in a great degree the mainstay of trade in the bleak region of Newfoundland. About three-quarters of a million of seals are, without metaphor, knocked on the head in the Polar seas and on the coast of Greenland yearly. Breeding season is considered the best time for the seal-hunt, as they are then in the finest condition. Young ones are the chief capture, being easily taken, as they do not leave the ice-floes upon which they are whelped for three months after birth. Old ones are too wary often to become the prey of fishermen, but dive out of sight on the least alarm. The slightest tap of a club, or a bat on the back of the head despatches them. When killed, they are stowed away, and carried to St. John's, where they afford additional employment to many hands.—When flayed, their skins are salted down for exportation, and their blubber, that is nearly their whole body—is boiled down into seal oil, a commodity, every body knows, of great commercial value. The fleet is then ready to begin the cod-harvest, while vessels from home are freighted with the valuable crop just got in. One fine fellow's skin gives us a much more respectful appreciation of a seal's bulk than hitherto we felt to be his due. Evidently he was no mean prize. His skin alone weighs more than thirty pounds.

The bright-eyed seal, when alive, looks more like a bursting bag of oil, than anything else, and, when dead, the skin is completely saturated with oil. A waggon load, just turned out to form a heap in the yard, seems rather to consist of dirty, unctuous, heavy, thick calf-skins. More oil will be pressed from them; then they will be limed, unhaired, fleshed, *split*, curried, and pared down, till the tens of their weight will be reduced to units, the result will be a close, beautifully grained material, the toughest and most durable kind of leather. It is manufactured into the varnished shoes that ladies and children wear. Occasionally, with the

fur or hair remaining, it is made into strong caps for men and boys,

A nudge from the foreman:—"You will not like the smell of this," he observes as he leads us to the end of the beam-house, and where, hooking up a seal-skin from one out of a number of portly tubs, he at once proves the justice of his remark. An essence, most disagreeable, battles with our desire to see everything, and makes us think of a retreat. It is a bath of 'dogs pure'—so called by the man as if in facetious violation of the fact—with which the skins are treated to prepare them for tanning. A great tank adjoining holds a solution of pigeons dung, the action of which is not nearly so powerful. These baths cause the pores of the skin to gape open, which the stringency of the lime had made to shrink. Washing in clean water and bran afterwards, and "striking out" on an inclined board, thoroughly removes the lime, and leaves the skins thirsty for the tan. 'If we left any lime in those calf or seals,' says our most indefatigable dominie, pointing to the skins in question, 'they would go black in the vats; so we put them in the strongest bath. But,' he continues 'it would'nt do to take all the lime out of these thick hides for sole leather, so that they get treated only to the weak solution.'

An undesirable occupation, to say the least of it, as the collection of these ordures, curiously show what people will do for a living. Seven or eight hundred men and women make it their avocation in London.

'Precious independent they are, too,' the workman adds. 'If we don't treat them civilly, they wouldn't come again, I assure you.'

That a manufacture ranking fourth amongst the manufactures of England, should be dependant on a trade or profession (which?) so disgusting, exemplifies the nature of some of the links of art. Dog-fanciers and pigeon-keepers know of the ready market for these substances, and enter an item in their balance-sheet accordingly. No substance has been discovered to supersede the business of the *merchants des ordures* as they are entitled in Paris. Their produce must pay well, to judge from our informant's assurance, 'It

is indeed an expensive article,' is the reply to an interrogation: 'we pay fourteenpence a-pailful to the dog-fancier, and half-a-crown a bushel to the pigeon-dealer.'

When the skins are 'pured,' or, in some cases, 'raised' by means of dilute sulphuric acid, and cleansed from the impurities of their bath, they are dipped into the tan-pits. During the early stages, they are 'handled' every day; then they are stratified with ground bark, and remain untouched for three months, absorbing the strongest lixivium. Fresh stratification succeeds for six weeks, or two months. This process repeated once, twice, or thrice, produces 'crop-hides,' which when curried and finished, furnish the principal part of the soles used in England. To test the perfect tanning of the hides, they are put into liquors 15° or 20° strong. If, after three days, the liquors are not reduced the least, complete impregnation is accomplished.

Persons whom it may concern are warned by the 'Tanner's Key,' that 'bark must be added to keep up the natural appetites of the hides.' Their capacities for high seasoning increase, like that of good livers, by what they feed upon; or like folks who imbibe strong liquors, they need increasingly strong stimulants. The appetite of a hide palls or fails altogether, if kept long on one beverage, or fed by mistake, as is often the error in common tan-yards, with a weaker ooze: imperfect tanning in such a case is inevitable. If hides are thrown into liquor, shifted occasionally, and allowed to lie long enough, they must turn into leather. By proper attention to the strength of the infusion, better leather may be made in a few months, than in several times as long by an unscientific process. In this matter consists the only real progress of late years in the art of tanning. What once took three years, now is done in fifteen months. In light work the difference is even greater.—There is still scope left for the chemist.—Though it has engaged research, all experiments to bring about a radical change have been failures. The manufacturers are enlightened and enterprising men, and would hail success. Time, apparently, is an essential element in the operations. Whatever

rapidity has been gained, it has been at the cost of quality. Hot liquors have been tried, and the substance has been destroyed or deteriorated. Forcible injections, under pressure, have given leather, irregularly saturated; the hard parts not being uniform with the rest. The Rouel Tan-pits were established a long time ago, for a fair trial of some of these patented methods, which only resulted in a return to ancient custom.

It might have been imagined that the comparison of methods, so well promoted by the Great Exhibition of 1851, would have brought about decided improvements. Mr. Morris, assures us, however, that the trade has received hardly any benefit in the chemistry of the art from that source, although, as far as increase of business is concerned, benefits have accrued as great as could be wished. English leathers, thought to be inferior to foreign, were fairly compared, and proved otherwise. Orders have been reversed in consequence. Goods formerly imported have been sent abroad. The craft feels its elasticity in the removal of the iron girdle of an excise, and shares in an eminent degree the present unparalleled prosperity of our trade and manufactures. The wonderful demands of Australia for boots and shoes, have been 'diggins' to every branch of the leather trade. Commercial dealings altogether are very flourishing. Blessed as we are with free trade, may they continue so long, or for ever. No hides or skins have as yet been received from our antipodial brethren. Our supplies of wool, on the other hand, are in good faith, a golden fleece.

Tanning by sumach is a much more expeditious process than by oak bark. Bidding good-day to our genial 'beam-house' friend, we go into the building where the process is effected. The method looks very odd; in fact the whole interior has a remarkable aspect. Bags of olive-green powder are piled carelessly in one part, a box of it loose is in another, while a fragrance fills the atmosphere stronger and less agreeable than that with which the oak bark regaled us. At one end are two enormous tureens holding a Baltic each of luscious 'green turtle.' An alderman would caper for joy to see them, or, if too fat for that—the alderman, not the tur-

tle—would smack his lips with a real gusto.

Floating in this rich element are large white soft lumps, which the dragon, who of yore, played such havoc amongst babies,

'And at a sup would eat them up,

As you would eat an apple,'

might by an error quite pardonable mistake for his usual fare. They are not babies, but seal-skins sewed up into bags, and filled with the sumaching infusion. Rows of them piled upon one another on 'dresser boards,' which surmount the soup, look like tremulous jelly-bags, which, by their own weight, make the same infusion to percolate through their substance. By and by, they will be floated along with their families in the bowls, where, through perforations in the dresser-boards, the liquid is now dripping, and where they have had more than one tumble about already. They have been sewn up into bladders—as gipsies flay a sheep—so as to bring about a more thorough and rapid saturation; or, as the young superintendent who is stirring them about says, 'to help the sumach get into the heart of the skin.'

At this juncture we are startled with groans, and moans, and gurglings, and spasms, and struggles; indications that a portly water-tub is taken poorly. Its resemblance to an alderman in corporeal protuberance give the idea that its temperament is similar, and that it has been indulging too repletely in the unctuous fare under its nose. Otherwise, the unseemly riot is as unaccountable as the working of the pumps outside. Clearly we tread enchanted ground.

'Oh, it is only the tub boiling,' says a voice quite goblin-like for the moment; 'they have just let the steam on.' A few moments more, and the sumach bowls are equally turbulent. We see no steam; no fire. The surface of the water is quite smooth. Gradually, however, it becomes twilled, then bubbles, and in five minutes the whole is a Maelstrom. A single iron pipe dips into the water through which the steam struggles, and very readily raises the temperature to boiling point.

Tracing the pipe at the suggestion of our companion, we see it disappear in an out-of-the-way place, where peradventure, if we go,

we may get an elucidation of these mysterious phenomena.

'Open Sesame!'

No sooner does our gallant captain lift the latch, and push, than the door opens. On one side roars a fire, and hisses a boiler. Opposite, plays a twelve-horse-power engine. The genius Vaporifer it is, responsible for all the marvels enumerated, and for our bewilderment.

Only the lighter skins, or those that have been *split*, are tanned by sumach. Two machines for rending skins remind us of their presence, and of their claims to notice, by their continual clatter. Proud of the exceeding ingenuity with which they are splitting seal skins at this moment, they will not suffer us to pass, without a mark of approbation. They well deserve the highest encomiums.

Amongst the manifold contrivances to facilitate manufactures which have made our age pre-eminent, the skin-splitting machine takes a prominent position for the skill displayed in its mechanism. By its means, the 'grain' side may be completely separated from the 'flesh,' or under-side; each surface being of the same superficial dimensions as the original. Two rollers, one above the other, at an interval just enough to bite the gelatinous integument, revolve, and present the skin, as it emerges on the other side, to the action of a rapid blade, moving horizontally to and fro, and so delicately adjusted, as to slice off only a filmy surface, or to give two equal thicknesses, as may be desired. The grain is sewn up and sumached; the 'flesh' is used for manure. To devote the latter to this ignominious end, seems to our eyes wanton waste; a term, the use of which we thought lost in the economics of modern trade. We think it would be better even to make it into glue or size, but are quickly informed that the gelatine is so deliquescent, that 'it would run to water in two or three days.' Sometimes, if particularly good, it is tanned; generally so in the case of calf, from which the rough covering for law-books comes.

In the Rouel Tanneries, a greater variety of processes are going on than in those of smaller extent. Other methods of preparing

leather are carried out, called in tanners' technicology 'tawing.' Colored skins of all kinds are tanned; white are tawed. In tawing, the skins are made thick and tough by steeping in a solution of alum and salt. They are then reduced by washing, in a vat of bran and water, which gets the alum and salt out of them. Dried afterwards in a lofty heated chamber, they are white and flexible, but harsh. These preliminaries correspond to the puring and raising before alluded to. Another soaking in water, and they are ready for the operation that affects changes similar to bark or sumach infusion.

Again they are steeped; this time in a mixture of water and yolk of eggs. The famished pores eagerly imbibe the yolk, and leave the water free. It will somewhat surprise our readers, to learn that six million of eggs are consumed every year in the preparation of glove-leather alone. Many thousands are taken from our breakfast tables to supply the Rouel Tanneries, where they are preserved in brine till wanted. Tawed leather receives little further preparation. A room is appropriated by a few men who finish it off. You may see them bending over inverted cheese-knives, fixed upright in wooden blocks, and pressing the skins with considerable force upon the edge, stretch them to almost double their former superficies.

At imminent risk of suicide they continue their work. Every moment we see a slip impending, and expect the edge to go through, not merely the man's *skin*, but through his ribs and body as well. Were you to change places with him, it would be so very quickly; but the workman, from long practice, knows exactly the degree of force he may venture upon. Blacksmiths' and farriers' aprons are tawed. The white leather 'for doctors' bottles is tawed lamb-skin.

On our route to the sanctum of the curriers, we pass through airy lofts filled with hides and skins of every kind, hanging from poles like sheets in a drying-ground. Æolus himself would be satisfied with the arrangements. It is a temple open to all the winds of heaven. A few moments gives practical assurance that no place could be better adapted for drying. When the weather is

very inclement, the lougher boards are shut up, one side of a house at a time, making the edifice wear more of a civilized aspect to a passer-by, but hiding the characteristic stores that usually peep out upon him.

Leather tanned and dried, is to be reduced evenly, well extended, and made supple. Hides are carried on a polished 'beam.'

To see the men at work, it would seem that they were most unmercifully disposed. Their knives 'strike' at the skin with tremendous force, taking off the superfluous 'carriers' oil—a composition of oil and tallow previously well rubbed into them. Oil cannot be dissipated by exposure, and takes the place of the moisture so liberally imbibed before. Another drying in a stoved room, or in the wind temples, and the skins are ready for the trough of the dyer, or the tool of the finisher.

In our days commodities must not merely be intrinsically good, but must put on a good front. The care that is taken in reducing or paring down a skin or pelt, is surprising. Sliced off at first in shavings, as profuse as under a carpenter's plane, portions get thinner and smaller, till they end in fine dust and nothing. Between the white, smooth face of finished leather, and the dull, discolour of unfinished, there is a contrast that proves the labour not ill bestowed nor unproductive.

The black surface of leather is given by rubbing in with a stiff brush an iron liquor, which, uniting with the gallic acid of the sumach, strikes an ebon black. Morocco, and imitation morocco from sheep, are, on the other hand, dyed.

The dyeing house at the Rouel Tanneries is an exhibition in itself. You see pans and tubs, and troughs, bubbling and troubling of their own accord. Here, a thick Black sea, heaved up as though the Fiend of Strife abode beneath. There a Red sea, furious as when the waters returned to overwhelm the Egyptian hosts. Near these, a restless Yellow sea, more turbid and shallow than that which laves the China coast. Cochineal is used for the brilliant reds, which, with the other dyes, is expensive. As only one side needs dyeing, cost is spared by sewing the

pelts round the edges, flesh to flesh, and dipping them, thus united, in the dye.

Representatives of the chief races of mankind superintend these operations: Ethiop, Indian, Mongolian. Sometimes half-castes, who have left one vat for another, suddenly appear—part Indian, part Circassian. Tomorrow the Ethiopian may change his skin, and don the tawny hide of a Moor. After the colouring, the 'grainer' takes the skins in hand. His work is of a bellicose designation. He has to 'pommel' them, till he makes them thoroughly pliant. As he folds the membrane under a small flat board, fastened to his hand with a strap, and rolls it backward and forward, it becomes more flexible and soft, and receives the 'grain' admired by connoisseurs. Another species of graining is adopted for finer skins. First, being placed on an elastic board, a wheel of hard wood rolls to and fro along the surface. Wood-work attaches the wheel to a hinge in the roof beam. As it swings over the surface of the yielding board, it leaves ridges upon the leather corresponding to grooves cut in its own tire of circumference. The operation is repeated with a 'dummy,' or smooth-surface wheel, which induces a splendid polish. These wheels are moved by hand; but, with the spirit of enterprise that makes the names of Bevington and Morris as conspicuous in the leather-market, as 'Rothschild' on 'Change,' machinery will soon displace manual labour. All round the Rouel Tanneries are evidences of the innovation of steam-power. We have throughout picked our steps amongst bricks and mortar. 'This is where our new engine is to be,' says the foreman of the beam-house, —'We are going to have them work by steam,' says the grainer.—'Our new machinery will do it very much sooner;' and like remarks meet us at every turn.

Amongst the diversity of employments at these tanneries, the manufacture of wool-mats is important and distinct. Anxious to learn all we can, we spare five minutes more to listen to the young man who has the management of the department. He is quite enthusiastic in his trade, and displays, what is always a gratifying trait in an operative, an emulative spirit to get first in skill. He

points to the square lake in the open yard, where a strong fellow stands, naked up to his thighs, with a long pole in his hands, pointed with a bullock's horn. This weapon he uses to cleanse the skin floating on the water before him. 'Look, what a fine woolly skin it is,' the young manager says; 'it will be as white as snow when he has washed it.' He does not bestow unmerited praise. The wool, when its greasiness is beguiled out by means of scrubbing with the bullock's horn, and soap applications and water, is beautifully white. In the heated chamber, where the skins are put when they have been stretched upon square frames, he picks out one amongst hundreds as quite a prize for dimensions. 'It is the biggest sheep-skin in England; yet it isn't so big as one we had in the Exhibition.' Gratifying him by our astonishment as well as we are able, he leads us to the men scraping the slime off the flesh side, which the heat has caused to work up. He is evidently proud of his position over men much older than himself, and enters into the details of manipulations like a master-man. We follow him through his dyeing processes, all self-working, and listen to his gratulations on his own skill. Speaking of another manufacturing firm, he evinces his disdain of them for not being 'scientific,' and for doing everything in old fashion. His chief triumph is in the dyeing-house. It has ever been held impossible to dye a skin black; but he has achieved it, and believes no one has done so besides.

We wonder that these wool-mats are not commoner in England. Our transatlantic cousins appreciate more than we their peculiar richness and beauty. Glancing over the stores in the show-room, and examining the deep, thick borders with which women-workers are fringing them, we feel that nothing more silky soft ever touched our hand—nothing more magnificently bright ever met our gaze.

As if the numberless branches of business upon which we have expatiated were not sufficient to harass the heads of a large establishment, an extensive manufacture of cocoa-nut fibre and aloe fibre matting is annexed to the Rouel Tanneries. Both these

are modern appliances of art. Their utility is seen in the extensive and everyday increasing demand for them. Messrs. Bevington and Morris claim the merit, if not of introducing, yet of bringing under public notice, the material called 'aloe fibre.' It is obtained from the leaf of a species of aloe, is exceedingly strong, and lighter in colour, of a finer thread, and more even, than the fibre of the cocoa-nut. But we are at the end of our foolscap.

When the myriad hands set to work in the leather manufacture, the value in gross, amounting to twenty millions sterling per annum, are regarded, together with the complicated and lengthened preparations leather submits to, and the antiquity of the art—for that skins were amongst the first coverlits of mankind, and a process known, therefore, to save them from putrefaction, there can be no doubt—and, finally, when the end of this terrifically long disquisition is reached, the adventurous reader will certainly cry, 'Surely, surely, there is nothing like leather.'

PRAYER BARRELS.—The Buddhists, in Tartary, have a method of simplifying pilgrimage and devotional rites. In all the Lamaseries you find at short intervals figures in the form of barrels, and turning upon an axle. The material of these figures is a thick board, composed of a vast number of sheets of paper pasted together, and on which are written in the Thibetian character, the most reputed prayers throughout the country. The pilgrim or devotee has therefore only to see these barrels whirling prayers for him, and may then eat, drink, sleep, or indulge himself in any other way he chooses. Sometimes two parties arrive at the barrel together and a furious quarrel ensues, until an old Lama terminates the dispute, by turning the barrel himself for their joint benefit.

PLOUGH MONDAY.—The first Monday after Epiphany, on which day it was usual to examine the ploughs and other agricultural implements. Until recently the ploughman in England were accustomed to gather at noon, and, with blackened faces and in fantastic gear beg plough money from door to door.

"AT THY PERIL."

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Awake from dreams to-day!
Arouse thee, careless sleeper,
Cast not the thought away.
Thou from a golden chalice
Dost drink the ruby wine,
Thine home a stately palace,
Where wealth and splendour shine.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

Life's page to thee reads fair,
But gaze a little deeper,
And other tales lie there.
With sullen look and stolid,
'Mid wretchedness and strife,
Beneath yon roof-tree squalid,
How drags thy brother's life?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

Swift as the viewless wind,
Speeds on one mighty Reaper,
His harvest sheaves to bind;
His earliest prey finds shelter
These sordid roofs beneath,
Where vice and misery swelter
In hot beds ripe for Death.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

Such homes abut on thine,
The dim eyes of the weeper
Mocked by thy banquet's shine.
Say'st thou, "Such ills are nameless,
They touch not such as we!"
Alas! canst Thou be blameless,
That things like this should be?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"

One course the foe doth run,
Nor Volga's stream nor Dnieper
Bars out this ruthless Hun.
Who shall the myriads number,
This "Scourge of God" may kill?
While sunk in selfish slumber
Securely dream ye still?

Thou art thy brother's keeper,

This charge thou canst not flee,
The path of right grows steeper
Daily to him, to thee.
A reckoning shall be taken,
A reckoning stern and deep.
Woe! unto those who waken
Then first from careless sleep!

THE FIRST GRENADIER OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE POOR BLIND MAN.

On the morning of the 15th of May, in the year 1756, the sun rose in all its splendour over the fertile plains of Brittany; upon the roof of every house in the little village of Charhaix were reflected the brilliant rays. It was Sunday, on which sacred day all the schools were closed, and the numerous children, belonging to the better class of families in the neighbourhood, taking advantage of the beauty of the morning, had assembled together, and like a flight of birds liberated from their cages, had hastened to the green fields to engage in a sham battle. It was a pretty and interesting sight to behold the juvenile band, in all the buoyancy and joyousness of youth, and enthusiasm of the moment, marching off *à la militaire*, some in the strict order of a well-disciplined regiment of infantry, and others bestriding pasteboard horses, like the sham steeds at Astley's, prancing about as cavalry, all being clad in paper uniforms, and carrying wooden sabres and assuming the fierce moustache provided on the occasion by the aid of burnt cork.

The "scene of action" having been reached, the parties took up their respective positions. The attack commenced, and amid the general din a stout battle was fought. Shrill were the pigmy words of command, to advance to the charge, or retreat, given by the youthful leaders, who endeavoured in vain to deepen their voices as though to impart solemnity to the mimic scene, and occasionally might be heard the rallying cry after a partial reverse; so that the battle was energetically persevered in, until at length the contending forces, finding themselves exhausted by the severity of the engagement, came to a truce, and sat down upon the cool refreshing grass (the field of battle) for momentary repose.

After a slight cessation of hostilities, one of the most spirited of the army of "young France," who had scarcely recovered his breath (and whose chubby face was besmeared with paint which the heat had caused to run further than was anticipated), evinced a seeming inclination to resume

the combat ere the rays of the declining sun had disappeared beyond the horizon. The hours of sweet freedom and recreation caused the day to appear short to him, and at length he broke silence, exclaiming,

"What shall we play at now?"

"It's tedious," said another, "to be always playing at the same game."

"Hold!" observed a third, "look yonder at the old blind man approaching towards us; look at his spaniel!"

"Is he not ugly!" cried the children.

At this moment the old man, who was within a few paces of them, approached close to the juvenile camp, and addressing the youngsters in a supplicating tone, said,—

"Charity, if you please, my little gentlemen, charity;" and his dog, with the intelligence natural to its species, seemed to assume a sorrowful and resigned countenance.

Meanwhile the mischievous idea entered into the head of one of the children to cut the string attached to the dog's collar and release the animal from its blind owner, for which purpose the boy raised himself from the grass and drew a knife from his pocket. Most of his companions, without reflection, responded to the proposal with loud huzzas, when, on instant, one of the party started up, with pale anger and indignation.

"You shall not do it," cried he, "you shall not commit so unworthy an action."

"Who dares prevent me?" said the other, at the same moment suiting the action to the word by severing the cord.

The old blind man, feeling himself no longer guided by his faithful dog, uttered lamentable cries, and the poor animal, regretting the liberty that had been given him in spite of himself, licked mournfully the hand of his afflicted master.

"You are a coward thus to attack and insult the blind," cried the boy who had refused to listen to the proposal, and rushing upon his comrade and throwing him down upon his knees, in which position he held him, he exclaimed,—

"Now, repair your fault, and give this old man the money you have in your purse; I hear some crowns chinking in your pocket."

Refusal was out of the question, and the mischievous youngster was obliged to deliver up the contents of his purse to his bold companion, who, after allowing the former—burning with shame and anger—to rise from his vanquished position, advanced towards the blind man, adjusted the cord round the dog's neck, and drawing from his own pocket double the pieces of money he had forced from his thoughtless playmate, said, in good-natured tone.

"Here, my good man this will purchase you bread for some time to come. My friend is willing through this means to atone for his fault by doing you good."

The venerable recipient of this unexpected donation had not retired many paces, when the children surrounded their generous comrade.

"But," said they, "Maurice did not give half the money that you offered the old man in his name."

"Well, what does that matter," replied the noble boy disdainfully; "I could not handsomely accuse my companion of both cowardice and avarice at the same moment."

Some pieces which had dropped from the pocket of Maurice during the scuffle proved he was unwilling to give up all, and hence a general enthusiasm was felt for the young hero of the day.

"*La Tour d'Auvergne!*" exclaimed all in one loud chorus, "you're a brave fellow; we appoint you our general, and you shall command us!"

But Tour d'Auvergne declined to accept the proffered honour, and laughing he replied:—

"*I prefer to remain a private soldier!*"

CHAPTER II.—THE HERO.

No life had ever been turned to better account than that of Tour d'Auvergne, the child—destined in maturer years to figure as a distinguished soldier; no soul could be more generous,—no heart more courageous and disinterested. The hero of modern days equalled in his plainness, the warriors of ancient times. Like Æschylus—at once a writer and a soldier—Tour d'Auvergne knew how to handle the pen as well as the sword; and the same hand that in the

morning had grasped the sabre was in the evening devoted to writing works of erudition and talent.

In the year 1781, Tour d'Auvergne was admitted as a volunteer into the army of Spain that besieged Mahon, then in the power of the British. He refused to accept of either rank or recompense, although he contributed materially towards the success of the enterprise. He signalized himself by acts of great bravery; nevertheless, he only sought an inward satisfaction, rather than the praise of his superiors or the applause of the crowd.

On another occasion, being surprised and taken prisoner by the English the officer wanted to deprive him of his cockade; but Tour d'Auvergne, indignantly snatching it from his cap, attached it to the point of his sword, exclaiming, "There it is! tell him to come and take it!"

At the period of the French revolution, Tour d'Auvergne was made a captain, his modesty and simplicity dictating the refusal of a colonelcy which was offered him; and it was at the head of his company, afterwards distinguished as "The Infernal Column," that he led the assault, and on several occasions routed the battalions of the enemy. At length, old and fatigued, he had quitted the army and returned to Paris, where he learnt that the son of his friend was about to depart for the war as a conscript. Tour d'Auvergne, however, without a moment's hesitation, engaged himself as a substitute, and enrolling himself once more as a volunteer, hastened, with knapsack on his back, to rejoin as a private that army in which he had fought as a superior officer.

France was at that time at war with Austria, and Tour d'Auvergne, now fifty years of age, found the opportunity of again displaying his energy and boldness. A party of Hungarian grenadiers were desirous of seizing upon a windmill, in which had been placed a store of arms and a quantity of gunpowder; but so sharp and deadly was the fire kept up from within, that the Hungarians were compelled to retire, with much loss. At length, after many hours of heroic defence, the besieged garrison in the mill demanded permission to capitulate; a window opened, and a soldier

presented himself. It was Tour d'Auvergne.

"We desire," said he, addressing the enemy, "to evacuate our quarters with all the honours of war; with arms and baggage, drums beating, and colours flying."

These conditions were acceded to by the Austrian chief, who accordingly drew up his men in two lines to receive the devoted garrison of the windmill. Tour d'Auvergne then slowly descended the steps of the mill, with musket shouldered, and passing between the double ranks of the enemy's bayonets, presented himself before the Austrian officer.

"Well!" observed the commander, "where, then, is the garrison?"

"Here it is!" replied Tour d'Auvergne, raising his hand, *à la militaire*, to his cap.

"But *where* is it, then?" again asked the officer.

"Here!" repeated Tour d'Auvergne.

"What! you alone?" observed the Austrian.

"I alone was in the windmill," rejoined the veteran; "I was the only garrison!"

It was then that Napoleon, admiring the courage of the soldier and not knowing how to recompense him worthily for his gallant deeds, conferred on Tour d'Auvergne the title of "First Grenadier of France;" sending him at the same time a sabre of honour in compliment of his services. The brave grenadier, desiring still further to shew his appreciation of the honours thus conferred on him, persisted—in spite of his age and suffering—in remaining with the army of operations.

"I ought not to die in my bed," he said to his friends; "I ought rather to perish on the field of battle in the midst of my brave comrades!"

Those heroic words of Tour d'Auvergne were fulfilled on the 25th of June, 1800. He fell, mortally wounded, having been pierced with a lance: and thus was his prediction realised.

The old soldiers of the army—they of the grey *moustache* and furrowed brow, who had never shed a tear since the days of their childhood, wept for their illustrious companion-in-arms, and went into military mourning for his loss. His sabre of honour

was deposited amid pomp in the *Hotel des Invalides*, Paris, and his name was honourably retained on the regimental roll. His heart, enclosed in a golden case, was entrusted to the senior sergeant, whose post was that next to the ensign, bearing the colours of the forty-sixth demi-brigade: and every day at parade, at the call of the name of "*Théophile-Malo Corret de la Tour d'Auvergne*," the oldest of the grenadier company responded, "*Died upon the field of honour!*"

How much more affecting than any monument of brass or marble is this strange tribute to the memory of a heroic soldier!

A SILENT WITNESS.

I WAS a resident of Rome in the winter of 1830, pursuing a course of law study that was pertinent to a purpose at that time influencing me; and my associations necessarily brought me very often into the petty courts of the city, where criminals were most summarily tried, often being sentenced to the death penalty and executed in the same hour. But at that time the populace were in a peculiarly fermented condition, and every third person was suspected as a conspirator; the dungeons being thronged the while with innocent and guilty, thrown indiscriminately together.

Notwithstanding this sad state of affairs, justice was not unfrequently meted out to those on trial with great skill, judgment, and actual knowledge of human nature. It was a fine school for my purpose, and I gained much experience for after service in the five months which I passed in the "*Eternal City*." It was while in attendance at one of these petty courts, as they were designated, and yet where cases involving the penalty of life and death were constantly being tried, that I witnessed a scene that has suggested the title with which I have prefaced this sketch.

A fearful and singular murder had been committed by some foul wretch the previous night in the outskirts of the city, upon the person of a young and beautiful girl of humble rank in life, but who was yet well known in her neighbourhood for her excellent cha-

acter, her personal beauty, and her unostentatious charities in this city of beggars. The authorities who took the matter in hand to investigate, were entirely at a loss for a long time as to what possible motive could have influenced the perpetrator of the deed. It could not have been robbery, as there was not the least article disturbed; the deed alone was the purpose of whoever had entered the girl's room in the night. At least this was the conclusion arrived at.

Surette, the girl's name, was the subject of much general admiration, and received frequent and decided attentions from many youthful admirers, among whom was Carlo Stozzi, whom the neighbours of Surette accredited as the favoured lover, though this was simply conjecture on their part, inasmuch as she was a truly modest girl, and did not talk of these matters to any one. On the morning after the murder, Carlo Stozzi was found among the lamenting throng, as sad and apparently broken-hearted as he might be supposed to be on such an occasion, and yet for some reason which did not appear to me, the police regarded him, as it seemed, with searching glances, and at last arrested him, and he was brought before the court charged with the murder of Surette.

His assertions to the contrary were boisterously persisted in, and he boldly demanded the proof, challenging scrutiny with an unblushing front and apparent indignation. The fellow seemed to me at this stage of the proceedings to be innocent, but it appeared that the judges understood these things better. A few witnesses were examined—the prisoner was proved, or at least partially so, to have been seen coming from the vicinity of the house at midnight, on the night of the murder, but he instantly produced a witness on his own part who swore most straightforwardly, and unhesitatingly, that Carlo Stozzi was with him at that hour, before and after it, for a long period, in another part of the city. The witness evidently spoke honestly, and the judges for a moment seemed puzzled, and whispered together in consultation.

An officer was quietly summoned to the seat of the judges, and some directions were whispered to him, after which the prisoner

was again engaged in answering fresh questions from the judges. In the meantime I observed the officer just referred to, approach the little table beside which the prisoner stood, and without attracting his attention, deposit something upon it as he passed. When he had left the table I saw laying there a bright stiletto, or dagger, which had not been there before! The judges continued their questions for some moments longer, when there was a momentary pause, and the prisoner turning from them noticed the weapon upon the table, and apparently all unconscious of what he did, placed it in his bosom, in the usual place where the Italians wear the dagger.

The singularity of permitting the prisoner thus to arm himself, struck me for a moment, and I even turned to a friend hard by, and referred to the circumstance; but a certain sinister expression of the judge's face, who had thus far acted as the spokesman of the rest, caused me to pause and watch for some *denouement*, that I half realised was about to follow the act of the prisoner's possessing himself of the weapon, that the officer had so lately placed upon the table. My friend had already divined the course of the whole business, and bid me be silent, for the judge was about to address the accused.

"Why have you placed that stiletto in your bosom?" asked the judge.

"Because it is the usual place where I carry it," was the unconscious answer.

"Then the weapon is your own?" asked the judge.

"Whose else could it be?"

"You acknowledge that it is your stiletto?"

"I do!" replied the half hesitating prisoner, now seeing his own danger, and realizing the fearful power of this *silent witness!*

"Take the prisoner hence," said the judge, "he dies to-morrow!"

Such was the brief, summary, but just trial of a culprit, a murderer. The dagger, though it bore no evidence of being his, was yet identified as his property, by placing it thus within his reach. It had been found that morning in the room of the murdered girl, where this Carlo Stozzi had dropped it after murdering Surette, actuated by a fit of jea-

lousy. On the morrow Carlo Stozzi was beheaded!

But the sequel of this story is the strangest of all. Being in the quarter of the town a short time afterward where the crime was committed, I paused before the house, and seeing a young girl there, I reverted to the sad murder that had been committed there so lately.

"Murder?" she said, inquiringly.

"Yes, of Surette, by one Carlo Stozzi."

"It was *nearly* a murder," she repeated.

"Nearly?"

"Yes; have you not heard that Surette breathed again some hours after they thought her dead, and finally that she moved?"

"No."

"I am Surette!" she replied, dropping me a low curtesy.

"And did you not love Carlo Stozzi?"

"Not I; he was bold and bad."

I opened my eyes in amazement, and walked on, musing upon the subject, and *that silent witness!*

GEORGIANA THE ACTRESS.

She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life—had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to define their position in the social scale. At the time I knew her, her mother was paralytic and bed-ridden. Her father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a pittance by copying law papers. Georgiana, the ballet girl, their only child, by her energetic exertions, supplied the whole wants of the family.—And what were those exertions? The mind of the most imaginative reader could hardly picture what I know to be a reality.

Georgiana's parents kept no servants; she discharged all the duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing, everything. From daylight till midnight not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock, and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal for her parents to prepare, her

marketing to accomplish, her household arrangements for the day to make; if early in the week, her ironing; if at the close, her sewing, for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter.—But watch her at the theatre, and you never found her hands idle. When she was not on the stage you were sure of discovering her in some quiet corner—knitting lace, cutting grate aprons out of tissue paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy work, by the sale of which she relieved her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers. Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night. Her long walks to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. I have known this to occur. Not to be ready for the stage would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was not on the stage, there she sat in the snug corner of the green room, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honour, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hands, only laying down the needle, which her fingers made fly, when she was summoned by the call boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play.—Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o'clock, but oftener not until half past eleven, and then there was the long walk home before her.

Her mother generally awoke at the hour when Georgiana was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties was to be performed.—Had not the wearied limbs which that poor ballet girl had laid upon her couch earned her repose? Are there many whose refreshment is so deserved?—whose rising up and lying down are surrounded by a circle so holy? No one ever heard her murmur.—Her fragile form spoke of strength overtaken; it was more careworn than her face.

That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly animated expression when occupied before an audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed—a meek reply when rudely chided by the churlish ballet master, or despotic stage manager. Many a time I have seen the tears dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed, she would brush them away, and say she was a fool and cried for nothing.

Her answer to a sympathizing "How weary you must be at night," "Yes; but I am so thankful I have health to go through so much. What would become of my poor mother, or of my father, if I felt ill?" How many are there who could render an account of their stewardship as this poor girl may do in the hereafter? How many can say with her, that life has been

"One perpetual growth of heavenward enterprise."

And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre; was the indigenuous growth of that theatre—a *wall flower*, if you like—but still sending up the rich fragrance of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was fashioned. To the eye of the pharisee—who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy—this ballet girl, like the poor publican, stood "afar off." To the eyes of the great Judge, which stood the nearer?

Her devotion to her parents was the strongest impulse of her nature. In her early youth she had been engaged to a young man, a musician belonging to the orchestra. They had been betrothed for several years. Some fairer face—though he could scarcely have found a sweeter—had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovely submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more. The breath of slander had never shadowed her name. Gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the "old maid;" but this was the hardest word any one ever applied to Georgiana. Was not such a heart as hers what Elizabeth Barrett Browning has described as

"A fair still home well kept,
Which humble thoughts had swept,
And holy prayers made clean.

THE CANKERED ROSE OF TIVOLI.

ALLANDALE and other places are in this country celebrated for their roses. Who has not heard of a rose with violet eyes or a lily breast, or teeth of pearl, or even four fingers? In musical botany such flowers are frequently described; there is no doubt about them. I speak here of a rose belonging to a sister art, a rose belonging to the botany of painters. This flower has a sickly odour strongly impregnated with the fumes of wine, is of a dark brown colour, tall, and has a coarse bold handsomness of feature. It is not a lovely woman, but an ugly man: at least a man morally ugly—Philip Roos—who, being a German or a Dutchman, settled at Tivoli, and, naturalised, among the people of the sunny south, had his name converted into soft Italian, and was and is commonly known as the Rose of Tivoli. A century or two ago he was a cheery fellow, and he still lives in his pictures.

The Dutchmen claim him, and may have him if they like: so at least I should say if I were a German; for it is so much a worse thing to be a bad man than it is a good thing to be a good animal painter, that I should like better to repudiate than claim a share in the Roos blood. If he were Dutch by race, he was a German by birth, for he was born at Frankfort-on-Maine in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. Because his life is a story I propose to tell it, without departure by a hair's breadth from the truth. Should this meet the eye of any person who has a humiliating consciousness that he could never paint a cow fit for posterity to look at, let such a person be at ease and sit contented in his easy-chair uncared-for by Europe. For his large contentment let him read this story of the Rose of Tivoli.

The old Rose, Henry Philip's father, was a painter who had lived at Frankfort and been very careful of his gains. Miserly fathers commonly make spendthrift sons. Old Roos one night being burnt out of his house rushed back into the flames to save some of his treasures. He collected what he could, and took especial care to secure a costly gold-lipped vase of porcelain. On his way out he stumbled. The vase dropped

from his hand. The porcelain was broken, but the miser stopped to gather up the gold. Smoke covered him, and he did not rise again. He died for the gold lips of his vase, as you gentlemen are frequently said to have died for rare lips on vessels of more precious clay.

That I may not begin my tale too soon, let me add that Philip Roos of Tivoli had not only a father, but also a brother, and that he too was a remarkably odd man. He was not miserly, he was not cheery, but he was magnificent. His name was Nicolas, and he too was a painter. He lived at Frankfort in an enormous house, though he was as poor as any church mouse that inhabits a cathedral. He had an immense train of miserable servants—a set of ragged creatures—who moved to and fro like a large colony of ghosts by whom the edifice was garrisoned. That was the state of Nicolas; he had grand furniture as well as a great mansion; the only vexation was that he and his people generally wanted victuals. When he had sold a picture for a good price, and received the money, he would come home snuffing the air. His hungry servants knew then by the height of his nose how much he had with him, and there was no more gunning to and fro with the money for preparation for festivity. Fire was kindled on the cold hearths, lamps were lighted, the artist's wife wore sumptuous attire, and Nicolas enjoyed the luxury of princely pomp until the money was all gone. His establishment then starved or lived upon their credit, and the ghostly garrison of lacqueys held the fortress against all assaults from the besieging duns. If the siege became too hot the painter worked with zeal and finished a new picture. "The poor creature," says Weyerman, "took up and put down his brush as often as a suitor puts his hat off and on in the antechamber of a prince." Sometimes when matters went so very ill with him the distracted magnifico ordered all doors to be shut, and immured himself and his men alive in the house as in a mausoleum.

The brother of this Nicolas was Philip Roos—the Rose of Tivoli. In his youth he had been encouraged and protected by a liberal and kindly patron, the landgrave of Hesse Cassel, who attached him to his court,

encouraged him, and developed rapidly his talent. Further to assist in his development he placed in the young painter's hands a considerable sum of money, and bade him go and become perfect in his art by studying in Italy.

One day when Philip, then aged about thirty, was in the Campagna of Rome, sketching from nature, there drove by an elegant carriage in which was a prosperous old gentleman, with white hairs, a painter, who enjoyed great fame and a thriving business, Hyacinth Brandi. The old gentleman stopped his horses and alighted to examine Philip's canvass. That was the first meeting of the Hyacinth with the Rose. Great masters of painting in those days in Rome and Florence habitually spoke to the pupils whom they found sketching about the country, assumed a sociable paternal tone, corrected errors, gave advice, even made alterations on the canvass, and sometimes presented aid in money to such students as were poor. Italy was a studio in which the painters lived together upon terms that became men who were of one liberal profession, members as it were of the same household. Hyacinth Brandi liked Roos's goats so much, and was so much surprised at his rapidity of touch, that as he wanted somebody to paint good animals into some pictures of his own, he hospitably bade the young man to his house

Philip went willingly. Brandi had commissions by the dozen on his hands, and he had also a charming daughter. Of the charming daughter, and Italian beauty, Philip had a passing glimpse on his first visit, and for her sake when he went up to Brandi's painting room he recklessly prised everything that he saw so as to obtain at once free invitation to the old man's intimacy. He took pains to find out in the course of a few days that Hyacinth's daughter inhabited a wing of the house abutting on an inner garden. One day, therefore, calling when Hyacinth was busy, he said that he would wait his leisure in the garden; and having marched thither, lay under a tree to look out for the windows of the lady. When he had found out where they were, he stationed himself under them, and as soon as Miss Brandi appeared at her casement made her

a courteous bow, She was surprised; but, as she saw that it was a handsome young man who bowed, she smiled as she shut the window and departed. From that point the Rose proceeded in due time to conversations and to the winning of the lady's heart. She had agreed to marry him. A cruel father then discovered these proceedings, forbade Philip admission to his house, and shut up his daughter in a nunnery. In his anger he repeated twenty times a day that "she was not reared for a painter of beasts."

Philip Roos was a German and a Protestant, but as he was not at all particular about his religion, it occurred to him that he could do nothing better than renounce his errors, and throwing himself on the bosom of the Church, Miss Brandi's mother, ask of the mother what the father had denied him—the young lady's hand in marriage. He went therefore one morning to the house of the cardinal-vicar, and represented himself as a man awakened to a sense of his own heresy; the prelate was charmed, and, claiming him for his own convert, gave him instruction and enjoyed the honour of presenting him as his own gift to the holy Church. Then the painter told the cardinal the story of his love, and asked for help. On the day following, the cardinal called on the Pope, the Pope asked who was the father of the young lady.

"Brandi the painter."

"Very well," he said, "then they are both painters. There is no disparity of condition; I can see no obstacle."

Hyacinth was sent for to the Vatican; it was no matter to the Pope whether Roos painted men or beasts or stones, the young convert deserved his reward, and Brandi, compelled to restrain his pride, gave up his daughter.

On the day after the wedding, Philip Roos sent back to the old man all the girl's clothes, even to her shoes and stockings saying that a painter of beasts wanted none of his frippery, and that her beauty was his wife's sufficient ornament. Brandi, who was a very rich man, thereupon disinherited his daughter, and left her entirely to her husband's care.

He had taken her to a strange dwelling near Tivoli, at some distance from Rome.

The house was formed out of the ruins of an ancient monument, and was situated in a sort of zoological garden that was full of birds, and beasts instead of flowers. Inside and outside it was peopled by pet rats and mice, dogs and cats, oxen and asses, goats, vultures, owls, and other such company. These were the painter's models that he kept about him, and it was no pleasant discovery for the poor wife to make during her honeymoon, when it appeared that her husband was not a whit less brutal than his oxen and his goats. He never stayed long with her, for he was a cheery fellow who had both his business and his tavern friends at Rome. The beautiful young lady soon found herself left by the week together in the old ruin which was more picturesque than comfortable, bewildered by the incessant concert made out of the crowing of cocks, clucking of hens, grunting of pigs, barking of dogs, miauling of cats, bleating of goats, screeching of owls, lowing of oxen, all occasionally enriched by the finer tenor notes of the ass who had the best voice in the company; Weyerman says that any traveller coming upon the young Roman girl, living there all alone with such companions, might have taken her for a Circe surrounded by the victims of her enchantment. The creatures seemed to be all besieging her with cries for restoration to their pristine shapes. Poor girl, the only victim to her charms was herself.

Roos and his servants used to quit her, and set out for Rome, where the master spent rollicking days in taverns, and when money failed dashed off a picture which the man sold to the first purchaser who would give for it enough to keep the merry game alive. His pictures were in this way made so cheap that they lost all respectability and formed but a poor source of subsistence to their author. Yet his genius had no rival then upon the spot, and he might easily have become a wealthy man.

The society of painters from the Netherlands at Rome—a society that called itself the Bent—styled Roos, Mercury, for his rapidity, a quality in which he was equalled by no other artist of his time. Count Martenitz, an Austrian ambassador, and

General Roos, a Swede, famous for duelling propensities, once disputed on the subject of the speed of hand that characterized Philip Roos the painter. The Count betted a number of gold pieces that Philip would begin and complete a picture while they played a certain game of cards, that usually occupied about thirty minutes; as we might now say, while they played a rubber. The bet was taken, and the painter readily enough submitted to the trial. Easel and brushes were brought into the drawing room and a canvass of the size usually employed for the sketching of a head—a *tela di testa*—was laid upon the easel to be filled. The gentlemen sat down to their cards, and Roos began to paint. Before the game was over he informed them that his work was done. He had covered the canvass with a shepherd and two or three sheep and goats placed in the middle of a landscape. The general paid his lost bet, of which some of the gold pieces went into the hands of the artist, who, within a few hours, managed to transfer them to the pocket of a tavern-keeper.

The same painter once having aspired to execute a grand piece, took a canvass forty feet square. In sixteen days he filled it, having put upon it in that time six hundred figures of animals. In the foreground were horses and oxen of the size of life; others were in the distance, and they were all so well designed and grouped, and placed in so complete a landscape, that nothing but the united testimony of many people would induce belief that he had not spent many months in the production of the piece; for, notwithstanding his rapidity, his work was good: of course his best pictures were those that he had composed with care and much deliberation, but in his most rapid painting he was always accurate in outline, harmonious in colour, and above all remarkable for skill in grouping, and for the variety of effect that he had at his command. His backgrounds were all different. He never repeated himself, and he drew animals of any kind, not being addicted specially to dogs or cows or goats or sheep.

These were the talents that he wasted. They scarcely paid his tavern bills and ill maintained his wife. That ill-fated woman

lived as she could, hungrily at Tivoli, not only wanting proper maintenance herself but unable to provide properly for the animals that constantly distracted her with hungry cries. When her husband came to her sometimes for a few days and brought with him a very little money he was deaf to all her pleadings. Then she fell into a melancholy silence, and he found her dull, so that he travelled back the sooner to his jolly company.

The painter's servant took advantage of his master's folly. That shrewd follower had saved a little money and he borrowed more. Then when the Roos of Tivoli got caught in a tavern he painted a picture whereby to effect his escape and sent off his man to sell it "to the first dealer he found who was not too much a thief;" the man carried it to a room of his own, locked it up and brought back out of his own money, as if from the dealers, whatever price he supposed would be enough to satisfy his master. In that way he had not only accumulated a great number of Roos's works, but at the same time withheld them from the market and enhanced their money value. When Roos died he sold off his collection and acquired a little fortune.

Of Philip as of his brother Nicholas, it was easy to see at a glance whether he had or had not any money in his pocket. His contemporaries have recorded that whenever he had an empty pocket he sneaked along the house-walls with a bowed head and a contrite look, and dived into an alley if he saw any one of his acquaintances upon his path. When he had dollars in his pocket he held up his head, poked out his chest, rested a hand upon a hip and snuffed the air. He charged down then upon any comrade whom he saw, shook hands with him and dragged him off whether he would or not, to treat him at a tavern. All this time his wife pined in the old ruin at Tivoli, ceasing to think of him and mourning for her father who was dead, and had cursed her in his dying hour.

The Landgrave of Hesse Cassel who had sent Philip Roos to Rome, not hearing from him or receiving any pictures, supposed that he was dead too, and coming afterwards by chance to Rome himself, about the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, was vexed to find

how ill his patronage had been rewarded. Roos for a time avoided meeting him; but was at last urged to present himself and honestly confess his errors. The landgrave received him kindly, and asked for a picture which the painter vowed he should have. But, rapid artist as he was, and great were his obligations to the langrave, both for social aid and for hard money given to him, he did not spend ten minutes in a picture for him. He sent nothing and again kept out of his way.

While he was thus wasting his opportunities and powers, Philip Roos on one occasion went to Tivoli, and was met with more than the ordinary clamour from his birds and beasts, who surrounded his house with the urgent, painful cries of creatures that for many hours had not been fed. He ran to his wife's chamber and found her white and still upon her bed, her fatal beauty marred with the few lines that had been left there by a long despair. In her cold right hand there was a piece of paper firmly grasped; it was the last letter written to her by her father; she had died thinking of him, and not of Philip.

The husband was not capable of worthy grief. He plunged into fresh excesses, became prematurely haggard, staggered about the streets enveloped in the odours of the wine shop, and died, at fifty, of decrepitude. The Italians, embarrassed by his German name, called this great painter the Rose of Tivoli. A great painter, but a little man.

After all, perhaps, the immortality of genius, taken alone, is not worth envying. He is both a great man and a happy man who knows how to be respectable as he is clever; but sever the two qualities, and who would not rather be the honest man of Hackney than such an ever-blooming Rose as that which, by help of the clever little memoir lately compiled from the first authorities by M. Alfred Michiels, has been here depicted?

CHARITY, OR LOVE.—The desire of power to excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge to excess caused man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.—*Bacon*.

A FEW SIMPLE FACTS FROM DOG TRUSTY.

Having watched my master at his writing, I have fortunately picked up something of the art, and write, as you may perceive, a very tolerable paw, by which I am enabled to state to the public some of the grievances under which I and my brethren labour; hoping, thereby, to awaken their compunction. They have become so familiar with the wrongs which they inflict on us that it is not unlikely that they never reflect on them! It is indeed very mortifying to me and my fellow dogs, who have been emphatically called "the friends of men," to have insults and affronts heaped upon us. The friends of man, indeed! And good reason to be so. The usage he receives may be gathered from what our masters themselves imply, when they speak of any one who has been ill-treated! "He has," they say, "been used worse than a dog;" even their own ideas of ill-usage cannot go beyond *that*. Abuse of character, disposition, or manners, is never considered complete unless the epithet, *dog*, is added. I will not speak of the personal injuries which we have received at the hands of him who has been pleased to call us his especial friends. I might, indeed, tell of the barbarous coercion resorted to, in what they call *breaking us*; I might advert to the cruelty of lopping tails and ears, and worming tongues; I might allude to chains, and that badge of slavery, the collar, to which many among us have been compelled to submit; I might, indeed, descant on the hardships we endure, and the confinement to which we are frequently subjected; but I shall restrict myself merely to the insults and affronts which are put upon us. Noble animals they allow us to be—but does this acknowledgment agree with the derision and contempt which they cast upon our name, a *cut-throat dog*, a *con-founded dog*, a *cowardly dog*, a *mean dog*, a *sneaking dog*, a *dirty dog*, a *stupid hound*? Their name for a spendthrift is a *good-for-nothing dog*. Don't I hear the way they go on, if a servant neglects his business? He is forsooth an *idle dog*, a *lazy dog*. Pray who takes care of the house when all the family are tucked up in their warm beds?

Who is it then, I'd be glad to know, who is idle, who is *lazy* then? Is it indeed we who take our rounds of the premises at the dead hour of the night, to see that all is safe, and to give warning of approaching danger? Is that *lazy*? The term used to a presuming fellow is *impudent dog*. Are we impudent, then, who are ready to do our master's bidding at every turn, who never assert a will of our own, or consult our own comfort and convenience? And yet we are held up as an example of all that is vile, base, and mean and disagreeable, from the very moment our eyes are opened? Nay, I might say before: if an insufferable dandy appears, he is called a *conceited puppy*. Even in the very chiding of their children they have their sneer at us; "troublesome cur" and "mischievous whelp" are their terms of reprehension, and they think are the worst names they can call them. We never remember to have once heard of them saying of one whom they wished to commend, "the good dog," "the industrious dog," "the gentlemanly dog," "the unaffected puppy," "the intellectual hound," "the engaging cur," or "the sweet whelp;" no, no, they tack the word *dog* to everything they wish to stamp as disagreeable or contemptible, a *dogmatical man*, they say, of one who takes on him too much in giving his opinion; those who are morose or cross they are called *dogged*; to such a degree do they carry their wish to depreciate us, that they add the word *dog* whenever they would express worthlessness. The rose which they think undeserving of cultivation they have named them the *dogrose*; the lowest and most despicable rhymes they designate *doggerel*. They say *dog cheap* of what brings no profit in the sale; *dogs' meat* is the very refuse of the market, the offal, which they think good enough for us—for us who help them to catch their game, and furnish out their tables with the choicest dainties; who watch their flocks that they may have their mutton. Even if the leaves of their books are crumpled, they say they are *dog-eared*; they tell you, that one who has ruined himself by misconduct has gone to the dogs;—how obliging! The dogs, I can tell them, have other company to keep. In fact, everything hateful or disagreeable

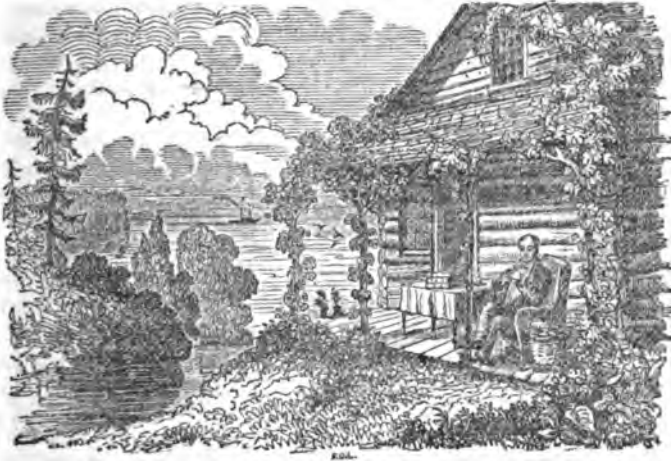
suggests the idea of a dog. As gay as a lark, as merry as a cricket, as busy as a bee, as gentle as a lamb, all give a pleasing idea; and even "you monkey," is accompanied by a caress. Not one instance can be mentioned in which we have been favourably named. When dead sick, they will tell you they are sick as a *dog*; when fainting with fatigue, they are as tired as a *dog*. They even go out of their way to heap affronts upon us; their ridiculous man in the play is called *Dogberry*; and the incensed Jew speaks in his wrath of having been called *dog*, as the greatest insult which could have been offered; and yet they all say that we are fine noble creatures, and pretend to love us; but this soft sawder is a poor set-off for all the affronts which they put on us. They know in their hearts that we are better than they are, and they feel their dependence on us. Happening to cast my eye on a book which lay open on the table at the word *dog*, for it was a dictionary by one Doctor Johnson, who, it seems, is a great authority here in England, I read this,—“*Dog*, a particle added to anything to mark its meanness and degeneracy; *dog-trick*, surly or brutal treatment; *dog-days*, vulgarly repeated unwholesome; *dog-fly*, a voracious biting fly;” even in sifting their grain, the loose part of the meal is known as *dogsbolt*—food only fit for us!—“*doggish*, churlish, brutal; *dog-hearted*, cruel, pitiless, malicious; *dog-hole*, a vile hole, a mean habitation.” They even turn us into a verb, for the sake of another insult, “to *dog*, to follow insidiously.” I’d be glad, after all, to know what they would do without us. What would they do at their coursings, their shootings, their huntings, if we were not along with them? Pray who used to roast their meat for them, in what they call the good old times? What man of them all would have worked at the spit as we did when we were almost as much done as the meat we turned for them? They often bring up an old story against us, something about a *dog* and a manger; a story that never was authenticated. I would be glad to know who would be shown up, if we were to tell but the half of what we hear and see. It is said that it is more difficult to forgive insults than injuries; and every one must know that

patience has its limits—I will say nothing of open rebellion, we are too loyal for that; but passive opposition might be irresistible. Now just suppose we were to go to sleep in our kennels at a treasonable hour every night, and let the robbers come if they will. What harm can they do us? They cannot rob us of money or valuables. Where would be the game if we declined to set or retrieve? Where would be the coursing or the hunting if we would not so much as look at a fox or a hare? Who would keep the sheepfolds if we walked another way? Though we have been derided and treated with contempt, we are not without power; and if men will take from us our good name, let them beware: they may yet be left in the lurch; they may find some bright spring morning, when mounted on their hunters, and when the huntsman’s horn is echoed from the hills, no hound to answer to the well-known call; instead of the exhilarating cry of the eager dogs, a silence which they may deplore but cannot break. This is a hint in time from

DOG TRUSTY.

St. JOHN BAPTIST—MIDSUMMER DAY.—This festival was instituted in 488, to commemorate the nativity of the Baptist. It is the Midsummer Term day, and, on the evening preceeding, it was customary, until the year 1529, to set the Midsummer watch with much circumstance and splendour of procession. Those were days when gas-lamps and peelers were unknown and undreamed of, and when the good city of London required an army of mounted watch and cresset-bearers to protect the citizens from outrage.

TRANSMIGRATION.—A Grand Lama, or high priest of Buddiah, never dies; he transmigrates. Shortly after, what ordinary mortals call his death, intelligence is received from Thibet by his Mongol worshippers that he has reappeared in the person of a child. His disciples immediately proceed on a long and perilous journey to the place of his metamorphosis, and having satisfied themselves, in their peculiar way, that the young chaberon is none other than their own Lama, they conduct him in triumph to the Lamasery, where he is to be very deity, the Buddiah himself.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

BEDERUNT XXVI.

(Major and Doctor seated in front of the Shanty, smoking.)

MAJOR.—What a pity that tobacco had not been discovered in the days of Mahomet!

DOCTOR.—May I crave your most “exquisite reason” for enunciating such a regret?

MAJOR.—If the Prophet had been cognizant of the million charms of the glorious narcotic, he would have replenished his paradise with pipes and cigars, and so invested that mythical clearing with charms far out-climaxing the wishy-washy attractions of honey and milk!

DOCTOR.—Why, you are as enthusiastic an adorer of the weed as Byron himself! With what gusto does the bard celebrate its praises:

“Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar’s labour or the Turkman’s rest,
Which on the Moslem’s ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides:
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand:
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp’d with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe:
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazlingly when darning in full dress:
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!”

MAJOR.—I enter my protest against the doctrine promulgated in the closing couplet of your quotation! Whilst conceding that the cigar is not devoid of charms, they can never compare with the blandishments of a clay tube!

DOCTOR.—Much may be said on both sides, as honest Sir Roger De Coverly hath it; but what

brown study have you now fallen into? Like Guido’s head, you look as if you were looking at something beyond this earth!

MAJOR.—Pardon my abstraction! The surpassing beauty of this twilight scene constrained me to bend in silent homage before the glorious Architect thereof! Do you remember these unrivalled lines of Wordsworth:—

“————— I have seen
A curious child, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-tipped shell,
To which, in silence hush’d, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy: for murmuring from within
Were heard sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express’d
Mysterious union with his native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith: and doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things:
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power:
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation!”

DOCTOR.—How the darkened eye-balls of John Milton would have dilated if he could have heard that magnificent outburst of holy melody!

MAJOR.—I say, Sangrado, what military man is that who is riding up the avenue?

DOCTOR.—Nay, how can I tell? Did you not invite one of our friends from the barracks to share our vesper symposium?

MAJOR.—Not that I remember. But hush! The equestrian, whoever he may be, is uplifting his voice in song. Surely these tones are not unfamiliar to mine ear.

[*Stranger sings.*]

"Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.
Oh the braid swords of auld Scotland!
And oh the auld Scottish braid swords!"

DOCTOR.—I could make affidavit that I have likewise heard that voice before, but I cannot descend upon any holder of Her Majesty's commission who owns it. Here comes another screed of the warlike canticle!

[*Stranger continues.*]

"Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north,
Then go, blazon their numbers, their names, and their worth.

All the braid swords of auld Scotland!
And all the auld Scottish braid swords!"

MAJOR.—By the bones of the Bruce of Bannockburn, I am blessed if it is not Bonnie Braes!

DOCTOR.—You are right, Crabtree; but how comes the quiet priest of Ceres to be sporting the livery of Mars?

MAJOR.—Here he is to answer for himself!

LAIRD [*reining up his nag, and making the military salute*].—Hoo's a' wi' ye, bairns? But I must finish my sang!

"The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in grace,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.

Oh the braid swords of auld Scotland!
And oh the auld Scottish braid swords!"

DOCTOR.—In the name of wonder, Laird, what is the meaning of this mysterious masquerade?

LAIRD.—Nae masquerade at a', ye auld mixer o' Epsom sauts! I hae as guid a richt to wear this dress, as ye hae to prin the letters M. D. after your name! Masquerade, indeed! Set the body up, and shove him furrit!

MAJOR.—Peace, thou railing agriculturist, and read us the apparent riddle of thy raiment.

LAIRD.—Let me get down frae my gelding first. Here, Jock, ye born sorrow! tak' Sowans, and turn him into the pasture field! If I catch ye riding the pair beast, confound me if I dinna cut aff your worthless lugs, and mak' ye eat them without saut! Weel do I ken your tricks, evil buckie that ye are!

DOCTOR.—Quench your thirst, Laird, from this poculum, and then take the cork out of your mouth, that we may drink in your tidings!

LAIRD.—I dinna ken what *poculum* means; but there's nae mistaking the virtues o' that draught! Hech, aye, but there's a charm in a

"Richt gude-wille waught"

o' strong yill to a worn-out soldier, that's far beyond the poor o' man to describe!

MAJOR.—Worn-out soldier! What do you mean?

LAIRD.—Neither less or mair than that I am a Captain in the Queen's Canadian Militia, and that I am just come frae the annual training o' oor Invincible Battalion!

MAJOR.—I cry you a thousand pardons, most noble Captain, for not sooner guessing how the case really stood! And pray, how did the inspection go off?

LAIRD.—Oo, na that ill! The troops turned out brawly, considering the thrang time o' year!

DOCTOR.—The whole scene is patent to my mental vision!

LAIRD.—Nae doubt you're a witch o' a guesser! Gie us the benefit o' your second sight!

DOCTOR.—There is the Colonel, looking magnificent as Nebuchadnezzar, and valorous as Alexander the Great, but sorely incommoded by the unwonted weapon which hangs at his thigh. There is the Adjutant *jeering* and *hawing* to the full privates, in order to get them into something like order. There are the men with their hands buried in the recesses of their pockets, exhibiting all the tokens of people who "cannot help it," and casting many a glance towards the canteen, *alias* the bar-room! There is the Laird——

LAIRD.—Shut up, ye ill-tongued tinkler! Anither word out o' your mouth, against the noble service to which I belang, and I'll thrav your neck before the warld is twa minutes aulder!

MAJOR.—But, Bonnie Braes——

LAIRD.—And div ye mean to say that ye defend that auld quack in running doon the militia o' this Province? What wud we do, I should like to ken, without such an establishment?

MAJOR.—Far be it from me to assert or affirm that Canada requires no force of the description in question. On the contrary, I have ever held that it is indispenable for our security and well-being.

LAIRD.—And if such be your sentiments, what tempted ye to side wi' that auld ne'er-do-weel, when he was rifting oot his jeers and jibes?

MAJOR.—Simply because our militia system, as at present constituted, is the most sorry and contemptible of all mundane humbugs! It is a shadow without a substance! a name, without one atom of flesh, skin, or bone!

DOCTOR.—Hear, hear, hear!

LAIIRD.—Carry on, Crabtree, and never mind that roaring gowk!

MAJOR.—There is no necessity for my enlarging upon the humiliating theme. The idiotical absurdity of the thing must be self-evident to every reflecting mind. What discipline, let me ask, can be communicated to a *drove* of civilians in the space of an annual half hour? Why, it would take double that time to convince Hodge and Pat that it was unsoldierlike to smoke in the *ranks*, or to demonstrate, to their comprehension, that the feet of a soldier should not form a conjunction like the blades of a pair of scissors!

DOCTOR.—Hear, hear, hear!

LAIIRD.—For ony sake, haud your tongue, man, if you should be paid for sae doing! There is some truth, Culpepper, in your observations; but what remedy would ye propose for the evil?

MAJOR.—Why, I have not given the matter sufficient consideration to enable me to return a satisfactory answer to your enquiry. My respected friend, General A——, of Toronto Township, once proposed the organization of *skeleton companies*, and my judgment freely admitted the reasonableness and practicability of his scheme.

LAIIRD.—And what was the General's plan?

MAJOR.—That gallant and experienced officer has promised to favour me with a full detail of his theory, and I shall probably have the pleasure of submitting it to you, at an early sederunt. In the meantime, permit me to dismiss the question by remarking that *Training Days*, at present are the most indefensible of all conceivable absurdities! The men lose a precious day's work for no purpose, and, besides, are tempted to dissipate their reason and their hard-earned money in the bar-room. As for the officers——

LAIIRD.—Gang on; I'm no' thin-skinned!

MAJOR.—As for the officers, they can be likened and compared to nothing else than overgrown, lubberly, mush-brained children, *playing* at Colonels and Captains for the amusement of boys and the scorn and contempt of sensible women!

LAIIRD.—No anither word! What ye hae said is bitter as aloe; but then, there is a glimmering o' truth aboot it! No long ago, I shaved my beard at your bidding, and noo I'll strip aff my warlike coat, if you'll only lend me a pea-jacket or a dressing-gown!

DOCTOR.—*Vade in pace!*

LAIIRD.—Nane o' your Welsh, ye pedantic reprobate! [*Exit.*]

MAJOR.—Coming from war to literature, have you read *Aubrey*, the new fiction by the author of *Castle Avon* and *Ravencliffe*?

DOCTOR.—I have not. Does it sustain the clever writer's reputation?

MAJOR.—Most thoroughly! It is a story of surpassing power, replete with nerve and sinew. Though fagged and jaded when I took up the volume, I could not relinquish it till I had come to anchor at *finis*!

DOCTOR.—That is the description of criticism which I like best! Commend me to the tale which says to the winking eye, "keep open!"

MAJOR.—Though dealing with the characters and situations of every-day life, there is nothing common-place about *Aubrey*. It is just the kind of novel which Kit Marlow might have written, if living in the days of Queen Victoria instead of those of good Queen Bess.

DOCTOR.—Pray lend me, or *loan* me (as Jonathan would say) the production you praise so highly, and accept, by way of excambion, this very readable duodecimo.

MAJOR.—What name does it answer to?

DOCTOR.—*Twenty Years in the Philippines*.

MAJOR.—And the author?

DOCTOR.—Paul P. De La Gironiere, Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honour.

MAJOR.—Many thanks for putting the book in my way! I have long wished to be indoctrinated minutely touching these same Philippines.

DOCTOR.—In the Chevalier's volume you will find abundance of "sustentation." Though the style of honest Paul is a trifle too *French* for my taste, he presents his reader with a mass of information, statistical as well as descriptive, touching those interesting possessions of Spain, which could not be gleaned from any other source.

MAJOR.—What may be the number of these same Philippines?

DOCTOR.—I shall answer your question by reading you an extract from the work:—

The Philippines are a large group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean, and were discovered by Magellan in 1521; they were afterwards taken possession of by the Spaniards, in the reign of Philip II, from whom they take their name. The islands are said to be eleven hundred in number, but some hundreds of them are very small, and all are nominally subject to the Spanish government at Manilla.

In order to give the reader an idea of their riches, and the vast resources they can furnish to Spain, I shall here give some details of the division of the country into provinces, with the

number of towns contained in each, of the population, and of the various branches of industry exercised by the Indians, and, finally, a description of the principal agricultural products.

DIVISION OF ALL THE PHILIPPINES INTO PROVINCES AND MARKET-TOWN DISTRICTS, AND THEIR POPULATION, ACCORDING TO THE CENSUS TAKEN IN 1833.

Provinces.	Number of Towns.	Population.
Tondo	30	285,080
Bulacan	18	187,735
Pampanga	28	182,360
Bataan	10	88,920
Zambales	15	89,510
Pangasinan	81	215,685
Ilocos (South)	23	206,085
Ilocos (North)	14	190,160
Islas Batanes	8	800
Cagayan	84	107,600
Nueva Ecija	15	23,285
Laguna	33	135,810
Batangas	13	196,695
Cavite	10	83,019
Tayabas	16	77,315
Camarinco (North)	11	25,035
Camarinco (South)	27	187,815
Albai	38	139,595
Zamboanga	2	10,000
Misamis	23	35,180
Caraga	30	80,501
Leite	31	91,275
Samar	28	92,730
Zebou	38	208,555
Isla de Negros	28	60,980
Ilaia	31	232,055
Antique	11	78,250
Capis	22	115,440
Calamianes	12	20,730
Mindoro	8	41,190

8,345,790

In this number—8,345,790—of inhabitants, which constitute all the population under the Spanish Government, are comprised from 25,000 to 30,000 Chinese. Exclusive of this population there exist unknown number of Indians, who, to avoid the payment of taxes, have found means to escape from the census; and also the wild savages in the interior of the island of Luzon, whose number there is no means of knowing.

MAJOR.—If Spain had any skill in colony work, what wealth she might extract from such a source! But she lacks the *root of the matter*, as Bonnie Braes would say.

[Laird appears.]

LAIIRD.—What's that you are saying about Bonnie Braes?

DOCTOR.—Oh, nothing; save and except that Crabtree's monkey coat fits you to admiration!

LAIIRD.—Ye *may* be speaking the truth, but I hae my doubts.

DOCTOR.—Here is a description of the grotto of San Mateo, one of the lions of the Philippines:—

The entrance, the form of which is almost regular, represents pretty well the portico of a church, with a full arch, adorned with verdant festoons, composed of creeping plants and bind-weeds. When the visitor has once passed under the portico he enters into a large and spacious hall, studded with stalactites of a very yellowish colour, and there a dense crowd of bats, frightened by the light of the torches, fly out with great noise and precipitation. For about a hundred paces, in advancing towards the interior, the vault continues to be very lofty, and the gallery spacious; but suddenly the former declines immensely, and the latter becomes so narrow that it scarce admits of a passage for one man, who is obliged to crawl on his hands and knees to pass through, and continue in this painful situation for about a hundred yards. And now the gallery becomes wide again, and the vault rises several feet high. But here, again, a new difficulty soon presents itself, and which must be overcome; a sort of a wall, three or four yards high must be climbed over, and immediately behind which lies a most dangerous subterranean place, where two enormous precipices, with open mouths on a level with the ground, seem ready to swallow up the imprudent traveller, who, although he has his torch lighted, should not walk, step by step, and with the greatest precaution, through this gloomy labyrinth. A few stones thrown into these gulfs attest, by the hollow noise produced by their falling to the bottom that they are several hundred feet deep. Then the gallery, which is still wide and spacious, runs on without presenting anything remarkable till the visitor arrives on the spot where the last researches stopped at. Here it seems to terminate by a sort of rotunda, surrounded by stalactites of divers forms, and which, in one part, represents a real dome supported by columns. This dome looks over a small lake, out of which a murmuring stream flows continually into the precipices already described. It was here that we began our serious investigations, desirous of ascertaining if it were possible to prolong this subterranean peregrination. We dived several times into the lake without discovering anything favourable to our desires; we then directed our steps to the right, examining all the while, by the light of our torches, the smallest gaps to be seen in the sides of the gallery, when at last, after many unsuccessful attempts, we discovered a hole through which a man's arm could scarcely pass. By introducing a torch into it, how great was our surprise to see within it an immense space, studded with rock-crystal. I need not add that such a discovery inspired us with the greatest desire of more closely examining that which we had but an imperfect view of. We therefore set our Indian to work with his pick-axe, to widen the hole and make a passage for us; his labour went on slowly, he struck his

blows gently and cautiously, so as to avoid a falling-in of the rock, which would not only have marred our hopes, but would, besides, have caused a great disaster. The vault of rocks suspended over our heads might bury us all alive, and, as will be seen by the sequel, the precautions we had taken were not fruitless. At the moment when our hopes were about to be realised,—the aperture being now wide enough to admit of us passing through it—suddenly and above our heads we heard a hollow prolonged rustling noise that froze us to death; the vault had been shaken, and we dreaded its falling upon us. For a moment, which seemed to us, however, very long, we were all terrified; the Indian himself was standing as motionless as a statue, with his hands upon the handle of his pick-axe, just in the same position as he was when he gave his last blow. After a moment's solemn silence, when our fright had a little subsided, we began to examine the nature of the danger we had just escaped. Above our heads a long and wide split ran along the vault to a distance of several yards, and, at the place where it stopped, an enormous rock, detached from the dome, had been most providentially impeded in its fall downwards by one of the columns, which, acting as a sort of buttress, kept it suspended over the opening we had just made. Having, after mature examination, ascertained that the column and the rock were pretty solid, like rash men accustomed to defy all danger and surmount any sort of obstacle or difficulty, we resolved upon gliding one by one into the dangerous yawning. Dr. Genn, who till then had kept a profound silence, on hearing of our resolution was suddenly seized with such panic of fear that he recovered his voice, imploring and begging of us to take him out of the cavern; and, as if he had been suddenly seized with a sort of vertigo, he told us, with interrupted accents, that he could not breathe—that he felt himself as if he were smothering—that his heart was beating so violently, wore he to stay any longer amidst the dangers we were running, he was certain of dying from the effects of a rupture of the heart. He offered all he possessed on earth to him that would save his life, and with clasped hands he supplicated our Indians not to forsake him, but to guide him out of the place. We therefore took compassion on his state of mind and suffered the Indian to guide him out; but as soon as the latter returned, and having ascertained during his absence that neither the rocky fragment nor the column had stirred, but which had been the momentary cause of our alarm, we put our project into execution, and like serpents, one after the other, we crawled into the dangerous opening, which was scarcely large enough for our passing through. We soon ceased thinking of our past dangers, nor did our present imprudence much pre-occupy our minds, all our attention being entirely absorbed by what presented itself to our ravished eyes. Here we were in the midst of a saloon wearing a most fairy aspect, and, by the light of our torches, the vault, the floor, and the wall were shining

and dazzling, as if they had been covered over with the most admirably transparent rock-crystal. Even in some places did the hand of man seem to have presided over the ornamenting of this enchanted palace. Numberless stalactites and stalagmites, as pellucid as the limpid stream that has just been seized by the frost, assumed here and there the most fantastic forms and shapes—they represent brilliant draperies, rows of columns, lustres, and chandeliers. At one end, close to the wall, was to be seen an altar, with steps leading up to it, and which seemed in expectation of the priest to celebrate divine service. It would be impossible for my pen to describe everything that transported us with joy, and drew forth our admiration; we really imagined ourselves to be in one of the Arabian Nights' palaces, and the Indians themselves were far from guessing the one-half of the wonders we had just discovered.

Having left this dazzling palace, we continued our under-ground ramble, penetrating more and more into the bowels of the earth, following step by step a winding labyrinth, but which for a whole half-league offered nothing remarkable to our view, except now and then the sight of the very great dangers our undaunted curiosity urged us on to. In certain parts the vault no longer presented the aspect as being solid as stone, earth alone seemed to be its component parts; and here and there, recent proofs of falling-in showed us that still more considerable ones might take place, and cut off from us all means of retreat. Nevertheless we pushed on still far beyond our present adventurous discovery, and at last arrived at a new, magnificent, and extensive space, all bespangled, like the first with brilliant stalactites, and in no way inferior to the former in gorgeous beauty of its details. Here again we gave ourselves up to the most minute examination of the many wonders surrounding us, and which shone like prisms by the light of our torches. We gathered from off the ground several small stalagmites, as large and as round as hazel-nuts, and so like that fruit, when preserved, that some days later, at a ball at Manilla, we presented some of them to the ladies, whose first movement was to put them to their mouth; but soon finding out their mistake, they entreated to be allowed to keep them, as they said, converted into earring drops. Having fully enjoyed the beautiful and brilliant spectacle presented to our eyes, we now began to feel the effects of hunger and fatigue. We had been walking in this subterraneous domain to the extent of more than three miles, had taken no rest or refreshment since morning, and the day was already far advanced.

I have often experienced that our moral strength decreases in proportion as our physical strength does; and of course we must have been in that state when sinister suppositions took possession of our imaginations. One of our party communicated to us a reflection he had just made—which was, that a falling-in might have taken place between us and the issue from the grotto; or, what appeared still more probable,

that the enormous rock, that was suspended and buttressed up by the column, might have fallen down, and thus bar up all passage through the hole we had so rashly made. Had such a misfortune happened to us what a horrible situation we should have been in! We could hope for no help from without, even from our friend Genu, who, as we had witnessed, had been so upset by fear; so that, rather than suffer the anguish and die the death of the wretch buried alive in a sepulchre, our poignards must have been our last resource.

All these reflections, which we analysed and commented upon, one by one, made us resolve upon returning, and leaving to others, more imprudent than ourselves, if any there be, the care of exploring the space we had still to travel over. We soon got over the ground that separated us from the place we had most to dread. Providence had favoured and protected us—the large fragment of rock, that object of all our fears, was still propped up. One after the other did we squeeze ourselves through the narrow opening, avoiding as much as possible the least friction, till at last we had all passed through. Joyous were we on seeing ourselves out of danger after so perilous an enterprise, and we were already beginning to direct our steps towards the outlet of the cavern, when suddenly a hollow, prolonged noise, and below our feet a rapid trembling excited once more all our fears. But those fears were soon calmed by our Ladian, who came running towards us at full speed, brandishing in his hand his pick-axe. The imprudent fellow, unwilling to sacrifice it, had waited till we were some paces distant, and then pulling it to him most forcibly, while all the while he took good care to keep quickly moving away, when thanks to Providence, or to his own nimbleness, he was not crushed to atoms by the fragment of the rock, which, being no longer buttressed up by the column that had been shaken, fell to the ground, completely stopping up the issue through which we had passed one after the other: so that no doubt no one, after us, will be able to penetrate into the beautiful part of that grotto which we had just passed through so fortunately. After this last episode we no longer hesitated in returning, and it was with the greatest delight that we beheld once more the great luminary of the world, and found our friend Genu sitting upon a block of marble, reflecting upon our long absence, and, at the same time, our unqualified temerity.

MAJOR.—I see the book contains pictorial illustrations.

DOCTOR.—It does, and they are well executed, and apparently characteristic. Altogether a better bargain for five shillings never was offered to the “reading million” by Harper Brothers.

LAIRD.—Is there anything new in the poetical line? It's unco wersh wark speaking continually aboot prose, prose, prose!

MAJOR.—Right glad am I that you have been the means of reminding me of a work which I wish much to behold a welcome inmate of the Shanty.

LAIRD.—Wha's the author? What's the name o' his buik?

MAJOR.—In answer to your first question, I respond, Gerald Massey. His volume is intitled, *The Ballad of Babe Christabel, and other Lyrical Poems.*

DOCTOR.—Though I flatter myself that I keep pretty well up with the literature of our age, the name of Massey falleth strangely upon mine ear.

LAIRD.—I never heard tell o' the chiel before.

MAJOR.—Not many days have elapsed since I first met with the little lyrical duodecimo which I hold in my hands, and up to that epoch I likewise was ignorant of the existence of a new and a true poet.

LAIRD.—Indeed, man, let's hae a pree o' the lad! But first and foremost, what are his antecedents?

MAJOR.—Gerald Massey, who has just attained his twenty-sixth year, is the son of an English canal boatman. A large per-centage of his existence has been spent in toil and grinding poverty. Hear how bitterly he alludes to his cold and sunless early days:—

“Having had to earn my own dearly won bread,” he says, “by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived, none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world, like a new coin upon upon it; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and gay by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth to their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony.”

LAIRD.—Waesock! waesock! Folk speak o' the pleasures o' memory, but I doubt few sic pleasures can be' to the share o' puir Gerald!

MAJOR.—At the age of fifteen the stripling came to London, where he procured employment

as an errand boy, and found opportunity for reading. This was the beginning of a new world, so to speak. He tells us:—

“Till then I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

‘It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.’

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the book stalls, where I have read a great deal, and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if ever I met with any, I immediately skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sunbursts glinting through the verdurous roof; and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood, and tingling of the nerves, when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in Gods own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon ‘Hope,’ when I was utterly hopeless; and after I had begun I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print.”

DOCTOR.—Having “rushed into print,” how did the young poet fare? Has he drawn a prize in the lottery of the republic of letters?

MAJOR.—Yes, verily! Within a brief space three large editions of his volume have been vendid in England, and I hold in my hand a Yankæ reprint of the same.

LAIRD.—There, now, enough about editions! The success o’ *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* is a clear and humbling proof that clap-trap can tickle the lang-lugged million oot o’ their bawbees, faster and mair effectually than genius can!

MAJOR.—Not utterly devoid of truth is your remark, but still it has no bearing upon the case in hand. I think you will agree with me that there is something far superior to clap-trap in the following stanzas. They form the prologue of—

THE BRIDAL.

She comes! the blushing Bridal Dawn,
With her Auroral splendours on!
And green Earth never lovelier shone.

She danceth on her golden way,
In dainty dalliance with the May,
Jubilant o’er the happy day!

Earth weareth heaven for bridal ring,
And the best garland of glory, Spring,
From out old Winter’s world can bring.

The green blood reddens in the rose:
And underneath white-budding boughs
The violets purple in the rich rows.

High up in air the Chesnuts blow,
The live-green Applo-tree’s flush bough
Floateth, a cloud of rosy snow!

Cloud-shadow-ships swim fairily
Over the greenery’s sunny sea,
Whose warm tides ripple down the lee.

The Birds, a-brooding, strive to sing,
Feeling the life warm ‘neath the wing;
Their love, too, burgoons with the Spring!

The winds that make the flowers blow,
Heavy with balm, breathe soft and low,
A budding warmth, an amorous glow!

They kiss like some endearing mouth,
More sweet than the Sabean South,
And balm the splendor’s drooping drouth.

Such a delicious feel doth flood
The eyes, as laves the burning bud
When June-rains feed ambrosial blood.

O, merrily doth Life revel and reign,
Light in heart, and blithe in brain!
Running like wine in every vein.

LAIRD.—Ye were richt, Crabtree! There’s nae clap-trap there! Gerald has got the root and fang o’ the matter in him, as my brither elder, Ezra Crookshanks, would say!

MAJOR.—What I am about to read is equally fine. The poet is describing the

BRIDE AND BRIDEROOM.

Sumptuous as Iris, when she swims
With rainbow robe on dainty limbs,
The Bride’s rare loveliness o’erbrims!

The gazers drink rich overflows,
Her cheek a livelier damask glows,
And on his arms she leans more close.

A drunken joy reels in his blood,
He wanders an enchanted wood,
He ranges realm of perfect good.

Dear God! that he alone hath grace
To light such splendor in her face,
And win the blessing of embraces!

She wears her maiden modesty
With tearful grace touch’d tenderly,
Yet with a ripe Expectancy!

Her virgin vall reveals a form,
Flowering from the bud so warm,
It needs but break the Cestus-charm.

Last night, with weddable, white arms,
And thoughts that throug’d with quaint alarms,
She trembled o’er her mirror’d charms,

Like Eve first glassing her new life:
And the Maid startled at the Wife,
Heart-pained with a sweet warm strife.

The unknown sea moans on her shore
 Of life : she hears the breakers roar :
 But, trusting Him, shall fear no more.
 For, o'er the deep seas there is calm,
 Full as the flush of all-heaven's palm;
 The golden goal—the Victor's palm!
 And at her heart Love sits and sings,
 And broodeth warmth, begetting wings
 Shall lift her life to higher things.
 The Blessings given, the ring is on ;
 And at God's Altar radiant run
 The currents of two lives in one!
 Hush'd with happiness every sense
 Is crowded at the heart intense ;
 And silence hath such eloquence !
 Down to his feet her meek eyes stoop,
 As *there* her love should pour its cup ;
 But, like a King, he lifts them up.

LAIRD.—Three cheers for Gerald Massey !

DOCTOR.—Why it is plain that Smith is not going to have a monopoly of poetic fame, in our mercantile latter days ! Pray give us another draught from this newly discovered well of the water of genius !

LAIRD.—Hoot, awa' wi' your water ! There's nae smeddum in sic' a similitude !

MAJOR.—Water of late has been a scarce commodity in Toronto, O, Bonnie Braes, and whatever is rare is valuable ! Hence, doubtless, the reason of Sangrado's aquatic compliment !

LAIRD.—We are graciously pleased to accept o' the explanation ! Read on, Culpepper—that is, if ye hae got ony mair gems for our delectitude !

MAJOR.—Surely I err not when I say that Ben Johnson might, without blushing, have fathered the following exquisite little song :—

A LOVER'S FANCY.

Sweet Heaven ! I do love a maiden,
 Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden :
 Whon she's near me, heaven is round me,
 Her dear presence doth so bound me !
 I could wring my heart of gladness,
 Might it free her lot of sadness !
 Give the world, and all that's in it,
 Just to press her hand a minute !
 Yet she weeth not I love her ;
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her,
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O ! to live and linger near her,
 And in tearful moments cheer her !
 I could be a bird to lighten
 Her dear heart,—her sweet eyes brighten :
 Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
 Give my life up on her bosom !
 For my love's withouten measure,
 All its pangs are sweetest pleasure :

Yet she weeth not I love her ;
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her,
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

LAIRD.—I'll mak a knot on my handkerchief to keep me in mind to speak to Maister Clarke about that sang ! If the Mus. Bac. doesna set it to music, he's no the lad I tak him to be !

DOCTOR.—Massey appears to possess in perfection the rare faculty of song-writing. Can you favour us with "another of the same?"

MAJOR.—What think you of this?—

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

No jeweled beauty is my Love,
 Yet in her earnest face
 There's such a world of tenderness,
 She needs no other grace.
 Her smiles, and voice, around my life
 In light and music twine,
 And dear, O very dear to me,
 Is this sweet Love of mine !

O joy ! to know there's one fond heart
 Beats ever true to me :
 It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
 In sweetest melody :
 My soul up-springs, a Dainty !
 To hear her voice divine,
 And dear, O very dear to me,
 Is this sweet Love of mine !

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
 'Twas all for her, I trow ;
 And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
 I'll twine it on her brow.
 There may be firms more beautiful,
 And souls of sunnier shine,
 But none, O none so dear to me,
 As this sweet Love of mine !

DOCTOR.—Beautiful exceedingly !

LAIRD.—Willie Motherwell come to life again, as I'm an honest man and Captain o' Militia !

DOCTOR.—Nō more of that, Hal, an' you love me !

MAJOR.—Witlings are prone to discharge the pop-guns of their dismal idiocy against wedded life. I wish that all railers of this description would read and inwardly digest the following noble lines. It is an open question whether anything finer of the kind is to be found in the whole range of British poesy :—

WEDDED LOVE.

The summer night comes brooding down on Earth,
 As Love comes brooding down on human hearts,
 With bliss that hath no utterance save rich tears.
 She floats in fragrance down the smiling dark,
 Foldeth a kiss upon the lips of Life,—
 Curtailneth into rest the weary world,—
 And shuts us in with all our hid delights.
 The Stars come sparkling through the gorgeous gloom,
 Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven ; or tears
 That hang rich jewels on the cheeks of Night.

A spirit-heel is in the solemn air:
 The Flowers fold their cups like praying hands,
 And with droopt heads await the blessing Night
 Gives with her silent magnanimity.
 'Tis evening with the world, but in my soul
 The light of wedded love is still at dawn!
 And skies my world, an everlasting dawn.
 My heart rings out in music, like a lark
 Hung in the charmed palace of the Morn,
 That circles singing to its mate 't the nest,
 With luminous being running o'er with song:
 So my heart flutters round its mate at home!
 There, with her eyes turned to her heart, she reads
 The golden scrolls written on its heaven,
 And broodeth o'er its panting wealth of love,
 As Night 't the hush and hallow of her beauty
 Bares throbbing heaven to its most tremulous depths,
 And broods in silence o'er her starry wealth;
 And, lingering in her bosom's soft, white nest,
 A fair babe, beautiful as dawn in heaven,
 Made of a Mother's richest thoughts of love,—
 Lies like a smile of sunshines among lilies,
 That giveth glory—drinketh fragrant life!
 Sweet bud upon a rose! our plot of spring,
 That burst in bloom amid a wintry world!
 How dear it is to mark th' immortal life
 Deepen, and darken, in her large, round eyes,—
 To watch Life's rose of dawn put forth its leaves,
 And guess the perfumed secret of its heart—
 And catch the silver words that come to break
 The golden silence hung like heaven around.
 But soft! Elysium opens in my brain!
 Dear Wife! with sweet, low voice, she syllables
 Some precious music balm'd in her heart's book,
 And I am flooded with melodious rain,
 Like Nature standing crown'd with sunlit showers.

LAIRD [*with solemnity, and wiping his eyes*]—
 God Almighty bless the man that wrote that!
 DOCTOR.—Amen! amen!

MAJOR.—Doctor, it is getting late, so I will
 give you my Colonial Chit-chat, and News from
 Abroad, which I have purposely cut very short,
 in order to give Mrs. Grundy as much room for
 fashions as possible, and also to allow the Laird
 some space for Facts. If you will attend, gen-
 tlemen, I will begin:—

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Quebec *Gazette* says that the delegates
 who met in that city with the view to arrange
 matters connected with the Reciprocity Treaty,
 are agreeable to the proposed articles. Those
 from the Lower Provinces cordially approve of
 the project as at present drafted.

A Savings' Bank, says the *Colonist*, has been
 established in Toronto by the Roman Catholics,
 in which sums of from one shilling and upwards
 will be received in deposit, and interest allowed
 thereon. It is high time that a Savings' Bank
 should be established for the benefit of all par-
 ties—in which even smaller deposits than the
 above would be received, say 3d.—as is done in
 the Savings' Bank in New York. Our present
 Savings' Bank receives no deposit under one
 pound, and consequently is altogether useless

for the purpose for which these Banks were ori-
 ginally established. The encouragement of
 habits of saving and forethought amongst the
 poor.

The Quebec *Gazette* says that the Directors
 of the Quebec Bank, in order to assist trade and
 facilitate the daily demands made for loans,
 have resolved on selling at par to the present
 shareholders its balance of the unsubscribed
 stock.

It is said that a silver-mine has been dis-
 covered in the Township of Anderdon in the
 County of Essex. The Canada *Oak* says that
 the farm on which the discovery was made be-
 longs to Mr. Paton and adds:—There is no
 doubt of the purity of the metal. Mr. Paton
 assures us that the person who made the dis-
 covery has a larger mass than that which he
 has now shown us. The farm is a rich alluvium,
 and the silver was found near the remains of an
 ancient tree. The mineral resources of Canada
 are only just coming into bloom; if diligent
 search be made round about the old stumps,
 perhaps many a farmer may yet find silver,
 where he now only dreams of weeds and ver-
 min.

The New Brunswick papers announce the
 following force for the protection of the fisheries
 this season:—Brig *Daring*, 12 guns; steamer
Buzzard, 9 guns; Canadian steamer *Darris*, 2
 guns; Government schooner *Daring* and the
Alice Rogers, and the *Adaline*, of two guns each.

At Russell's hotel, in Quebec, on the 4th of
 July, all the company, including several Amer-
 ican gentlemen, left the table because Judge
 Mondelet was seated at it.

One hundred and forty female emigrants from
 the Limerick workhouse sailed for Quebec on
 the 6th of June.

On the 14th of June, His Excellency, Go-
 vernor Hamilton of Newfoundland, gave his as-
 sent to the bill regulating the currency—legal-
 izing the Sovereigns as a regular tender in New-
 foundland at 24s. currency, and also several
 other bills of a local character. After which he
 Prorogued the House until the 9th of August.
 In his speech, His Excellency said:

“The Session having extended over four and
 a-half months, and the Assembly having, at the
 expiration of that protracted period, stated their
 determination for reasons mentioned in their
 Address to Her Majesty's Secretary of State,
 not to grant to Her Majesty supplies for defray-
 ing the expenses of the Civil Government of the
 Colony, I am induced by regard for the honour
 of the Crown, formally to terminate the session
 by prorogation.”

We are happy to learn that her Majesty has
 caused it to be intimated to the Hon. Mr. Chief
 Justice Robinson, that it is intended to confer
 on him a baronetcy. This honor is well de-
 served by the Chief, and will be regarded by
 Canadians as an honour done to themselves.
 We also learn that the Hon. Mr. Justice Dra-
 per, the Hon. Robt. Baldwin, and Major Camp-

bell, Lord Elgin's first Secretary in this Province, are to be made "Ordinary members of the civil division of the third class, or companions of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath."

The *Niagara Chronicle* says, "We have been informed, upon reliable authority, that the military stationed at this place and Toronto will all be removed during the present season."

The *Hamilton Spectator* of July 1, says:—"We regret to notice that, in this neighbourhood, the potato plant has been attacked by a new enemy, that threatens to be almost as destructive as the rot. This new assailant is a sort of caterpillar that, in a night or two, eats up the whole of the leaves, leaving the stems quite naked. Destructive, however, as this insect may be, we should think that it would not be very hard to deal with. If the plants were sprinkled over in the evening with hot lime, we think it would put an end to their ravages; but we direct public attention to the fact so as to have the advice of more experienced agriculturists, and we earnestly solicit information. The matter is of very great importance."

The fishery and reciprocity treaty has been sent to the United States Senate, but the probability is that it will not be taken up for immediate consideration. The measure will have to sustain the unmitigated opposition of powerful interests in the States; for although at present there appears to be no serious opposition to the measure, the apparent calm is like that which precedes a violent storm.

When the canal now constructing across Wolf Island, opposite Kingston, is completed, which it now nearly is, it will reduce the distance from Kingston to Cape Vincent from thirty to eleven miles. The latter is the terminus of a line of railway which directly communicates with those of New York, and also with its water transit.

Canadian money is now circulating extensively in various parts of the United States. In Portland our bank bills circulate freely. In Oswego they may be said to be the only current money, as we are told there is little other currency to be had in that city.

ELGIN.—The village of Elgin, at the Suspension Bridge, is growing very rapidly, and promises fair to become a large and important place. The Great Western Railway brings a continual concourse of people to it, and the Erie and Ontario will also soon add its quota to the throng. It possesses a post office, the largest and best arranged in Canada West, except that of Toronto perhaps, and a custom house and bank, all in one very large building erected by Samuel Zimmerman, Esq., solely with a view to facilitate the business and assist the progress of the place. It would have been long enough perhaps, before the Government could have been induced to erect so stately a building for the transaction of its business at the Bridge.—*Niagara Mail*.

On Friday, the 9th June, 1854, an iron pad-

dle-wheel steamer was launched from the building yard of Mr. Archibald Denny, Dumbarton. Her dimensions are as follows—length, 195 feet, breadth of beam, 19½ feet, depth of hold, 9½ ft. She was named "Her Majesty" by Miss Sword, daughter of Archibald Sword, Esq., Greenock. Her Majesty is intended to ply on Lake Ontario, and will be steamed across the Atlantic as soon as possible. Thomas Dick, Esq., of Toronto, is the owner of this fine vessel.—Her Majesty's engines are by the celebrated firm of Robert Napier of Glasgow. This splendid craft is to act as sister to the Peerless.

A market gardener in Hamilton advertises for the first time in Hamilton, green groceries, free from dust, and not blanched by the sun.

The inhabitants of Cobourg, in public meeting, adopted several resolutions expressing great indignation at the wanton burning of the Roman Catholic Church in Cobourg, and deeply sympathizing with their friends of that church, for its sacrilegious destruction, and pledged themselves publicly to assist by their subscriptions the members of the Roman Catholic Church, to rebuild their church, so ruthlessly destroyed by an incendiary.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

The news from the East has been, during the past month, of a cheering character, only tempered by uncertainty as to the ultimate intentions of Austria. The Turks have not only held out at Silistria, but have, unaided, by vigorous sorties and their skilful manœuvres, compelled the Russians to raise the siege, and this defeat, in conjunction with the advance of the allied forces, have compelled the Russians to retire across the Danube. The fighting at Silistria was very severe, and the loss on the part of the Russians very heavy. From the movements of the allies, it is conjectured that an attack is contemplated on Sebastopol both by sea and land. In the Baltic one or two unimportant places have been bombarded, but the principal feature in the operations is the success which has attended Sir Charles Napier's attempts to divide the Russian fleet, part of which is at Sveaborg, and the remainder at Cronstadt, with the combined fleets between them, and within twenty-five miles of Cronstadt. From Spain the news have been of a very important character, and the last steamer brought intelligence that a most serious insurrection had broken out, having for its objects the forced abdication of the Queen and the resignation of the Ministry. The latest accounts represent the position of affairs as being in a most critical position, but nothing certain was known as to the results of the insurrectionary movement.

In Great Britain a debate has taken place on the new Canadian Legislative Council act. This, however, is a subject of so much importance to this country, that we propose to give it a separate place in the next issue.

The reciprocity treaty has been thrown overboard at Washington, at least for the present, and the chances are that the treaty, as it stands

at present, will never meet the approval of both countries, and that its provisions must be materially modified before it can ever become law.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

VALUE OF LIVE STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES.

Taking the last census as the basis of calculation, there are at this time about six hundred million dollars worth of live stock in the United States. Their value exceeds that of all the manufacturing establishments in the country, and also exceeds the capital employed in commerce, both inland and foreign.

WOMEN ON THE BONE QUESTION.

The question "What is the best way to dissolve bones?" has been greatly agitated amongst our agricultural exchanges. The *Country Gentleman* published an elaborate editorial on the subject. Mrs. Swisshelm—the universal precedent in her case, is our justification for quoting her by name—pitches into the *Country Gentleman's* article as follows;—

"It is a fact, Mrs. Smith! You need not rub your eyes and look again, for there is no mistake about it. The *Country Gentleman* is right, and the agricultural papers are positively discussing the question, 'Will ashes dissolve bones?' Aye, and discussing it as gravely as if it was a profound mystery. One agricultural paper says ashes will dissolve bones, and another says they will not, which only proves that every agricultural paper should have one housekeeper in its editorial corps, to keep them from being ridiculous occasionally.

"Any Western farmer's wife or daughter could answer this mooted question on the instant, and would at once say, 'that depends upon the ashes.'

"Any ashes that will make soap will dissolve bones, if you put enough on; but when so dissolved they are rather an expensive manure. We should as much think of sending to the chandler's for a dozen boxes of soap, and putting a quarter of a pound on each hill of corn, as putting all the bones of the kitchen into a hogshead, dissolving them with ashes, and using the mixture, as did the writer in the *Country Gentleman*.

"His was rather an expensive economy. His manure was simply very strong, unrefined soap, which with a very little difference in the manner of preparing, would have done all the washing and cleaning in the family, when, in the form of refuse suds, it should have been poured on a bed of loam or clay, to make manure for the corn field, or around the roots of the grapevines and fruit trees, as a liquid manure.

The only difference between the plans of making *clean soap* and the dirty mixture he did make, would be to empty the ashes into a hopper, put the water on them there, let it run off in the form of ley, pour this upon the bones, and either boil them in it, or let them stand in the sun. The bones would dissolve, the limy

part settle to the bottom, and the animal fatty and glutinous matter unite with the ley to make the soap.

"One hogshead full of bones and good ashes would make a full hogshead of soap, leaving the leached ashes and phosphate of lime from the bones, into the bargain.

"But quick lime used in this same manner will dissolve bones until they are good food for plants, and this is cheaper than soap ashes."

EXHIBITION OF THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION OF UPPER CANADA.

Our readers are already aware that the Provincial Show, for the present year, will be held at London, on September 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th, and we are happy to assure them that everything at present, promises a successful result. A most convenient site on the Barrack Ground has been chosen, and the Local Committee are proceeding with the arrangements for erecting buildings, fences, &c., with energy and dispatch. The enterprise has been taken up by the citizens of London, and the United Counties of Middlesex and Elgin, with a zeal and liberality, which leave no doubt of its being satisfactorily and triumphantly carried through.

The Premium List has been considerably extended, and many of the Prizes, particularly for Live Stock, have been much increased. With a view of encouraging the introduction of improved Stock, the Board passed a regulation offering double the amount of the advertised Premiums to all male animals that shall obtain First Prizes, provided such animals have been imported into the Province, since the date of the last Exhibition.

We are authorized in stating that good specimens of all breeds of Stock, not enumerated in the Prize List, will receive liberal attention and encouragement; and this remark will apply to Implements and productions generally. "A Tenant Farmer" may, therefore, rest satisfied that Galloway Cattle will form no exception,—It will continue to be the desire of the Board of Directors to conduct the affairs of the Association in an economical manner as is compatible with convenience and general efficiency, that as large a sum as possible may be distributed in the form of Premiums.

The Directors of the Great Western Railway Company have, with a commendable liberality, engaged to carry all Stock and articles to and from the Exhibition *free of charge*; and they will run additional trains to meet the convenience of visitors; so that with these advantages, it is confidently expected the public will experience no want of accommodation.

Prize Lists, containing full particulars, will be sent to the different Agricultural Societies and Post Offices in the Province, and may be obtained from the Secretary of the Local Committee, J. B. Strathy, Esq., London; or from the Board of Agriculture, Toronto.

The Office of the Board is situated on the corner of King and Simcoe Streets, close to the Old

Government House, where all farmers feeling an interest in the promotion of Agriculture, &c., are respectfully invited when in Toronto, to call.—Hours of attendance from 10 to 4, daily.

BAD AIR.

Bad air is a slow poison. That is the trouble. People go on taking it day after day into their lungs, and night after night. They grow pale, their lungs suffer, the circulation is languid, they take colds readily, the chest, the stomach, the skin, become disordered, and a host of chronic diseases attack them. A little carbonic acid taken every day does not kill a man. It is almost a pity it don't! If a red-hot stove destroyed instantly one man in every town daily week, there might be some salvation for the nation. If, instead of fainting away in crowded and badly-ventilated public assemblies, people occasionally died outright in convulsions, the authorities would take the matter in hand, and make it penal for owners of such buildings to open them for public use without attending to the proper condition for the preservation of health. When a thing is only a slow poison, the age is too much in a hurry to attend to it.

In such cases we must wake up the public lethargy by facts. And here is one of them.—We have before us the history of the Dublin Lying-in Hospital. Some years ago this building, erected in the common way, without the slightest regard to ventilation, was found to exhibit a great amount of mortality among the young children born there. In four successive years—healthy seasons too—out of 7,250 infants brought forth in the hospital, 2,544 died within the fortnight after birth, of convulsions, or what the nurses call nine-day fits. These children foamed at the mouth; the faces swelled and assumed a purplish hue, as though they were choking—These last circumstances suggested to the physician that a deficiency of wholesome air was connected with the great mortality. Air-pipes were immediately contrived; the rooms were ventilated. What was the result?—That in the three following years, out of 5,358 children born in that hospital, only 166 died; in the very same rooms too, where, according to the old ratio before the ventilation took place, the number of deaths to the number of children would have been 1,682. To save the lives of more than 1,000 human beings in three years, by putting in a few pipes! Can any one say there is nothing in ventilation, after such facts as these?

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Dress of rich blue silk with very broad black stripes: the skirt is long, full, and has three deep flounces. Jacket body, high at the back, opening in front *en demi cœur*. *Talma* of black satin trimmed on the bottom by a broad black lace, above which is laid a black velvet band *en bias* finished at each edge by a very narrow silk braid; this velvet is continued up the left side of the front and round the neck,

but on the right side, which crosses over a little, is a Grecian border of velvet, and four small buttons close it towards the top. Bonnet of white silk trimmed with blond; low on the right side is a white feather; a smaller feather is placed on the left side above the flowers.

No. 2.—A dress of pink taffeta. The berthes, sleeves, and tunics of blonde. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with puffed pink tulle. The body is cut straight-way of the stuff, and has a piece in front with a long point. It is pointed before and behind and makes the waist very long. Four large bows decorate the front.

The double round berthe is deeper behind than before. The sleeve of pink silk is very short and slightly puffed. The blonde sleeve forms a puff which envelopes the taffeta one, and falls in the pagoda style rather below the bend of the arm in front, forming the *sabot* behind.

The bottom of the skirt is covered for a depth of fourteen inches with pink tulle placed across and puffed slantwise. This ornament is based upon a piece of Lyons tulle which is afterwards sewed on the skirt and can be taken off without spoiling the skirt. The puffs are fastened down by a single cord of pink silk.

As these added puffs cannot follow all the undulations of a very ample skirt, it has only six widths.

SECOND PLATE.

No. 1.—Is a chemisette of French needlework, and one of the beautiful specimens just forwarded by our Paris correspondent. The material is delicate Indian muslin. It fits close in the neck where it terminates in a rounding collar, edged with a range of pointed scallops the collar is filled with exquisitely wrought stars, each star having an eyelet in the centre and delicate points in satin stitch. Down the front the chemisette is edged with those pointed scallops that meet upon a band where each point fastens with a lace-button; beyond this edge, wherein the open dress leaves the chemisette visible, it is thickly beset with these tiny stars and exquisitely formed eyelets. The great beauty of this chemisette lies in the perfection of the needlework upon it, and the extraordinary fineness of the material. The form, too, has all the symmetry peculiar to French designs, for with the artists of Paris neatness and an accurate fit is of far more importance than the material, while here expensive materials must be used, let the form be what it will, no lady being quite satisfied that her position as a gentlewoman is secured unless it can be estimated in the cost of her garments. The undersleeves described in No. 2 are worn with this style of chemisette.

No. 2.—Is also a chemisette from the same French depot, but of different pattern and material. It is of muslin like the one we have just described, but fits to the neck, leaving the throat exposed; a long collar of Honiton point

is fitted to the neck, uniting upon the bosom, with a bow and ends of ribbon and graduating down the front till it is concealed by the bodice. This, when worn with an open dress leaves nothing but the lace in sight, thus the whole opening is filled with delicate point. Under-sleeves of Honiton point are made to match this chemisette, and the fine styles of lace are once striking and so delicate.

SLIPPERS.

No. 1.—Is a slipper of brown bronzed kid, soft and pliable to the foot as satin itself. It is cut low upon the foot, bound with narrow galoon and a large bow of brown satin ribbon, edged with brown blonde lace, half covers it in front. The lining is of soft white kid. The soles are delicately polished, and they are mounted behind on rather high well shaped black heels.

No. 2.—Is a gaiter-boot of fine drab stuff. No leather is used above the soles, and these are furnished with great skill and delicacy. The stitching up the front is perfect. A narrow lapet folds over the foot to the left, where it is fastened with five drab buttons fitted to neatly wrought button-holes. A block-heel of moderate height throws the boot forward in walking.

No. 3.—Is also a bronze slipper with a more golden brightness on the brown tint. It is without heels, and the front, cut low like that we have described, is embroidered with an arrow head pattern of white satin, apple-green embossed over with a cluster of wild flowers and leaves cut from the bronze kid and enwrought with crochet edges in green, red, gold and purple; a binding of white galoon and a white satin rosette completes this beautiful morning slipper.

WAX MODELING.

The color may be made with carmine and ultramarine, and applied with a common camel-hair pencil. As indicated upon the pattern the parts of the calyx are to be applied in two rows of three each, with the painted side inwards. If the calyx is properly curled, it should appear a little crumpled by the harder pressure of the smaller pin; and the upper edges should be much everted, to show the striping.

The flower head is now complete. The stalk is made by covering the wire with green wax cut in narrow strips, and pressed on lengthwise. This stalk wax should be made to cover the lower part of the calyx, to steady and strengthen the petals, &c.

To make the leaf, the usual and most simple proceeding is as follows;—Having selected a camellia in leaf of *embossed calico*, a thin wire of about eight inches in length should be laid along its upper side, in the hollow of the central vein, leaving the stalk free; a sheet of dark green wax, with the glossy side outwards, should then be so pressed with the thumb and finger to the calico, that it completely adheres, and holds the wire in its place, between the wax

and calico. If this is properly done, the impressions of the calico should be indistinctly impressed *through* upon the layer of wax. The under side of the leaf of the camellia, like that of most evergreen leaves, is of a very light color, and therefore a light green shade of wax is chosen to cover the calico on the under side, in the same manner as on the upper. When thoroughly adherent, the superfluous wax must be cut away, leaving the edge *serrated*, or cut like a saw; the superfluous wire should then be twisted spirally round the principal stem, so that the base of the leaf is close to it, the leaves of the camellia being nearly stalkless or *sessile*, like those of its near relation, the orange tree. There should be two leaves—one close to the flower, the other lower on the stalk: when these are attached, the stalk covered, and the leaves arranged tastefully, the flower is complete.

We have now given the complete history of the formation of a waxen imitation of *Camellia alba plena*, or a large white camellia—which is interesting, not only on account of its beauty, but because it is a near relation to a plant which furnishes to us the most indispensable article of diet—TEA. The infusion of the leaves of the camellia makes a very good imitation of this beverage, and the plant which actually supplies it, belongs to a genus of the camellia tribe. The camellias also are allied to the camphor tree of Jamaica on the one side, and to the orange tribe on the other.

As the sheets of wax of which artificial flowers are composed may be easily procured, we shall postpone for the present the instruction in the method of preparing materials, and give instruction for the formation of another flower; taking for granted that for the purpose of learning, the pupil has procured a small stock of wax in sheets, and the proper brushes and colors.

The first thing for the learner is to procure a piece of cardboard, marked with circles and divisions in such a way as to enable him or her to lay out the parts of a natural flower in a particular order. We have been thus particular because we wish the beginner to learn how to imitate real flowers in wax, and not servilely to stick together pieces of wax cut according to pattern. In ignorance of natural flowers the wax-flower maker must depend on patterns purchased, and will make the bequests in a stiff and formal manner; in the other case the artists in wax will be able to make all their own patterns, and will learn lessons of elegance which will give a peculiar gracefulness to their arrangement of leaves, flowers, and stems, and add a natural charm to their groups of waxen portraits which the mere worker by card patterns can never attain. We do not wish our pupils always to be dependent upon us; but rather to be able at any time to imitate the exquisite gems of the meadow, hedge-side, or green-house, without directions.

In the present article we propose to gather a fuchsia, and to proceed, step by step, to its facsimile in wax.

The first thing to be noticed is the general appearance of the plant. There is a great variety of fuchsias, and each of them has peculiar habits, *i. e.* each of them carries its stalks, leaves, and flowers in a slightly different manner.

Of the varieties which look well in wax, that with the pale-pink calyx (or outside leaves of the flower, with the vermillion corolla, (or inside part of the flower,) is the best. It is to be found in every green-house, and almost every cottage window where flowers peep out at the casement. It is less difficult to imitate well than the deep crimson fuchsia, which is known by most gardeners as "the old original." Having procured a specimen of the variety we have first described, the cardboard plan should be laid before the learner, and the sprig with the flowers and buds upon it held in the left hand.

It will be observed that the leaves arranged opposite E D E each other on the stem. The stalks of the leaves E, growing out from the stem D on either side, have in their axil (or arm-pit,) a bud more or less developed, according to the lateness of the season, and a flower on a pendulous stalk. The next set of leaves grows out of another aspect of the stalk, and the mark of one is seen at A, while the base of its fellow leaf would be on the other side of the stalk indicated by C. All these points are important to those who wish their flowers to bear criticism. Having noticed the drooping position of the flowers, pick off some of the best leaves and lay them upon square pieces of gummed paper, press them close and lay them on one side—then pick off a second and lay it on the corner of your cardboard and put a pin through it. Having taken one of the best flowers, pin it in like manner to another corner. This will serve as your guide to the putting up of your wax model when the parts are ready. A flower slightly faded may be used to pick to pieces.—The flower is suspended upon a thin drooping stalk, and is joined as it were, to the colored calyx by a green knob, the seed vessel or ovary, (O.) Beyond this a tube, extending and dividing into four segments. This is the colored calyx, (C.) A division may be made at D, and the stalk and ovary may be pinned down on another corner of the cardboard. The tube of the calyx (T) should then be slit up with a sharp pointed knife to the base of one of the notches between the segments and opened out. The stamens whose points or anthers are marked A in the diagram, and the leaves of the corolla, P (the purple petals,) will be found to adhere to his tube, these must be carefully removed and laid out in their proper order on the cardboard. As there is only one row of petals, they may be laid in any of the circles, f, g, or h. The numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4, are understood to be points representing the segments of the calyx. The stamens should be then arranged with reference to the petals. as in the diagram, as that is the relative position of these parts in the flower. The long pistil marked S in the diagram of the complete flower, and the tube of the calyx will now remain in

the left hand; the former should be stuck in a pin-hole in the centre of the cardboard, with its delicate knob or stigma (S) upwards; the tube of the corolla should be laid flat on a piece of very thin cardboard, and a pattern cut from it at once. The segments are never exactly regular in size, but the above diagram will be found a pretty good guide. The pupil is now ready to commence making the wax flower; but before doing so it is recommended, to save future trouble to cut out in cardboard, a pattern of the shape of the leaves of the corolla, and mark it according to directions before given. A piece of starched braid with a small knot at the end should be cut the length of the pistil, and eight pieces of cotton with knotted ends, as mementoes of the length and number of the stamens.

We subjoin patterns of the proper length of the pistil S, and stamens A. The scraps of light green wax which remained from the sheets used for the under side of the camellia leaves must be pressed with the finger and thumb, so as to make a knob. Beyond and above this, more silk may be wrapped round the pistil, which should be dipped in the scraps of pink wax which will remain after setting out the pattern of the calyx. With the fingers the basis of the flower should be made to assume the form given in this diagram, by folding the other scraps of wax for an inch above the ovary. Eight pieces of white netting silk the length of the stamen, should now be dipped in the melted pink wax, and having been allowed to stiffen, the tips should be re-dipped and these touched with a little flour; they must be made to adhere to the basis at the point T, at equal distances all round. A little fine silk tied round the lowest point of the stamens is a good security, but must be well pressed in.

The four petals cut from the darkest shade of pink should be colored with carmine. and ultra-marine applied on the dull side and at the point T over the bases of the stamens. The colored surface will of course be outside, and the edges will overlap each other as the series in the camellia. These petals must not be curled.

The calyx has now to be applied. Presuming that it had been cut out of pale pink wax, according to the pattern given above, it must be curled with the smallest pin in the following manner:—The pattern being laid upon the palm of the left hand, the head of the pin must be rolled along the dotted line X, Y, Z, very lightly, and then with considerable pressure along each of the segments in the direction of the dotted lines to Q, R, S, T. The handle of a paint brush should now be laid along the line from X, Y, Z, to W, and the sides of the calyx folded over it. The edges being made to fold over each other slightly, should be rubbed down with another brush: and the tube of the calyx having been thus formed, the first brush handle should be withdrawn. The tubular calyx should then be slipped up from the bottom of the wire over the ovary, and pressed firmly to its place.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

ENQUIRER.—The position you have sent us is a four, not a six move one. We, however, publish it as an Enigma.

COVERFIELD.—We have examined the position sent, though you omitted to send us the solution, which ought to accompany every problem sent for publication. Your position will appear, with a few alterations, which you will pardon us for, in our next, if not as a problem, as an Enigma.

AN AMATEUR OF GUELPH.—Thanks for the game: it shall be examined. There is an error, we apprehend, in the position sent: mate cannot be given in three moves.

H. C. H.—Get Staunton's Hand-book, and study it thoroughly. We will publish the solution to the game in our last, where mate was announced in nine moves. As yet, no correspondent has attempted it.

Solutions to Problem 8 by J. B., Betty Martin, and J. H. R., are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Betty Martin and Enquirer are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. VIII.

WHITE.

P Querns.

1. Q to K B 2d.
2. Q to R 4th (ch).
3. K to Q 2d.
4. Q mates.

BLACK.

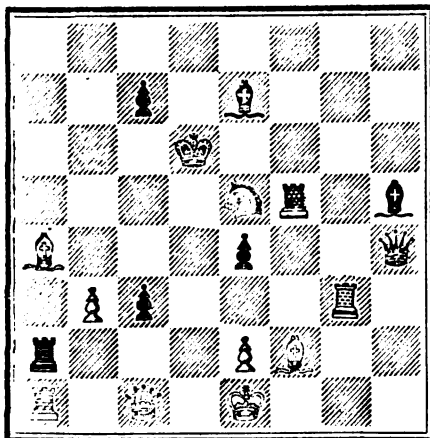
P to K Kt 7th.

All Black's moves are forced.

PROBLEM, NO. IX.

By a Canadian Amateur.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

ENIGMA.

No. 80. By Enquirer.

WHITE.—K at his B sq; Bs at K B 2nd and 3rd.

BLACK.—K at his R 7th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

* This beautiful stratagem is extracted from a late number of the Chess Players Chronicle.

THE STATU-QUO CHESS-BOARD.

We copy the following description of this very useful invention from a late English newspaper:

In this invention a convenience long since considered by chess-players has been attained, viz., the peremptory and instantaneous fixing of the men, and the power of deferring the completion of the game. A simple but most effectual mechanical process secures these advantages. By pressing a pair of small buttons on the outer rim of the board, the pieces are secured firmly on whatever squares they may happen to be; while a counter pressure on a button in the inside as immediately releases them. The value of a chess-board of this character does not require to be pointed out. Students of the game—those who investigate the theory of moves, who try combinations, and who work out problems, with a view to elucidate and confirm principles—will perceive its utility at a glance; while players of a less critical class will not be uninterested to know that a board is now within their reach which will allow them to discontinue a game at will, and recur to it just as often as opportunity permits. The action of the *Statu-quo Chess-board* is quick and facile. It is, as far as we have had the means of testing, not liable to disarrangement, and does that completely which it undertakes to do. It is, in short, an ingenious piece of mechanism, and reflects great credit upon the inventor and patentee, Mr. John Jacques, of Hatton Garden.

CHESS IN TORONTO.

We have great pleasure in presenting, in this number, the last series of games played in the Chess Club between Mr. G. Palmer—an excellent amateur, and winner of the late tournament, who has since left Toronto, and whose loss the Club cannot but feel—and the President, Professor Cherriman:—

GAME I.

WHITE.

Mr. G. Palmer.

1. P to K 4th.
2. P to K B 4th.
3. K Kt to B 3d.
4. P to K R 4th.
5. Kt to Kt 5th (a).
6. Kt takes K B P.
7. B to Q B 4th(ch) (b)
8. Q takes K Kt P.
9. Q to K R 5th (ch).

BLACK.

The President.

1. P to K 4th.
2. P takes P.
3. P to K Kt 4th.
4. P to K Kt 5th.
5. P to K R 3d.
6. K takes Kt.
7. K to his sq.
8. P to Q 4th.
9. K to Q 2d.

and White gives checkmate in three moves.

Notes.

(a) This forms the Allgaler gambit, the variation on which, by playing Kt to K 5th, has been lately brought so much into vogue by Harrwitz.

(b) This move is not given by any of the authorities: it occurs in the games between Prince Ouronoff and a Russian amateur, and gives a strong attack; the best reply appears to be P to Q 4th.

GAME II.

BLACK.

The President.

WHITE.

Mr. G. Palmer.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d. | P to Q 4th (a). |
| 3. P takes P. | Q takes P. |
| 4. Q Kt to B 3d. | Q to K 3d. |
| 5. K B to Kt 5th (ch). | P to Q B 3d. |
| 6. K B to R 4th. | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 7. Q to K 2d. | Q Kt to Q 2d. |
| 8. B to Q Kt 3d. | Q to K B 4th. |
| 9. P to Q 4th. | B to Q 3d. |
| 10. Q Kt to K 4th. | B to Q B 2d. |
| 11. Q Kt to K Kt 3d. | Q to K Kt 5th. |
| 12. B takes K B P (ch) and wins (b). | |

Notes.

(a) Very unsafe.

(b) For if K takes B, Black wins Q by Kt to Kt 5th check; and if K moves, Black equally wins Q, by P to K K 3d.

GAME III.

WHITE.

Mr. G. Palmer.

BLACK.

The President.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 3. B to Q B 4th. | B to Q B 4th. |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th. | B takes Kt P. |
| 5. P to Q B 3d. | B to Q R 4th. |
| 6. P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 7. Castles. | P to Q 3d. |
| 8. P takes P. | B to Q Kt 3d. |
| 9. B to Q R 3d. | K Kt to K 2d (a). |
| 10. K Kt to Kt 5th. | P to Q 4th (b). |
| 11. P takes P. | Q Kt to R 4th. |
| 12. K R to K sq. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 13. P tks P <i>en pass.</i> | Q Kt takes P. |
| 14. Kt tks K B P (c). | Q takes Q P. |
| 15. Q to K 2d. | Castles (d). |
| 16. Kt to K 5th (d. ch) | K to R sq. |
| 17. B takes Kt (e). | R takes K B P. |
| 18. Q to K 3d. | Q takes Q. |
| 19. R takes Q. | B takes R. |
| 20. Kt takes Kt. | P takes Kt. |
| 21. Kt to Q R 3d. | R tks Q R P., |

discovering check, and wins.

Notes.

(a) A mistake, which should have cost the game.

(b) His only move, as he dare not Castle, on account of White's playing Q to K R 5th.

(c) Up to this point, White has most ably taken advantage of his opponent's mistake, but he here lets the victory slip from his grasp: had he taken this P with B checking, the game was won, for if Black moves K to K 2d, he loses his Q by Kt to K 6th, or if K goes to B sq., White plays P to Q 5th with an irresistible attack.

(d) Q dare not take Q R.

(e) Better to have tried for perpetual check by Kt to K B 7th.

GAME IV.

In this game White (Mr. Palmer) played the same opening, and Black corrected the mistake he committed in the previous game at his ninth move, by playing instead Q B to K Kt 5th, which effectually stopped the attack, and Black won easily, the game was not recorded.

GAME V.

BLACK.

The President.

WHITE.

Mr. G. Palmer.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 4. K B to B 4th. | K B to B 4th. |
| 5. Kt to K Kt 5th (a). | K Kt to R 3d. |
| 6. Kt takes K B P. | Kt takes Kt. |
| 7. B takes Kt (ch). | K takes B. |
| 8. Q to K B 5th (ch). | P to K Kt 3d. |
| 9. Q takes B. | P to Q 3d. |
| 10. Q to Q B 4th (ch). | K to Kt 2d. |
| 11. Castles. | K R to B sq. |
| 12. P to Q B 3d. | Q to K B 3d. |
| 13. P to K B 4th (b). | P to Q R 3d. |
| 14. K to R sq. | B to K 3d. |
| 15. Q to K 2d. | Q R to K sq. |
| 16. Kt to Q 2d. | Q to K R 5th. |
| 17. Kt to K B 3d. | Q to K Kt 5th. |
| 18. B to Q 2d. | K to Kt sq. |
| 19. K R to K sq. | B to Q 4th. |
| 20. P to K R 3d. | Q to K R 4th. |
| 21. Q to K B 2d. | R takes K P. |
| 22. P takes Q P. | Kt takes P (c). |
| 23. Kt takes Kt (d). | R takes Kt. |
| 24. K to Kt sq (e). | P to Q B 4th (f). |
| 25. R to K 7th. | Q to K B 4th. |
| 26. B to B 3d. | Q to K B 3d. |
| 27. Q R to K sq. | Q takes K B P. |
| 28. B takes R. | Q to K R 3d (g). |
| 29. Q to K 3d. and White resigns. | |

Notes.

(a) This is not considered so sound as P to Q B 3d.

(b) K B to Q sq is better, as it compels White to take the Q B P. White has conducted this defence very well, having played the best moves throughout.

(c) This is unusual, and ought to have cost White a piece.

(d) Instead of this move, Black should have taken R with R, and the game would have proceeded thus—

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| BLACK. | WHITE. |
| 23. R takes R. | B takes R. |
| 24. Kt takes Kt. | Q takes K R P (ch). |
| 25. K to Kt sq. | Q to Kt 5th. |
| 26. Q to K 2d. | Q takes Q. |
| 27. Kt takes Q. and Black must win. | |

(e) If Q takes R, he is evidently mated in two moves.

(f) This is not good, but it is not easy to find a satisfactory move for White at this point.

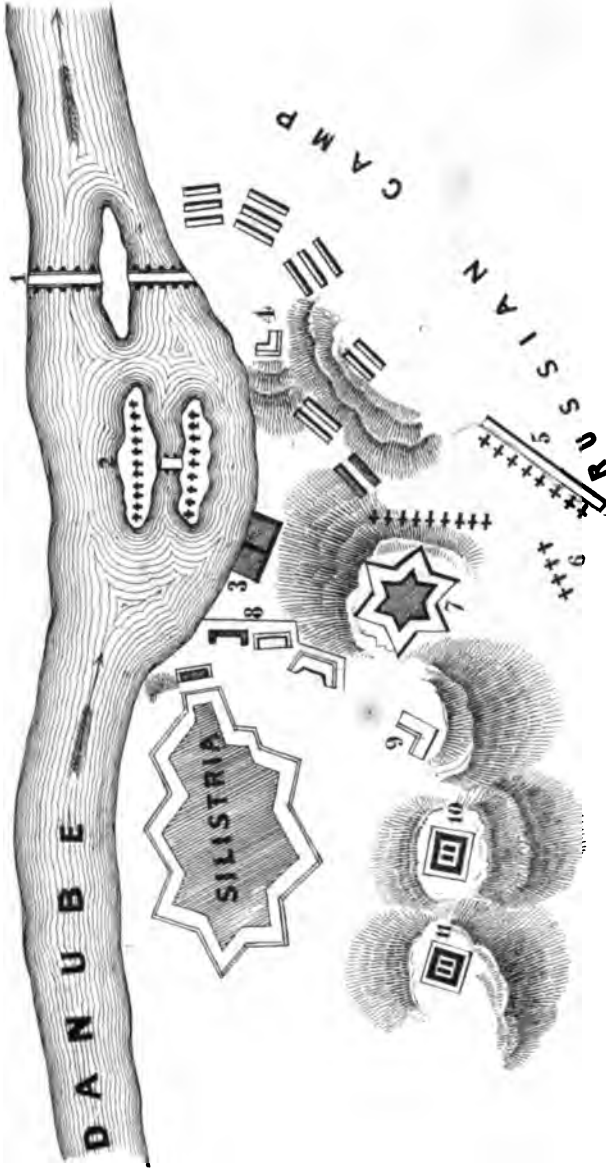
(g) Q takes B would have been better, but White's game is hopeless in any case.



Colonel Fitzgibbon.

From a portrait by Sir J. H. Bull, in the possession of the Earl of Devon.

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF SILISTRIA



- | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| <p>1. Russian Bridge of Boats.
 2. Islands with Russian Batteries
 3. Russian Works.</p> | <p>4. A Redoubt. Part of the Russian Works
 5. Russian Reserves.
 6. Russian Batteries of Attack.</p> | <p>7. Fort Arab Tabia, the immediate
 object of Attack.
 8 and 9. Advanced Works of the Turks</p> | <p>10. Merdic Redoubt
 11. Mahomedie Redoubt.</p> |
|--|---|---|---|



PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Maclear & Co. Lith. Toronto.

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Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: SEPTEMBER, 1854.—NO. 3.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XIX—CONTINUED.

In our last number space forbade our giving more than a portion of General Drummond's despatch, and we now close the chapter, by giving the remainder of it, with the despatch of Major General Brown to the Secretary of State at Washington* :—

* *From major-general Brown to the American secretary of war.*

(No date.)

SIR,—Confined as I was, and have been, since the last engagement with the enemy, I fear that the account I am about to give may be less full and satisfactory than under other circumstances it might have been made. I particularly fear that the conduct of the gallant men it was my good fortune to lead will not be noticed in a way due to their fame, and the honour of our country.

You are already apprised, that the army had, on the 25th ult. taken a position at Chippewa. About noon of that day, colonel Swift, who was posted at Lewiston, advised me, by express, that the enemy appeared in considerable force in Queenston, and on its heights; that four of the enemy's fleet had arrived on the preceding night, and were then lying near Fort Niagara; and that a number of boats were in view, moving up the strait. Within a few minutes after this intelligence had been received, I was further informed by captain Denmon, of the quarter-master's department, that the enemy were landing at Lewiston, and that our baggage and stores at Schlosser, and on

VOL. V.—P.

"In reviewing the action from its commencement, the first object which presents itself, as deserving of notice, is the steadiness and good conduct of the squadron of the 19th light dragoons, under major Lisle, and the very creditable and excellent defence made by the incorporated militia-battalion, under lieutenant-colonel Robinson, who was dangerously wounded, and a detachment of the 8th (king's regiment,) under colonel Campbell. Major Kirby succeeded lieutenant-colonel Robinson in the command of the incorporated militia-battalion, and continued very gallantly to direct its efforts.

their way thither, were in danger of immediate capture.

It is proper here to mention, that having received advices as late as the 20th, from general Gaines, that our fleet was then in port, and the commodore sick, we ceased to look for co-operation from that quarter, and determined to disencumber ourselves of baggage, and march directly to Burlington Heights. To mask this intention, and to draw from Schlosser a small supply of provisions, I fell back upon Chippewa. As this arrangement, under the increased force of the enemy, left much at hazard on our side of the Niagara, and as it appeared by the before stated information, that the enemy was about to avail himself of it, I conceived that the most effectual method of recalling him from the object was to put myself in motion towards Queenston. General Scott, with the 1st brigade, Towson's artillery, and all the dragoons and mounted men, were accordingly put in march on the road leading thither, with orders to report if the enemy appeared, and to call for assistance, if that was necessary.

The 25th regiment, under major Jessup, was engaged in a most obstinate conflict with all

This battalion has only been organized a few months, and, much to the credit of captain Robinson, of the king's regiment, (pro-

that remained to dispute with us the field of battle. The major, as has been already stated, had been ordered by general Scott, at the commencement of the action, to take ground to his right. He had succeeded in turning the enemy's left flank,—had captured (by a detachment under captain Ketchum) general Riall, and sundry other officers, and shewed himself again to his own army, in a blaze of fire, which defeated or destroyed a very superior force of the enemy. He was ordered to form on the right of the 2nd regiment. The enemy rallying his forces, and as is believed, having received reinforcements, now attempted to drive us from our position, and regain his artillery. Our line was unshaken, and the enemy repulsed. Two other attempts, having the same object, had the same issue. General Scott was again engaged in repelling the former of these; and the last I saw of him on the field of battle, he was near the head of his column, and giving to its march a direction that would have placed him on the enemy's right. It was with great pleasure I saw the good order and intrepidity of general Porter's volunteers from the moment of their arrival, but during the last charge of the enemy those qualities were conspicuous.

On the general's arrival at the Falls, he learned that the enemy was in force directly in his front, a narrow piece of wood alone intercepting his view of them. Waiting only to give this information, he advanced upon them. By the time assistant-adjutant-general Jones had delivered this message, the action began, and before the remaining part of the division had crossed the Chippewa, it had become close and general between the advanced corps. Though general Ripley with the 2nd brigade, Major Hindman with the corps of artillery, and general Porter, at the head of his command, had respectively pressed forward with ardor, it was not less than an hour before they were brought to sustain general Scott, during which time his command most skillfully and gallantly maintained the conflict. Upon my arrival I found that the general had passed the wood, and engaged the enemy on the Queenstown road, and on the ground to the left of it, with the 9th, 11th and 22nd regiments, and Towson's artillery.

The 25th had been thrown to the right to be governed by circumstances. Apprehending that these corps were much exhausted, and knowing that they had suffered severely, I determined to interpose a new line with the advancing troops, and thus disengage general Scott, and hold his brigade in reserve. Orders were accordingly given to General Ripley. The enemy's artillery at this moment occupied a hill which gave him great advantages, and was the key of the whole position. It was supported by a line of infantry. To secure the

vincial lieutenant-colonel), has attained a highly respectable degree of discipline.

In the reiterated and determined attacks

victory, it was necessary to carry this artillery, and seize the height. This duty was assigned to colonel Miller, while, to favor its execution, the 1st regiment, under the command of colonel Nicholas, was directed to menace and amuse the infantry. To my great mortification, this regiment, after a discharge or two, gave way, and retreated some distance before it could be rallied, though it is believed the officers of the regiment exerted themselves to shorten the distance.

Stimulated by the examples set them by their gallant leader, by Major Wood, of the Pennsylvania corps, by Colonel Dobbin, of New York, and by their officers generally, they precipitated themselves upon the enemy's line, and made all the prisoners which were taken at this point of the action.

Having been for some time wounded, and being a good deal exhausted by loss of blood, it became my wish to devolve the command on General Scott, and retire from the field; but on inquiry, I had the misfortune to learn that he was disabled by wounds; I therefore kept my post, and had the satisfaction to see the enemy's last effort repulsed. I now consigned the command to General Ripley.

While retiring from the field, I saw and felt that the victory was complete on our part, if proper measures were promptly adopted to secure it. The exhaustion of the men was, however, such as made some refreshment necessary. They particularly required water. I was myself extremely sensible of the want of this necessary article. I therefore believed it proper that general Ripley and the troops should return to camp, after bringing off the dead, the wounded, and the artillery; and in this I saw no difficulty, as the enemy had entirely ceased to act. Within an hour after my arrival in camp, I was informed that general Ripley had returned without annoyance and in good order. I now sent for him, and, after giving him my reasons for the measure I was about to adopt, ordered him to put the troops into the best possible condition; to give them the necessary refreshment; to take with him the pickets and camp guard, and every other description of force, to put himself on the field of battle as the day dawned, and there to meet and beat the enemy if he again appeared. To this order he made no objection, and I relied upon its execution. It was not executed. I feel most sensibly how inadequate are my powers in speaking of the troops, to do justice either to their merits or to my own sense of them. Under abler direction, they might have done more and better.

From the preceding detail, you have now evidence of the distinguished gallantry of Generals Scott and Porter, of Colonel Miller, and Major Jessop.

which the enemy made on our centre, for the purpose of gaining, at once, the crest of the position, and our guns, the steadiness and intrepidity displayed by the troops allotted for the defence of that post, were never surpassed; they consisted of the 2d battalion of the 89th regiment, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Morrison, and, after the lieutenant-colonel had been obliged to retire from the field by a severe wound, by major Clifford; a detachment of the royal Scotts, under lieutenant Hemphill, and after he was killed, lieutenant Fraser; a detachment of the 8th, (or King's), under captain Campbell; light company 41st regiment, under captain Glew; with some detachments of militia under lieutenant-colonel Parry, 103rd regiment. These troops repeatedly, when hard pressed, formed round the colour of the 89th regiment, and invariably repulsed the desperate efforts made against them. On the right, the steadiness and good conduct of the 1st battalion of royal Scotts, under lieutenant Gordon, on some very trying occasions excited my admiration. The king's regiment, 1st battalion, under major Evans, behaved with equal gallantry and firmness, as did the light

company of the royals, detached under captain Stewart; the grenadiers of the 103d, detached under captain Browne; and the flank companies of the 104th, under captain Leonard; the Glengarry light infantry, under lieutenant-colonel Battersby, displayed most valuable qualities as light troops; colonel Scott, major Smelt, and the officers of the 103d, deserve credit for their exertions in rallying that regiment, after it had been thrown into momentary disorder.

Lieutenant-colonel Pearson, inspecting field-officer, directed the advance with great intelligence; and lieutenant-colonel Drummond, of the 104th, having gone forward with my permission, early in the day, made himself actively useful in different parts of the field, under my direction. These officers are entitled to my best thanks, as is Lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, inspecting field-officer, for his exertions after his arrival with the troops under Colonel Scott. The field artillery, so long as there was light, was well served.

The credit of its efficient state is due to captain Macknochie, who has had charge of it since its arrival with this division. Captain M'Lauchlan, who has care of the

Of the 1st brigade, the chief, with his aide de camp, Worth, his major of brigade, Smith, and every commander of battalion were wounded.

The 2d brigade suffered less; but, as a brigade, their conduct entitled them to the applause of their country. After the enemy's strong position had been carried by the 21st and the detachments of the 17th and 19th, the 1st and 23d assumed a new character. They could not again be shaken or dismayed. Major M'Farland, of the latter, fell nobly at the head of his battalion.

Under the command of General Porter, the militia volunteers of Pennsylvania and New York stood undismayed amidst the hottest fire, and repulsed the veterans opposed to them. The Canadian volunteers, commanded by Colonel Wilcox, are reported by General Porter as having merited and received his approbation.

The corps of artillery, commanded by Major Hindman, behaved with its usual gallantry. Captain Towson's company, attached to the 1st brigade, was the first and last engaged, and during the whole conflict maintained that high character which they had previously won by their skill and valour. Captains Biddle and Ritchie were both wounded early in the action, but refused to quit the field. The latter declared that he never would leave his piece; and, true to his engagement, fell by its side, covered with wounds.

The staff of the army had its peculiar merit and distinction; Colonel Gardiner, adjutant-general, though ill, was on horseback, and did all in his power; his assistant, Major Jones, was very active and useful. My gallant aides de camp, Austin and Spencer, had many and critical duties to perform, in the discharge of which the latter fell. I shall ever think of this young man with pride and regret; regret that his career has been so short—pride that it has been so noble and distinguished.

The engineers, Majors Macrae and Wood, were greatly distinguished on this day, and their military talent was exerted with great effect; they were much under my eye, and near my person, and to their assistance a great deal is fairly to be ascribed; I most earnestly recommend them, as worthy of the highest trust and confidence. The staff of Generals Ripley and Porter discovered great zeal and attention to duty. Lieutenant E. B. Randolph, of the 20th regiment, is entitled to notice; his courage was conspicuous.

I enclose a return of our loss; those noted as missing may generally be numbered with the dead. The enemy had but little opportunity of making prisoners.

I have the honor to be, Sir, &c.,
JACOB BROWN.

Hon. John Armstrong, Secretary at War.

batteries at Fort Mississaga, volunteered his services in the field on this occasion. He was severely wounded. Lieutenant Tomkins deserves much credit for the way in which two brass 24 pounders, of which he had charge were served; as does serjeant Austin of the rocket company, who directed the Congreve rockets, which did much execution. The zeal, loyalty, and bravery with which the militia of this part of the province had come forward to co-operate with his majesty's troops in the expulsion of the enemy, and their conspicuous gallantry in this, and in the action of the 5th instant, claim my warmest thanks.

I cannot conclude this despatch without recommending, in the strongest terms, the following officers, whose conduct during the late operations has called for marked approbation; and I am induced to hope that your

excellency will be pleased to submit their names for promotion to the most favourable consideration of his royal highness the prince regent; viz: Captain Jervoise my aide-de-camp; captain Robinson, 8th (king's) regiment, (provincial lieutenant-colonel), commanding the incorporated militia; captain Eliot, deputy assistant-quarter-master-general; captain Holland, aide-de-camp to major-general Riall; and captain Glew, 41st regiment.

This despatch will be delivered to you by captain Jervoise, my-aide-de-camp, who is fully competent to give your excellency every further information you may require.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GORDON DRUMMOND,

Lieutenant-general., &c.

His Excellency Sir G. Prevost.

CHAPTER XX.

Of all the battles that were fought during the war, none could be

The battle of Bridgewater, or Lundy's Lane, and its results.

compared with that of Lundy's Lane for the obstinacy both of attack and defence exhibited on both sides. At Chippewa the contest was decided principally by musketry, but at Lundy's-lane the Americans, for the first time, ventured to cross bayonets with British troops, and the issue of the combat then taught them, whatever their moral courage, their physical inferiority to British and Canadian troops.

This battle may almost be styled an impromptu engagement, inasmuch as the American General, in ordering the advance in the first instance, was without correct information, as to the force opposed to him. This we learn from Wilkinson, who distinctly states that it was reported to General Scott, "that the enemy could not be in force," and that, consequently, that officer "pressed forward with ardor," to attack the British.

If ever one army was fairly beaten by another, the battle of Lundy's-lane furnishes us with such an instance; that is, if remaining in possession of the field while your adversary retreats precipitately and in disorder, be considered as a proof of victory; General Drummond was attacked by a superior force, and, through the gallantry of his troops, he not only sustained his position, but, on the next morning, when General Ripley* received instructions from General Brown to make another attack, he was found so well prepared to repel it, that the attack was not made; the front, too, shown by the British being so formidable, that a retreat on the part of the Americans was found necessary, this retreat not being, as Ameri-

can writers represent, orderly, but marked with the destruction of military stores of various kinds.

That the American loss was severe can be proved by the fortunate admission of Ingersol, who says, † "Those who had sunk exhausted, those gone to take care of the wounded, the numbers who, in all battles, stray from their places, those left in camp when the rest went out to battle; all those diminutions left, in the judgment of reliable officers, not more *than a thousand fighting men* embodied, when they were marched back to Chippewa." That the loss was so severe, we, cannot, for a moment believe, when we consider the numbers of the Americans engaged; we can only, therefore, look on this statement of Ingersol's as an attempt at an excuse for the retreat of a superior body before an inferior.

If ever a writer earned a pension from his devotion to his "country's cause," Ingersol is that man. Nothing has sufficed to withstand the onslaught of his pen on the character and morale of the British, and a few extracts, taken in connection with Drummond's despatch, will not be found unamusing. We are first informed, page 99, that "General Brown, when the victory of Bridgewater, so far as could be judged from all circumstances, was complete, was with difficulty supported on his horse as he retired to Chippewa." We presume that Mr. Ingersol on reading over this paragraph considered it necessary to account for General Brown and his army's retreat to Chippewa, accordingly on page 100, we find it stated that "The struggle was over. Pride of success was supplanted by bodily exhaustion, anxiety

* Wilkinson, Vol 1. Appendix 9.

† Page 99, Historical sketch of the second war.

for repose from excessive toil, and relief from tormenting thirst. The Americans, therefore, **BUT AS VICTORS** were marched to their encampment, as Brown had directed, though without the cannons captured." When we consider that the Americans had made a leisurely march of it to Lundy's-lane, that they went fresh into action, with the knowledge that strong reinforcements were at hand, and that they expected to encounter a vastly inferior force, Ingersol's twaddle about the want of water and so forth, is very absurd. The major part of the British forces engaged at Lundy's-lane had made a forced march of fourteen miles, and had gone into action literally out of breath and exhausted with fatigue, yet we do not find one word in General Drummond's despatch relative to the "necessity of repose from excessive toil." Again, we are told by Ingersol, that for want of horses, harness, drag ropes, and other contrivances, the inestimable trophies (the captured guns) fell at last into the hands of the British, who returned to the hill, soon after the Americans left it. Mr. Ingersol further accounts for the capture of an American howitzer, by indignantly denying General Drummond's statement. That officer, in his despatch, stated "a howitzer, which the enemy brought up, was captured by us." To this Ingersol responds—"They *captured nothing, but merely found a cannon accidentally left*, when an hour after the enemy's retreat, their conquerors in complete and undisturbed possession of the guns and the field, slowly and in perfect order, left it and them, to return to the indispensable repose of their camp."

It has been our good fortune to converse with several of the officers who distinguished themselves in the battle of Lundy's-lane, and by all we have been assured, that, so far from the American troops leaving the hill, leisurely, and voluntarily abandoning the guns, as Ingersol represents, the real state of the case was, that the Americans did abandon both the top of the hill and the guns, but that it was because a vigorous bayonet charge compelled them, and that the guns were recaptured about one hundred yards from the position originally occupied. We almost fancy Mr. Ingersol has been

misled by the tale told at the Observatory, which now marks the scene of the struggle, and that the worthy sergeant who recounted the tale, recognizing the historian as a Yankee, crammed him with the version of the battle prepared for his countrymen; if so, Mr. Ingersol fared better than General Scott, who, we presume, having some appearance of respectability about him, was mistaken for an Englishman, and had the unspeakable mortification of having the spot pointed out to him, "where General Scott turned tail and ran away."

On one sentence, taken from the Quebec Gazette of the 23rd September, 1814, Mr. Ingersol bases a regular edifice of deductions, "with all our strength," wrote the Gazette, "it would be rashness to penetrate far into the United States, and might produce another Saratoga." This single sentence suffices to furnish Ingersol with material for the following extraordinary assertions:—

"Continued skirmishes, sieges, sorties, and other demonstrations, following the two pitched battles* in Canada, proved only corollaries to the problem solved by them, that the American army, like the navy, was superior to that of England. As soon as the double elements of military ascendancy were well combined, and strict discipline added to stern enthusiasm, the mercenary Briton was subdued. Coarse, vulgar, English preudice, uttered by envious and odious journalism, continued their abuse of the United States as a licentious and knavish nation. But English better sense perceived, and dispassionate judgment pronounced, them also martial and formidable. Not a little of that impression came from the seemingly insignificant invasion of Canada, which, during the months of July, August, and September, 1814, not only defied, but invariably defeated the great power of Great Britain by land and water, ending, perhaps fortunately, not by the conquest of a British province, but discomfiture of British armies and fleets, wherever Americans encountered them."

It is most wonderful how Ingersol could have penned such a sentence, when the real

* Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

state of the case is considered, and the grounds for Mr. Ingersol's boast disposed of.

If we refer to the position occupied by the Americans during one period of the year 1813, we find that nearly the whole of the western peninsula was in their possession, with the single exception of the position at Burlington heights, and if we trace the events of the war from that date we find that by the energy and strategic skill of Generals Drummond and Murray, the whole of the country thus occupied had been wrested from the invaders, that their strongest fort (Fort Niagara) had been stormed, that their whole frontier had been devastated, and that, with the solitary exception of holding Fort Erie, Mr. Ingersol had not the smallest excuse for giving to the world the statement we have quoted above.

Mr. Ingersol, however, not satisfied with the above extraordinary assertions, goes still a step further, and ascribes the success of the American troops in repelling subsequent attacks, to the prestige of General Brown's valour. "Not less," writes the veracious American, "than six thousand five hundred excellent British regular troops, without counting their hordes of Indians and Canadian militia, had been routed, mostly killed, wounded, captured, all demoralized and discouraged. In defiance of the mighty efforts of the undivided strength of Britain, three or four thousand American troops held possession of that part of Canada." This mere holding of that part of Canada (Fort Erie) was, also, found by Ingersol "inestimable in its beneficial natural consequences," as it defended the Atlantic seaboard "more effectually and infinitely cheaper than a hundred thousand militia could have done. The invasion of Canada kept a very large hostile force occupied there. If Brown, instead of two or three, had been eight or ten thousand strong, they would probably have detained the British who captured Washington from venturing there."

We could cite many more instances of Mr. Ingersol's misrepresentations. It will, however, suffice to make instead a short one from General Armstrong's "Notices of the War," who, after condemning Gen. Brown for fighting the battle "by detachments,"

and pointing out how the affair should have been conducted, asks whether, "if such views had governed in the affair at Bridgewater, the trophies won on that occasion would have been lost, or would the question be yet unsettled, to which of the two armies the victory belonged?"

This admission from General Armstrong is sufficient to settle the question as to whom belonged the victory at Lundy's Lane; any admission by an American of doubt as to whether "they had whipped," being, when we consider the national character, tantamount to an acknowledgement of defeat.

Mr. Ingersol traces in these battles the origin and cause of peace. "Battles in Canada did more to make peace than all the solicitations at St. Petersburg and London, negotiations and arrangements at Ghent. The treaty of Ghent without these battles would have been the shame of the United States, and the beginning of another war."

We fully concur with Ingersol that these battles had very much to do with producing peace, but we contend that it was the issue of these battles, in conjunction with the other humiliating defeats which they had experienced, that brought a vainglorious and boasting people to a sense of their real power, and that, the remembrance of their signal discomfiture in Western Canada was sufficient to outweigh the subsequent successes at New Orleans, Plattsburg and elsewhere.

The "reflections on war" of Mr. Ingersol are not less curious than his assertions as to the consequences of the battles of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa. "To the student of history," he writes, when moralizing on the effects of what he claims as victories, "the view reaches further in the doctrine of warfare, its martial, political, and territorial effects. The battles which made Cromwell the master of Great Britain and arbiter of Europe, which immortalized Turenne, and which signalized the prowess of Spain, when mistress of the world, were fought by small armies of a few thousand men."

Ingersol has here thrown new light upon some most interesting periods of history, and we learn for the first time that the battles of Naseby and Worcester in England were fought by armies of similar strength to that

of General Brown. Nor is the modesty less remarkable which compares General Brown and his campaign on the Niagara frontier (one most signally condemned by General Armstrong) with the exploits of one of Louis XIV.'s most celebrated commanders, the man who, at the head of a large force, desolated the most fertile portion of Germany, and carried desolation, whilst he inspired fear, throughout the palatinate.

Our historian forgot, when enunciating the discovery that courage, strategy, and every military virtue are as well displayed on the smaller as the vaster scale, to compare the campaign, or the Canadian tournament, as he delights to call it, with Marathon or Thermopylæ. We have, however, devoted sufficient space to Mr. Ingersol and his reasons for the causes "which nerved the arms that struck so powerfully for victory at the Falls of Niagara."

The same misrepresentations which characterize Ingersol, mark the various versions given to the American people by Thompson, O'Connor, and Smith, and, according to their tales, the Americans, whose numbers they diminish by nearly one half, are represented as winning an easy victory over a force nearly double their own. For instance, Mr. Thompson makes the British force, instead of sixteen hundred and thirty-seven, only five thousand one hundred and thirty men, and, last not least, he brings to the aid of the British General *four of the fleet*. When we remember that the river is not navigable, owing to the rapidity of the current, above Queenston, which is eight miles from Lundy's Lane, this mistake of Mr. Thompson will appear the more ridiculous.

Before closing this account of the battle of Destruction of stores and baggage. Bridgewater, or Lundy's Lane, as it is commonly formed, we will give one short extract from General Wilkinson's memoirs. The General, when noticing General Brown's orders to General Ripley to return for *the guns he had forgotten*, writes, "finding the enemy so strongly posted and in superior force, he judiciously retired; and then a scene ensued which has been carefully concealed from the public. By the improvidence of General Brown (the American Turenne) the de-

ficiency of transport provided for his baggage, stores, and provisions, had not been remedied; and a great portion of it was now necessary to the accommodation of his wounded and sick. The necessity of a retreat could be no longer concealed or delayed; and the consequence was, that a considerable quantity of provisions, stores, and camp equipage, with a number of tents were thrown into the river, or burnt." General Wilkinson adds, "I have this fact from an officer left with the command which performed this duty."

With this declaration before him Ingersol and other Americans have the assurance to contend that a victory was gained, and that their troops retired in good order!

When claiming the action of Lundy's Lane as a victory, the Americans were always compelled to qualify and explain, not so, however, General Drummond, who had the satisfaction of knowing that his troops and their gallantry, on the memorable 25th of July, were duly appreciated at head quarters, as the issuing of the following order testified:—

ADJ. GENERAL'S OFFICE,

MONTREAL, 4th Aug., 1814.

The commander of the forces has the highest satisfaction in promulgating to the troops, the District General Order, issued by Lieut. Gen. Drummond, after the action which took place on the 25th of last month, near the Falls of Niagara. His Excellency is desirous of adding to the meed of praise so deservedly bestowed by the Lieutenant General on the troops, regulars, and militia, who had the good fortune to share in this brilliant achievement, the deep sense he entertains of their services, and of the distinguished skill and energetic exertions of Lieutenant General Drummond in the measures which have terminated by repelling the invaders from his Majesty's territories.

The commander of the forces unites with Lieutenant General Drummond, in sincerely lamenting the great loss which the service has sustained by the severe wound received by Major General Riall, and his subsequent untoward capture. It will be a most pleasing part of the duty of the Comman-

der of the Forces to bring the meritorious services of the right division of the army of the Canadas, before the gracious consideration of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

(Signed) EDWARD BAINES,
Adj't. Gen. N. A.

It will be seen by this endorsement of General Drummond's general order, that the heads of departments in Canada, were saved the trouble of endeavouring to make the worse appear the better cause, a necessity which fell to the lot of Washington and Baltimorean writers. Gen. Drummond won the battle, and in his general order, which follows, he gives a manly and straightforward version of the affair. Knowing that his men were brave and disciplined, he felt that he was not called on to lavish the extravagant praise on them, for comporting themselves as soldiers, which usually marks American General orders:—

DISTRICT GENERAL ORDER.

H. Q., FALLS OF NIAGARA,
26th July, 1814.

Lieutenant General Drummond offers his sincerest and warmest thanks to the troops and militia engaged yesterday, for their exemplary steadiness, gallantry and discipline in repulsing all the efforts of a numerous and determined enemy to carry the position of Lundy's lane, near the Falls of Niagara; their exertions have been crowned with complete success, by the defeat of the enemy, and his retreat to the position of Chippewa, with the loss of two of his guns and an immense number of killed and wounded, and several hundred prisoners. When all have behaved nobly, it is unnecessary to hold up particular instances of merit in corps or individuals. The Lieutenant General cannot, however, refrain from expressing in the strongest manner his admiration of the gallantry and steadiness of the 89th regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, and Major Clifford, who ably and gallantly supplied the Lieutenant Colonel's place after he was wounded; Light Company, 41st Regt., under Captain Glew, and detachment of the 8th or King's regiment, under

Captain Campbell: and Royals acting with them; also a party of incorporated militia, by whom the brunt of the action was for a considerable time sustained, and whose loss has been very severe. To the advance under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, consisting of the Glengarry Light Infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Battersby; a small party of the 104th under Lieutenant Colonel Drummond; the incorporated militia under Lieutenant Colonel Robinson, and detachments from the 1st, 2nd, 4th, and 5th Lincoln militia, and 2nd York, under Lieutenant Colonel Parry, 103rd, the Lieutenant General offers his warmest thanks. They are also due to the troops which arrived under Colonel Scott, during the action, viz., the 1st or Royal Scots under Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, 8th or King's under Major Evans; 103rd regiment under Colonel Scott, Flank Company 104th with the Norfolk, Oxford, Kent and Essex Rangers, and Middlesex, under Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton.

The admirable steadiness and good conduct of the 19th Light Dragoons under Major Lisle, and of the detachment of Royal Artillery under Captain Maclachlan, are entitled to particular praise; the latter officer having been badly wounded, the command of the Artillery devolved to Captain Maconochie, with whose gallantry and exertions Lieutenant General Drummond was highly pleased. Sergeant Austin, who directed the firing of the Congreve rockets, deserves very great credit. To the officers of the General and his personal staff, to Capt. Holland, Aid-de-camp to Major General Riall, Lieutenant General Drummond feels himself greatly indebted for the assistance they afforded him.

He has to lament being deprived (by a wound early in the action,) of the services of Major General Riall, who was most unfortunately made prisoner, while returning from the field, by a party of the enemy's cavalry, who had a momentary possession of the road, Lieutenant General Drummond has also to regret the wounds which have deprived the corps of the services of Lieut. Colonel Morrison, 89th regiment, and Lieut. Col. Robertson, of the incorporated militia. In the fall of Lieutenant Moorsom, of the

104th regiment serving as deputy assistant Adjutant General, the service has lost a gallant, intelligent and meritorious young officer.

The Lieutenant General and President has great pleasure in dismissing to their homes the whole of the sedentary militia who have so handsomely come forward on the occasion, confident that on any future emergency, their loyalty will be again equally conspicuous.—He will perform a grateful duty in representing to his Majesty's Government, the zeal, bravery, and alacrity with which the militia have co-operated with his Majesty's troops.

(Signed) J. HARVEY,
Lieut. Col. and Dep. Adj. General.

After the battle of Lundy's Lane, the American troops having retired to Fort Erie, there strengthened their position, enlarging the Fort and erecting new batteries, and so anxious were they to prepare for the coming storm, that, for fully a week after they sought refuge within the walls of the Old Fort, the troops were employed night and day in putting the works in such a state as might enable them to repel the attack which General Ripley felt was inevitable. These preparations were not, however, unfelt by the peaceable settlers of the country, as the buildings at Streets Mills were destroyed, on the pretext that they might afford a shelter to an attacking army. This wanton destruction of private property must not be lost sight of by the reader, as we shall ere long have to chronicle American opinions on nearly similar actions. General Drummond found it necessary, too, at this time, in order to facilitate his attack on the American position, to attack the batteries at Black Rock, and the vessels of war lying in front of Fort Erie and covering it lakeward with their broadsides.

The difficulties in accomplishing the latter of these actions were very great, and the boats necessary for the purpose had to be transported, one a distance of twenty miles, the others eight miles on the men's shoulders. These difficulties were, however, all overcome, and on the evening of the 11th of August, the boats were safely launched in

Lake Erie, and put off under the command of Captain Dobbs, with three crews of seventy-five men, to attack the American schooners. The details of this affair are so fairly given in Lieutenant Conkling's letter that it is unnecessary to do more than place it before the reader.

From Lieutenant Conkling to Captain Kennedy.

Fort-George, Upper Canada,
August 16, 1814.

Sir,

With extreme regret I have to make known to you the circumstances attending the capture of the Ohio and Somers. On the night of the 12th, between the hours of 11 and 12, the boats were seen a short distance a-head of the Somers, and were hailed from that vessel: they answered "provision-boats," which deceived the officer of the deck, as our army-boats are in the habit of passing and repassing throughout the night, and enabled them to drift athwart his hawse, and cut his cables; at the same time pouring in a heavy fire, before he discovered who they were. Instantaneously they were alongside of me, and notwithstanding my exertions, aided by Mr. M'Cally, acting sailing-master, (who was soon disabled,) I was unable to repulse them. But for a moment, I maintained the quarter-deck until my sword fell, in consequence of a shot in the shoulder, and nearly all on deck either wounded or surrounded with bayonets. As their force was an overwhelming one, I thought farther resistance vain, and gave up the vessel, with the satisfaction of having performed my duty, and defended my vessel to the last.

List of killed and wounded.

Ohio—Killed, 1; wounded, 6.

Somers.—Wounded, 2

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is much more considerable; among the killed is the commanding officer of the Netley, (lying here,) captain Ratcliffe; he fell in attempting to come over my quarter. Notwithstanding the number of muskets and pistols which were fired, and the bustle inseparable from enterprises of the kind, neither the fort nor the Porcupine attempted to fire, as we drifted past them; nor did we receive a shot until past Black Rock, though they might have destroyed us with ease.

We expect to be sent to Montreal, and perhaps to Quebec directly.

Edward P. Kennedy, Esq., commanding the United States Naval Force on Lake Erie.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. M. CONKLING.

This was a very spirited affair, the force attacked was much superior to the attacking party, and the loss of the vessels was much felt by the Americans, although subsequent events in some measure compensated for the capture.

The attack on this place was, perhaps, the most gallant action of the whole

Fort Erie.

war, the obstinate courage of the

troops was so remarkable as to elicit the praise of their enemies,—even Mr. Thomson, of Britain hating notoriety, bearing testimony on this occasion, to the gallantry exhibited by the Brito-Canadian troops.

In General Drummond's despatch, and the accompanying note, the leading particulars will be found, and the extracts from American despatches and papers will show the feeling of joy that the repulse of the British before Fort Erie inspired.

In General Drummond's despatch a very full account is given of the repulse of the troops, under his command, before Fort Erie.

From Lieutenant-General Drummond to Sir George Prevost.

Camp before Fort Erie,

August 15, 1814.

SIR,

Having reason to believe that a sufficient impression had been produced on the works

** From Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer to Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond.*

SIR, Camp, August 15, 1814.

I have the honour to report to you, for the information of Lieutenant-general Drummond, that, in compliance with the instructions I received, the brigade under my command, consisting of the 8th and De Watteville's regiment, the light companies of the 89th and 100th, with a detachment of artillery, attacked this morning, at 2 o'clock, the position of the enemy on Snake-hill, and, to my great concern, failed in its attempt.

The flank companies of the brigade, who were formed under the order of major Evans of the king's regiment, for the purpose of turning the position between Snake-hill and the lake, met with a check at the abattis, which was found impenetrable, and was prevented by it to support major De Villatte, of De Watteville's and captain Powell of the quarter-master-general's

of the enemy's Fort, by the fire of the battery which I had opened on it on the morning of the 13th, and by which the stone building was much injured, and the general outline of the parapet and embrazures very much altered, I was determined on assaulting the place; and accordingly made the necessary arrangements for attacking it, by a heavy column directed to the entrenchments on the side of Snake-hill, and by two columns to advance from the battery, and assault the fort and entrenchment on this side.

The troops destined to attack by Snake-hill, (which consisted of the King's regiment and that of De Watteville's, with the flank companies of the 89th and 100 regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, of the regiment of De Watteville,) marched at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, in order to gain the vicinity of the point of attack in sufficient time.

It is with the deepest regret I have to report the failure of both attacks, which were made two hours before day-light this morning. A copy of Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer's report,* herewith enclosed, will enable your Excellency to form a tolerable correct judgment of the cause of the failure of that attack; had the head of the column, which had entered the place without difficulty or opposition, been supported, the enemy must have fled from his works, (which were all taken, as was contemplated in the instructions, in reverse,) or have surrendered.

department, who, actually with a few men, had turned the enemy's battery.

The column of support, consisting of the remainder of De Watteville's and the king's regiment, forming the reserve, in marching to near the lake, found themselves entangled between the rocks and the water, and, by the retreat of the flank companies, were thrown into such confusion, as to render it impossible to give them any kind of formation during the darkness of the night, at which time they were exposed to a most galling fire of the enemy's battery, and the numerous parties in the abattis; and I am perfectly convinced that the great number of missing, are men killed or severely wounded, at that time, when it was impossible to give them any assistance.

After day-break the troops formed, and retired to the camp. I enclose a return of casualties.

J. FISCHER,

Lieutenant-colonel De Watteville's regt.

The attack on the fort and entrenchments leading from it to the lake, was made at the same moment by two columns, one under Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, 104th regiment, consisting of the flank companies 41st and 104th regiments, and a body of seamen and marines, under Captain Dobbs, of the royal navy, on the fort; the other under Colonel Scott, 103rd, consisting of the 103rd regiment, supported by two companies of the royals, was destined to attack the entrenchments. These columns advanced to the attack as soon as the firing upon Colonel Fischer's column was heard, and succeeded after a desperate resistance, in making a lodgement in the fort through the embrasures of the demi-bastion, captured the guns which they had actually turned against the enemy, who still maintained the stone building, when, most unfortunately, some ammunition, which had been placed under the platform, caught fire from the firing of the guns in the rear, and a most tremendous explosion followed, by which almost all the troops which had entered the place were dreadfully mangled. Panic was instantly communicated to the troops, who could not be persuaded that the explosion was accidental, and the enemy, at the same time, pressing forward, and commencing a heavy fire of musketry, the fort was abandoned, and our troops retreated towards the battery. I immediately pushed out the 1st battalion royals, to support and cover the retreat, a service which that valuable corps executed with great steadiness.

Our loss has been severe in killed and wounded: and I am sorry to add that almost all those returned "missing," may be considered as wounded or killed by the explosion, and left in the hands of the enemy.

The failure of these most important attacks has been occasioned by circumstances which may be considered as almost justifying the momentary panic which they produced, and which introduced a degree of confusion into the columns which, in the darkness of the night, the utmost exertions of the officers were ineffectual in removing.

The officers appear invariably to have behaved with the most perfect coolness and bravery; nor could any thing exceed the steadiness and order with which the advance

of lieutenant-colonel Fischer's brigade was made, until emerging from a thick wood, it found itself suddenly stopped by an abattis, and within a heavy fire of musketry and guns from behind a formidable entrenchment. With regard to the centre and left columns, under colonel Scott and lieutenant-colonel Drummond, the persevering gallantry of both officers and men, until the unfortunate explosion, could not be surpassed. Colonel Scott, 103rd, and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, 104th regiments, who commanded the centre and left attacks, were unfortunately killed, and your excellency will perceive that almost every officer of those columns was either killed or wounded by the enemy's fire, or by the explosion.

My thanks are due to the under mentioned officers; viz. to Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, who commanded the right attack; to Major Coore, aide-camp to your excellency, who accompanied that column; Major Evans, of the king's, commanding the advance; Major Villatte, De Watteville's; Captain Basden, light company 89th; Lieutenant Murray, light company 100th; I also beg to add the name of Captain Powell, of the Glengarry light infantry, employed on the staff as deputy-assistant in the quarter-master-general's department, who conducted lieutenant-colonel Fischer's column, and first entered the enemy's entrenchments, and by his coolness and gallantry particularly distinguished himself; Major Villatte, of De Watteville's regiment, who led the column of attack and entered the entrenchments; as did Lieutenant Young of the king's regiment, with about fifty men of the light companies of the king's and De Watteville's regiments: Captain Powell reports that Serjeant Powell, of the 19th Dragoons, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, volunteered to act as guide, and preceded the leading sub-division in the most intrepid style. In the centre and left columns, the exertions of Major Smelt, 103rd regiment, who succeeded to the command of the left column, on the death of Colonel Scott; Captains Leonard and Shore, of the 104th flank companies; Captains Glew, Bullock, and O'Keefe, flank companies; 31st Captain Dobbs, Royal Navy, commanding a party of volunteer seamen and marines, are entitled

to my acknowledgments (they are all wounded.) Nor can I omit mentioning, in the strongest terms of approbation, the active, zealous, and useful exertions of Captain Eliot, of the 103rd regiment, deputy assistant-quarter-master-general, who was unfortunately wounded and taken prisoner; and Captain Barney, of the 89th regiment, who had volunteered his services as a temporary assistant in the engineer department, and conducted the centre column to the attack, in which he received two dangerous wounds.

To Major Phillot, commanding the royal artillery, and Captain Sabine, who commanded the battery as well as the field-guns, and to the officers and men of that valuable branch of the service, serving under them, I have to express my entire approbation of their skill and exertions. Lieutenant Charlton, royal artillery, entered the fort with the centre column, fired several rounds upon the enemy from his own guns, and was wounded by the explosion. The ability and exertions of Lieutenant Philpot, royal engineers, and the officers and men of that department, claim my best acknowledgments.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, who commanded the reserve, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, inspecting field officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby, Glengarry light infantry, and Captain Walker, incorporated militia, I am greatly indebted for their active and unremitting attention to the security of out-posts.

To the deputy adjutant-general, and deputy quarter-master-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, and Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, and to the officers of their departments, respectively, as well as to Captain Foster, my military secretary, and the officers of my personal staff, I am under the greatest obligations for the assistance they have afforded me. My acknowledgments are due to Captain D'Alson, of the 90th regiment, Brigade-Major to the right division, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Nichol, quarter-master-general of Militia, the exertions of deputy commissioner-general Turquand, and the officers of that department, for the supply of the troops; and the care and attention of staff-surgeon O'Malley, and

the medical officers of the division, to the sick and wounded, also claim my thanks.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GORDON DRUMMOND,

Lieutenant-General.

His Excellency Sir George Provost, Bart. &c.

The result of the attack on Fort Erie was even more disastrous in its consequences to the British than had been the attack on York to the Americans. In this affair nine hundred men were either killed or wounded, and so severe was the blow, that had a less energetic commander than Drummond been in Upper Canada, or had a more able General than Brown commanded the Americans, the result of the blow at Erie might have been of the most serious character.

As it was, whether from Brown's wound, or from his incapacity, the blow was not followed up, and sufficient time was afforded to General Drummond to recover from the loss which he had experienced.

As may be imagined the victory at Fort Erie was the signal for Io Pæans all through the United States, and amongst others it appears to have particularly "gladdened the heart of Gen. Gaines that so many British and Canadians had been blown up." We subjoin his despatch and an article from a Buffalo journal on the subject:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT ERIE, U. C.

Aug. 15, 7 A.M., 1814.

DEAR SIR,

My heart is gladdened with gratitude to Heaven and joy to my country, to have it in my power to inform you that the gallant army under my command has this morning beaten the enemy commanded by lieut. gen. Drummond, after a severe conflict of three hours, commencing at 2 o'clock, A.M. They attacked us on each flank—got possession of the salient bastion of the old fort Erie; which was regained at the point of the bayonet, with a dreadful slaughter. The enemy's loss in killed and prisoners is about 600; near 300 killed. Our loss is considerable, but I think not one tenth as great as that of the enemy. I will not detain the express to give you the particulars. I am preparing my force to follow up the blow.

With great respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

EDMUND P. GAINES,

Brig. Gen. Com'g.

The Hon. John Armstrong, the Sec'y of War.

From the Buffalo Gazette, August 16.

SPLENDID DEFENCE OF FORT ERIE.

We take great pleasure in presenting our readers with the following glorious and interesting news from our gallant army at Fort Erie, received last evening from undoubted authority:—

On Sunday evening lieutenant general Drummond made his dispositions for storming Fort Erie. About half-past 2 o'clock yesterday morning the attack commenced from three columns, one directed against the Fort, one against Towson's battery, and the third moved up the river in order to force a passage between the Fort and river. The column that approached the Fort succeeded in gaining the rampart, after having been several times repulsed; when about 300 of them had gained the works and made a stand, an explosion from some unknown cause completely cleared the ramparts of the enemy, the most of whom were utterly destroyed. The column that moved to attack the south (or Towson's) battery made desperate charges, but were met with such firmness by our artillery and infantry, as to be compelled to fall back—they advanced a second and third time with great resolution, but being met with such distinguished gallantry, they gave way and retired. The column that marched up the river, were repulsed before they assaulted the batteries.

Shortly after the explosion, the enemy finding their efforts to gain the Fort or carry the batteries, unavailing, withdrew his forces from the whole line, and retreated to the woods. The action continued one hour and an half, during which (except the short interval that the enemy occupied the ramparts) the artillery from that fort and batteries kept up a most destructive fire, as well on the main body of the enemy as on the attacking columns. These columns were composed of the best of the British army, volunteers from every corps, the forlorn hope. The enemy's loss is estimated at rising 800.

123 rank and file passed this place this morning, for Greenbush. Colonel Drummond and six or seven officers were killed, one Dep. Q. M. Gen. (said to be captain Elliot). and two platoon officers, prisoners. Our loss, in killed does not exceed twenty, most of which we learn are of the artillery. We regret to state, that captain Williams and lieutenant M'Donough, of the artillery, are killed; lieutenant Fontaine, missing, supposed taken prisoner.

Some of our officers were wounded, but we have not learned their names.

From the circumstance of the enemy's main body lying within grape and canister distance from the fort, their loss must be very severe, greater than what is mentioned in the above estimation. The enemy's wagons were uncommonly active yesterday morning in removing the wounded.

The prisoners are of the 8th, 100th, 103d, 104th, and De Watteville's regiments, and a few sailors.

It is impossible for us in this sketch, to say anything of the individual skill and gallantry of the officers, or the steady bravery of the men engaged in this glorious defence; we presume all did their duty. Brigadier general Gaines commanded the fort.

Our army at fort Erie continues almost daily to skirmish with the enemy, which is principally confined to the attack of pickets on both sides. There has been more or less cannonading every day during the week past, without any material advantage to either. On Wednesday a party of riflemen under captain Birdsall, attacked and drove in the enemy's picket; they lost from fifteen to twenty killed. We lost only one man.— On Friday major Morgan with a detachment from his rifle corps attacked the enemy in the skirts of the woods back of the fort; and after a brisk musketry of some time returned to the fort, with the loss of ten or twelve killed, among whom, we regret to say, was that excellent officer major Lodowick Morgan, of the 1st rifle regiment, who so gallantly repulsed the enemy at Conjockety Creek, on the morning of the 3d instant. He was interred at Buffalo, on Saturday, with all the honour due to his rank and distinguished bravery.

Our fleet on Lake Ontario, to the number of nine sail arrived off fort Niagara about eight or ten days since. The Sylph, said to be the swiftest sailer on the lake, gave chase to a British brig, which being unable to escape, was abandoned and blown up. From every appearance she was loaded with munitions of war, intended for the British forts. Commodore Chauncey commands the fleet, whose health is fast improving. Three of the enemy's small vessels lie in Niagara river, blockaded by our fleet.

We have the unpleasant task to inform the public of the loss of two United States schooners lying near Fort Erie, by capture. It appears that the enemy fitted out an expedition of nine boats, on the lake above Fort Erie, and made a simultaneous attack upon our three schooners; the Porcupine succeeded in beating them off; the Somers and Ohio were captured, and taken down the river, below the point, near Frenchman's creek. The Porcupine sailed on Sunday for Erie.

We learn that Captain Dobbs, of the British royal navy, commanded the party which captured the Somers and Ohio.

We have been correctly informed of particulars of the heroism of captain Ketchum of the 25th regiment, whose name has received the just applause of the public—though, it is regretted by his fellow-officers, that he has not been honoured with a brevet from the government. The gallant conduct of this young officer on the 5th of July, has been set forth by general Scott. The particulars which reflect on him honours equally high, are, that in the month of June previous he had marched his company from the rendezvous at Hartford—a full company of recruits, assembled by him under special authority from the commanding officer of the regiment, to form a flank company, particularly dressed and equipped, and drilled by him for light service—and all young men. The intrepid conduct of these men, so lately from the interior, in opposing three times their force, when operating by themselves on that day, completely proves that the good conduct of our soldiers, however inexperienced, will depend, as in the instance of the gallant leader of this detachment upon

the examples of ardor and firmness set them by their commanders.

In the action at the Falls of Niagara, Captain Ketchum is again distinguished, in being detached by Colonel Jessup to the rear of the enemy's line, supported by the Lieut. Colonel with the 5th regiment, formed at right angles, with the enemy's left flank, and keeping watch over the British regiment of dragoons, drawn up on a parallel line on his right. Thus did Ketchum under cover of the night, between two lines of the enemy, seize a party of British officers and men, among whom were Major General Riall, and an aid of Lieutenant General Drummond, (the Lieutenant General having narrowly escaped,) and bring them safely to his Colonel. Soon after Captain Ketchum had obtained from general Riall his name, and expressed to him his happiness at meeting with him—the General is said to have inquired, "where is the General?"

General Riall when at Buffalo, sent his sword with a polite note, to lieutenant Colonel Jessup—the lieutenant Colonel was there on account of his wounds.

The defeat at Fort Erie, disastrous as it

The Repulse at Conjocta was, was felt even more severely from the circumstance of a similar repulse, although not attended with such loss of life, at Conjocta Creek, near Black Rock. We admit readily that the intention of the British General to effect a diversion here and carry the batteries at Black Rock was defeated, but we cannot permit Major Morgan's statement as to numbers to pass unnoticed. The Major declares that the British numbered from twenty to fifteen hundred men, the actual number having been four hundred and sixty. It was quite unnecessary for Major Morgan to have increased the force opposed to him, in sum or ratio, as every one will readily admit the fact of his having, with little better than half the number defeated an attack which involved great results. Major Morgan's report* will be found below in our notes:—

*REPORT OF MAJOR MORGAN.

SIR, Fort, Erie, August 5th 1814.
Having been stationed with the 1st battalion of the 1st regiment of Riflemen at Black Rock;

American journals were loud in their condemnation of the severities and atrocities practised by the British in the Chesapeake, but are most careful never to allow that Americans could be guilty of similar "atrocities." We find, however, on the authority of Mr. James, that an occurrence took place on Lake Erie which we believe will parallel anything, however bad, that ever occurred along the shores of the Chesapeake. We give the affair in Mr. James's words:—

The Americans will not allow us to give an uninterrupted detail of open and honorable warfare. Among several petty outrages upon private property, one that occurred on Lake Erie is too heinous to pass unnoticed. On the 16th of August, a party of about 100 Americans and Indians landed at Port-

on the evening of the 2d instant, I observed the British army moving up the river on the opposite shore, and suspected they might make a feint on Fort Erie, with an intention of a real attack on the Buffalo side. I immediately moved and took a position on the upper side of Conjocta Creek, and that night threw up a battery of some logs, which I found on the ground, and had the bridge torn away.

About 2 o'clock the next morning, my picquets from below gave me information of the landing of nine boats full of troops, half-a-mile below. I immediately got my men (240 in number) to their quarters, and patiently waited their approach. At a quarter past four they advanced upon us, and commenced the attack; sending a party before to repair the bridge under the cover of their fire. When they had got at good rifle distance, I opened a heavy fire on them, which laid a number of them on the ground, and compelled them to retire. They then formed in the skirt of the wood, and kept up the fight at long shot, continually reinforcing from the Canada shore, until they had 23 boat loads, and then attempted to outflank us, by sending a large body up the creek to ford it, when I detached lieuts. Ryan, Smith and Armstrong, with about 60 men, to oppose their left wing, where they were again repulsed with considerable loss—after which they appeared disposed to give up their object, and retreated by throwing six boat loads of troops on Squaw Island, which enfladed the creek, and prevented me from harassing their rear. Their superior numbers enabled them to take their killed and wounded off the field which we plainly saw, and observed they suffered severely. We found some of their dead thrown into the river, and covered with logs and stones, and some on the field. We also collected a number of muskets and accoutrements, with clothing that appeared

Talbot on that lake; and robbed 50 heads of families of all their horses, and of every article of household furniture, and wearing apparel, belonging to them. The number of individuals who were thus thrown naked and destitute upon the world, amounted to 49 men, 37 women,—three of the latter, and two of the former, nearly 70 years of age,—and 148 children. A great many of the more respectable inhabitants were not only robbed, but carried off as prisoners: among them, a member of the house of assembly, Mr. Barnwell, though ill of fever and ague. An authenticated account of this most atrocious proceeding, delivered in by colonel Talbot, the owner of the settlement, stands upon the records of the "Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada;" yet not a whisper on the subject has escaped any one American Historian.

to have been torn to bind their wounds. We took six prisoners, who stated the British force opposed to us, to consist of from 12 to 1500 men, commanded by lieutenant colonel Tucker, of the 41st regiment. They also state that their object was to re-capture general Riall, with other British prisoners, and destroy the public stores deposited at Buffalo. The action continued about two hours and half. I am happy to state they were completely failed in their attempts. Our loss is trifling compared with theirs—we had two killed and eight wounded. I am sorry to inform you that captain Hamilton, lieutenants Wadsworth and M'Intosh are amongst the latter. Their gallantry in exposing themselves to encourage their men, I think entitles them to the notice of their country. My whole command behaved in a manner that merited my warmest approbation; and in justice to them, I cannot avoid mentioning the names of the officers which are as follows:—Captain Hamilton, lieutenants Wadsworth, Ryan, Calhoun, M'Intosh, Arnold, Shortride, M'Farland, Tipton, Armstrong, Smith, Cobbs, Davidson and Austin, with ensign Page.

If, sir, you believe we have done our duty, we shall feel highly gratified.

I am, sir, respectfully, our obedient servant
L. MORGAN.

Major 1st rifle Regiment

Major-General Brown.

RECAPITULATION OF OUR KILLED AND WOUNDED.

	Captain,	Subalterns,	Rank and file.
Wounded,	1	2	5
Killed,	0	0	2
	1	2	7
Aggregate.....			10

THOUGHTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

"The Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel, and there died of the people seventy thousand men."

What ought needed, besides the evidence supplied by the shortening days and the change in the colour of the livery of the woods, to remind us that, unlike the antediluvian patriarchs, ere long the present generation must pass away, that evidence has been most unmistakeably furnished by the late visitation with which it has pleased the Almighty to chasten our country.

When we remember, however, the chastisement of Israel, and, it is to be feared, the infinite excess of sin which now prevails, there is indeed cause for the most heartfelt thanksgivings that, although we have sown the wind, we have not reaped the whirlwind.

It is lamentable to note how mankind appears as wedded to the transitory things of life, as were those citizens of the Plain, which the bitter waters of the Dead Sea sweep, and how, despite the signs of the times, even as in the days before the flood, the generations of men heed not the warnings and chastisements sent forth in mercy by the Almighty.

We are told, in the touching and truthful language of Scripture, that we all do fade as a leaf! and this truth is forced on us by the characteristics of the season, especially towards the close of the month. There are, however, cheering thoughts which present themselves to the Christian amongst these characteristics, and even as the sowing of the winter wheat which usually occurs in this month, is suggestive of a resurrection after the death sleep of nature, so is the resurrection unto life eternal brought to each Christian's mind as he contemplates the first change in the woods.

Another reflection is presented to us by the fall of the leaf, which is, that, even as the trees are now gradually being prepared for the increasing autumnal gales, which would prostrate them to the earth were the woods to encounter their force in the full foliage of summer, so should mankind be prepared for the last change by the laying aside of those earthly aspirations by which he is fettered to earth.

All nature seems alive to the change that has already set in, and nowhere is it more visible than in the preparations made by the swallows for their departure. During the fine evenings of the latter end of the month, it is most interesting to watch the incessant whirlings of the

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large flocks in their endless gyrations, and to note how, guided by unerring instinct, they gradually disappear, winging their way to more temperate climes, and affording, by the date of their departure, the most unfailing warning of the progress of the season.

Sir Walter Scott has beautifully depicted the character of this season, as its most striking features appear to the eye of the poet, when drawing near its close:—

"Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville,
Beneath a shroud of russet dropped with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the red-breast
shrill;

And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's
western fell.

"Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it
o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blythe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hushed the clanging
wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of
scattered grain.

"Deem'st thou these saddened scenes have
pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms
to stray,
To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain
stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the min-
strel strain.

"No! do not scorn although its hoarser note
Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tints remote
That gleam through mist on Autumn's even-
ing sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest
bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest
found."

Notwithstanding the lessening day, the weather is still, for the most part, most beautiful. The autumnal rains have not yet set in: and through the richly-tinted woods, by the ripening nuts and still lingering blackberries, are many

gleeful parties tempted to stray in the excursions which almost seem to form a part of the season. Howitt evidently wrote from his heart when he said: "Who that has lived or sojourned any part of his youth in the country, has not some delicious remembrances connected with nutting? For me those dim and vast woods, those rustling boughs amongst which we plunged with rapturous impetuosity; those clusters which tempted us to climb, or to crash down the tree that bore them, like many other ambitious mortals destroying to possess, these were not enjoyed *one day*, they have filled us on a hundred different occasions with felicitous reflections."

These outpourings of Howitt's spirit are as refreshing to the spirit of the city man, whose early youth was passed in the country, as the refreshing autumnal gale is pleasant and invigorating to the cheek parched with the summer heats; and in imagination, while treading the hard pavement, his foot then presses the elastic turf of his boyish days, and he rejoices in the momentary forgetfulness of the every-day turmoil of city life, and the transient emerging to life and liberty.

Our Saxon ancestors, says Verstegun, called this month *Gerst-monath*, for that barley which that month commonly yielded was called gerst, the name of the barley being given unto it by reason of the drink therewith made, called *beers*, and from *beerlegh* it came to be *berligh*, and thence to barley. So, in like manner, *beerslym*, to wit, the overarching, or covering of beer, came to be called *beerham*, and afterwards *barne*.

COLONEL JAMES FITZ GIBBON.

After serving two years in the Knight of Glin's Yeomanry Corps, which he entered at the age of fifteen, young Fitz Gibbon joined a Fencible Regiment on the 25th of October, 1798. On the 9th of June following, he joined the 49th Regiment, then commanded by the late Sir Isaac Brock, and accompanied the Army under Sir Ralph Abercromby to the Helder, where they landed on the 27th of August. On the 2nd of October he was taken prisoner at Egmont op Zee, and carried into France. On the 24th of January following, he was landed in England, having, with the other prisoners taken in Holland, been exchanged. In March, 1801, the 49th Regiment, having been embarked

on board the Fleet, to do duty as marines, were present at the Naval Action before Copenhagen, on the 2nd of April. He served on board the *Monarch* during the action, and that ship having been greatly shattered by the great *Tre Kroner Battery*, had to be sent home, and the survivors of the *Grenadier Company*, to which he belonged, were sent on board the *Elephant*, then Lord Nelson's Flag Ship, in which he served until the return of the Fleet to England in August.

At the close of the war, the 49th Regiment was sent to Canada, and after landing at Quebec Colonel Brock recommended him for the Adjutancy, but as the resignation of the Adjutant could not then be accepted at the Horse Guards, there being no vacancy in the regiment for him as a Lieutenant, he was permitted to do the duty of a Subaltern, and young Fitz Gibbon was appointed to act as Adjutant, and acted as such until 1806. On the 18th of December following he succeeded to the Adjutancy, and on the 9th of June, 1809, he was promoted to a Lieutenancy. On the Declaration of War by the United States in 1812, he resigned the Adjutancy that he might be eligible to be employed on detached service, and was immediately placed in command of a company whose captain was absent. On the 12th of June in the following year, 1813, he applied for and obtained leave to select 50 men from the 49th Regiment, to be employed in advance of the Army on the Niagara Frontier. On the 24th of the same month his success in capturing a detachment of 500 men of the American Regular Army,* 50 of whom were cavalry, and two field pieces, obtained for him a Company, and on the 14th of October following he was gazetted Captain in a Provincial Corps, the *Glengarry Light Infantry Fencibles*. On the 24th of June, 1816, that Regiment was disbanded, and he was placed on half pay; and took up his residence at York, in Upper Canada, now Toronto, and thus made Upper Canada the land of his adoption.

* This dashing action took place in the woods, about where Thorold is now situated, and was called the battle of the "beech woods."

RASHNESS borrows the name of courage, but it is of another race, and nothing allied to that virtue; the one descends in a direct line from prudence, the other from folly and presumption.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN III.

A GOSSIPING QUILT, MADE UP OF SHREDS AND PATCHES. I RECEIVE SOME TIDINGS OF MY UNCLE CUTHBERT LYNCH, AND MY COUSIN PHELM.

Since my last communing with the readers of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, I have extended the hospitalities of my Cabin to various sorts and conditions of men. Unfortunately, however, my guests were of a consumedly commonplace order, and furnished scanty material for the replenishment of my log-book.

One of the exceptions above alluded to was an elderly Scottish gentleman, named Mungo McWhirter, or "the McWhirter," as he chose to be denominated, on the strength of his being the head of that ancient and illustrious clan.

Inheriting from his ancestors a competent estate he had been brought up to no profession, but had spent the spring, summer, and a large per-centage of the autumn of his existence *in otium cum dignitate*. Being somewhat of a humorist, and tinctured with a love of letters and the fine arts, Mr. Mungo had extensively cultivated the society of authors, artists, and *characters* in general, and consequently had garnered up a bountiful stock of anecdotes and *ana*, which he retailed with no niggard hand.

"The McWhirter" had come out to Canada in a fit of virtuous disgust, at the calamitous changes which railroads and steamboats had wrought in the land o' cakes. "Why, sir," said he, "if the fellow in the play were now to put the question,

'Stands Scotland where it did?'

the answer of every candid, honest man would, beyond all dubitation, be in the negative! Who could realize the fact, for instance, that Loch Lomond had been one of the aquatic fastnesses of Rob Roy, when its most secluded bays are rendered vocal by the vile snort of the iron horse, or the equally detestable hiss of the vapour-boat? Just fancy, if you can, the rage and disgust of the *Gregarach* at beholding such *mechanical* intruders upon his native domains! People speak of the decay of poetry at home, and wonder at the undeniable fact, but with no just cause. The utilitarian clash and clang of your labour-saving locomotives are amply sufficient to scare away the gentle muse from the land of Shakspeare and Scott! At the roar of King Hudson's metallic phalanx

The Kelpie must sit
From the dark bog pit,
And the Brownie dare not tarry!

So intolerable was the state of matters," continued the irate McWhirter, "that I could stand it no longer, and accordingly I determined to keep up my stock of romance by paying a visit to the *new world*. From my boyhood I had regarded the Falls of Niagara as one of the stock wonders of the world, and I opined that a sight of their unsophisticated grandeur would brush up the flame of my fast-expiring ideality!"

Urging the McWhirter to *mend his draught*, I expressed a hope that he had not been disappointed in his pilgrimage.

"Disappointed!" exclaimed the *pro tempore* tenant of my cabin; "Disappointed! 'Thou speakest it but half,' as Norna in the *Pirate* says! Why, sir, it was like pouring oil and gunpowder upon a conflagration with the view of extinguishing the same! If I was bad before, my visit to the Falls has made me a thousand times worse! Fully do I grant that there is an inkling of the sublime in that *river leap* (as Galt called it), but how effectually do the *trimmings* and accessories of the scene destroy the epic effect thereof! Surrounded as the Falls are by a mob of monster tipping-houses, and being bearded, so to speak, by a snug, prim, pragmatical Yankee steamer, which, sailing right up to their teeth, seems to say, "I guess and calculate that in this land of liberty and niggers I have as much right to be here as you!"—who, in such circumstances could look upon them with feelings of ordinary respect, to say nothing of admiration or awe? Most assuredly not the McWhirter for one! Accordingly here am I on my road home, a sadder and a wiser man than when I left the same! I return carrying with me this blighting truth that the picturesque and romantic have emigrated, once and for ever, to fairyland and Utopia! Being the last of my race, and consequently having no responsibilities to provide for, I seriously contemplate leaving the bulk of my means and estate to any religious corporation who will become bound to utter an annual commination against the originators of steam conveyances whether plying upon land, lake, or sea!"

How far my *hospes* was serious in this expressed determination, it is impossible for me to say. There was a costive inflexibility about the muscles of his countenance which prevented them from giving any contradiction to the words he might utter. If ever he indulged in laugh-

ter, the operation was performed internally. With him physiognomy was no tell tale!

In the course of our sederunt the conversation chanced to turn upon the Maine liquor law question, of which the McWhirter proved to be no special advocate. He was of opinion that the present generation, with all their multiform faults and shortcomings, were models and miracles of temperance when compared with their predecessors. In illustration of this averment my guest favored me with sundry cases in point, of which the following is a specimen. The clients of the *Anglo-American* will have the goodness to suppose that, instead of the Purser, they are addressed by Mungo McWhirter of that ilk.

WARMING A TOMB.

About ten years prior to the commencement of the present century, the drinking or convivial usages of Scotland had assumed a peculiarly aggravated and reckless character. Intoxication, so far at least as the upper classes were concerned, instead of being regarded as a vice, was looked upon as a mark of aristocratic virility and good fellowship. Almost any gentleman would as soon have been called a liar or a coward as a milk-sop, and he who, with the greatest impunity, could put the greatest number of bottles *under his belt* was regarded, *de facto*, as a "cock of the walk" and "Prince of good fellows." The dinner hour, at that time being early, it was no uncommon thing to witness well-dressed men staggering along the streets during broad daylight, in a state of intoxication. And the only remark elicited by such phenomena, was that Sir John this, or the laird of that had been at a party! As for the police or the ecclesiastical authorities taking cognizance of such escapades, the thing was too preposterous even to dream of! So long as the toppers gave a wide berth to murder or manslaughter, the propriety of their conduct was never called in question!

No where was Bacchus worshipped more religiously at the period of which I am speaking, than in Dunbartonshire, in the west of Scotland. Indeed, the convivial prowess of the landowners of that district of Scotland had long been a matter of proverbial notoriety, and people used to talk of Dunbartonshire lairds as types of everything that was commendable and chivalrous, so far as devotion to the wine-cup was concerned.

The McWhirter property is located (as Jona-

than would say) in the aforesaid county, and my father, as a matter of course, was a participator in many of the *high jinks* which then so rife prevailed. From his own mouth I derived the particulars which I am now about to communicate.

At the period of which I am speaking there dwelt in the neighbourhood of the ancient village of Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde, a laird or landowner named and designated George Mills of Caldercruicks. The aforesaid village, I may mention in passing, was famed as being the reputed birthplace of the Saint to whose tutelage Ireland is by popular voice consigned.

Mills took it into his head to erect in the churchyard of Kilpatrick a mausoleum or family tomb of ambitious dimensions, and indeed no mortuary hotel in the United Kingdom could stand any comparison with it, so far at least as extent was concerned. It more resembled a small villa than a refuge for the departed, and the fame thereof spread far and wide even before the completion of the same.

The Thane of Caldercruicks belonged to the thirsty brotherhood of whom mention has been made above, and the progress of the tomb formed frequent subject of conversation at the vinous re-unions at which he assisted. Thus it came to pass that when the structure was on the eve of being finished, a waggish member of the fraternity gravely proposed that Mills should give a tomb warming to his numerous friends and associates. The intellects of honest George were none of the brightest, owing to the *liquifactions* which they were constantly receiving, and accordingly the suggestion appeared to him perfectly orthodox and reasonable. Without delay he issued invitations to as many of his convivial confreres as the sepulchre would accommodate, and set about preparing for their entertainment in this novel hospitium.

At the time appointed, some half-dozen of the most devoted and enthusiastic *cup crushers* which the west of Scotland could boast of, made their appearance in the burial ground of Kilpatrick, and were received by the hospitable Caldercruicks at the door of his hospitable monster tomb.

This sombre Plutonic caravansery had been rendered as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Not being furnished with windows a lamp was suspended from the roof, which was intended to burn night and day during the continuance of the revel. Within a species of hall or porch

was hung the carcase of a choice ox, slain for the occasion, and in the same locality was erected a *pro tempore* cooking apparatus, the management of which was entrusted to the major domo and factotum of the host.

Instead of carpets the floor of the tomb was spread with mattresses, and the compartments in the walls designed for the reception of coffins were plentifully garnished with liquor-replenished vessels. A cask of claret did duty at a sideboard at one end of the chamber, and was kept in countenance at the other by a similar ark filled with venerable brandy. Of chairs the room did not boast, but substitutes were found for them in the shape of kegs of whisky, the virtue whereof had never been sullied by the profane touch of excisemen!

[At this point of his narration, the McWhirter took occasion to assure me that in nothing did he invent or exaggerate, in this strange relation. He told the tale as it had been communicated to him by his father, who formed one of the guests at the ghastly and most unique entertainment.]

The lamp being lighted, and the company having assumed their seats, or rather, I should say, their kegs, the door of the sepulchre was shut, and the proceedings commenced in right good earnest. In our *degenerate* days no one would credit the amount of stimulants which were consumed with comparative impunity by these devoted sons of the wine-crowned god. Where puny *glasses* would be employed now, *cups*, spacious enough to contain *pints*, were quaffed to the *health* of the Caldercruiick's tomb. Father Matthew, in his most imaginative moments never pictured such a purgatory of anti-testotalism!

For three long days and nights did these wild orgies continue without break or intermission. Sometimes, it is true, one of the party would drop from his seat upon the ready-spread couch, but a very brief interval of repose enabled such a one to resume his part in the *outré* festivities. If his slumbers were overly long protracted, in the opinion of his associates, a copious libation of cold water speedily recalled him from the land of Nod!

During this period the office of the major-domo was far from being of a sinecure nature. Hardly an hour elapsed in which he was not called upon to put his culinary faculties in requisition, and brief were the intervals during which the echoes of the mausoleum were not awakened by cries for steaks and devils!

The charnel-house feast took place in mid-winter, and passing strange was the effect of the uproarious chants which uprose from that tomb, chorussed as they were by the sleet-charged winds! Many a midnight wayfarer, travelling along the Glasgow and Dunbarton road, felt his hair stand erect, and the cold perspiration rain in torrents from his brow, as he listened to the unearthly and untimely cantations which came floating from that ancient and wierd churchyard! Not a few sceptics in the creed of popular superstition were converted from their infidelity by the sounds which issued from the Caldercruiick's tomb!

There was one incident connected with the prandialism of that extraordinary party, which deserves to be detailed.

The capacious appetites of some of the guests having craved for a mess of oatmeal porridge, the cook proceeded to concoct the same. To all appearance the hasty pudding was canonically prepared, but when placed upon the board not one of the revellers could swallow a mouthful of the same. There was something peculiar in the flavour of the gritty viands which they could not away with, and by common consent the manufacture was ordained to be cast out of the door, a sentence which was carried into immediate effect.

Some hours after this, the inmates of the tomb had their attention arrested by a most extraordinary combination of sounds, proceeding from the exterior of the building. On going out to investigate the nature of the concert, a strange sight was presented to the view of the expiscators. Several pigs, and geese without number were discovered, some lying and some staggering around the building, exhibiting all the phenomena of intoxication! The cries which they emitted were of the most unearthly description, and the most casual observer could not fail to notice that they were as drunk as their *betters*!

What could be the meaning of all this?

Some of the more chicken-hearted of the company (in which category my paternal parent fell to be ranked), concluded that Providence had, *pro re nata*, made the bestialities tipsy, in order to read the *rational* bipeds a practical lesson. This conjecture was probably suggested by the practice of the ancient Greeks, who occasionally *corned* their slaves, so that their insensate antics might impress the rising generation with a salutary disgust at intoxication.

On enquiry, a more material key was found

wherewith to unlock the apparent mystery. In manufacturing the porridge, the cook had moistened the meal with *whisky* instead of the beverage of our primary ancestors!

It is hardly necessary to add that when the mystery evaporated, so did the *moral*, and that the incongruous *vivas* proceeded as before from the message of death!

There was something dimly apposite in the conclusion of this grim saturnalian convocation.

One of the party, named Bankier of Glen Tumphy, was a peculiarly stolid looking personage. In obesity he might have measured swords with Shakspeare's "fat knight," and there was a dreamy stupidity about the general expression of his countenance, which closely verged upon the sublime! Whenever his intimates beheld the slightest inkling of intelligence in his countenance they at once concluded that something extraordinary was in the wind, and looked out for squalls accordingly!

During the sederunt in the tomb Bankier had hardly ever left his seat. He appeared to consider it a solemn religious obligation to put the greatest possible amount of liquor *under his belt*; and so absorbed was he in this duty that he seldom permitted himself to join in the secularity of conversation. Bacchus seemed constantly looming before his mind's eye, and he apparently looked upon every moment as lost, which was not devoted to the worship of the humid divinity! — At the flag end of the third day's sederunt in the mausoleum, my ancestor pulled his host emphatically by the sleeve, and directed his attention to the appearance which Bankier presented.

"Caldercrucks," said he, "do you not think that Glen Tumphy is looking confounded *gash*?" I may explain for your benefit, presuming that you have the misfortune not to be a Scotsman, that *gash* and *intelligent* are, as nearly as possible, synonymous terms.

For a season George Mills essayed to silence his interrogator, by winks, elbowings, punches in the side, and treadings upon the toes. At length when all these pantomimics failed to produce the desired effect, he exclaimed in a half whisper:—

"Mahoun thank him for looking *gash*! The idiot has been with his Maker for better than twa hours!"

Such was the literal fact! In the midst of "quip and crank," and joke and song, the hapless Laird of Glen Tumphy had been called to

his final account! The catastrophe had been patent only to the host, and he had not deemed the event sufficiently important to break up the conviviality of the synod by its promulgation!*

Just as the McWhirter had concluded his narration, a thin, pipe-clay complexioned youth from Dollardom, craved permission to join our sederunt. As I am not too proud to consort occasionally even with the natives of a republic which makes chattels of God's images, I admitted the postulant into the sanctuary of my cabin, and ere many seconds had elapsed he was engaged in the conflagration of a cigar.

Before long the stripling developed himself as a heart and soul devotee of the German School of Literature. He was a transcendentalist from sconce to claw, and spoke as if all genius, so far at least as modern times were concerned, had been confined to the land of sausages and saur-kraut!

For a season the McWhirter listened in silence to the flatulencies of this whipper-snapper, but his patience got exhausted in the long run. He protested that the German literati had not a single original idea in their heads which was worthy to be touched except with a pair of tongs! Being conscious of their lack of common sense, they disguised the swarms of crazy fancies which they were constantly evacuating, in unmeaning but high-sounding expressions! After the same fashion, continued McWhirter, do French cooks smother snails and such like abominations, in a plethora of sauces, in order to conceal their original shapes and qualities!

Very wroth, as might have been anticipated, was the sentimental Yankee at this tirade. He looked as if he could have masticated the McWhirter without salt, and once or twice hinted at the propriety of referring the matter in dispute to the arbitration of a bowie knife! On my suggesting, however, that a cat-o-nine-tails might perchance answer the purpose as well, he speedily abandoned the idea—or *idea* as my gentleman pronounced the word!

Amongst other things, the republican transcendentalist alluded to Burger's ballad of LEONORA as being unique both in conception and execution.

"Touching the execution," observed the McWhirter, "I shall say nothing at present,

* The above story is strictly true in all its essential features.—Ed. A. A. M.

but I point blank deny that there is any thing original in the conception thereof."

"Where can you show me anything like it of an earlier date?" intoned Jonathan through his nose.

"As it so chances," retorted McWhirter, "I have in my trunk the material for answering your question."

The gentleman having sought his berth, speedily returned with an antique-looking duodecimo volume of old ballads, printed in 1786, being the *third edition* of the work.

"Godfrey Augustus Burger (or Burgher) was born," said he, "in the year 1748, and consequently must have composed LEONORA long after the publication of the work which I hold in my hand. That work contains a metrical legend, which Burger beyond all question must have seen, as he was well versed in British ballad literature. With your permission, Mr. Purser, I shall read you the story, more especially as the volume has become of late years remarkably rare, and can only be met with in the possession of a book worm like myself:—

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE;

Or, a Relation of a Young Man, who a month after his death appeared to his Sweetheart, and carry'd her on horseback behind him for forty miles in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave.

A wonder stranger ne'er was known
Than what I now shall treat upon.
In Suffolk there did lately dwell,
A farmer rich, and known full well:

He had a daughter fair and bright,
On whom he placed his whole delight:
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,
Who was so charmed with her eye,
That he could never be at rest,
He was by love so much possess'd.

He made address to her, and she
Did grant him love immediately;
But when her father came to hear,
He parted her, and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto his brother's, with intent
That she should there so long remain,
'Till she had changed her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly griev'd
But knew not how to be reliev'd;
He sigh'd and sobbed continually,
That his true love he could not see:

She by no means could to him send,
Who was her heart's espoused friend;
He sigh'd, he griev'd, but all in vain,
For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that doctor's art
Could give no ease unto his heart,
Who was so strangely terrify'd,
That in a short time for love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away,
Knew nothing of his dying-day,
But constant still she did remain,
And lov'd the dead altho' in vain.

After he had in grave been laid
A month or more, unto this maid
He came in middle of the night,
Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse which well she knew,
Her mother's hood and safe-guard too,
He brought with him to testify,
Her parent's order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood,
He hoped it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any wind,
That within two hours, or little more,
He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ache;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his head about:

And unto him she thus did say,
Thou art as cold as any clay;
'When we come home a fire we'll have;
But little dream'd he went to grave.

Soon were they at her father's door
And after she never saw him more;
I'll set the horse up, then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knock'd, and strait a man he cry'd
Who's there? 'Tis I, she then reply'd;
Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,
And was possess'd with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then
He star'd like an affrighted man;
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cry'd out, my child, how cam'st thou here?

Pray, sir, did you not send for me,
By such a messenger, said she,
Which made his hair stare on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead:

Where is he? Then to her he said,
He's in the stable quoth the maid;
Go in, said he, and go to bed,
I'll see the horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he
No shape of any mankind see;
But found his horse all on a sweat,
Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,
Nor none else, tho' full well they knew,
That he was dead a month before,
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her father to the father went
Of the deccas'd, with full intent
To tell him what his daughter said;
So both came back unto the maid.

They asked her, and she still did say,
'Twas he that then brought her away;
Which when they heard, they were amaz'd
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A handkerchief she said she ty'd
About his head; and that they try'd,
The sexton they did speak unto,
That he the grave would then undo;

Affrighted, then they did behold
His body turning into mould,
And though he had a month been dead,
The handkerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold;
She was threat so terrified
And grieved that she quickly dyed.

Part not true love, you rich men then,
But if they be right honest men
Your daughters love, give them their way,
For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

When the McWhirter had concluded the recitation of this wild ditty, he insisted that it thoroughly extracted the essence of originality from the far-famed German ballad. "I grant," quoth he, "that the Suffolk maiden is the more homely creation of the two, and that she lacketh many embellishments which her rival exhibits. With all this, however, she is plainly entitled by the laws of primogeniture, to carry off the palm from Leonora!"

The transcendentalist was about to make a pugnacious rejoinder to this verdict, when my attention was excited by noticing amongst the passengers a person with whom I had been slightly acquainted in Glasgow. Being desirous to learn some tidings touching the Lynch's, I broke up the sederant in my cabin, and proceeded to interrogate the aforesaid viator from the city of Saint Mungo and Ballie Nicol Jarvie.

The tanning operation of sundry Canadian summers, coupled with my hearty adoption of the "beard movement," had completely changed the character of my outward man, and consequently the incognito which I wished to preserve, remained unbroken. My fellow countryman received my advances as those of an entire stranger, and thus I was enabled to pursue my inquiries without restraint or embarrassment.

As it so chanced Mr. John McIndoe (for that was the name of the gentleman) had been on visiting terms with Phelim Lynch, and so was

in a position to gratify, to some extent at least, my curiosity.

According to his account matters were not mended one jot, so far as concerned the unharmonious life which old Cuthbert and his son led. They still continued to occupy the same house, for no inducements could work upon the father to live separately from his son. It was evident to the most casual observer that affection was not the moving cause of this adhesiveness, because Philim treated his sire on almost every occasion with rudeness, if not positive harshness. The senior was not remiss in returning an "Oliver" for every cross-grained "Rowland" which he received, and thus it eventuated that the uncongenial pair had come to be known as cat and dog.

Mr. McIndoe stated that matters had reached such an unbearable climax, that the Lynches had determined to break up house-keeping, and travel for a season. "I saw Philim shortly before leaving," said my informant, "and he hinted at the possibility of their visiting North America, during the currency of the present year. As you appear to take some interest in this most outre couple," he added, "it is likely enough that you may chance to fall in with them before long."

FORTIFICATIONS AND SIEGE OPERATIONS.

A FEW NOTES, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE, FOR GENERAL READERS.

In devoting a few columns to the subject of fortification and siege operations, it is almost unnecessary to state that we shall not pretend, within such restricted limits, to go into technical details, in a manner to be practically available, but simply to give such a popular view of general principles, and such explanation of the nomenclature employed, as may assist the reader to understand the accounts of military operations which are likely to be produced in the course of the war.

Fortification is of two kinds—permanent fortification, being the permanent structures erected for the defence of towns, citadels, &c.; and field fortifications, being works temporarily erected for the defence of a position in the course of a war. We shall restrict ourselves, on the present occasion, to what concerns permanent fortification, and so much of field forti-

fication as is involved in siege operations undertaken against a permanently fortified place.

Ancient Fortification.—Before describing the system of fortification, and of siege operations in present use, it may be proper to glance briefly at the ancient system, that in vogue, with but slight modifications, from the earliest period of history down to the time of the invention of gunpowder. The defence of a town consisted, in those days, for the most part, of high walls surrounding it, with the addition of towers at the angles, for the purpose of commanding the lines of front on either side; and *machicoles*—a species of galleries running along the top, from which missiles could be hurled down upon the besiegers, should they approach near enough. A wide and deep moat, with a drawbridge over it, and a *barbican*, or fortified gateway, at the exterior end of the latter, completed the permanent main works.

The mode of attack was either by scaling the walls, or undermining them, or battering them down, wholly or in part. The first operation was attained by means of mounds of earth, called *aggeres*, erected near the walls, and piled up high enough to allow of a bridge being thrown across from them; or of raised stages, or galleries, moving upon wheels, called *vinea*, upon which scaling parties were brought to the very crest of the fortification. Innumerable examples of such works are found in the records of ancient history; and the recent discoveries in Nineveh bring to light illustrations of them which are highly curious.

On the other hand, the defensive operations of the besieged consisted chiefly of hurling missiles from the walls at the besiegers, and of frequent sallies, for the purpose of still further disturbing them, and also of destroying their offensive mounds and moving galleries—against the last of which fire was frequently employed.

To conclude this brief sketch of an order of things long superseded, but of which the pages of Homer, Josephus, Tacitus, and the Holy Scriptures themselves, contain so many illustrations, it may be observed, as a principle, that the art of defence in ancient fortification had the advantage over that of the attack; the latter requiring great numerical superiority, and unwearied labour and patience on the part of the besiegers in effecting their approaches, as well as immense physical energy and dauntless courage in the final assault, when the besieged still fought upon equal terms with them.

The *discovery of gunpowder*, though it at once effected considerable changes in military operations generally, did not so soon lead to any material alteration in the principles of fortification. The matchlocks and small field-pieces of early construction presented no new terrors against stone walls which had long stood the test of ballista and catapults; and, for some ages, those arms were only used in conjunction with the latter. The most remarkable instance of this admixture of systems was the memorable siege of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, so splendidly described by Gibbon (“Decline and Fall,” chapter 68). Fourteen batteries of guns, among which were three pieces capable of throwing stones weighing from 600lb to 1200 lbs, were pointed against the double walls and towers of ancient Byzantium; but employed in addition were engines for throwing darts, and rams for battering walls; and the broad ditch being at length filled up, a moveable turret was advanced on rollers up to the walls, where, however, it was destroyed by the fires of the besieged. The guns of the Greeks are said to have been of small calibre, the ramparts not being broad nor solid enough to permit the use of heavy artillery upon them.

In course of time, as the calibre of artillery became greatly increased, and iron balls were substituted for blocks of stone, it became apparent that the system of defence must be altered to meet these more formidable weapons of assault. As a principle, it was soon discovered that, beyond a certain point, fortifications derived no additional strength or security from the height of the walls, which battering cannon could effectually breach; but rather in extending the defences laterally—that is, in width—by extended ditches and outworks, so as to keep the besiegers at a greater distance; the ramparts being reduced to a lower level, so as to be as far as possible concealed and protected by the extended outworks.

Nevertheless, the changes to suggested were not suddenly effected; the first attempts to meet the new difficulty, as evidenced in the works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were rather to add to and remodel portions of existing fortifications, in which the lofty walls and angle-towers, and the ancient drawbridge, with its barbican appendage, were still retained. At the siege of Metz, for instance, A.D. 1552, the Duc de Guise, who commanded, raised mounds of earth outside the single turreted wall of the

town, with parapets formed of large gabions, upon which to plant cannon; and within the walls, which were breached by the enemy in certain places, he erected retrenchments of earth, strong enough to resist cannon-shot.

The Bastion System.—At length a new and important change took place in the very principles of fortification, by the introduction of the bastion and its ravelin. And here it must be explained that the portion of straight wall between two towers or fortified angles, is generically styled a curtain; and it soon became apparent that the ancient towers were no longer able to protect those portions from the artillery of the besiegers. The plan then adopted, was to substitute for the towers large earthworks, called bastions, having two faces and two flanks each; and to construct between each pair of bastions, and in front of the curtain, another projecting earth-work, called a ravelin, in level somewhat lower than the bastions, the guns of which should cover the approach to the bastions themselves, whilst they directly defended the approach to the curtain.

We owe the first attempts at the bastion system to Italian engineers, and their example was afterwards followed in the Netherlands, France, and in the continent generally. Amongst the earliest who treated on the subject, and with success, were Castriotto, Marchi, Errard de Bar, Le Duc, de Ville, and Count de Pagan; but it was Marshal de Vauban (a distinguished General under Louis XIII. and XIV.) who first reduced it to anything like order, and laid down mathematical rules for the direction and proportion of all the lines under all circumstances. The plan he proceeded upon was to inclose the place to be fortified within straight lines, forming a polygon, and to treat each line of the polygon as a base of fortification; to be flanked by bastions, the curtain lying between. The length of the side of the polygon under his rules varied from 360 to 500 yards; in order that the whole might be commanded by the artillery in the bastions. De Vauban built no less than thirty-three new fortifications, besides improving no less than 300; and, in the course of so doing, invented three systems, or rather added to his first system, at two successive periods, additional works, with a view to prolong the defence after a first breach should have been made.

Vauban's First System.—We now direct the reader's attention to Vauban's first system,

which comprises all the main works common to every front of fortification. We should here explain, that a front of fortification comprehends all works raised upon one of the lines of the polygon surrounding the town, as a base; and in this case consists of two half-bastions and a ravelin, or demi-lune.

There are the curtain; the two half-bastions, their flanks adjoining and projecting from the curtain, and their faces looking out towards the exterior; the main ditch runs along bastions and curtains in a continuous line; the ravelin, or demi-lune, having only two faces (and no flanks), being situate on the exterior side of the main ditch, but having a ditch of its own, which communicates with the main ditch. Beyond the main ditch and the ravelin ditch is the covered way, being a raised ground intended for the movements of the soldiers in the work of defence, and protected by the crest of the glacis, which is the outer ground of all, sloping down gradually to the open country. Large spaces in the covered way are called places of arms, for the assembling of the troops; that at the apex is termed the *salient* place of arms, from its position at the apex; the other two *re-entering* places of arms, from being placed in the re-entering angle of the counterscarp; the caponniere, a small work, consisting of a double parapet, communicating between the gorge or rear of the ravelin; and the tenaille, a low work in the ditch in front of the curtain and between the flanks of the bastions, serving for the protection of the troops in moving from one place to another after a breach has been effected in the shoulders of a bastion. The tenaille is only used as the mode of communication with the ravelin when the ditch is a dry one; when it is a wet one, bridges have to be used instead. All within the main ditch is termed the body of the place, or *enceinte*; the works without the main ditch—the ravelin, covered way, caponniere, tenaille, &c.—are termed outworks. The great principle involved in this system is that all the works mutually protect one another; the fire from the faces of the ravelin scour the country in front of the faces of the bastions, whilst the fire of the faces of the bastions commands the ditch of the ravelin and the glacis; and that of the flanks thereof commands the main ditch, scouring the approaches to the curtain.

It may be here explained, that all angles projecting outwards from the body of the place are called *salient* angles; and all angles projecting

inwards, towards the body of the place, are called re-entering angles. Thus the two faces of the ravelin form a salient angle; the same with the two faces of the bastion; the same with one of the faces and the adjoining flank of the bastion; but the flank of the bastion, with the curtain, forms a re-entering angle. The whole extent of the rampart comprehending the right face and right flank of one bastion, and the left flank and left face of the opposite bastion, and the curtain between them, is termed a front of fortification, or line of defence.

Works intended for mutual defence should never exceed an angle of 120° , nor be less than one of 60° . The medium of 90° , which forms a right angle, is generally considered the best for the above purpose. Where batteries stand at such an opening that their direct fire, or that which is vertical to their face, is parallel with the front of the part they flank, it is called *razante*, or grazing fire; but when the angle is less than 90° , so that the direct fire would strike upon the face of the work to be defended, it is termed *fichante*. When two lines form a very acute angle with each other, they no longer are defences; for, in case the enemy should take either of them, he would be able to work its battery against the other.

Vauban's Second and Third Systems.—When Vauban introduced the simple system of works for mutual defence, above briefly described, the art of attack was very little improved upon the old method. The artillery was still brought to bear, as heretofore, directly upon the faces of the bastions and ravelins, and pursued the work of attack laboriously and slowly, exposed all the while to the fire of the besieged, from positions much superior to those temporarily thrown up by themselves. In short, the defence still maintained the superiority against the attack. It was Vauban himself, who, after methodizing his first bastion system, devised a system of attack which completely set at defiance all the precautions upon which it was based, and gave the attack a decided superiority. At the siege of Phillipbourg, A.D. 1688, this great commander (acting, it is surmised, upon a hint derived from observation of the operations of the Turks at the siege of Candia some years previously), determined to alter the position of his batteries, placing them at right angles to and opposite the prolongations of the faces of the works; and then so regulating the charge and elevation of his guns, that the shot, instead of striking

the battery point blank, should sweep the whole length of the covered way, and within the palisade; and by frequent bounds, dismount the guns, and place the defences *hors de combat*. This mode of firing is called the *ricochet*, and is a species of enfilade firing; the only difference being, that in it the charge of powder is considerably less—a half, or even a quarter charge—and the gun a little elevated. So successful was this mode of firing found to be, that a few years afterwards (1697) Vauban, by means of it, took the fortress of Ath—which he had himself constructed, and which he considered his masterpiece—after thirteen days of open trenches, with a loss of only 50 killed and 150 wounded.

It was to counteract this terrible mode of attack that Vauban introduced *traverses*, or projecting parapets, across the covered way, which had some effect, but not sufficient by any means, to balance the powers of attack and defence; and the great engineer saw the necessity of resorting to further complications for protecting a portion, at least, of the garrison from the terrible ricochet fire; and additional works for defending the enceinte after a breach had been formed in the face or shoulder of a bastion. In his second system, which he employed at Landau and Befort (1684 and 1688), he separated the bastions from the body of the place by a ditch, about forty feet wide, in order to enable the latter to make a second defence; and fortified the angles of the bastions by small pentagonal towers of masonry, called tower-bastions, under which were casements for two guns, &c. In his third system, employed at Neu Brissack (1698), he increased the size of the ravelin, and added to it a redoubt; and also increased the size of the tower bastions, and altered their arrangement, and that of the casements.

Cochorn and Cormontaigne.—Cochorn, who was contemporary with Vauban, introduced some additional variations upon his system, which, however, it is not very important here to particularize, as the best of them are comprised in the modern system, shortly to be noticed. We pass on to Cormontaigne, who, about thirty years after Vauban's death, was the author of some very important changes, the usefulness of which is generally acknowledged. In the first place, he lengthened the faces and shortened the flanks of the bastion, which gave greater space for interior defence within the work itself, and also brought the flank closer

to the object which it had to defend. In the second place, he reduced the width and extended the projection of the ravelin, making it more salient, so that it should cover the central part of the enceinte, and give better defence to the bastions, inasmuch as it thereby became impossible for an enemy to cover the glacis of a bastion till he had got possession of the two collateral ravines, on account of the reverse fire, which, from these, might be made upon him in his approaches. Thirdly (not to go into minor particulars), he increased the size of the redoubt of the ravelin, to which he added casemated flanks, from which the besieged might be enabled to have a reversed fire upon the besiegers, when the latter, after making a breach in the bastion, should be about commencing the assault.

The Modern System.—Not to particularise each succeeding improver or improvement, we now proceed to give a general sketch of a portion of a fortification, upon what is called the modern system; that is, the method of Cormontaigne—itself an improvement upon the systems of Vauban, with such additions as modern engineers have thought it proper to introduce, and which are usually adopted. Some additions to those systems, which are only occasionally adopted, we shall in this description, disregard. The portion here represented comprises two bastions, a ravelin, and two half-ravelins, illustrating the command of the latter over the bastions just spoken of.

Objections to the Bastion System.—The Bastion system has been much opposed from an early period, and its merits are still in dispute—as indeed, is the very principle of continuous lines of fortification—a point which we shall refer to presently. To complete our historical sketch, however, it is proper here to mention the name of Montalembert, a French General, who, in 1776, published a work, in eleven quarto volumes, promulgating an entirely new system of defence, the main principle of which was, that of abandoning the Bastion system, and in its place substituting one of alternate salient and re-entering angles; the enceintes within the main ditch being multiplied, and casemated for the better protection of the troops, material, and stores. At the period of the French revolution, Carnot, a great admirer of Montalembert, proposed to improve upon his system, and still further to increase the advantages of the defenders, by affording the means

of making powerful sorties, and discharging volleys of stones, balls, shells, &c., from mortars fixed from elevated casemated ramparts.

We have hitherto chiefly confined ourselves to a description of the works immediately enveloping the spots fortified; we now proceed to say a few words about the means by which the strength of such fortifications may be increased; or those descriptions of works which are used, when occasion suits, but which do not all necessarily enter into every scheme of construction. In so doing, we shall give the definition of one or two technical terms, which have entered, without explanation, into the foregoing account.

The Additional Works for strengthening a Fortress may be either interior or exterior.

Interior retrenchments consist of small fronts of fortification within the enceinte; for the prolonging of the defence, after the out-works have been carried, and also for the retreat of the garrison as they are driven in step by step. The *redoubt* has already been mentioned in connection with the ravelin, and the places of arms in the covered-way. The *cavalier* is an elevated work in the enceinte of a fortress, commonly within a bastion, to give a command over the enemy. A *barbette* is a raised platform near a parapet, to enable the guns to fire over its crest instead of through the embrasures; guns so placed are said to be *en barbette*. *Casemates* are vaults of brick or stone to cover artillery, or to lodge troops, generally formed in the mass of the rampart, and always bombproof; towers, bastions, &c., are said to be casemated when they are so covered in, and the guns thereby protected, instead of being exposed in open rampart. *Counter-guards* are works solely destined to cover others of a more important character, in such a manner that, without obstructing their fire, they shall preserve them from being breached until after the counter-guards themselves have fallen. Interior retrenchments are better adapted to spacious than small works; as, where the area of the enceinte is already restricted, the addition of them would tend further to impede the free circulation of the troops.

Exterior works are more appropriate to small fortifications generally, and are of use in all cases where it becomes necessary to occupy some space contiguous to or at a short distance from the main fortification, and whether it be on the same or another level. Of exterior

works *advanced works* are such as are constructed beyond the covered-way and glacis, but within the range of musketry of the main works, and *detached works*, those which are situate beyond the range of musketry, and are, consequently, left chiefly to their own resources. A *horn-work* consists of two half bastions and a curtain. A *crown-work* is composed of a bastion and two half bastions, and presents two fronts of fortification. *Double crown works* consist of two bastions and two half bastions: when these works are connected with the main works by their extreme fronts, the name *couronne* is given to them. An *advanced covered way*—that is, a covered way beyond the glacis—is of use in many cases: a common application of it is in the case of a rivulet passing along the foot of the glacis, when, a covered-way being formed on the other side of the stream, favours the garrison in making sorties, and watching the enemy's movements. *Lunettes* are a species of ravelin or bastion, which are found attached to the faces of Ravelins, upon the salients of the covert-way, and in other like positions, commanding and protecting the same.

Defensive Mines are an important contrivance for counteracting the operations of the besiegers. They are passages, called *galleries*, constructed under the wall of a rampart, or extended sometimes beyond the out-works, for the purpose either of blowing up the works and ground above, or of listening to the operations of the enemy. Should the enemy be employed in mining towards the fortress as a means of attack, the besieged, being already possessed of a good system of mines, have generally the advantage of him in this particular.

Siege Operations.—The taking of a fortified place may be attempted either—1st, by surprise, or *coup-de-main*; 2nd, by sudden assault; 3rd, by blockade out of reach of gun-shot; or, 4th, by regular siege. We shall confine our remarks to the last-named process, of which the following admirable general description is extracted, in an abridged form, from the Preliminary Observations on the Attack of Fortresses in the first volume of Sir John Jones's "Journals of Sieges:"

The first operation of a besieger is to establish a force equal to cope with the garrison of the town about to be attacked, at the distance of six or seven hundred yards from its ramparts.

This is effected by approaching the place

secretly in the night with a body of men, part carrying entrenching tools, and the remainder armed. The former dig a trench in the ground parallel to the fortifications to be attacked, and with the earth that comes out of the trench raise a bank on the side next the enemy, whilst those with arms remain formed in a recumbent posture, in readiness to protect those at work, should the garrison sally out. During the night, this trench and bank are made of sufficient depth and extent to cover from the missiles of the place the number of men requisite to cope with the garrison, and the besiegers remain in the trench throughout the following day, in despite of the fire or the sorties of the besieged. This trench is afterwards progressively widened and deepened, and the bank of earth raised till it forms a covered road, called a parallel, embracing all the fortifications to be attacked; and along this road, guns, waggons, and men, securely and conveniently move, equally sheltered from the view and the missiles of the garrison. Batteries of guns and mortars are then constructed on the side of the road next the garrison, to oppose the guns of the town, and in a short time, by superiority of fire, principally arising from the situation, silence all those which bear on the works of the attack. After this ascendancy is attained, the same species of covered road is, by certain rules of art, carried forward, till it circumvents or passes over all the exterior defences of the place, and touches the main rampart wall at a spot where it has been previously beaten down by the fire of batteries erected expressly for that purpose in the more advanced parts of the road.

The formation of the covered road is attended with different degrees of difficulty in proportion as it advances. At its commencement, being at the distance of 600 yards from the fortifications, and not straitened for space, the work can readily be performed by the ordinary soldiers of the army. The second period is when the road arrives within a fair range of musketry, or 300 yards from the place; then it requires particular precautions, which, however, are not so difficult but that the work may be executed by soldiers who have had a little previous training. The third period is when it approaches close to the place—when every bullet takes effect—when to be seen is to be killed—when mine after mine blows up the head of the road, and with it every man and officer on the spot—

when the space becomes so restricted that little or no front of defence can be obtained, and the enemy's grenadiers sally forth every moment to attack the workmen, and deal out destruction to all less courageous or weaker than themselves.

Then the work becomes truly hazardous, and can only be performed by selected brave men, who have acquired a difficult and most dangerous art, called sapping, from which they themselves are styled sappers.

An indispensable auxiliary to the sapper is the miner; the exercise of whose art requires even a greater degree of skill, courage, and conduct than that of his principal. The duty of a miner at a siege is to accompany the sapper to listen for and discover the enemy's miner at work under ground, and prevent his blowing up the head of the road, either by sinking down and meeting him, when a subterranean conflict ensues, or by running a gallery close to that of his opponent, and forcing him to quit his work by means of suffocating compositions, and a thousand arts of chicanery, the knowledge of which he has acquired from experience. Sappers would be unable of themselves, without the aid of skilful miners, to execute that part of the covered road forming the descent into the ditch; and in various other portions of the road, the assistance of the miner is indispensable to the sapper; indeed, without their joint labours and steady co-operation, no besiegers' approaches ever reached the walls of a fortress.

A siege scientifically prosecuted, though it calls for the greatest personal bravery, the greatest exertion, and extraordinary labour in all employed, is beautifully certain in its progress and result. More or less skill or exertion in the contending parties will prolong or shorten in some degree its duration; but the sapper and the miner, skilfully directed and adequately supported, will surely surmount every obstacle.

ANECDOTES AND LEGENDS OF TRANSCAUCASIA.

A very interesting book has just been published under the title of "Transcaucasia," by Baron Von Hasthausen, and published by Chapman and Hall. The book gives an account of the people who inhabit the provinces possessed by Russia south of the Caucasus. This part of the world has recently excited considerable interest on account of the war; and any information which has reference to the country, or the

people who inhabit it, is greedily read. And among the great variety of volumes which has teemed from the press, in relation to the war or the countries particularly interested therein, the above may be considered as one of the most entertaining. Transcaucasia abounds with anecdotes and legends, a few of which we have pleasure in transferring to our pages. The author, in speaking of the town of Samlokhe, gives the following anecdote of

A GEORGIAN MERCHANT.

"In the town of Samlokhe was a merchant, who traded with the Turkish town of Shaki.—It happened that he fell out with a merchant of that place, who, with his people, waylaid him on his return home, threw him down, and robbed him, in spite of the Christian threatening him with the vengeance of his lord the Atabegh. 'If your mighty lord is not a coward,' was the reply, 'let him come, and, if he can, nail me by the ear to a shop in the bazaar!' The Georgian merchant laid his complaint before the Atabegh, but the latter stroked his moustaches, suppressed for the moment his rising rage, stopped the complainant short, and dismissed him. The same night, however, he mustered five hundred of his boldest horsemen, dashed across the Koor at Gandja, and fell upon Shaki so suddenly as to render resistance impossible. He injured no one, but merely ordered that merchant to be seized, and to be nailed by his ear to his own shop in the bazaar. He then departed peaceably, amidst the exclamations of his followers, 'Let not the people of Shaki ever forget the justice of the Atabegh Konarkuare!'"

MARRYING IN ARMENIA.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the Baron's travels consists in his visit to Armenia, where he attentively observed the manners of the people. The following passage is interesting:—

"The young unmarried people, of both sexes, enjoy perfect liberty, within the recognised limits of manners and propriety. Custom is here precisely the reverse of what prevails in the surrounding countries: whilst in the latter the purchase of a wife is the only usual form of contracting a marriage, until which time the girl remains in perfect seclusion,—among the Armenians, on the contrary, the young people of both sexes enjoy free social intercourse. The girls go where they like, unveiled and bareheaded; the young men carry on their love-suits freely and openly, and marriages of

affection are of common occurrence. But with marriage the scene changes: the word which the young woman pronounces at the altar, in accepting her husband, is the *last* that is for a long time heard from her lips. From that moment she never appears, even in her own house, unveiled. She is never seen abroad in the public streets, except when she goes to church, which is only twice in the year, and then closely veiled. If a stranger enters the house or garden, she instantly conceals herself. With no person, not even her father or brother, is she allowed to exchange a single word; and she speaks to her husband only when they are alone. With the rest of the household she can only communicate by gestures, and by talking on her fingers. This silent reserve, which custom imperatively prescribes, the young wife maintains, until she has borne her first child, from which period she becomes gradually emancipated from her constraint: she speaks to her new-born infant; then her mother-in-law is the first person she may address; after a while she is allowed to converse with her own mother, then with her sisters-in-law, and afterwards her own sisters. Now she begins to talk with the young girls in the house, but always in a gentle whisper, that none of the male part of the family may hear what is said. The wife, however, is not fully emancipated, her education is not completed, until after the lapse of six years! and even then she can never speak with any strangers of the other sex, nor appear before them unveiled. If we examine closely into these social customs, in connection with the other phases of national life in Armenia, we cannot but recognize in them a great knowledge of human nature and of the heart."

THE SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth, where cares
 abound;
 Or while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, and music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted
 strain
 (Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain!
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing,
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

PAUL PRY ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

No. I.

Pakenham is a village, having about four hundred inhabitants, and is about 50 miles west of Bytown, Canada West. It is situated on the clear little Mississippi of Canada—not the muddy, feverish "Father of Waters." The Canada Mississippi is superior to the large one in every thing except size. It flows through a free country. No slave, slave owner, or slave hunter, pollutes its limpid waters. The great one is monotonous. On the little one are many scenes, picturesque and varied, though wanting in extent. It rises about fifty miles north-west of Kingston, C. W., and after a serpentine course of about one hundred and fifty miles, falls into the Ottawa at Fitzroy harbour, where are those far-famed Cascades—the Chats.

Up to October, 1852, this village had been the terminus of Paul Pry's explorations in that direction. The proud waves of his ambition were here stayed by the wild aspect of things beyond: until that memorable period, frightful accounts of rocks, mud, and corduroy, had hitherto deterred him from penetrating beyond what he then considered as the *ultima thule* of civilization in that direction; a few weeks subsequently he considered it almost in the world. At length the enterprising spirit of Paul Pry surmounted all difficulties, and with a sort of non-descript vehicle called a sack-board, and a horse, destitute both of inclination and ability to run away, he started, on the 22d day of October 1853, on his perilous expedition to unknown regions. For two or three miles on the road from Pakenham to Renfrew all was plain sailing: then came the tug of war; for about six miles the road was a constant scylla and charybdis of corduroy, ditches, bogs, stumps and rocks. On trying to avoid a ditch, the wheel would come against a stump; in avoiding which the other wheel would go over a rock, tilting the vehicle at an angle of forty-five degrees or more. It survived this, the road became passable, and the next day Paul Pry passed the Madawaska river—a large tributary of the Ottawa—at Burnstown, a place of about a dozen houses, where the river runs between very high steep hills, forming a romantic gorge: this place is about 18 miles from Pakenham: a portion of the road is well settled.

Eight miles farther he came to the lively village of Renfrew, near the falls of the Bonnechere; a magnificent scene, worth a long travel to see. It would probably be soon shorn of its grandeur, but that the absentee company owning the land and water power, would not sell at the prices offered in small quantities: this much retarded the advancement of the village: nevertheless, it increases fast. Seven years ago it had no existence: now, it probably has a population of four or five hundred. Places in this region with that population do at least as much business as most places farther west, and in older localities, with at least three or four times the population: the business, however, is mainly done in the winter. The banks of the Bonnechere higher up—also some other parts, where the land is not surveyed, are said to be extensively settled by squatters, who live, by raising produce for the lumberers at good, sometimes at exorbitant prices. Many of their farms are inaccessible to wheel carriages. Many of these men are said to be extraordinary characters, ingenious, energetic, active and enterprising; nothing comes amiss to them, whether in the way of mending, tooth drawing, marrying, horse-shoeing, surgery, or physic. Their amusements, however, are said to be mainly sensual; drunkenness common. In one settlement, called the *Garden of Eden*, they are said to be always at *log-gerheads*, which, in a wooden country, is not surprising; they don't raise much fruit in *this* Garden of Eden, unless, perhaps, in a figurative sense, forbidden fruit. The people there are said to be most of the time over head and ears in lawsuits. The people of the Lake Doree settlement, surveyed in summer of 1852, are mostly Protestant Irish; those of the Donegal settlement adjoining, Catholic Irish: the degree of cordiality subsisting between their respective inhabitants can be better imagined than described. Meanwhile, in both a liberal and figurative sense, the axe is being laid to the root of the tree; the leaven is at work. Renfrew was formerly a drunken place, the neighbourhood would appear to be so still. It was said that a School meeting in the fall had to be broken up on account of the "crathur." About the fall of 1851, a division of the "Sons" was organised there; when Paul Pry visited it, it numbered 104 staunch members, and was still increasing. A Mechanics' Institute and Library are connected with it; the right way to give

permanence to the movement. A Temperance house is also started, and likely to receive a liberal support. There are several settled in the vicinity and village, that would do credit as respects both natural intellect and culture. Paul Pry says, Rev. Mr. Frazer, Free Church minister, preaches sermons as practical, solid, and instructive as any yet heard by him. This gentleman is also an active promoter of practical reform in various ways. A few such as him in every village would soon remove all the grosser forms of vice, and change the spirit of society from almost universal selfishness and suspicion, to one of universal love and confidence; his character and talents fit him for a much wider sphere of action.

Yellow plums grow wild in the vicinity, and are much esteemed for preserves; no fruit is cultivated: apples do not thrive, and are seldom seen. Bush fruit might, perhaps, do well, but nobody seems to have tried it.

Having sojourned over Sunday in Renfrew, invigorated both in body and in spirit, Paul Pry left Renfrew at 5 P.M., on October 25, bound for O'Neill's hotel, near Bonnechere Point, Ottawa river; distance, 8 miles: the last three miles similar to that already described between Pakenham and Burnstown. In this part of it, the vehicle broke down, unable to answer the demands made upon it by repeated hard knocks. The unfortunate Paul Pry having first taken the precaution to wet his feet thoroughly, mounted his quadruped, having left the vehicle in the road, and made tracks for O'Neill's. The night being quite frosty, he was in no pleasant trim on arrival, being about half frozen, and half drowned with mud and water. Having taken a night's rest upon the strength of it, the next consideration was to get the vehicle repaired. This was easier said than done, as wagon makers in that section don't grow quite as plenty as blackberries; but this deficiency was partly compensated by the universal genius for common arts, which characterize the lumberman and the pioneer of the wilderness. In about a day and a half the vehicle was taken to pieces, brought to Mr. O'Neill's, and repaired by that gentleman so as to last to the next village.

After being landed from the steamer at Bonnechere Point, all merchandize for Renfrew village, (and that is no trifle) has to be hauled through this wretched ditch. Some for the upper part of the Bonnechere river also passes

this way, but on account of the badness of the road, and the expense of freight on the Ottawa river, above Bytown, an establishment in Bromley, 20 miles from Bonnechere Point, find it cheaper to team their goods 70 miles by land, from a place near the Rideau canal, than to bring it by the Ottawa river, over a short distance, on such miserable roads. An old resident informs me that he saw a freight bill of goods from Glasgow to Bonnechere Point, and that the charge from Bytown to the Point was as much as from Glasgow to Bytown. Seven miles of canaling would open a direct navigation without transhipment from Montreal to Portage du Fort, a distance of about 190 miles, that now requires breaking bulk four times. Some say that the reason this road is not made better, is because those who make a business of teaming on it, want to keep it all to themselves. Such policy is questionable; excessive selfishness usually defeats its own object: be that as it may, the road is (or was) a disgrace to the country.

Clarendon—a township in Canada East, opposite Bonnechere point—is mostly settled by Irish Protestants.

The following is from Paul Pry's diary:—
 "October 27, started for Portage du Fort, distant seven miles, with a light load; arrived in four hours, having *carried* the load up one hill, and made part of the road in another place, I have however, the somewhat equivocal satisfaction of knowing, that the road will be better next season; when I hope to be a thousand miles away. On this road are some beautiful glimpses of Ottawa scenery. A road that is excellent for this region—middling for any part of Canada—leads from the ferry to the village of Cobden, on Musk-rat lake, fourteen miles distant. This road was made by Mr. Gould, an enterprising merchant and forwarder, to start a line of communication farther up the Ottawa. Portage du Fort is a busy village, containing about 400 inhabitants, situated on the side of the Ottawa, one mile above the ferry. Here the navigation of the river is again obstructed by rapids. There are several beautiful snatches of river scenery in this vicinity. Stage wagons leave the ferry on Gould's road for Cobden, whence a steamboat leaves for a landing place two miles from Pembroke. I had previously heard of the astonishing performances of this craft, but was scarcely prepared for the reality. A Montreal gentleman informed me that it went

three miles per hour with a fair wind, but it didn't go at such a rapid rate, when I was so unfortunate as to be a passenger. An accident having happened to the lower boat, I was detained one day. The village of Cobden has in it two hotels, a store, workshops, and about half a dozen dwellings; but, more business is done in such places here than in some dull villages above, with ten times the population. In small matters there is little or no credit; and no barter or higgling. One of the hotels was kept by a Nova Scotia man, from whom I derived some information respecting that Province.

Oct. 29, 1852.—Started at 6 o'clock. In the boat was sufficient room for half-a-dozen passengers, and bad accommodation at that; no berths or anything conducive to comfort; it was pouring with rain, and it was almost impossible to stand out of it (sitting being out of the question), without being smothered in tobacco-smoke emitted copiously by the French raftsmen, of whom thirty-four, with other passengers, were doomed to pass a rainy night in this wretched tub. We intended to reach Pembroke next morning, but alas, for the vanity of human expectations! In five hours after starting we made fully eight miles, and upon the strength of such rapid motion, stopped one hour and a half to take in wood and steam up again; then went about three miles further, when the jump valve broke; the skilful manager had not a single tool on board; so it was necessary to send back to Cobden to repair it. They managed to put the boat back a mile or two to a landing place; with two more men I obtained a canoe and paddled to the Pembroke landing, nine miles, in a heavy rain; arrived at the landing, and thence to Pembroke, about 3 p.m., the day after starting. Though clad in a gutta percha coat, I was thoroughly drenched with rain, and used up with exposure and fatigue, having been seventeen consecutive hours in a constant shower, travelling 20 miles, and getting neither rest nor sleep.

On the first of November, two days afterwards, the before-mentioned steamer made its appearance in port. Paul Pry was afterwards informed by an influential citizen of Pembroke that on one occasion, a hole having been discovered in the boiler, it was stopped by a Frenchman's moccasin and some putty. Paul Pry, however, does not vouch for the truth of the above story. In this respect he has formed the

same opinion respecting this story, that a bishop did respecting Gulliver's travels, viz., that there were some things in it he could not believe.

Pembroke consists of two villages—the upper town, at what is called “the mouth,” is the business place, and is a place of business; it contains between three and four hundred permanent residents and a large transient population. The lower village contains about twenty houses, and is about one and a half miles from “the mouth.” The road between the two, and for some distance below the lower village, is lined with good farms and comfortable dwellings. The village is the last village on the Ottawa, or near it, going upwards, and is, as it were, on the borders of civilization. It is about 110 miles above and west of Montreal, and is in a rather higher latitude. Its situation in an expansion of the Ottawa is healthy and beautiful. Across the river are seen a range of blue mountains with bold peaks. The Ottawa river affords a far better subject for a panorama than the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. Nothing but a panorama can give an adequate idea of its magnificence and variety. No part of Canada offers so many and so various subjects for the pencil, but for a panorama it has no rival. Five hundred miles above Montreal, three hundred or more above Pembroke, is the large Lake Temiscaming; within twenty miles of which lumbering operations are carried on. The Ottawa rises from it. Still further back, probably 100 to 150 miles, are the sources of the rivers which fall into the Lake Temiscaming, on the height of land which divides Canada from the Hudson's Bay territory. About 350 miles further north is the Moose Factory, a post of the Company on the southernmost part of Hudson's Bay. A panorama would take in Lake Temiscaming, and perhaps one of its tributary rivers. In some places mountains are said to rise five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height directly from the bank; then islands and rapids, diversified occasionally by a raft with a group of men on it, attired in red shirts, moccasins, and grey pants; then the residences of pioneers, which would gradually thicken; the mouth of a tributary stream equal in length of course to an European kingdom; villages here and there; the magnificent Chaudiere Falls; Bytown; the Lake of Two Mountains; Lachine; and last, but not least, Montreal.

Pembroke, at the slackest season, has a very lively appearance. During navigation, crowds

of raftsmen and others connected with the lumber trade are constantly arriving and departing in canoes. The bark canoes, the strange and picturesque dress of most of the raftsmen, the constant bustle of business as in a large city, together with the beautiful scenery of the river—impart to it a peculiar aspect. The stores do not look like stores in most other places. No time for fiddle-faddle nonsense and grimaces; the leading articles seem to be blankets, shoe packs, tea, tobacco, rod saashes and buffalo robes, trunks, carpet bags, and other travelling implements scattered in all directions—give the place the appearance of a large steamboat wharf. In short, everybody seems to be alive. In winter the scene is sometimes still more animated. To people from other parts to go to this place seems like going *out* of the world. To those who lumber up the river, it is coming *in* to arrive in Pembroke. Fruit here, as well as all along the Ottawa, is very scarce. The climate seems very healthy; it need be to enable people to gorge themselves thrice a day with greasy carcasses.

Society appears to be diversified occasionally by the arrival of gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. Judging from specimens presented, they appear to be intelligent, educated, and refined, an acquisition to any society, far superior to what would be expected from men so far removed from the gentle influences of female society, and from opportunities of mental culture. These, however, are greater than would be supposed. In spite of the difficulties of transit, most of the Company's stations have libraries.

Strawberries and cranberries are said to grow in abundance on the Southern shore of Hudson's Bay in the vicinity of the Moose Factory, (station so-called). The winter appears not to be so long as the latitude indicates. Snow is mostly gone in May except in sheltered places or drifts, but is again deep in November. The principal means of intercourse between the forts, are snow shoes in winter and canoes in summer.

The prevailing vice on the Ottawa river and its tributaries, is probably drunkenness. Paul Pry had travelled through Canada for six years previously, but had nowhere previously seen so much of it as in Pembroke: not so much among the residents however, as among the floating population. Nevertheless, at the time of Paul Pry's visit, there seemed to be a strong feeling

growing up in favour of the Maine Law. He was present when two hotel keepers with others were talking it over. One expressed himself decidedly in favour of it; the other seemed to have no objection. The first made a large income by selling liquor, but appears to be always right side up himself; to the other the Maine Law would be a decided benefit even in a pecuniary sense.

On the third of November, Paul Pry proposed to leave on his return, but by somebody's mismanagement the boat left before he was aware of its arrival, whereupon—being stimulated by the large quantity of pork and beef he had swallowed—Paul Pry waxed wrath, but didn't kill anybody. Had he been desirous of transporting himself merely, he could have overtaken the boat by swimming, but found it inconvenient to take the trunk between his teeth, and was at length pacified; and devoted two days more to studying the names and customs of the people of Pembroke.

On the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot our hero started for Cobden, in the rapid steamer before mentioned. Boat stopped at a landing half way, where was an Orange procession; one of them drunk and armed with a gun stepped on deck and hospitably invited all on board jointly and severally, to adjourn to his residence half a mile distant and partake of his good cheer. Paul Pry expressed himself thankful for his kind offer, but felt compelled under existing circumstances respectfully to decline. Dark ideas appeared then to come into his mind. He mistook Paul Pry for a Yankee, and concluded that the rest of the passengers were prevented from availing themselves of his kind offer by his refusal. He informed Paul Pry that they would do him no harm but that if there were any "croppies" on board he would kill them. He was informed there were no such animals, so far as Paul Pry knew, about the premises. But he went on shore very wrathful, and seemed determined to kill somebody and pointed the gun at our explorer, whereupon the others laid hold of him and forced him away; he all the time vowing vengeance on Paul Pry with clenched fists and attitude of desperation: said he would know him again and would kill him the first chance he had. Paul Pry saw him a few months afterwards, but the man appeared to have forgotten his vow for he gave no sign of recognition. The boat on this occasion only took nine hours to reach the twenty miles.

It is right to state that in the spring of 1864 a new steamer was put on the route, which was expected to perform the distance in three hours.

On the sixth of November the adventurous

explorer again started on his journey, having had his vehicle repaired at Cobden on much the same plan as the German organist offered to repair an organ for a Parish Church in England. "Your organ be vort von hundred pound." "I will charge you von hundred pounds for mend it, and it will be vort fifty." After going about fourteen miles it again gave way, it being Saturday, and Paul Pry being anxious to reach Renfrew on Sunday; by judicious use of leather and ropes managed to keep the concern together for about nine miles further, within four miles of Renfrew. Just before this time the night set in stormy and dark, the unfortunate Paul Pry—the regulating power of the machine having given way—floundered about some time among ditches, logs, stumps, and corduroy, unsuccessfully endeavouring to procure a wretched lodging for the night, but for some time without success, the darkness grew more intense, if possible, and the rain and sleet beat more pitilessly on the miserable outcast. At last he was wrecked against a stump, and, unable to proceed any further. In this extremity, he saw a dim light across the blackness, and made tracks for it, leaving the vehicle and horse standing. The farmer was hospitable and good natured: he turned out with a lantern. The cargo was soon safely housed and the horse stabled. Last, but not least, Paul Pry himself was placed in front of a blazing log fire, in a one-roomed log hut. By this time, he had arrived at the conclusion, that few as the new homes were in these parts, some of them might be dispensed with. In snatches of sleep he beheld visions of waggons axle deep in mud, wheels awry with lumps between them, deep pools, dirty boots and wet feet, intermixed with river scenery. Tantalizing visions of smooth dry roads, fine farms, lots of fruit and home comforts.

On the seventh of November, Paul Pry passed a miserable Sunday, wishing himself three hundred miles South-west, listening to the Sabbath bells in the capital of Canada West: clean, hearty and comfortable, instead of being stuck in a one-roomed hut, wretched, dirty and wearied. But the day at length passed away, and before sunrise the next morning, the farmer fixed the waggon, and the explorer started again on his journey. The four miles were reached by mid-day, and in due time the vehicle properly repaired.

A few days after—the roads meanwhile having altered much for the worse—Paul Pry, nearly buried in mud arrived at Pakenham, and the next day started for Fitzroy harbour, 14 miles distant.—This is a valley of about four hundred inhabitants, but not much business. The steamer from Bytown

touches here, but leaves the passengers for the upper regions some distance on the opposite side—where there is a horse-railway three miles long over the portage. In the vicinity of this village are the Chats Rapids, where the river or a purlieu of it, breaks over the rocky islands, forming cascades in about thirty different places; some of them gems of beauty, though limited in extent. A full view of all of these is obtained from the steamer. Many of the people of Fitzroy Harbour are very intelligent and well educated. There is a village on the opposite side, at the mouth of the Quio river, where a considerable business is done. Paul Pry went on board the little steamer, and amid glorious scenery, but poor land, dropped down the expanded river to Aylmer, a town on the Lower Canada side having a population of about 1,200; where, the navigation being broken by the Chaudiere rapids, stages take passengers over the magnificent suspension bridge, to Bytown, the capital of the Ottawa region. But a short description of it can be given here; the materials not being at hand for a detailed account. It may be well to remark, however, that it contained at that time a population of about 9,000 in the Upper and Lower town, the latter is the chief seat of business, and contains any quantity of stores: many of them similar to those in Pembroke previously described. A large number of the inhabitants are of French origin. A very large business is done in supplying the lumber. Here the Rideau Canal—120 miles long—ascends by six locks from the Ottawa river to a higher level, and reaches the St. Lawrence at Kingston. This place is remarkably healthy, and is unusually cool during the summer months. The scenery around it is magnificent beyond description. Several tributary rivers fall into the Ottawa near this place, and the Chaudiere Falls are alone worth coming a long distance to see. The road to Aylmer is well settled by thriving farmers, and the buildings solid and substantial.

Paul Pry a few days after re-embarked, arrived at Fitzroy Harbour with ease, and started for Pakenham over a road half frost and half mud, where with some difficulty he arrived the same night. The next day—about the middle of November—he was unpleasantly struck on rising next morning to perceive that it was snowing in a most determined manner; and fearful of being snowed up he hastened his departure, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in regaining his point of departure—Mirickville on the Rideau Canal—more than half dead with fatigue and hardship.

Thus ended Paul Pry's first trip on the Upper Ottawa. It resulted soon after in a six weeks

illness, which left him so greatly debilitated as to render a visit to the sea-board advisable; to which circumstance the maritime provinces are indebted for his visit. This page is closed with an extract from his diary of the tour, containing much practical truth that will not be appreciated by those who should act upon it.

“Government appears to do little to encourage the lumber trade in Canada, but everything to make a revenue from the labour and enterprize of lumber merchants. I have been informed that slides have been made in many places to facilitate lumbering operations, at great expense and inconvenience to the lumber merchants, as they would prefer to invest their capital in the business itself. But no sooner do the slides become a source of profit than the government takes hold of them.—In lumbering matters it seems to work on the principle of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.—The goose, however, in this case, possesses considerable vitality or it would have been long since dead; as it is the animal still continues to lay them, but not to the extent it might do if well fed, or even let alone. So many obstacles in the shape of unequal duties and extra tolls, &c., that few but large capitalists can profitably undertake it except as underlings; and small timber that could otherwise be got out with profit, is left standing in comparative nearness to the shipping port, while lumberers have to go hundreds of miles up river to get at the larger kinds. * * There are “men of thought and men of action” in this village (Renfrew) busily engaged in clearing the moral wilderness around them. In this as in most parts of the lumber country are men vigorous alike in body and mind, whose faculties only want a right direction and favourable opportunities to make them efficient instruments for good. Both in bodily and mental development—frequently too in education—the respectable classes in this section show a marked superiority to the average of those in other parts of Canada.

All that is wanted to develop the physical resources of this section of the country are good roads and railroads. Many M. P.'s are very anxious to secure railroads where good roads and steamboats—consequently quick locomotion—already exist. I strongly recommend some of these gentlemen to start in a light buggy in the spring or fall and travel six weeks about the Upper Ottawa and its tributaries. I would advise them, however, previously to serve six months apprenticeship to a blacksmith and waggon-maker and to carry with them a large supply of straps, withes, and tools for mending vehicles. I am vividly conscious that in subsequent sessions they would say but little about

front railroads. People on the Front seem to think fifteen miles an hour slow work. About Renfrew three miles an hour is considered good travelling. "To him that hath shall be given," seems to be the rule hitherto followed in this matter; but for the back it is to be hoped "there's a good time coming."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

A SKETCH OF EVERYBODY'S DOINGS.

"BLACK MONDAY" is a tolerably dismal association in the mind of a school-boy. The time for evening parties, juvenile flirtations, and purchasing more cricket-bats than any one human boy can handle; all this is past; and, instead, there are gloomy anticipations of Dr. —, wooden desks, genuine "sky blue," and bread and butter, in which the latter element by no means predominates. "Shrove Tuesday" is a pleasanter day. Pancakes are not bad, and even the strict dietary discipline of Cutantrash House relaxes on this day, and the reverend doctor for once gives in to Mr. Squeer's belief that "pastry makes the skin shine, and parents think that a good sign." Friday is a great day for nervous old women, and for that class of people who never go under ladders, and who speculate as to whether a cinder is likely to be useful in a financial or funeral capacity. But of all the days in the week, Saturday is our theme for the present, and we hope with pretty fair claims for our attention.

Some few hours ago we have just cashed a cheque (which is to relieve all anxieties as to Sunday's dinner and divers other important matters) at a tall plate-glass-and-stone edifice in Lombard Street. It is getting late, and we suddenly encounter two or three of the clerks, whom we know. We are near the Lyceum Theatre, and they are going there full of spirits and gaiety at having escaped from the "balance," which is detaining some nine or ten of their fellows, and will detain them till eleven or twelve to-night. Hard work, forsooth! Figures from Monday morning to Saturday night, and through Saturday night. There is always a feeling when Saturday night comes that much that ought to have been done has been neglected, a kind of desire to get half the business of the next week into this one single evening. Moreover, it is a desperate night for one thing—everybody wants money.

Fatal want, so propitious to human exertion, and often so powerful in repressing it! Throughout the whole course of society (we don't mean of the independent classes) Saturday night comes to us decked with this anything but golden legend. Sir Hellebore Briggs, the great drysalter (who believes Temple Bar to be really ancient, but who certainly never looked at *Wren's Parentalia*), is looking anxiously over his cash-book. The girls are coming home on Monday, and the terms at Belvidera House (of course, including extras), are anything but moderate; mamma has been talking for the last half-hour about silk dresses, and about the ball at the Mansion House. Mamma has also ("for you know my dear, we scarcely get a word together except on Saturday night!") been giving Sir Hellebore a list of the delinquencies of Martha, the number of "breakages" caused by the crockery-murdering propensity of Sarah, and has also renewed her "hints" about a manservant instead of "that boy James."

Poor Sir Hellebore! Just rich enough to have honours forced upon him, he has felt himself less at ease since he was "Sir" by station as well as by courtesy, than he ever was in his life. He is a sleek, well-to-do-looking man, but his bland visage covers a multitude of anxieties. Saturday night, dearest reader, has its terrors even for the members of a corporation.

But Saturday night, with its pressing demands for cash, walks steadily on, and we will now suppose ourselves suddenly transplanted into a humbler dwelling. It is a pretty picture, and we will gaze awhile.

The room looks very comfortable, and yet very simple. Everything seems rather new, and suggestive of "settling in life" on the part of some young lady and gentleman at a comparatively recent period. The period in question appears to be tolerably well defined by the dimensions of the baby upon whom the young lady is smiling, as it lies upon her lap twisting its fingers into anatomical problems beyond the united powers of Archimedes and John Hunter to disentangle—smiling vacantly, and looking preternaturally clever and stupid alternately, and uttering strange sounds in babyphony.

Yet that fair young mamma has her Saturday night's cares as well as the richest and ugliest (and, we shall by and by add, the poorest and dirtiest) among us. The "greatest plague of life," i. e., the small servant, the "girl," who generally forms the first evil genius in the

lives of young married couples, has been out nearly the whole evening, and the young mistress is quite certain that "that baker has turned the girl's head." Then bread has "riz" (such was the official announcement delivered by the small servant) a penny more, and coals have "riz" in proportion. And then baby was restless last night, and consequently mamma feels tired; and then, what *can* keep George so late!

A loud knock at the door dissipates all anxieties, for George is in the room in the twinkling of a sunbeam. Baby looks profoundly unintelligible, gets a genuine paternal kiss (which subsequently is transferred to mamma likewise), and George sits down and looks at his pretty wife, and asks himself mentally whether his hard day's work in the city has not its reward.

The little servant appears, her delinquencies, even to the doubtful baker are forgotten, as she brings in the dainty little bit of supper which kept George's pretty wife in a state of flour, onions, and perturbation, for at least three quarters of an hour. Like most young cooks, she is very anxious and very proud, and George's appetite is highly satisfactory.

A rather ludicrous sort of anxiety is distracting another gentleman. He lives in one of those preserves for red tape and decayed vegetation, the inns of court. He is a miserably miserable single man, with a great deal of money, and is wondering what he is to do with himself to-morrow till dinner-time. If truth were known, his prospective hostess has probably been at the furthest verge of earth's miseries in wondering what she shall give him for dinner.

Our own particular Pegasus is on his wing again, and we are in an atmosphere of butchers' shops, tripe shops, vegetable shops, and at last, but by no means least, "gin-shops." "Buy, buy; come, buy," resounds on all sides from gentlemen whose faces and costumes mixed would form a fine purple. "Penny a lot, here you are," denotes the visit of an itinerant oyster-merchant, the dimensions of the *testacea* making us fully believe in the possibility of eating "an elephant." From another quarter of one's head or ears (the noise utterly precludes discriminations) you are given to understand that a certain individual's vegetable dealings are "none of your costermonger's work, not a bit of it;" while the perpetual "right sort, right sort," which is going on everywhere

about, would delude one into a belief that we were among decent people, if we were not so visibly persuaded of the contrary.

This is the *grand quartier* for the miseries of Saturday night. Wives, trying to waylay their husbands as they return from the receipt of their wages; children, weak, puny, and emaciated with the long course of unwholesome food and insufficient rest; glary-eyed staggers, who have forgotten every duty to their God, their families, and themselves—such are a few of the *dramatis personæ* on not a few Saturday nights.

Now, how much of this misery and brutality might be avoided, if the custom of paying wages on Saturday were abolished. In the first place, the prospect of "an idle day" (and, alas! in such quarters Sunday is worse than an idle day) induces a recklessness as to how the evening of Saturday night is spent, and that evening, which should restore the parent, however humble, to his fireside and his children is frittered away in riotous conviviality, or in any kind of profligacy that comes readiest to hand. Again, when the money is obtained, it is far too late to go to market with advantage. Stale joints and worse vegetables are eagerly bought by those who have no choice between dining off what they can get or with Duke Humphrey. Nor can people be particular about the price, weight, or anything else of anything they purchase on Saturday night. The shops are crowded to suffocation, the shopmen are frantic, and provided you pay your money, you are at full liberty, or rather full compulsion, to "take your chance."

All this might be avoided by pursuing the course adopted in many of the best houses of business, and making the week end on a Friday night, paying accordingly. By this means the wives get hold of the "lioness's share of the money, and what would have been spent at the Blue Posts or the Cærulean Pig," is invested in bread, beef, and broad cloth. Day after day do new schemes of social reform present themselves to the brains of managers, directors, editors, *et id genus omne*, but the simple problem of "all wages paid on Friday night" has only suggested itself to the conscientious minds of a few men, who know that *when* money is paid, often settles any difficulties about *how much* should be paid.

But there is a natural taste for delaying everything till Saturday night, even in the smallest mat-

ters, which is perfectly ridiculous. For example, we know about half-a-dozen chemists with whom Saturday night is a field day." Why so many "penn'orths of air oil" could not have been purchased at an earlier period of the day is difficult to conceive. Why half-a-dozen prescriptions (which have probably been kicking about on the chimney-piece or lost in a waistcoat pocket for an indefinite period) could not have been sent to be "made up" before is equally a puzzle. If people are in the dark, must they wait till hapless Saturday night to purchase a penny box of "Punch's Congreves?"

My dear Mr. Smith—if you *must* smoke (and there is no Act of Parliament against it) *cannot* you possibly, by any means, find your way home and smoke there? Surely lounging against the counter, amidst company more vicious than, and quite as silly as yourself, will not render you better fitted for the society of others, or your own. It is Saturday night, my good fellow, go quietly home, and learn what it is to wake up with no shame or regret for yesterday's doings.

But "the trail of the serpent" is on Saturday night, even though the calm rest of the divine day that succeeds was to be won by a struggle.

Nobody is quite comfortable. Children are to be washed (an operation for which they have as much affection as Ethiopians), linen is to be brought home from the wash, and there is a splendid dispute as to the number of shirts or the identity of pocket-handkerchiefs. Then—just as the butchers' shops are likely to be closing—Mrs. McMuddle is in a paroxysm of excitement as to what "shall we have for dinner to-morrow," a difficulty easily solved, seeing that a leg of mutton and potatoes has for years assaulted the nostrils of those who dine punctually at one o'clock.

And so we hurried on from house to house, and from scene to scene, we began to wonder whether we shall get any rest, or whether Saturday night is only to prove the beginning of an endless day of worry, botheration, and immorality. A brighter scene dawns upon our view.

The streets are hushed in silence. Here and there a solitary figure indicates a policeman. Even the prize-fighting, rat-killing dens are closed, and *almost all* is quiet. Sunday morning breaks upon us, as we survey the chilling looking-glass of the gutters, and what unusually firm hold our boots take of the radiating patterns on the pavement. And we walk on,

and, ever and anon, some creature of distress shrinks beneath our view, withdrawing into the shade of a friendly door-step or recess, and we feel a chilling pain, as we think of those to whose hapless state Sunday brings no Sabbath; to whom Saturday night speaks no to-morrow's lesson of Religion and Rest.

Our course is at an end, we are simply in our dwelling, number nameless of an unmentionable street in the locality which it would be superfluous to allude to. It is Saturday night with us, as with the rest of the world, and we are in corresponding confusion: whether that piece of beef we ourselves bought will turn out tough or not, whether the first five articles we sent to as many different journals will be accepted or not, whether there really is anything in what people say about our very dear little friend over the way (whom we have known from childhood, and just met in the act of marketing), and whether we do not, like all other unfortunate single folks, feel terribly dull, dusty, and dreary, when no smiling faces sheds love and happiness upon our "Saturday Night."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Musical instruments are to music what tools are to a handicraft employment. They are invented and perfected according to the development of music; but as the tools influence the handicraft, so musical instruments in their turn react on the character of music, and impart to it a distinctive character, leading even to considerable modifications in its general features, and thus form an important agency in the whole development of the art. We have only to remind our readers of the connection between the grand Erard pianos of seven octaves and the new pianoforte schools. We need scarcely ask, could the one exist without the other? We can thus trace the action of musical instruments in the national music of all countries, and in most instances we can discern in the character of the music, the nature of the instrument which serves to express it. In every Spanish air we hear the sighing of the mandolin, or the clinking of the castanet; in the Venetian we have the dreamy sound of the guitar; in the Swiss the echo of the bugle; and who could mistake in Scotch music the drone of that worthy, the bagpipe? It seems growing at the follies of the small reeds, while it accompanies their mad leaps with its uniform and benignant hum, and largely contributes to the humorous effect by the contrast it presents to the quick high notes of Scotch tunes. To the bagpipe we must attribute, in a great measure, the predominancy in the Scotch music of fifths and thirds, besides the emphatic sixth major.

PUNCH'S HANDBOOKS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE POMPEIAN COURT.

The road to Pompeii lies beyond the Arctic Regions—of the Crystal Palace—if we enter from the south—and is not very far from Birmingham and Sheffield, if we happen to be coming from the north.

Pompeii was a watering place—a species of Margate—for the Romans, and, as well as Herculaneum, was situated at the foot of Vesuvius. Herculaneum, being the nearer, may be said to have occupied the in-step, while Pompeii, situated at a more distant point, may be considered to have stood on the mountain's great toe. It would not seem creditable to the wisdom of the ancients to have built a watering-place immediately under such an extensive fire-place as Vesuvius; but nobody suspected an eruption, and even Strabo, who knew the rocks were igneous, fancied that the fire must be—what he in fact was—quite out. However, in the year 79, Herculaneum and Pompeii were both destroyed.

We will not enter into the distressing details of this calamity; for word-painting might fail as dismally as scene-painting, which, in the opera of *Masaniello*, represents an eruption of a canvas Vesuvius, casting up its imaginary lava from a crater, consisting of a saucepan of red fire shaken by the hand of the property-man at the back of the stage. The catastrophe had its "own reporter" in the person of Pliny the Younger, who, in true reporter-like fashion, gives a very circumstantial account of the death of his uncle, though at a safe distance from the spot where it occurred.

The excavations which have brought Pompeii to light were the result of a thirst for water rather than a thirst for information, since it is to the sinking of a well that we are indebted for the discovery of the buried city. For some time the work was carried on by a French prince, who literally played with the marbles that were exhumed, for he had them pulverized for the purpose of making stucco—a process for which he himself deserves to be smashed. At length, the workmen happening to come on some perfect statues, the Neapolitan government put a stop to further excavations, and, as might be expected from the Neapolitan government, nothing was done for thirty years. At length, however, the work was resumed; bit by bit the city has been laid open; industry has found its

fruits in the shape of walnuts, almonds, and chesnuts, which may be said to have rewarded labour with its desert. Wine has been discovered, which, having been eighteen hundred years in bottle, presents nothing but a fine old crust, and a loaf, with the baker's name on it, has been found in a similar condition. Eggs have been met with, looking as if they had been newly laid where they had been found, and a play-bill of the day, announcing the performances of the troop of Ampliatius—probably the Cooke or Batty of the period—has been traced on the walls, which thus bear testimony to the excellence of the bill-sticking of the first century.

One of the houses that have been discovered at Pompeii used to be called the House of the Tragic Poet, which, owing probably to the modern notion that poets never occupy houses, but always live in lodgings, is now called the Homeric House, and the tragic poet is thus unceremoniously out of House and Home. Our respect for literature induces us still to call it the Home of the Poet, and the idea is favoured by an inscription at the entrance, of *Cave Canem*, or *Beware of the Dog*, which may have furnished a general answer to those clamorous duns with whom the poet was possibly pestered. The walls are adorned with theatrical and other portraits, among which is a picture of the poet himself in the act of reading what is in all probability a Greek play that the poet intends "adapting" to the Roman stage.

In most of the Pompeian houses there was placed rather ostentatiously a large wooden chest, bound with iron, fixed firmly on a stone pedestal, and supposed to contain the wealth of the master of the house, but on closer investigation of these chests, they seem to have been emblems of the emptiness of riches, for nothing has been found in any one of them. Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his "Last Days of Pompeii," has made an amiable effort to elevate the "tragic poet," by describing his house and its appurtenances in language that its size and pretensions scarcely seem to deserve. He says, "on one side of the atrium a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor." If for "slaves" we were to read "lodgers," we fear we should be nearer the truth, for when we remember that the landlord was a poet, "the slaves" dwindle down in our imagination into a solitary "slave," or maid-of-all-work for the whole establishment.

Let us now enter the Pompeian Court, where

we are told we shall find ourselves at once with "Tacitus and the two Plinys," but on looking round we see a bricklayer and two labourers, while, instead of having "the roar of the amphitheatre still in our ears," we catch the distinct clatter of the knives and forks of the refreshment-room. This reminds us that the Pompeian Court at the Crystal Palace was originally intended for purposes of refreshment, and dinners were to have been served in the best modern style under the ancient peri-style. The house is supposed to be detached, forming what is called an *insula* or island, and, with the poet's house still in our eye, we can imagine that his being frequently surrounded with hot water may have caused the application of the term "island" to his place of residence. There are no windows near the ground, but there is over the door a "grating," through which "the poet" or any other lessee might have delivered occasionally a grating reply to an over-impertunate visitor.

The front part of the entrance is called the Vestibulum or Vestibule, which is an evident derivation from the word Vestis, and would seem to show that visitors were in the habit of leaving their vests or cloaks in the passage at a Pompeian as at a London residence. At the end of the passage is a screened door, and the threshold is further protected by the representation of a ferocious dog, copied from that which kept guard at the house of the poet, who was anxious perhaps to show that there was a dog who could get a piece out as well as his master, if occasion should require. Just within the Vestibulum, or passage, is the Prothyrum or Ostium, which corresponds to the Hall in which a "party" is sometimes asked to take a seat, while the servant goes on with a message, leaving the party to make a clearance of the hats and greatcoats, if his visit should have been a mere cloak for his dishonest intentions.

We next enter the Atrium, a court or Common Hall, which was open to all visitors, but which is in the Pompeian Court of the Crystal Palace, rather too open at the top, too open at the doors, and too open at the windows. The basin in the middle of the Atrium was called the Impluvium, and its use was to collect the rain, which was admitted by a hole at the top called the Compluvium. This ought to have been the same size as the reservoir below, but as the artists did not require any water, and wanted additional light, they sacrificed correctness to effect by making the Compluvium so large, that

the Impluvium or cistern must be in a state of constant overflow.

We will now walk into the bedrooms or *Cubicula*, of which there are three at the Pompeian House, which was probably adapted to the residence of a "small genteel family," for the width of the best bedroom is only six feet nine inches. An attempt is made to give an appearance of space by bright paintings on a black surface, an expedient rather calculated to mislead the occupant, for if he ventured on an extra stretch out on the strength of the paintings, he might be unpleasantly reminded of the strength of the brick walls. In the third bedroom is an interesting picture of a poet and an actor, the former sitting with his legs crossed in the attitude of a tailor, as if he were a mere literary botcher, who has probably been patching up for the actor in a very bad part. The *Ala*, or wing is a small apartment or recess, in which luxury might have filled a butler's pantry, but where necessity would probably have crammed a turn-up bed. The *Ala* is said to have been used for the transaction of business, but the smallness of the wing would seem to have fitted it for none but flying visits.

Opposite the door of entrance we pass into the *Tablinum*, which contains the "family archives," but as the family archives were often as apocryphal in those days, as the "family plate" is in our own, the *Tablinum* was generally used as a drawing-room for the spoons, and other members of the family.

We here catch a glimpse of the *Peristylum*, in the centre of which was a square garden; but not wishing to take a turn in the square we shall at once enter the *Triclinium*, or dining-room, the walls of which are adorned with pictures of figs of a peculiar figure, and dates of the period. The guests did not sit at table, but were accustomed to lie on their breasts to help themselves—an awkward position, in which they must have occasionally looked as if they could not help themselves, particularly if they happened to have imbibed too much wine at the banquet. The guests before dinner always took off their shoes, and it would be as well if the practice were observed in some of our modern clubs, where "gentlemen are"—often in vain—"requested not to put their feet on the sofas." A Roman dinner of the first quality included peacocks *au naturel*, and other delicacies, of which grasshoppers were perhaps the lightest; but it is a curious fact that the course of so

many centuries has not made much alteration in the three courses which formed the usual meal of the ancients. The wine was rather sweet and fruity, but much depended on its age; the bottles were marked with the names of the Consuls who were in office at the time the wine was made. Thus the liquor got the name of a person, and it was customary to call for an *amphora* of Cæsar, or a sip of Scipio, as we in modern days order our bottle of Gordon's sherry, or Cliquot's champagne.

Before quitting the Pompeian Court, we would direct attention to the paintings on the walls, in which the ideas are not nearly so bright as the colours. In one place a yellow-haired Venus is seen fishing with such success as to have secured a most respectable herring, and there are several paintings in which Cupid is represented as on "sale or hire," in various positions. We may, with Vitruvius, condemn the taste of making figures stalk out of the stems of flowers, and placing building on candelabra, as if a house could stand on such light foundation as a candlestick; but we cannot quit the spot without making up our minds to call again, and again, at the Pompeian House of the Crystal Palace.

HINTS TO THOSE WHO ATTEND SOIREES.

Nothing can be more brilliant and fascinating than the outside of French manners and the forms of French society. A stranger, who divests himself of vulgar national prejudices, cannot fail to be struck with admiration. The first impression, indeed, is that of high culture and great intellectual superiority. Escaping from hotel life, or from the serious atmosphere of the study, we enter with delight into circles where rules, brought to the highest perfection, and enforced by good taste and a general sense of propriety, keep everybody in his right place, and yet produce an appearance of perfect liberty and ease. Nothing of the kind can surpass a Parisian Soiree. An hour or two after dinner people begin to collect, or rather to drop in. The valet announces them at the door of the *salon*, and then all ceremony apparently ends. The new comers go up and salute the mistress of the house, perhaps chat a moment or two with her, and then form or join groups here and there. If any topic be started that interests them, they remain an hour or so, and then depart without saluting either the host or hostess, unless they

happen to be near the door. A formal "good-night" might suggest to others the necessity of retiring. Sometimes a visitor remains only a few minutes. Very often there is an entire change of persons once or twice in the course of the evening. The conversation is seldom loud; and there is more pleasantry or chat than discussion. Ladies, instead of arranging themselves in a line, which it requires more than mortal courage to approach, take their places at various parts of the room, and are soon surrounded by acquaintances. On entering they make a salutation, half-bow, half-curtsey to the mistress of the house, and always say adieu to her. If she be young, she rises to receive them, or perhaps waits for new-comers near the door. When they go she accompanies them, sometimes even as far as the ante-chamber, where they put on their bonnets and shawls. It is curious to notice, by the way, the remarkable change in fashions and taste that has taken place since the establishment of the empre. I am not very learned on this point, but have observed that nearly all the exquisite simplicity which is the great characteristic of female dress in France has already disappeared. Gorgeous ornaments and vivid colours are the order of the day. I was once surprised to see a lady, always noted for the elegance of her costume, appear early in the evening at Madame ——'s Soiree in a toilette very much resembling that of a savage queen. Her gown was of bright red; her bracelets and necklace of coral beads larger than hazel-nuts; and her head was decorated with pieces of coral and feathers. Had she been less beautiful she would have appeared ridiculous. The ladies say that they are compelled to this sacrifice of taste by the adoption of brilliant uniforms, laden with gold and silver embroidery, by the courtiers and all public functionaries. If they adhered to their old simplicity they would be crushed, put out of sight completely. They have no desire to imitate birds, and concede the brightest plumage to the lordly sex.

PUNCTUALITY.—If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business, and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them into a fever too.

THE SPIRIT OF LABOUR.

There is a spirit Brothers, all invoke
Who would find place in earth's ulterior story;
This spirit, Labour;—from its iron yoke
Great thoughts arise, and men leap up to
glory.

All noble deeds that live when men are dead—
All glorious thoughts that have eternal sway—
Were born of Labour of the heart and head:
This heritage of toil is one to-day.

Spirit of Labour! strong and mighty thou!
Mighty in deed, and earnest in endeavour:
The crown of majesty is on thy brow;
The dew of youth upon thy lips for ever.

Brothers! there is a victory to win:
This earth is drawing to her final day;
And still her cities are the homes of sin;
Her moral darkness hath not pass'd away.

Why do we linger from the field of strife,
Cursed with this indolence and indecision?
Is there no God in heaven? no after-life?—
Or have our lives no end, no aim, no mission?

Is there no truth to toil for in the world?
Is there no promised day of greater good?
For which God's heroes in the flames were huld,
And martyrs leap'd to heaven lapp'd in blood!

Shall we do nought, but let the talent rust,
That each of us within his heart possesses?
Shall we hide heavenly souls in earthly dust,
Or shun the toil for womanly caresses?

Brothers! we have a work, our hearts are
young;
We watch the shadows on the walls of time;
We hear the thundering of the iron tongue;
This day's dark dawn shall grow to light
sublime.

There is in earth a mighty despot—Sin—
Who drives his slaves like unresisting cattle;
Brothers! he shall not long the victory win,
If earnest hearts invoke the God of battle.

Far in the future, prophet-like, we gaze,
The history of empires vast to scan;
The morn may brake in blood, but there are rays
Of sunlight on the destinies of man.

And shall we now, when earth is growing old,
Forget the shadows of the great departed?
Shall we sit down, and let our hearts grow cold
Beneath the eyes of saints and heroes
marty'd?

Brothers of noble heart! awake, arise!
Stand by the truth, for she at last must reign!
Heed not their taunts, who foolishly despise;
Though all combine, their power would be
in vain.

Seek ye this spirit, Brothers, night and day.
We all must labour; toil will bring its bless-
ing:
The earth will not rest till God take away
The burden that upon her heart is pressing.

Work on! and if ye weary, noble hearts;
If toil beat down the brave heroic breast,
Be this your cry: Who in the strife departs,
Shall ever in the heavenly mansions rest.

H. H. N.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

To see the portrait of Poe is enough to understand the life of an unhappy poet, and consequently to excuse it. The forehead is ill proportioned, fantastic, sickly, like that of Hoffmann; the lower part of the face is weak and undecided. Byron says somewhere of Sheridan, "He had the brow of a God, and the mouth of a satyr! Poe had the brow of a God and the mouth of Silenus. We see from the configuration of his lips, that he was born to drink; but the intelligence which beams from the brain, reveals that in his thoughts intoxication was only a means to an end, to repose." * * * "Poe is to be classed among the fastastic poets of the third rank who, not being able to rise to power, content themselves with being eccentric. Pre-occupied with one constant idea, that of the miseries of life, he expresses it under the form of broken-hearted love. The soul is haunted by a sad memory, and that manly strength is lost which overcomes the fatal world of tears, and leaves the brain free to exercise its faculties. Fantastic images which recall one only recollection, one only emotion, play in the sighs of the breeze, in the murmur of the complaining waters; while beneath the mists and clouds, there yawn abysses where the eye of the poet incessantly discovers the same phantasm; and if the mind, overwhelmed, returns to the earth, it is but to behold the hungry worm crawling toward the already excavated grave. Such is Poe and such his genius."—*Anthracium Francæis*.

MAY-DAY AND BELTANE.—The first of May is still regarded as a season of diversion, but most of the sports which distinguished this day have fallen into disuse. The May-pole and the dances around it were relics of the Roman Floralia, a licentious festival which is, or was until recently, too vividly recalled by the riotous excesses of the people at Helston in Cornwall, and in other localities. The *Beltane* is a reminiscence of the worship of Baal. Fires are, or were, kindled in different parts of the country, around which the people danced, and even (but unwittingly) passed through the fire to Moloch.

A LESSON FOR VANITY.

A FEW years ago, an old couple, who had evidently seen better days, came to live at Sheffield. The house they took was one of those tall, prim, uncomfortable places which are continually springing up in rows round the suburbs of large towns, and which have no single recommendation save their newness, and the cleanliness which, for a time at least, is the consequence. The old people, Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, were accompanied, or rather followed, by their son, a smart, dashing youth, apparently about three-and-twenty years of age, who was unlike his staid, respectable-looking parents, as possible; and might very well have been taken for the living representative of the whole class of that most detestable of all abominations, the gent.

Nothing certainly could be more brilliant and elaborate than his attire. His coat and hat shone as if they had been oiled or varnished, his shirt front glittered with studs of a most wonderful pattern, his waistcoat, buttoned low—it was the season of that fashion—was hung about with festoons of gold-coloured chain; his trousers were of some unnameable plaid; his neck-tie had most unreasonable ends: and his hair—who shall attempt to describe that long, smooth, oily mass? To put the finishing touch to the picture, his face was shiny, while his teeth were of that peculiar hue which generally distinguishes the stiff “dress gloves,” that disturb one’s peace so unmercifully at cheap concerts, or overhead in the upper boxes of certain London theatres when orders are plentiful; his hands red, and, generally speaking, far from immaculate. Altogether he looked exactly what he was—an idle, dissipated, good-for-nothing—a being who would hang upon parents, friends, or relatives, consume their earnings, live on their substance, and, for the sake of indulging in the comfort and ease for which he had so base a love, take all sorts of rebuffs, such as would send a *man* on to the roads to break stones; and, when all were exhausted, win a wife—alas! that girls will be won by the shallow words, and false glitter of such creatures—and drudge her like a slave.

For three years, ever since his term of ap-

prenticeship expired, he had been idling about, doing nothing but spend his parents’ little store, under pretence of seeking a situation, for which, of course, he never exerted himself; and now, after another “disappointment,” was come back to them again “to try his fate,” as he called it, in a new town. And to do this he was more than usually anxious and willing, since the supplies from home had lately begun to fail, and his sister, the only person of whom he stood in any sort of fear, had left her father’s roof to earn her own living in service—a proceeding which exasperated the idler’s pride excessively, as it detracted materially, in his fancy, from the appearance he was so anxious to maintain. If he had dared, he would have written as angrily upon the subject to Emma, as he did to his mother; but, although he commenced one or two epistles, the memory of his sister’s calm, penetrating eyes, her clear common sense—which would never be coaxed or bullied into folly—and her often expressed contempt for his opinions and habits, induced him to relinquish his intention, and pocket so much of his wrath as could not be conveyed in a letter to his mother. Here he was safe, for he knew, mean and cowardly as such selfish spirits ever are, that his indulgent parent would never repeat to his injury the insolent language in which his miserable false pride sought to revenge itself; but strive, by all the coaxing and presents in her power, to smooth the ruffled feelings of her much-injured darling.

Reckoning upon her false tenderness, therefore, and wearing the manner of a very ill-used person, Frederick Sibley went home, expecting to find the usual preparation for his reception, and to exact the customary indulgences from his mother’s love and credulity. But the first half hour of his return convinced him that in relying upon the stability of anything earthly, he had made a grievous mistake, that somehow or other matters were changed, and that, although his mother’s affection was undiminished, she either had not the will, or the power, to do as she had done.

The first shock his sensitive feelings received, was in finding his parents sitting in the little kitchen, one copying law papers,

and the other mending stockings, the fineness of which at once informed the experienced eye of the beholder, that they did not belong to the family wardrobe.

Everything was very clean and very tidy, and through the window a glimpse might be caught every now and then of a small servant, whose proportions might have rivalled Dick Swiveller's immortal marchioness, flitting in and out of the brewhouse in the yard. The regular work of the establishment was evidently going on, without reference to the return of the all-important personage who now stood, gloomy and mortified, before the blazing fire, near which his mother sat, darning and watching the Dutch oven in which the sausages for his dinner were toasting.

Presently, when the first greetings and inquiries were over, the old lady rose, and, folding up her work, set about laying a small tray, which she placed upon the little round table by her son, saying—

"I hope your dinner will be to your liking, Fred. I would have got something better, but I've been so busy with Mr. Thompson's things, mending 'em up ready for him to start by the five o'clock train, that I hadn't a minute's time to cook anything particular; and as I knew you used to be fond of a fresh pork sausage, I thought you'd manage to make shift."

"No time to cook—make shift!" Here was a change. Frederick almost laid down his knife and fork in dismay; but a second glance at the dish, which, piled with his favourite luxury, was now placed hissing before him, made him postpone the expression of his displeasure until after dinner; and he simply inquired,

"Mr. Thompson! who's Mr. Thompson?"

"Our lodger—a very nice young man, who is clerk to Mr. Ludlow, the lawyer; he and his sister have been with us near upon two months."

"A lodger! well, we are come down. And do you wait on them?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the gent, with a groan, "things are come to a pretty pass. Emma gone to service, and you and father taking lodgers."

"Ah, and glad to get 'em, boy," cried Mr.

Sibley, looking up from his occupation. "When one's pocket's well nigh empty, all going out, and nothing coming in, it makes one thankful for anything. That last ten pound as I sent you was a sharp pull."

"Yes," continued his wife, sighing, "it's a great change; but it's to be hoped you'll get a situation, Fred, and then things will come right a bit. I miss Emma, dreadful."

"Aye, she was a rare good girl," said the father, warmly; "she was a blessing to us, and please God she'll be a treasure to them as has got her now. She'll be the honest, trusty maid, I know."

"Where is she?" asked Frederick, upon whose ear this degrading praise fell annoyingly.

"At Mr. Morton's, the draper's. She's gone maid to the children. We don't see her often, and that's the only drawback to the place. She's well used, and well prized, and the children are mighty fond of her, which is a great thing for Mrs. Morton."

"What! is she nursemaid, then?" cried Frederick, in a kind of horror.

"No, not exactly—young ladies' maid, they call her; but it's only a fine name for the same thing. Nurse I call her, though certainly the youngest girl is six years' old, and don't want much nursing."

"What matters what she's called? it's a good place, and that's the main; I wish you'd one as good, lad. And, now I think of it, may-be Emma might speak a word for you to her master. In a great shop like his I should think there'd often be changes. You'd better walk up there to-night, Fred, and ask her."

Poor dandy! weak and idle as he was, his feelings at this moment were really pitiable. To be patronized by his sister—her whom he had contemplated discarding for ever from his affections, as a punishment for having disgraced him by accepting menial service, was really too much—more than he could bear; and, muttering some indignant reply, he rose and looked out of the window.

For some time no one spoke. Then Mr. Sibley said, glancing to the clock,

"Anne, if those things are ready, I'll take Mr. Thompson's portmanteau down now. It's nearly time, and I've finished these papers.

Well, certainly," and he folded them up, "copying's money hard-earned. But where's the luggage?"

At the sound of these words, this new evidence of degradation, Frederick Sibley stood aghast, scarcely crediting his senses. True, his parents had over and over assured him, in the letters which accompanied their remittances, that the money was obtained with the greatest difficulty—that it must soon cease altogether, and that his extravagance was bringing them to poverty; but he never believed it—he treated such complaints as matters of course, as being such as always accompanied similar indulgences, and they passed from his memory almost before the letters which contained them were closed.

Now, however, everything he saw and heard, the whole aspect of affairs, and even his father and mother's manner, assured him of the reality of what he had so long refused to credit: and, for the first time in his life, he felt thoroughly frightened. So long as his parents could supply his wants, and afford him a home whenever it suited his idleness to accept it, he cared neither for the shifts to which his extravagance might reduce them, nor for the pain his ingratitude and idleness might cause; but now that their power and inclination to pamper him was perceptibly at an end—that his sister was gone to service, his mother "doing" for the lodger, and his father carrying another man's portmanteau, he saw that his reign was over, and that, like it or not, he must work for his living.

And besides and beyond his selfish fears for his own comfort, was another feeling scarcely less painful; and this was the mortification of finding his parents absorbed in their own affairs and pursuits, and treating him merely as they would any other person, and not as a bashaw. He, who had been of the first and greatest importance, to whom all had deferred, and for whose claims everything else had given way, was now less than the lodger, and more helpless than Emma the nurse. It was mortifying; so mortifying that it made him who endured it ready to do anything—but work.

Feeling thus—and finding himself every

day more and more of a cipher,—that his mother thought more of attending to her lodgers, and waiting upon them, than of humouring him; that his father, engrossed in his law copying, took no notice of him, except at meals, seldom even then doing more than ironically asking what success had attended his search for employment; and that the little servant, having lost her first awe of his grandeur, and thinking him very useless and troublesome, treated him with great indifference, the unhappy gent began seriously to consider his position in all its bearings, and to reflect whether it would not, on the whole, answer better, and conduce more to his comfort, to take a situation than to endure this humiliation.

It was a painful alternative, to decide upon which cost Frederick many days' anxiety and many nights' restlessness; but at last, the production of a cold shoulder of mutton upon the second day after cooking, and the smell of Mr. Thompson's chicken and ham, so distressingly suggestive of better times, filled the cup of affliction to the brim; the powers of endurance could no further go; and, in a frenzy of desperate though speechless wrath, he made up his mind to set forth that very afternoon, and "get a place."

But "getting a place," even to gents of Mr. Frederick's superb appearance, is a matter easier talked about than accomplished; and to his intense mortification and surprise, he found that after walking from shop to shop two whole days, visiting first one and then another of the best establishments in the town—always, however, carefully avoiding Mr. Morton's—that situations, like nuggets, were not to be had for the asking, and that he was considerably less irresistible than he had supposed. Little by little, as this painful knowledge dawned upon him, he abated his requirements and limited his pretensions, but to no purpose, places were not to be had; and at last he began (as all such self-conceited people do upon the first reverse) to despair, and think himself a cruelly persecuted individual. While, to add to the adverse chances against him, these gloomy feelings, legibly impressed as they were upon his countenance, gave such additional

disagreeableness to it, that few strangers felt inclined to enter upon his qualifications, or to listen to his request. Then, too, his "stylish" dress operated powerfully to his disadvantage, no one being disposed to engage an "assistant"—by the way, how came such an Americanism into our good old English phraseology?—who displayed such an amount of low foppery.

"Take off all that trumpery, young man, and brush out the lard from your hair before you go place-hunting," said the master of the last establishment at which he applied: "and when you're clean and decent, you may perhaps stand a better chance."

This was the unkindest cut of all. He who had thought himself the pink of fashion, the observed of all observers, to be told to denude himself of his cherished elegancies, dress like an ordinary being, and make himself decent!

The night after this cruel blow was a melancholy one to the poor gent. His father, who had begun to look upon him as a life-long encumbrance, and to treat him accordingly, sat by the fire asleep; his mother occupied herself in preparing Mr. Thompson's supper; and the servant, who was polishing the same gentleman's boots in a corner, coolly told him she was busy, when, for the second time, he desired her to go out, and get him a "pint of half and half from the next public-house."

Half in pride, half in despair, this contempt roused him to determination; and, getting his own candle, by way of displaying his independence and resentment, he went to bed, resolved to purchase the former at any cost; and, as the first step towards this desirable end, to take his father's often-repeated advice, and go the next day to his sister Emma.

Morning, with its fresh annoyances, only strengthened his resolution; and, to his sister's astonishment, he presented himself at the private door of her master's house, where, after a few preliminary observations, which she perfectly understood to be made as apologies to himself for his condescension in seeking help from her, asked her to speak to Mr. Morton. "Not, of course, that I can't get plenty of situations," he said, with a lin-

gering self-conceit, "but I think it would be pleasant to you to have me in the house. I should like to be a protection to you."

Although, with a woman's quick tact, Emma had detected, even in her brother's first words, the wounded pride which shrank from acknowledging its helplessness, she yet generously forbore to ridicule or expose it. Indeed she was too glad to discover this first dawning of better things to be much inclined to do either, or assume a superiority which she felt would be so painful; therefore, simply bidding her brother wait while she sought her master, she left him.

In a few minutes she returned; and the gent, who could not even yet wholly reconcile himself to the degradation of asking assistance from a sister and a *servant*, observed her cast a furtive though keen glance over his appearance.

Fortunately for all parties, it had been much amended; and, without making or eliciting a remark, Frederick followed his sister into Mr. Morton's counting-house. "I've brought my brother, sir," said Emma, respectfully, "and if you can be so good as to take him I shall feel very thankful, and will do all in my power to show it by increased attention to the children."

"That would be impossible, Emma," returned her master, cordially; "you have behaved so extremely well, that I think it scarcely possible for you to improve; and having had in you such satisfactory experience of your family, I am the more willing to oblige you by taking your brother, though, indeed, I fear," and he, like Emma, glanced curiously over the gent's attire, "he will not prove quite so great an acquisition as you have done. However, for your sake I will try him, and I hope he will do credit to us; as the first step towards which, I would advise him to remodel and chasten his dress. And, by the bye," he added, significantly, as after the necessary inquiries and arrangements his visitors were leaving the room, "I am told that such a profusion of hair, with all the lubricants it requires, is most injurious to the health. You had better think of the hint, Sibley."

Blushing scarlet with shame and mortification, the unfortunate exquisite bowed ha-

tily, and retreated through the open door held by his sister, while she, not daring to raise her eyes to his face, followed him silently down the passage.

Great was the astonishment, and loud the expressions of satisfaction in Albert Terrace that evening, when Frederick announced there his engagement with Mr. Morton ; and in the ecstasy of his delight, Mr. Sibley would have rushed into the almost forgotten extravagance of a feast by way of welcoming the good news, in the fashion most agreeable to his son, but for the timely reflection that situations were easier got than kept, and that "poor Fred wasn't like Emma."

Whether our hero had reckoned upon the enjoyment thus withheld I know not, but certain it is that he took a speedy leave of the frugal supper table, and withdrawing to his bedchamber, exasperated the little servant grievously, by the unaccountable quantity of hot water he forthwith commenced calling for. And nothing but the reflection that it was the last night, and that her tormentor's powers of annoyance would soon cease, could have reconciled the indignant damsel to this most unusual demand, or prevented her from giving warning on the instant. As it was, she consoled herself by the utterance of the most uncomplimentary phrases she could devise, as can after can of water was jarred down at the attic door.

It was late that night when the bustle in Frederick's room ceased, and next morning his mother was on the point of inquiring its cause, when the glimpse of a bright dark-brown hair, free from any gloss but nature's, arrested her speech, and satisfied her misgivings. Not a word, however, was said, nor any notice taken, except that both parents were even more than usually silent; that Mr. Sibley volunteered to accompany his son to Mr. Morton's ; and that when he left him he shook hands more cordially than he had done for many a day, saying, as he glanced at the youth's plain dark dress,

"Good by, Fred, you haven't looked so like my boy since you were a lad at school. Keep as you are now, and maybe you'll turn out a credit to us after all."

So Frederick Sibley obtained his first and best situation, owing it, not to his own per-

fections or attractions, but to the respect in which his *servant sister* was held by her employers ; and keeping it, by having at last sufficient sense to profit by her advice and his master's hint, and discard all the *gentium* of which he had once been so proud.

SUMMER.

A bright warm radiance o'er all,
The summer days have come to shed—
To build the vine upon the wall,
And foster fruits where spring hath shed,
Her flowery gifts with fairy tread,
Decking the late lone leafless trees ;
And in her train are captive led,
The busy swarms of humming bees,
And winter rude evanquished flees,
As changeful spring with sun and showers ;
Loads with her sweets the fragrant breeze,
And ushers in the summer hours.
Now swelling fruit succeeds the flowers,
Filling the promises of spring ;
And in the cool and shady bowers,
The airy songsters blithely sing ;
Or rise upon their trusting wing,
Clearing their way o'er meadows wide ;
From time, when morning sunbeams fling,
Till day's departing eventide.

How softly comes the shadows down,
The shadows of the evening still ;
Slow deepening into sombre brown,
Around the bare of yonder hill.
And how the sunbeam's latest thrill,—
Has left the roof and forest tall ;
And sable night will reign until,
The morning comes to break its thrall.
And then how gay at morning's call,
When pleasant sleep hath healed our care,—
To greet the sunbeams as they fall,
And breathe the cool inspiring air,
The west wind brings, and breathing thus,
With all God's creatures we can share,
The gifts he sheds to them and us.

I know a fountain, where the play
Of water, pleasant music makes ;
And love, upon a summer day,
To watch it as it leaps and breaks,
In mimic waves, while snowy flakes,
Of feathery foam floats on the stream,
Dancing as playful while it takes,
A varied tint from sunny gleam,
Which glows with pure unclouded beam,
While I beneath a leafy bough,—
Of castles in the air may dream :
Or o'er some fav'rite author bow.
Or idly muse as I do now ;
Gazing forth o'er the landscape fair,
While gently comes to fan my brow,
The gentle-breathing summer air.

July, 1824.

W.

THE SAD MISTAKE.

The Rue d'Amsterdam, in Paris, was once a very quiet place, but since the building of the magnificent terminus of the railway to Rouen and Havre, which extends a considerable distance up one side of it—even from the bottom to the Place de l'Europe—there has always been a constant roar and rush of traffic in it. Enormous luggage-vans and *diligences*, with their four or six great floundering horses, and their supernaturally excited and vociferous drivers, go whirling up its steep incline every three or four hours, 'busses and cabs rattle up and down, in and out, and all round, the whole day long, and sometimes, when there is much travelling, the whole night long too; and there is an incessant rush of pedestrians hither and thither, to and fro—people tearing to catch the train, and people hurrying home. So the Rue d'Amsterdam is by no means such a quiet place now.

Exactly opposite the entrance to the terminus, on the other side of the way, is a large house, No. 6, which for many years has been let out in *appartements*.—a private lodging-house. I have lived there for four months at a time, and know it well. It is a well-appointed, substantial building, has an entrance-passage of tessellated marble, a staircase of polished oak, a good *entresol*, five ranges of *premiers* and *deuxièmes* apartments, and stories above these even to the sixth from the *entresol*, not reckoning sundry cabinets in the roof, in which airy and exalted retreats certain students of the arts and sciences foster their "young ambition," amidst tobacco smoke, tiles, and chimneys.

On the 21st of March, 1851, an elderly gentleman from the country engaged a little room on the *entresol* of No. 6, for himself and his wife. They were a quiet soft-speaking old couple, moving gently about, and preserving towards every one that peculiar humility and simplicity of politeness which you find sometimes in people of finely toned dispositions who have suffered reverses of fortune—who have been reduced from affluence to a low estate. In such as these you may, now and then, observe the effects of good breeding and education chastened

and exalted to a degree of almost saintly dignity and sweetness. It was so with Monsieur and Madame Bouvier. Every one who came in contact with them felt the influence of their delicate and gentle natures. Every spirit bowed beneath the winning grace of their behaviour—the finest and most cultivated politeness, attempered by humility and resignation.

They had come to Paris to wait the arrival of their only daughter from America, who, after years of separation, was coming back to France to see them again, and was to bring with her her husband and two children, none of whom had the old couple ever, as yet, beheld. The daughter had written to them to say that she and her family would proceed from New Orleans to Havre-de-Grace, and thence to Paris by rail, and the parents had come up to Paris and taken lodgings exactly opposite the terminus for the express purpose of awaiting their arrival and receiving them. This had been agreed upon in correspondence betwixt themselves and their daughter, therefore they believed that all they had to do was to wait patiently, keeping a careful watch upon all the reports of arrivals of vessels from America, and upon all the passengers who issued from the terminus.

From morning till night the old couple maintained a steady and persevering *surveillance* over the opposite side of the way. From an early hour in the morning either their window was open or the curtain drawn back, in order to afford an uninterrupted view of the street, or Monsieur himself was standing in the *porte-cochère*, or walking up and down the *salle d'entrée* of the terminus, with his neat little ebony cane in his hand, the picture of patient expectation and hope. It was not long before every *employé* in the station knew who the tranquil old gentleman was, and what he was always there for, looking so anxiously and yet hopefully amongst the passengers who were brought up by every train from Havre, even from the early train at morn to the late train at night; and every one of them entertained a most amiable state of feeling towards him, and felt interested in the expectation he had so much at heart.

The last letter from America had stated the time at which it was expected that the vessel which was to bring their daughter, her husband and children, would arrive at Havre, and they, with fond simplicity, had come to Paris a week beforehand, in order that they might be in plenty of time, and that everything might be arranged for the reception of the travellers.

Three weeks passed, and still the daughter came not.

Old Madame Bouvier's face grew paler and her eyes more dim; but Monsieur cheered her, and every morning repeated trustfully, that "she may come to-day." Madame Bouvier became despondent and wept at times, and mourned, fearing that she should never see her dear Julia again; but Monsieur reproved her, and declared that, from the lightness of his heart, he was sure it could not be so. Heaven watched over parents and children that loved each other, and he knew that they should see her again before they died. But meanwhile his demeanour was daily losing its serenity, his step was not so light, nor his eyes so bright, as when he first came up to Paris.

On the first day of the fourth week, as M. Bouvier was promenading, as usual, about the entrance and *salle* of the terminus, he was informed by a friendly *commissionaire* that a steam-ship from America had arrived at Havre the day before, and no doubt many of the passengers would come up to Paris to-day or to-morrow.

"From America?" exclaimed M. Bouvier, his face irradiating. "And the name?"

"*L'Espérance.*"

"Ah! It is the very ship we have been waiting for! *A la bonne heure!* I knew all would be well, if we had but patience and trust."

He hurried across the road and informed Madame of the news, and was back again in no time, intent upon keeping watch; indeed now he would have found it impossible to neglect his vigil.

The last train from Havre arrived at eleven o'clock at night. It brought a large number of passengers and a vast quantity of luggage, and the terminus was full of bustle and noise. M. Bouvier took up his position

near the end of the corridor through which all must pass, more than usually excited and expectant. As the passengers, tired and cold, crowded through, he scanned every face with eagerest perseverance. At length, a tall dark-looking man, coming from amidst the throng, fastened his bright eye upon him, stopped, regarded him attentively, and then stepped up to his side.

"I know some one," said he, "whose face is strangely like yours. Will you excuse my asking your name?"

"Pardon!" exclaimed M. Bouvier, hurriedly, vexed at being interrupted in his scrutiny. "Pardon—one moment. I am expecting my dear daughter, and if I do not watch steadily we may miss each other."

"Your daughter—ah!—then I am sure I am not mistaken. You expect her up from Havre, to which place she has come from America—from New Orleans. Your name, I will lay a wager is Simon Bouvier."

"Yes; so it is," returned the old gentleman, his interest and curiosity so strongly excited that he even ceased to watch the crowd of arrivals, and turned to inspect the stranger who addressed him. "Do you know her, then?" Is she come?"

"As to your first question, I know her well, and have known her for years in New Orleans. As to your second, I can inform you that she has arrived in Farnce, and will, no doubt, be in Paris in a day or two, if she has not arrived already."

To poor M. Bouvier this news was precious. What now were all the weary weeks he and Madame had waited and watched? Had they waited and watched for a twelvemonth, would not this assurance that their loved one was in France and would be with them shortly, have been ample, joyous recompense? Tears of delight started in his mild eyes, now bright and shining with happiness, so that they seemed to illuminate his whole aspect.

"For more than three weeks we have waited her coming," said he, passing his hand over his shining face; "my wife has taken it to heart, has given way, mourning and desponding, and saying that we should never see Julia again; but I knew better, and I have said all along that we *should* see

her again, for that heaven was beneficent and watched over parents and children who loved each other, and is it, not true, since you are come to tell us that she is in France and will be here soon? Ah! it is good news that you bear me, Monsieur," and he seized the stranger's hand and shook it warmly.

"I am very happy, my dear Monsieur Bouvier, that it has been in my power to put an end to your suspense, and to bring you tidings which afford you much pleasure," said the stranger, appearing to be most powerfully affected by the simple and heartfelt burst of joy, expressed not more in the words of the old gentleman than his features and demeanour. "Be assured that what I tell you is correct. She and her husband and children are all in France."

"Poor Julia! her husband and children—our little girl's husband and children!" murmured M. Bouvier, his bright eyes filling again. "How many years we have been thinking of them! and my wife reckons that her eldest must be ten years old, and the second, seven last September, for both were born in September."

As M. Bouvier said this, the stranger turned with an involuntary movement, and cast his eyes upon two children who stood behind him, and who M. Bouvier now perceived for the first time. The elder might have seen some ten years and the younger about seven, even as Madame Bouvier computed the ages of Julia's children to be. M. Bouvier uttered a cry of surprise."

"Ah! old dotard that I am," exclaimed he; "are not you M. Vandeau himself, my daughter's husband, and these her children? Are you not playing me a *ruse* all this time, having my daughter, perhaps, waiting behind upon the platform until you signal her forth? Ha! ha!"

"A *ruse*, indeed!" muttered the stranger, not without some quivering tokens of inward disturbance; then with a smile in which there seemed to lurk something of embarrassment and confusion, he added, "I am sorry to disturb your happy suspicion, Monsieur, but there is no *ruse* of the sort you imagine. Excuse me now, I have told all I can, and now, heartily sympathising in your anticipated pleasure, and wish-

ing all joy to your *rèunion*, I must bid you, Monsieur, adieu."

"But you have not told me where they are, and whether well or ill?" said M. Bouvier, quickly, striving to detain his strange informant, but the latter had moved away with a sharpness which seemed abrupt, almost precipitate—the children hurrying after him,—so to the question there was no response.

But M. Bouvier was too much excited to take much notice of this. He had heard that his daughter was in France, and that she would be in Paris shortly, and, almost giddy with joy, he hurried across the street, and up to the *entresol* of No. 6, to communicate the welcome intelligence to his wife.

The following day, he was again on the look-out, now more hopeful and beaming than ever, when he was suddenly startled by a hasty tap upon the shoulder, and turning beheld the gentleman he had seen the night before, whose approach he had not observed. When M. Bouvier set eyes upon him for the first time, he was attired in travelling habiliments—wore a large cloak with a high fur collar, and upon his head an oilskin cap, with flaps tied down over the back and sides of his head. He had on now a frock-coat and hat, and these with the rest of his clothes, were black. He had altogether the appearance of a gentleman. M. Bouvier would not have recognised him immediately had it not been for a certain peculiarity in the unsettled and anxious expression of his eyes. This M. Bouvier had noticed even in the first interview, and it now mainly served as the means of recognition. With a strange forced smile, which had a painful effect upon a face apparently worn thin by care and trouble, he told M. Bouvier that he had come there on purpose to see him, having no doubt that if his daughter had not arrived, he should find him on the watch. He then proceeded to say that, "though he had known Julia, that is, Madame Vandeau, for many years, even before she became Madame Vandeau, he did not wish it communicated to her that he was in Paris—if monsieur would be good enough not to say anything about having seen him the other night, or of his speaking about her—."

"My dear friend, you have not told me your name; and, without knowing that, it is not likely I could inform her who had apprised me of her arrival," said M. Bouvier, with a wondering smile,

"Well, well, I had fancied that perhaps I told you,—and yet I could not have done that," returned the stranger. "Could not—could not," he repeated, seeming to be confused and uncertain as to what he had done, or meant to do. "Well, then, do not, I entreat you, as a little favour," he went on, as if striving to make light of the matter, "do not say anything to her about me,—do not say that a gentleman spoke to you in consequence of remarking the likeness betwixt you and her, and especially do not say that there were two children with me, or she may immediately think who I am. It will give a peculiar feeling to each of us to meet unexpectedly so far away from home—for to meet we are sure. To her I know it will be a great surprise,—a great surprise. Promise me—not a word."

"Ah, cheerfully I will promise, on condition that you also make me a promise," said M. Bouvier, too full of the excitement of his long-cherished expectation to bestow anything more than a passing wonder on the singularity of the stranger's manner and request.

"Yes—what is it?" inquired the latter.

"A promise that you will not fail to come and see us, when my daughter is at home again. The sight of a friend she has known abroad for years may afford her the liveliest pleasure, you know. In fact, there is nothing so delightful as the meeting of friends, unexpectedly, and at great distances away from former associations."

"Well, I will promise;—but tell me where shall I come to see you?"

"At present I am living opposite, at No. 6, in this street, but in a few days, that is, as soon as Julia is with us, we shall go home to St. Denis. It is only three miles from Paris, and any one will direct you to us, for we have lived there, rich and poor, many, many years."

The promises were mutually made, and the stranger departed, hurrying away as he did before.

An hour after, a train arrived from Havre, and poor old Simon Bouvier clasped his daughter to his arms.

Poor thing! the voyage must have been terrible severe to her. She was extremely thin and pale, and had a hopeless, careworn look, quite distressing to see; and her emotion on returning her father's fondling embrace—for though a woman, was she not still Simon Bouvier's "little girl,"—seemed not to be entirely joyous, for she trembled and wept excessively and sobbed with a vehemence and intensity by no means reasonable or natural to excess of delight.

She was accompanied by a gentleman and two boys.

In reply to an inquiring look and movement of her father, she said, "That is Theodore, and the children, and then again fell weeping on his shoulder, with her little laced handkerchief pressed against her face.

The gentleman stepped forward, and shook hands with M. Bouvier, very respectfully, but somewhat coldly the warm-hearted old gentleman thought, who then shook the hands of the two boys, and patted their shoulders, declaring that they were young *braves*, and then they all went over to No. 6, and ascended to Madame Bouvier. The ecstasies of the old lady were even stronger than those of her husband, and many and many an embrace she had, before she would release Julia from her arms. Then she shook hands with Theodore, and fell into fresh paroxysm of delight over the children, whom she kissed again and again. And whilst she was doing this, M. Bouvier observed, with astonishment, that Julia started, averted her head, and darted a glance of the most poignant agony at Theodore.

In the conversation which followed, M. Theodore explained with much speciality of manner, that it would be necessary for him to remain in Paris for some days—it might be for some weeks,—as he waited with great anxiety, a letter from America of much importance, and until they received it, neither himself nor Julia would be at rest.

"Bring it to me," exclaimed Julia, interrupting him abruptly; "bring it to me, Theodore, the moment it is in your hands." "Therefore, M. Theodore continued, he

should for the present take an apartment somewhere in the vicinity of the central post-office, as the letter was to be addressed to the *Poste restante*. Shortly, he took his departure with the boys, leaving Julia with her parents. The latter were somewhat surprised at the coldness betwixt their daughter, her husband, and children, but there was something in Julia's manner which forbade questioning, so they contented themselves with the pleasure of having her with them again, and made no remark.

M. Theodore called upon them the next morning, said he had been to the *Poste restante*, but found no letter there, and then bid Julia adieu for awhile, as her parents were going back to Saint Denis, and she with them.

This *réunion* with their daughter, so long anticipated with the eagrest impatience, was a strange experience to the aged parents—an experience not without a secret mingling of wonder, disappointment, and sorrow. Twenty years before, when M. Bouvier, by a series of losses, became straightened in his means, she was taken by her uncle to accompany him and his children, her cousins, to America, she being then in her twelfth year. Ever since that time, one steady, long-sustained hope and desire, had formed the under-current of the daily thoughts of their tranquil lives, namely, the hope and desire of seeing her, of hearing her talk and sing, of being united to her again. And now, at length, she had come home. But her coming had produced no festival—either in deed or in sentiment:—it was a strange, incomprehensible disappointment. They could not understand her, nor tell the meaning or sympathise with her behaviour. Her life with them seemed to be a stifled agony: she was like one who, at the same time, loved and dreaded them. At times she half shrank from their endearments and caresses; at others, she would keep by her father's side with curious pertinacity, and be restless and fearful if he moved away from her, and court her mother's kind words, and nestle her spirit betwixt theirs like one in search of comfort and consolation. Day after day, she com-

plained how long it was to wait before a letter came from America, and that she should have no rest till Theodore had received one and brought it to her.

After some days spent in this painful manner, and growing constantly thinner and paler, she became exceedingly ill, and was obliged to be kept in her bedroom and nursed.

The Bouviers were greatly troubled, and knew not what to think or do. All was mysterious and sad. It seemed as if the development—the angry breaking forth of some inexplicable tragedy were at hand, betwixt Julia in her sick bed, Theodore in his apartment near the post-office, and the letter coming from America.

The remembrance of the stranger who had spoken of Julia at the railway terminus, came into M. Bouvier's mind. All at once he recollected the perturbed voice and look, the pallid face, and anxious eye, and the thought smote him that here was another link in the dark chain. But as yet, he said nothing, for he feared he might do no good in communicating the circumstances to his wife, and he had promised—there was something strange in that eagerly exacted promise!—to say nothing to Julia. On the other hand, the stranger had promised to come and see them, and, were it for weal or woe, that may do something towards the elucidation and settling of matters. As for Madame Bouvier, she was quite bewildered, but, in her own mind, believed that Theodore and Julia had lost their affection for each other,—that the former, to whom madame had taken a dislike at first sight, had behaved harshly to Julia, though Julia would say nothing about it,—that, in fact their union had become an unhappy one, and that the best thing they could now do, would be to separate,—he going back to America, or wherever he liked, and Julia remaining with them.

At length, however, M. Bouvier found the remembrance of his interview with the stranger rest so heavily upon his mind and heart, that he could keep silence no longer. To Madame Bouvier he confided all, even from the stranger's first recognising him by his likeness to Julia, to the

stipulation that he would say nothing of having seen such a person, and the promise exacted by M. Bouvier in return that the stranger would come and see them.

Now, the ready fancy of Madame Bouvier solved the mystery immediately. Julia must have been guilty of some indiscretion—hence the coldness betwixt her husband and herself,—and the stranger, who requested secrecy, must be the author of the mischief—the party to the indiscretion,—the one against whom the vengeance of the husband was aroused. Dreadful would it be, Madame Bouvier thought, should the man come there,—and perhaps in direct collision with Theodore. Deeply she regretted that her husband, in his innocent good nature, had informed the stranger where they lived, and had actually invited him to visit them. She declared he should never enter the house, and M. Bouvier, readily falling in with her construction of the matter, declared the same, and forthwith instituted almost as vigilant a watch upon all who approached his door as he had formerly kept for the arrival of Julia.

Madame Bouvier's distress of mind was deep, for from the behavior of her daughter, of Theodore, and from all the other circumstances which had accompanied their arrival, she felt fully assured that her suspicions were well founded, and that the peace of mind of all of them was perhaps lost for ever. She resolved forthwith to question Julia, believing that if she could draw an explanation or confession from her it would tend to tranquillise the agitation which so obviously possessed her. A very affecting scene was the consequence of this resolution. It was long before the poor mother could ask the dreadful question. Over and over again she asked her daughter if she remembered how much care she took of her once, how much she used to love her, how fond they were of each other, how bitter had been their separation, but that great as was the love which watched her infancy and youth, it had never diminished, but, on the contrary, had been strengthened by absence and time, and that now that parental affection was more strong and true than ever, and she hoped that Julia would not for a

moment think it was otherwise. Over this preface she travelled again and again, constantly shrinking from the question it was intended to introduce. But, by-and-by it came; with great solemnity—with fearful, painful tears—and harassed breath.

“My dear child, I must ask you this: what dreadful mystery is it that surrounds you and your husband? Have you, my poor Julia, given him any cause for offence?”

“I have, I have!” was the sobbing, half-stifled answer, uttered with head averted and pressed deep down against the pillow.

“Then it is you who have given offence to him; whilst he has done you no wrong?”

“Yes: it is so. It is he who has been wronged.”

“And is it a great wrong that you have done him?”

“It is, it is; dreadful; fearful!”

More afflicted than ever, Madame Bouvier paused,—wiped her damp forehead and her streaming eyes, and sat down, in great trouble and proplexity, by the bedside. It would have puzzled an observer to decide which betokened the deepest distress of mind at this moment—the mother or daughter.

After awhile, the examination was timidly continued, the affectionate examiner not yet having asked all she intended,—or rather not having touched one immediate point of suspicion.

“Julia, is your offence of this nature: have you wronged him by an indiscretion with another?”

“That is it, that is it! Oh, *mon Dieu!* What could have possessed me!”

“Do you know where he who caused this indiscretion now is?” asked Madame Bouvier, for her suspicion were strong and direct.

“Yes: he is in Paris,” was the reply.

Madame Bouvier lifted her hands and eyes like one whose worst fears had received dreadful confirmation.

“Is it he,” continued the poor mother; more apt in following the thread of her own fancies than in reflecting or reasoning; “is it he whom your father saw at the railway station the day you arrived, with two children?”

"Yes: it is he," exclaimed Julia, with an accent of passion and inward exasperation, which made poor Madame Bouvier shrink from further inquiries. In her own belief she had now completely unravelled the mystery, and only awaited until her daughter should be somewhat less excited to make an arrangement as to what course could best be pursued. She rose to leave the room, but as she was going, Julia raised her head hurriedly, and called her back.

"But still, dear mother, Heaven knows I am not guilty; not guilty, more than in leaving him for awhile!" exclaimed she, in a voice so earnest and truthful as to compel, at once, belief and sympathy. A load was lifted from the heart of the much troubled parent immediately: she went back—embraced the poor penitent, tried to comfort her, and declared that if it were so, all might yet be well.

"No dear mother," continued Julia, "not guilty; and there is one who knows all, and who will bear witness that I have not wronged him more than in leaving him!"

Madame Bouvier informed her husband of all that had passed betwixt her and Julia, and the two had many a long consultation as to what course they had better pursue, in order to bring about a reconciliation betwixt the husband and wife. Both believed—betwixt their own suspicions and own construction of what Julia had said that the person who addressed M. Bouvier at the railway terminus must be the tempter who had caused Julia's offence—that he had come to Paris for the purpose of attempting to prosecute his design, and that, of all things, they must prevent his obtaining access to her. Many times M. Bouvier commented, with bitter anger, upon the sardonic meaning that he now saw in the curiously uttered remark, that "it would give a peculiar feeling to each of them to meet so far away from home! for Julia he knew that it would be a great surprise!" To M. Bouvier's mind there now seemed something quite Satanic in these words. Much he repented the warm invitation he had given, and resolved, as things had turned out, to do his utmost to prevent it being taken advantage of.

Accordingly, when the much-dreaded event happened—when the stranger, availing himself of the permission granted, called at the house, M. Bouvier, who had seen him approach resolutely refused to open the door to him. He was old and timid, and was alarmed at the bare thought of an altercation or disturbance, therefore he sat still in his chair, and said the stranger might knock till he was tired; and perhaps he would think there was no one at home, and would go away of his own accord, which would be far best—far best. But Madame Bouvier lost patience when the knock had been sometimes repeated, hurried with hysteric passion to the door, told the stranger, that their daughter "had confessed all to her mother and father, and that they had determined that he should never see her again, therefore it would be quite useless for him to come there any more." And after saying this, with angry vehemence, she shut the door upon him, before he had uttered a word.

This visit the old couple kept a secret from Julia. After the confession had been made, she seemed to be mending somewhat to be growing more settled and tranquil in her mind. Therefore, they deemed it best not to acquaint her with the fact that the author of her misfortune had attempted to see her, lest it should disturb her, and throw her back, or, perhaps worse, impair the strength of the good resolve which had, as yet, kept her from irremediable guilt.

Six weeks passed, during all this time Theodore had not visited the house; and to every inquiry made respecting him, Julia answered, that he would not come until he had received the letter from America, which both of them were so anxious about. At the termination of that period, however, he came and brought with him the long-awaited letter which had just arrived with the last American mail.

Great were the effects of that letter.

The distressing sequel, and the history of the sad mistake were now made known. In an evil hour Julia Vandeau and her husband had quarrelled: and those who loved each other deeply can sometimes quarrel in earnest. In the continuance of the quarrel,

Julia madly determined upon a desperate revenge, and eloped with M. Theodore Venterre, from New Orleans to France. He was a young man of affluent means,—a widower, with two sons. Hardly had they lost sight of land, however, before Julia became possessed by the most passionate regret—the love of the husband and children she, in her anger, had left behind, returned with wild vehemence. Her soul revolting from the crime she had contemplated, she loathed the sight of him with whom she had fled, wrote a letter of repentance and entreaty to her husband, and despatched it by a passing vessel. Before she had received an answer to it, she dared not return, and resolved that should M. Vandeau refuse to take her back, she would seek a maintenance for herself in her native country. But meanwhile M. Vandeau had gained intelligence of her flight, and the following day took a passage to Europe in a steamer, which, owing to the accidents of the sea, was the first to arrive at Havre. He was in a frame of mind, as strange as sad, and he had actually brought his two boys with him, not knowing how to leave them at home, and being too distressed to think of making any arrangement for them. He went up to Paris, and recognised M. Bouvier there—in what wild and incoherent manner we have seen; called at the house in the Rue d'Amsterdam the day after they had left, ascertained that his wife had been accompanied by a gentleman and two boys, who, from the description, he knew must be Theodore Venterre and his sons,—and then, losing all feeling, but disgust and detestation, resolved to return to America, leaving Julia to live or die as she might. It was some time before his resolution became fixed, however; and in the misery of his uncertainty, he went to Saint-Denis. When Madame Bouvier told him that Julia had confessed all, and that he should never see her again, and shut the door in his face, he concluded that the father and mother wickedly acquiesced in the elopement, and, shaking the dust from his feet, he left the door, and was quickly on the way back to America. On his return, he received Julia's letter—full of the profoundest

grief, and love! And in his heart, he knew that this letter was a true and sincere outburst, and he as solemnly believed her fidelity, after reading it, as if she had never left his side. He wrote the answer so pitifully entreating, and again went back to France. He arrived safely at M. Bouvier's cottage at Saint-Denis, and there the two became reconciled again. Theodore—more weak than wicked, and deeply moved by the repentance of Julia, when she felt the enormity of her fault—awaited upon M. Vandeau, with an hyperbolic heroism perfectly French, demanded that he would take his life for the dreadful wrong he had done him. M. Vandeau, however, did not do this, and it is not the least singular part of this singular story, that afterwards, when all had returned to America, they became the closest of friends. Such is the history of a sad mistake, followed by other sad mistakes well nigh as dangerous.

THE WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

VALUE OF A PENNY.

The interest of one penny for 1850 years, at the rate of five per cent. per annum compound interest, would amount to 6,606,813,355 with the addition of twenty-seven ciphers, or upwards of six million, million, million, million, million, million of sovereigns, or pounds sterling! And admitting the present inhabitants of the earth to amount to one thousand million, and each person to have counted ten thousand pounds every hour from the creation of the world to the present time, or in six thousand years, the sum so told would bear no greater proportion to the whole amount than one grain of sand would to the number of grains contained in a sphere of 37 feet in diameter, supposing each cubic inch to contain one thousand million of such grains!

The number of pounds sterling would also be equal to the number of grains of sand contained in one hundred globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude—the earth being assumed an oblate spheroid, whose equatorial and polar diameters are 7,925 and 7,899 miles respectively. The same sum will also be

equivalent to 2316 million 242 thousand 681 globes of pure gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and if placed close to each other in a strait line they would extend to the distance of 18,344,642,033,520 miles! It would take a steam-carriage 348,784 centuries to pass through this distance, constantly travelling at the rate of sixty miles per hour. The above sum would also amount to a globe of pure gold whose circumference would be 50,652,672 miles. It would take 1386½ years, at the rate of 100 miles per day, to pass round it!

The results above stated are truly astonishing, and are above the comprehension of the human mind. Had the interest been taken at 10 per cent. instead of 5, the result would have been still more incredible; the number of globes of pure gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, would amount to 55,086,658,333 followed by 36 ciphers, and if extended in a straight line close to each other, it would take light, which travels at the rate of 195,000 miles in one second of time, as many thousands of years as there are grains of sand or particles of matter contained in the whole earth, admitting each cubic inch to contain one thousand millions of such grains as before stated.

N.B.—The specific gravity of fine gold of 24 carats is taken at 19,258, and its value £4. 5s. per oz. troy, or £74,600 per cubic foot of gold. The simple interest of one penny for 1850 years, at 5 per cent. amounts only to 7s. 8½d., and at 10 per cent. to no more than 15s. 5d. A wonderful contrast between simple and compound interest!

A TARTAR DELICACY.—With the Tartars the tail of the sheep is considered the most delicious, and consequently the most honourable portion. MM. Huc and Gabet, the travellers, were hospitably entertained on one occasion, and received this enormous lump of fat, weighing from six to eight pounds. Loathing the luxury yet afraid to offend their host, they at length hit upon a happy expedient for their relief. "We cut," says Huc, "the villainous tail into numerous pieces, and insisted, on that day of general rejoicing, upon the company partaking with us of this precious dish."

IMPORTANT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR!

LETTERS FROM THE EAST BY OUR OWN BASHI-BAZOUK.

On board H. T. M's Ship, the Mahmoodjee Kebojjee, Off Sebastopol, July 5th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—I returned to the Hotel d'Angleterre, immersed in disagreeable thought, for it is never pleasant to look on friends for the last time, more especially if you are going away from a pleasant place on a confoundedly disagreeable journey, as a trip in a chain gang to Siberia undoubtedly is, most especially of all, if you are about to part from a being so beautiful, beloved, and devoted as I then thought Matilda Schouzoff. Beautiful? yes. Devoted? phoo! Beloved? ha! ha! But I am advancing matters.

We had our usual company to supper, excepting of course Tuffskin, who, for very good reasons, did not show, and drank many a friendly bumper to our Quaker friends, whose last night it was, and whose luggage lay piled in the hotel corridors, ready to be carried off to the steamer before dawn. Young Dobkins was particularly melancholy. He has beautiful blue eyes, and a figure and an expression, as I have previously stated, singularly like my own. The young fellow's eyes, I remarked, began to fill with tears, and he spoke with profound emotion of the kindness which he had received from inhabitants of St. Petersburg, contrasting the splendour and elegance of the society there with the humdrum routine of Godmanchester, Bristol, and other cities whither his lot had led him as a Quaker, a manufacturer, and a man.

I know the world pretty well, and when a young fellow begins to blush, and shake, and sigh and tremble in his voice, and hang down his head, and rub his eyes with his fist, I feel tolerably certain what is the matter. "Hullo, my friend Broadbrim," says I "there's a woman in the case; I see that in a jiffy."

Broadbrim gave a heave of his chest, a squeeze to my hand, and demurely pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment; a woman there was, as beautiful, oh! as be-u-eu-tiful as an angel, he gurgled out, concealing his emotion and a part of his comely young countenance (a confound it!) in a frothing

beaker of champagne—a woman, the loveliest being in St. Petersburg, from whom he did not know how he should tear himself away.

“The loveliest being in St. Petersburg, thought I; no, no, my young lad, that young person is disposed of elsewhere,” naturally presuming that the young fellow had lost heart to some girl of the English factory, some hide and tallow merchant’s daughter, in his own shop-keeping, slop-selling, square-toed walk of life.

I have a feeling heart, and having been touched by love and frantic with passion, many, many scores of times in my life, can feel another’s woe under those painful and delicate circumstances. I consoled honest Dobkins, therefore; I clapped him on the back: returned squeeze for squeeze of his hand, and pledged his lady love in innumerable bumpers of champagne, for which—poor satisfaction—I now console myself by thinking that the young rascal was left to pay.

As we were talking, Dobkin’s servant brought him a note, which he seized eagerly, read with glittering eyes and flushing cheeks, over which he murmured a hundred gasps and exclamations, and was about to kiss, had not my presence deterred him.

“Kiss away, my boy,” said I; “I have osculated reams of note paper in my time, and know full well whom that pretty little packet comes from.”

“Dost thee?” says he, blushing up to the temples.

“Of course I do,” I answered with a laugh. “Dost thou think, O bashful Broadbrim, that the”—I protest I had here very nearly written down my name and title—“that Verax has never been in love with a pretty girl.”

“Chief,” says he—for Chief I am, though my tribe is well nigh extinct, and my chieftainship a mockery—“Chief,” says he, “dost thee know that this letter concerns thee; a great danger menaces thee—exile, chains;” and in a low whisper, so that the waiter should not hear, who was cutting the string of the sixth bottle—“*Siberia.*”

“Does the whole town know it?” cried I, double-distilled donkey that I was—“is my disgrace the talk even of the hemp and tallow merchants of the city?”

“My letter,” says Dobkins, slowly, and with much agitation—the artful young hypocrite, I should like to wring his neck—“my letter is from one who is a very good friend to thee, who fears the dreadful fate that awaits thee, in the eternal snow”—the canting young humbug—“who points out the only way to avert thy evil fortune—the way to freedom, the way to escape from thy tyrant, perhaps to revenge thyself on him at some future day.”

“Ha! boy,” I exclaimed, strongly moved by the young crocodile’s words, for as I never told falsehood myself I am slow to suspect it in another; “so thou knowest the fate that menaces me, and hast found out means to avert it; speak, my friend; whatever a man of courage may do, I am ready to attempt, in order to escape from a tyrant, and one day to avenge my wrong.”

“Easy, my good friend!” cries this young square-toes, this arch sly-boots, “we Quakers are of the peaceful sort; here is no question about revenge, but about escape, and that immediately. Thee knowest that the gates of Petersburg are shut against thee, and that thee may as well hope to escape from the Autocrat as from death, when the day comes. A way, however, there is, and but one, by which thee can put thyself out of reach of the claws of this Russian eagle: and though I shall risk myself not a little, nevertheless for thy sake, and for the sake of those who are interested in thy welfare, I will abide the peril, so I may set thee free. Our steamer, the John Bright, sails from the Potemkin Quay at half-past two o’clock this morning, when the tide serves. The Friends have given orders to be waked at one, which is now the hour. Thee must take my passports, thee must shave off thy moustaches, and put on the broadbrim and drab, which thee loves to laugh at, and so escape.”

“Generous boy!” I exclaimed, griping his hand like a vice; “and what will happen to you?” I was quite confounded by the seeming nobility of the young scoundrel’s self-sacrifice.

“Never thee mind that,” says Broadbrim. “How can I help it if a rogue makes off with my coat, my hat, and my passport? I am a Briton, and my Ambassador will get

me another." I took him to my heart, this loyal, this gallant, this guileless, this affectionate heart, that beats with eternal tenderness for the friend who does me a kindness—that rankles with eternal revenge against the villain who betrays me!

I agreed to his proposal. To put on his greatcoat and broadbrimmed hat was an easy matter; though to part with my moustaches I own was difficult; can we help our little vanities?—our long bushy auburn-coloured curly vanities, I rather would say. A more beautiful pair of moustaches never decorated the lip of man. I loved them perhaps the more because my Matilda loved them. I went up to my chamber, and was absent a few minutes.

When I returned, Dobkins started back. "Gracious heavens!" said he, and looked positively quite pale. "Gracious heavens," says he, "what an alteration!"

Altered I was indeed. I had taken off my splendid uniform of an unattached colonel of Russian cavalry—yellow, with pink facings, and the black Russian spread eagle embroidered tastefully on my back—and put on a snuff-coloured suit of Dobkin's, which I found in his room, No. 10. My face was shaved as clean as a baby's. I had a broadbrimmed hat on. I placed in the Quaker's hand an envelope, sealed with a royal'scutcheon that once flamed in the van of Erin's battle; it contained my moustaches. I am not ashamed to own that the tear bedewed my manly cheek, as I bade him deliver the packet to the Princess Matilda Schouloff.

The young villain rushed up to his room, and put on my uniform, which fitted him to a nicety, and I painted him a pair of moustaches with one of the burnt champagne corks, of which half a dozen were lying on the table; you would really have thought it was myself as you looked at him. Ah, fatal resemblance! Ah, sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er my life and my woes!

Six hours afterwards the John Bright steamer was before Cronstadt, and it was not until we were out of reach of the guns of that fortress (which I have a certain plan for silencing) that the friends of the Peace Deputation were aware that I, and not their young companion, was on board.

I did not care, for good reasons, to go to London; but as soon as we got to Dantzic, put myself into the railroad, and betook myself to Paris, where my old friend, the Emperor Napoleon the Third, received me with his usual hospitality. In several interviews with his Majesty, I laid before him the fullest information regarding the military and pecuniary resources of the Russian empire which has never yet, as I believe, found its way out of those immense dominions. What I told the French monarch (I confess myself a friend to despots, and an enemy to philosophers and praters)—what information I had the good fortune to convey to him I shall not, of course, publish here. My plans, were they followed, would burst in thunder upon the crumbling battlements of Cronstadt, and hurl into mid-air the ships and arsenals of Sebastopol. I fear other counsels than mine may be followed.

St. Arnaud and I had a dispute long ago, when he was in a very different situation of life. With the English commanders I cannot communicate, owing to my peculiar position, and the Ballingarry affair. It was that unlucky business, likewise, which prevented my friend, the Emperor of the French, from giving me a command over troops which were to act in conjunction with the forces of the English Queen. He offered me Algeria, but I preferred active service against Romanoff, and the colonel of Bashi-Bazouks has already put a shot or two into the proud wings of the Russian eagle.

If anything was wanting to sharpen the edge of my hatred against him, against Russia, against men and women, against Quakers especially, it was a paragraph which my kind friend, the Emperor Napoleon, showed to me one afternoon, as we were sitting in the Pavilion Marson, talking over Russia and the war. I was translating for him—and I think I have said that I speak the language perfectly—some of the lying bulletins out of the Petersburg gazettes, in which his Majesty and his British allies are abused in a most vulgar manner, when glancing down a column of fashionable intelligence, I came to the following paragraph:—

"CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH QUAKER TO THE ORTHODOX FAITH.—A young Quaker no-

bleman, of the highest birth, whose family has devoted itself for some time past to commercial pursuits, whereby he has realized an immense fortune, has quitted the lamentable errors and benighted faith under which most of his countrymen labour, and has professed himself a convert to the only true and orthodox religion. It is M. Dobkinski's intention to establish himself in our capital, and his Majesty has graciously awarded him the order of St. Andrew of the second class, the rank of colonel, and the permission to marry Matilda, daughter of Police President Prince Schouzoff."

"Mick, my good fellow," said his Majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, "you look a little pale;" and no wonder I did look a little pale, though I did not inform my Imperial interlocutor of the causes of my disquiet; but you and the public may now understand in part, for my adventures are not nearly over, why it is that I am a

BASHI-BAZOUK.

THE MERCHANT OF PLATOVA.

A TRUE STORY OF SIBERIA.

WHEN we think of Siberia we remember at once exiles, chains, black depths in which poor wretches labour their lives away, snow, solitude, and worse than purgatorial pains. The drifts deserts, measureless in their perilous horror, rise up like continents devoted to be the abodes of the unblest outcasts of this world. Yet now and then the good which belongs to man's nature lights a torch amid these forests of dreary pine, and kindles some cheer even in the citadel of eternal winter.

Amroz Kurlinof, a merchant of Platova, being suspected of conspiracy, was sent, about ten years ago, to labour in the iron mines of Siberia. It is the practice in Russia to send the doomed, one by one, to a station on the great road leading from Moscow into the centre of that vast penal territory, and thence to march them away in companies. Amroz was, in this manner, taken to the frontier village of Polana, and kept until a sufficient number of the condemned were collected to be the companions of his mournful journey. Near the post-house was a large quadrangular building, the wooden walls of which were painted a bright yellow. The roof glared amid the snowy plain with its deep tinted ochre. The palisades en-

circling it were of the gaudiest blue. The structure was divided into a multitude of little square rooms, filled up gradually by occupants as victim after victim arrived by night from the western parts of the empire. They came under separate escorts, and there was a mysterious rumour that some who were brought to Polana ended their journey there, while many were known to die on the long dreary highway, well named by some sighing captive the "Path of Tears."—Meanwhile women in some chambers, and men in others, looked forth all day through their barred windows on the cheerless country around—a plain sprinkled with a few hamlets like molehills amid its snow, and intersected by a line of oaks and willows which marked the bed of a stream.

On the appointed day the exiles—about seventy in number—prepared for their march. They were all dressed in a coarse uniform. The men were marshalled in pairs. Some were fettered. The women rode in front in heavy waggons, in which also were a few sick and infirm persons of the other sex. A great troop of uncouth village militia, with an escort of insolent Cossacks, guarded the wretched train. Thus equipped and watched, the exiles set forward over a wild and singular country. The road lay for a while across half-barren tracts, sprinkled with stunted trees and devoid of the fresh graces of nature. But now and then where a river crossed the plain, or a valley was watered by some copious spring, the green of the earth was vivid and rich, the groves were thick, the hamlets cheerful and picturesque. Sometimes a forest of ancient oaks lay along the road for miles, and as the little caravan went on, these became gradually more frequent. Gradually, too, the signs of the baboon-like society of Russia disappeared, and the aboriginal people came forth alone to send their pious blessing after the tearful train. Deep-born in the heart, indeed, must that blessing have been to follow those forlorn exiles into their desolation.

The tribes dwelling along those borders, though calling themselves Christians, were observed by Amroz Kurlinof to retain many heathen practices. He often saw them with their long, wild black hair, their lofty pyra-

midal hats, their white embroidered garments, offering sacrifice to their gods on the skirt of some consecrated wood. To the evil ones they devoted the blood of horses, horned cattle, and sheep, but to the benevolent, they gave only fruit and chaplets of flowers. In the night their watch fires might be seen in thousands, glaring like large red stars among the forests and hills.

Such spectacles varied, in Kurlinof's eye, the monotony of his mournful way. The first pause made was at Adinsk, where he was employed for a while in a copper mine. Shortly, however, he was taken from this and sent nearly a thousand miles further into the depths of that inclement continent.—From a 'probation in the cold Uralian pits he was led to the barren solitude of Beresov, near the circle within which our planet hangs upon its pole. There the severity of labour was greatest. There the chance of escape was least. There many a Bonivard complained, and many an Ugolino sighed.—And in this savage Chillon of the North, where the old died forgotten, and the young lived forsaken, Amroz was condemned to count his cheerless hours.

The population of Beresov was composed almost entirely of exiles, their descendants, and their keepers. There is, perhaps, no more extraordinary place in the world. The sun does not rise till nearly ten o'clock, never going far up in the sky, and setting three hours after noon. The clouds are never broken by a glimpse of blue, so that an eternal twilight reigns. So naturalised are the people to their climate, that, instead of pining for the brilliance of the south, they have snow-born poets who sing rapturously of their "half-dark days," congratulating their eyes on the absence of dazzle and glare.

The houses in Beresov are built of heavy timber, and almost all have heavy palings around them. In winter, no living creature is seen outside, even by day. The silence of death prevails in every street. The doors are closed. The small windows emit no gleam from the fire. Inside, however, there may be light, hilarity and warmth. The inhabitants dress in skins and thick cloth, eat cakes of flour and dried meat, drink brick-tea, and traffic in the fur of the stone-fox. In

their stores are heaped up arms, packages of mammoths' bones, kegs of brandy and wine, beaver bags and needles, fruits from Bokhara, tobacco and other commodities. The pigeon, grouse, white fowl, and duck, supply varieties of food, and life is thus made comfortable even in the chilliest region of the earth.

But how can we, with our rugs, and slippers, and easy chairs, imagine the desolation of the unhappy ones toiling near that city, under the ground? In galleries, and caverns, and shafts, in the bitter, hopeless winter, with frozen tears; with hands colder than death, but not so callous; with the earth tinkling like iron under their feet, and no morrow of hope to soothe the pains they suffered, the exiles toiled all day. They toiled all day; and if the husband had a treasure of memory in his breast of the dear wife who loved him; if the woman mused over children to whom her name was as a word of blessing; if a young girl warbled low some reminiscent song, or one who had loved returned in a mournful dream to the face, and the hand, and the kiss which he had lost—there was no solace in the thought, for they might never see them more;—the joys, the delights, the hopes of happier times, the youthful, the beautiful, the affectionate, and good, they were parted and they might never see them more.

Much of this agony did Amroz endure.—A whole year he wasted his mind in pining, as the most miserable in a kingdom of misery. But he was young, he was untamed, he was courageous. It never entered his heart to conceive that his confinement would only end with life. The idea of escape was perpetually playing, like a vision of promise, before his eyes. Educated as he had been, and familiar with the geography of the region as well as with the peculiarities of the people, he invented many plans, though postponing indefinitely any attempt to carry one of them out. The thought, indeed, became more like a dream than a resolution in his mind, until a strange accident broke up his purposeless reverie, and impelled him into rapid and decisive action.

In Beresov the greater part of the exiles belong to the poorer classes, who have been

compromised in insurrections and resistance to their feudal lords. When Amroz arrived, however, there were several of a different order, and among these a number of ladies — The youngest was Aza Mitau, a native of Nijni Novgorod, who was condemned to ten years exile and chastisement for having assisted in the escape of the principal conspirators of 1835. She had been only three months in the iron-mine when Kurlinof entered it, but had already begun to experience the influence of its severities. It is common for writers on Siberia to deny the infliction on women of painful and distorting labour in the great prison-land of Siberia; and a Russian traveller has gone so far as to say, that the captives at Beresov are, for comfort and felicity, in a most enviable condition. We know better. We know that no Russian *dare* tell the truth, and that ordinary explorers have no means of finding it out.

However, this may be, Kurlinof often saw and sometimes spoke to, Aza Mitau. It was his task to carry masses of the iron ore, through the ebon darkness of the pit, to sloping galleries, where an endless succession of tumbrels rolled up and down on a tramway. Women were employed here to detach the laden trucks from their hold, and send them sliding forward under the force communicating by a train dashing along a parallel way, but in a contrary direction. At first they spoke to each other merely as a relief from misery. Then Amroz felt himself touched by the sorrow of the poor young creature—guiltless and beautiful—who toiled there in suffering and fear, to expiate an act of treasonable charity—of seditious obedience to the heavenly law of mercy. All such intercourse ripens in the same way. There is no need, therefore, to tell of the manner in which Aza and Kurlinof came to love each other in that Arctic Acheron, or of the way in which they cherished and expressed their love. It is enough to say that he determined to risk his life in attempting to rescue her from captivity, and that she consented to take the peril of the enterprize in companionship with him.

The overseer of the works was accustomed to send out parties of the prisoners, under a guard, to barter for game with the wild Os-

tyak tribes, which swarmed in the neighbouring forests. These forests have never been explored by civilized man, and their strange inhabitants have only been imperfectly described. How Kurlinof took advantage of being sent on two or three of these errands to engage some Ostyak friends on his behalf, the account of this adventure will show.

One night when it was completely dark, he passed out of his wood-lined sleeping cell, along a mighty gallery, at the further end of which Aza would await his arrival. There was no difficulty in this rendezvous, since scarcely any one ever dreamed of an escape from Beresov. Its snows were looked upon as surer guards than sentinels—its remoteness as a better security than chains, or locks, or walls. It was imagined that the desperado who should venture a trial, would surely perish in the waste, and this idea was assiduously impressed on the minds of the exiles.

Kurlinof, however, possessed superior knowledge as well as superior bravery. He was resolved to make an endeavour, though he invited none but Aza to share it, because he was aware of the singular fact that in a population of degraded captives, many, if not most, would not permit one to escape, because they had not the courage to attempt it themselves.

Aza and Kurlinof therefore passed stealthily out of the pit, and struck into the forest close by. They walked apart, stepping carefully from tree to tree, that their shadows on the snow might not attract the notice of any stray loiterer who might happen miraculously to be out at that hour. When they had left the thin outskirts of the wood, they went forward more quickly, and at last began to run together. They ran and walked by turns, until towards midnight they arrived at a large open glade, where there was a winter encampment of the Ostyaks. Here they expected a sledge would be ready to convey them to the territories of the next tribe, but they had come earlier than the Ostyaks expected, and nothing was prepared.

The huts were built of thick, rough planks, covered with fresh skins, and carpeted with soft, clean furs. Bright fires were burn-

ing before them, and groups of men and women were warming themselves, with the upper parts of their bodies bare, while others were lying down on the comfortable couches within. Several men on seeing Kurlinof and his companion, immediately started up to perform their agreement, and went out to catch the deer. The animals had wandered to some distance, to a place where, the snow being thin, moss was found in plenty. The fugitives waited with intense anxiety, fearing every moment would bring pursuers upon them; and each with inaudible eloquence beseeching the mercy of heaven to guard them both.

In about an hour a low, hollow-sounding "hoo! hoo!" was heard in many directions through the forest. It seemed to come from a hundred voices, and to be approaching on all sides. Aza started, and Amroz scarcely concealed his uneasiness; but the Ostyaks said, "They are driving in the deer," which put an end to their alarm. Presently they distinguished the peculiar clattering sound of the reindeers' hoofs ringing over the crisp snow; and now the drove came flying through the long vistas of the forest with a high-bounding gallop, until they paused suddenly in front of the fire-lit huts. Then the Ostyaks uncoiled a long band of leather, and held it from hand to hand, about three feet above the ground until all the herd was clustered together. Two or three men next went inside this ring, and selected the creatures that were destined for the yoke. They were as submissive and docile as possible.

Four magnificent animals, with antlers five feet high, were chosen, and separated from the rest. They were harnessed with a girth and a single trace, and reined with *single* reins, and, in a few moments were attached to the long crescent-shaped sledge in which Amroz and Aza were to continue their perilous flight. In a quarter of an hour all was ready; the store of dry meat and bread-cakes was packed away, the fugitives were in their seats, and the Ostyak driver, with his whip as long as a trout-rod, with a wolf-spear grafted on one end, prepared to start his team. A sudden, shrill cry, pierced the air; all the men in the encampment shouted, the women clapped their hands, and the team

dashed forward, and flew, like a shadow, through one of the broad avenues of the forest. It seemed like a phantom hurrying on among the trees, leaving no track upon the snow, which now shone like a pavement of alabaster under the newly-risen moon.

As the sledge passed out of the forest upon a plain, the phenomenal beauty of the night riveted the eyes of Aza. An immense arch of light rose over the Arctic Sea, and with more than auroral lustre. Luminous columns shot up at intervals along its bending line, radiating over vast spaces of the heavens; pillars of mystic brilliance, with a tremulous motion, changing from a pale, straw tint, to yellow, to rose-colour, and to red, until they spread and mingled, and one burning, melting blush,—half of vermilion and half of gold—glowed over the whole sky. And then a vision, as of three moons of intense white light, appeared like an angelic triad floating along the pale purple mists.

While they gazed at these enchantments of the sky, Amroz and Aza continued speeding over the plains; but suddenly a loud cry was brought to their ears from the woods behind. They hastily looked back. Innumerable torches appeared glimmering along the edge of the forests, painting with lurid streaks the almost palpable darkness. Their long, flaring lights, glanced rapidly over the snow, and a multitude of dusky forms could be perceived moving with them. Shrill and startling cries were uttered incessantly, and the whole mass of this strange apparition seemed to be swiftly following the sledge.—The fugitives were terribly alarmed. They called to their driver who was shouting to his beasts, and ringing a peal of little echoes with the lash of his whip. He turned round, but only said, "Be still!" made ready his spear, and drove forward with increased impetuosity. Still the sounds and shadows came nearer and nearer. The howls became more distinct—the forms of men were more palpable to sight. On they rushed, shaking their torches, piercing the night with their shrill and savage cries, and coming in one black, dense body, over the snow, until suddenly the Ostyak driver, with a shriek of horror, bent forward in his seat, and struck the reindeer madly over their flanks. "They

are here!" he cried: "they are come! they will pass over us!" "Who? what?" asked Kurlinof, thinking of nothing less than immediate capture. "Wolves," said the poor barbarian, in a lower tone, as he brandished his ponderous wolf-spear, and flourished it to the right and left.

So it was. A mighty pack of the tall, furry, Siberian wolf, was being driven out of the forest across the plain, and towards the great inclosure which the Ostyak tribes had been for weeks preparing on the other side. They were three hundred, at least, in number,—huge, grizzly, powerful brutes,—and a vast concourse of Ostyaks was in pursuit of them with spears and torches. Their path lay right in the track of Kurlinof's sledge. If they came up to it, they would, probably, tear to shreds, man, woman, and reindeer, as they went by. On they trooped; their long dark bodies pouring over the snow, with a half-suppressed monotonous growl, half of terror, half of ferocity. The driver knew they were near, he also knew the danger.—Aza, warmly folded in furs, clung to Kurlinof, who knew of no means to preserve her. But the driver had a device. He drew from its pouch his ever-lighted pipe, and pulled from beneath his seat long bunches of willow shavings, tied at one end, which the natives used in cleaning their dwellings. Two or three of these he gave to Amroz, and two or three he took himself, preparing to ignite them as the rout of wolves came near. His expedient was successful. As the animals pelted over the plain, within a hundred yards of the sledge, a quick, brilliant flame was displayed, waving to and fro, and carried rapidly forward. This unusual sight startled the wolves, and the whole pack made way for the blazing vehicle; some passing to the right, and some to the left, but all flying forward with, if possible, additional rapidity.—When the hunters came up, they scarcely looked at the sledge in passing, but dashed on, with their torches and their cries, until light and shadows together plunged into the opposite forest, and were lost to view like a crowd of demons vanishing after a midnight revel into the pit of Acheron.

The fugitives travelled all night, and about dawn arrived at a village of better

built huts than those from which they started. Here they remained all day feasting on dried fish and caviar, with cakes of rye-bread and snow-water. There were good stores of ivory and skins in some of the habitations, waiting the arrival of the Polar merchants.—

In the evening, at dusk, they set forward again with a fresh team of deer which the people here started by simultaneously striking a number of curious drums. In this manner they passed on, from stage to stage, for seventeen days. Once, two Cossack soldiers pursued them from a station; but their Ostyak driver, with his powerful horn-tipped bar, struck down the reindeer in their sledge, and disabled them from further progress.—In travelling through the country of the Samoyedes they were very hospitably treated and invited to stay the season in their huts. At one village, where the people were half Russians, they found a number of young girls assembled round a lamp, spinning the unbleached wool, and singing their pretty songs. No men were observed, and they learned that all had gone on an expedition.

This seemed an embarrassment, since their driver was to take his deer back from this place. But they were told not to distress themselves. At the proper time four noble horses were harnessed to the sledge, and mounted by four young girls, who in a moment, put them to their mettle, and dashed forward with loud cheering cries. They were beautiful as Italians and bold as Tartars. Thus Aza and Kurlinof made their way, through a thousand perils to a desert-built town, where the tea-caravans stopped on their route to Russia; and thence, by the assistance of some Swedish friends, reached a port where they were secure from every danger.

They who had been united in such an adventure could never more be parted. Aza became the wife of Kurlinof, and if there be many happy hearths in Stockholm, there is not one where the lamp burns with a purer light than theirs. May the romance of their first love be prolonged by the romance of a fortunate and tranquil life!

The surest way to improve one's condition is to improve one's self.

MANNERS AND FASHION.

Manners belong to society of all kinds,—savage as well as civilized. They consist partly of observances which society sanctions, and partly of restraints which society imposes. While men live alone they may do as they like,—dress in any habit or in none—they have merely their own wishes and feelings to consult. But so soon as men live together, they are under the necessity of consulting each other's opinion,—they have to restrain themselves in certain things, and to observe certain usages prescribed by the other human beings about them. Hence Manners, and eventually Fashion.

But the form which manners in nearly all countries assume is determined by certain influences—the most important of which are religion and law. At first sight it may appear impossible to trace the rules of etiquette, Acts of Parliament, and the Decalogue, to the same common source; and yet we have only to go sufficiently far back to ascertain that their root is identical. In early ages, among all peoples, the idea of Deity, Chief, and Master of the Ceremonies, was identical. The first notions obtained of God were of the crudest kind. Each tribe had its own god, and the tribes were in the habit of boasting that “our god is greater than your god.” The god selected by each tribe was invariably an embodiment of its own ideas of greatness, hence he was usually a destroyer, a warrior, strong and powerful. The original of this god was in most cases a real chief or king who had been famous in battle. Thus all the early kings were held descendants of the gods,—nor has the divine right of kings yet altogether died out from amongst us. In all the Eastern nations, as well as in ancient Britain itself, the kings' names were formed out of the names of the gods: that is, of the hero-kings of a previous age whom the people had deified.

Thus government was originally that of the strong man, who afterwards became *fetish*, and was cited as a god,—his descendants reigning in his stead, and invoking his name, his presence, or his vengeance in support of his authority. And thus law and religion were originally embodied in the chief,

the god-king, or the god-descended or god-appointed king, the Lord's anointed, and the viceregent of heaven down to the modern ruler by divine right. Law and religion came to be regarded by the people as equally sacred, and legal and illegal were held as almost synonymous with right and wrong. A separation between the civil and spiritual functions of the ruling power gradually took place; priests exercised the latter, and kings and their agents the former,—the civil power gradually becoming more secular: though even in Protestant England the monarch is still regarded by the law as chief priest, or “head of the church.”

Then out of law and religion arose Manners—the subject of our article. The first forms of courtesy observed in all primitive societies were the signs of submission to the strong man—the god-king. The people in speaking of or to their king addressed him with reverence becoming a god. “Our Lord the King” is a phrase still preserved among us,—now a mere form of speech, but originally a living fact. The members of the royal family, in primitive ages shared in the same honours, and were also hailed as “Lords,” belonging as they did to the divine race. Gradually, however, titles were applied to every man of power; and now, in modern times, titles are given as mere matters of compliment. The title of “esquire” is conceded to everybody; and any Irishman will salute as “your honour” the person who gives him a half-penny. The complimentary word “Sir,” so often used as a word of courtesy, is but the word “Sieur,” or “Lord,” in an abbreviated form. The words “Herr” “Don,” “Signior,” “Seigneur,” and “Senor,” used on the continent in the same sense, originally meant “Lord” in the same way. In like manner the words “Lady” and “Dame” though now very commonly used, were originally words applied to women of exalted position.

“Dame,” once an honourable name, to which, in old books we find, the epithets of “high-born” and “stately” affixed, has now, by repeated widenings of its application, become relatively a term of contempt. And if we trace the compound of this “*ma Dame*,” through its contractions, — “Madam,”

"Ma'am," "Mam," "Mum,"—we find that the "Yes'm" of Sally to her mistress is originally equivalent to "Yes my exalted," or "Yes, your highness." Throughout, therefore, the genesis of words of honour has been the same. Just as with the Jews and with the Romans has it been with the modern Europeans. Tracking these everyday names to their primitive significations of "Lord" and "King," and remembering in aboriginal societies these were applied only to the gods and their descendants, we arrive at the conclusion that our familiar "Sir" and "Monsieur" are, in the primary, and expanded meanings, terms of adoration.

It is the same with the ordinary polite forms of address. In writing an every-day letter to a stranger we unconsciously begin by using a word of reverence or worship—"Sir" or Lord, and we end our letter by the ordinary phrase of "Yours faithfully," which originally meant, "your slave," or, in the Eastern phraseology, "All I have is yours." Sometimes we conclude with; "Your most obedient servant," which is only another way of saying the same thing,—little as we may mean it. The words, though now mere barren forms were once living facts. They originated in complete submission to the lord, the sir, or master. Afterwards, they were used as terms of propitiation; and now they have become mere unmeaning forms of politeness. The use of the word "you," as a singular pronoun, infers the same supreme power on the part of the individual addressed,—being equivalent to the imperial "we" assumed by themselves,—though the "we" is now used by editors and many other small fry, and the "you" is addressed to everybody. The Quakers in their revolt against established forms, discarded the "Sir," the "you," and the "yours, faithfully," in addressing their correspondents and others; and it will be observed from what we have said that there was some sense in their proceeding.

The same difference as will be found to exist if one proceeds to analyze the bow of salutation and the familiar nod which friends now ordinarily throw to each other across the street,—and he traces this in like manner to early religious practices. The

Eastern form of salutation is to take the shoes from off the feet—a mark of reverence originally paid to a god or king, but now extended to all persons, and become an ordinary form of salutation. Our form of obeisance is derived from the Romans, who in worshipping their gods moved their right hand to their lips, and then, "casting it as if they had cast kisses," to use the words of Selden, "they turned the body round on the same side." This soon became an ordinary form of salutation to emperors, rulers, persons in power, and finally to ordinary people. This form of reverence we have inherited. The village schoolboy who awkwardly raises his hand to his forehead, and describes a semi-circle with his forearm, is not aware that he is employing a Roman form of reverence and worship, and yet it is so. And so, in like manner, was our wave of a hand to a friend across the street originally a devotional act.

The inclination of the body in a bow is a form of obeisance derived from the East. Entire prostration is the aboriginal sign of submission. The Assyrian sculptures show that it was the practice of the god-kings of that nation to place their heel upon the necks of the conquered. And to kiss the king's feet was an act of total submission, as it still is to kiss the toe of the Pope. The Russian serf still bends his head low to the ground in presence of his superiors, but in Western Europe we have very much abridged the act of prostration. We have shortened it into a bow, which, however, we generally make low in proportion to the dignity of the party addressed: and we have still further abridged it into the nod of familiar recognition. The bow is also still preserved as a religious act, and is made by Catholics before their altars, as well as by Protestants at the enunciation of certain words.

The curtsy, or courtesy, was originally, too, an act of reverence or worship. It signifies the falling down upon one knee—once a common obeisance of subjects to rulers. The curtsy of a village girl is so low that she seems almost as if down upon both knees before she rises again. What we call the "bow and scrape," such as the stage sailor makes, and the schoolboy sometimes tries, is

also an abridged act of kneeling, arising in the same way. "A motion so ungainly," could never have been intentionally introduced, even if the artificial introduction of obeisances were possible. Hence we must regard it as the remnant of something antecedent; and that this something antecedent was humiliating may be inferred from the phrase "scraping an acquaintance," which being used to denote the gaining of favour by obsequiousness, implies that the scrape was considered a mark of servility—that is of *servility*.

In lifting the hat to a friend, acquaintance, or lady, we also unconsciously perform an act originally of reverence. We uncover in churches and before the monarch, using the same ceremony in signification of our submission before the deity and the king. But at the same time, the lifting of the hat has come to be an ordinary form of salutation, and its origin is not thought of.

Such seems to have been the origin of *Manners*, which dictate the minor acts of minor men and women in relation to other persons, and which consist in an imitation of the great to one another. "Whilst the one has its derivation in the titles, phrases, and salutes, used to those in power, the other is derived from the habits and appearance exhibited by those in power. The Carrib mother who squeezes her child's head into a shape like that of the chief, the young savage who makes marks on himself similar to the scars carried by the warriors of his tribe (which is probably the origin of tattooing), the Highland who adopts the plaid worn by the head of his clan, the courtiers who affect greyness (by using powder), or limp, or cover their necks, in imitation of their king, and the people who ape the courtiers, are alike acting under a kind of government cognate with that of manners, and, like it too, primarily beneficial. For, notwithstanding the numberless absurdities into which this copyism has led people, from nose-rings to ear-rings, from painted faces to beauty spots, from shaven heads to powdered wigs, from filed teeth and stained nails to belt-girdles, peaked shoes, and breeches stuffed with bran, it must yet be concluded, that as the strong men, the successful men,

the men of will, intelligence, and originality, who have got to the top, are, on the average, more likely to show judgment in their habits and tastes than the mass, the imitation of such is advantageous. By and by, however, fashion, corrupting like these other forms of rule, almost wholly ceases to be an imitation of the best, and becomes an imitation of quite other than the best. As those who take orders are not those having a special fitness for the priestly office, but those who see their way to a living by it; as legislators and public functionaries do not become such by virtue of their political insight and power to rule, but by virtue of birth, acreage, and class influence; so the self-elected clique who set the fashion gain this prerogative, not by their force of nature, their intellect, their higher worth, and better taste, but gain it solely by their unchecked assumption. Amongst the initiated are to be found neither the noblest in rank, the chief in power, the best cultured, the most refined, nor those of the greatest genius, art, or beauty; and these reunions, so far from being superiors to others, are not noted for their insanity. Yet, by the example of these sham great, and not by that of the truly great, does society at large now regulate its goings and comings, its hours, its dress, and its small usages. As a natural consequence, these have generally little or nothing of that suitableness, which the theory of fashion implies they should have. But instead of a continual progress towards greater elegance and convenience, which might be expected to occur, did people copy the ways of the really best, or follow their own ideas of propriety, we have a reign of mere whim, of unreason, of change for the sake of change, of wanton oscillations from either extreme to the other—a reign of usages without meaning, times without fitness, dress without taste. And thus life, *à la mode*, instead of being life conducted in the most rational manner, is life regulated by spend-thrifts and idlers, milliners and tailors, dandies and silly women.

What can draw the heart into the fulness of love so quick as sympathy?

Feelings, like flowers, sow their own seeds.

MY FIRST LOVE.

UP and down and to and fro that long picture gallery, built in the walls of memory, my imagination is ever wandering, or pausing every now and then before some well-remembered portrait or familiar scene which the inward eye brings back to life, or clothes with a flowery and green reality, until I fancy that I hear the one speak, or again feel the breeze and inhale the perfume that once floated over the other: and while wandering there I am never lonely, and never alone, though there is no sound about me louder than the beating of my own heart. Sometimes, also in my sleep I hold a mysterious communion with the living, but oftener with the dead—knowing that they are departed; and their dreamy presence is often as pleasant to my waking thoughts as the visionary ladder up and down which the angels ascended and descended, was to the patriarch of old. Frequently, in the still watches of the night, I am visited by the shadowy image of my first love, and she always appears with a wreath of maiden-blush roses around her hair. We talk together, she and I, in my sleep—sometimes even about how long she has been dead, but oftener of what we did and said while she was living. Sometimes I try to clasp her hand, but cannot; and when I ask her why, she smiles, and shakes her head.

I have loved others who are dead—it may be, not as I loved her, for she was but a girl just bursting into sweet womanhood when she died, and I but a youth; and though they seem to come and go while my body is wrapped in slumber, yet never so often as she appears, nor do they remain so long. My sleep is always sweetened by her visits, though I know that she has long been an angel; and though she will not tell me what she does in Heaven. Why she should thus visit me I know not, for there was nothing in our early loves, beyond the solitude in which we lived, than about that of thousands who have loved and died unmarried. That I loved her fondly and sincerely I yet feel; for, when I think of her, old emotions still play about my heart, such

as the remembrance of none other can awaken. She was my first and dearest love; she is still to me what the daisy is among my favourite flowers, which I love more than any other, because it brings back spring; and with it comes the memories of childhood, youth, and Mary, for she and the daisy are somehow twined together, and with them the evening star, though I can scarcely tell how; yet it is so. What follows is the history of our love. Graycroft Grange—I care not now it has long since been pulled down, and I question if the occupier of the new farm-house, since built where it stood, ever heard its ancient name—I care not now for its name being known, so few visited it, for there was no road near nor around it, saving through my uncle's fields, all the gates of which were locked, excepting in harvest time, or in the hay season. When he sold any of his cattle, they were driven into the far, or roadside field full a mile away from the Grange, and thither the butchers or drovers went to take them away. It was a large, rambling, old-fashioned farm-house, such as is often found standing by itself in England, generally hemmed in by rich pasture lands, not a turf of which had been disturbed for centuries. The cattle that feed on these old meadows sleep half the day; the pasturage is so rich and plentiful, that they scarcely have to move at all before they are full. Only one cottage stood beside the Grange—formerly there were more—indeed, it had in ancient times been a thorp, or hamlet; but saving the remains of an avenue of hoary trees, there was no vestige of the road that had led to it in remoter times. In this cottage, the garden of which was only divided from the larger one of my uncle's by ivy-covered palings, lived a widow and her daughter, on account of this relationship, was allowed to remain in the cottage after his death, through my dear aunt's intercession, and much against the wish of my rich and money-loving-uncle; though he at times was kind in his way, and perhaps, with the exception of his money, fonder of methan of anything on earth—I mean at this period.

Widow Greywell—how I love that old primitive name, and often conjure up

the grey old well, or road-side fountain, after which she was called, and all the more because it was my indulgent aunt's maiden name—lived in this, the only remaining cottage of the hamlet; and with her orchard, her garden, and her fowls, contrived to pay the four guineas a year rent, the same as when her husband was alive, and was my uncle's steward, or managing man, as he was called. I know my aunt always gave her husband the money the day after it was due, and the widow the receipt, and I often fancied the amount came out of my dear relative's private purse. I know now that it did.

Mary Greywell was just fifteen when I first knew her, that is to notice her; though I had often seen her before, but only at brief intervals, during my holidays; and then in my visits to the Grange I had found too much to interest and amuse me even to think a moment of Mary. I did not love her all at once even then, as some have loved at first sight; but when I did begin, no one ever loved more fondly, more faithfully. Nor can I tell now how it did begin, though I think it was one day when she was with my aunt, who had very delicate health, that she placed my hand in Mary's, and told me to be kind to her, for her sake, when she was gone, for that she felt she should not live long. I know that I then held Mary Greywell's hand a long while, and that we both wept bitterly, and that my aunt kissed us; and then, with our tears still flowing, I kissed Mary, and promised never to forget her. The health of Mary's mother was also "breaking fast," these were the very words my dear aunt used in speaking of her, while her beloved arm hung around my neck, after Mary had gone. Everybody then expected that I should inherit my uncle's estate; but it proved otherwise. The very evening after that interview I wandered in our large old-fashioned garden. I felt a wish to be alone, and in the nuttery, the pleached alleys, and no end to fantastic turnings, any one, like Wordsworth's river, might "wander at their own sweet will" for the hour together, without fear of intrusion, by crossing and re-crossing the winding alleys and quaintly-shapen beds. After a time I approached the railing that divided

the two gardens—I have never since seen such sweet moss-roses as grew there—and while musing, I know not on what, my ear was arrested by a deep sobbing; it was the same which I had heard only an hour or two before. I knew it was Mary, and cleared the moss-covered railing at a bound. I had never done so before; and in a neat little arbour, thickly overhung with honeysuckle, around which the bees murmured all day long, I found her weeping and alone. I cannot remember now what I said as I wiped away her tears with a gentle hand, and drew her head towards my shoulder, as if she had been my sister. I loved her then because she was weeping for my aunt, whom I also loved like a mother, and we sat talking of her many virtues until the evening star appeared above the tall elms that overtopped the Grange. Mary knew not then how near her own dear mother stood on the brink of the grave. Harvest arrived, and, Heaven forgive me! I had all but forgotten Mary, when, like Ruth of old, she came into my uncle's fields to glean, accompanied by her Naomi. Oh, how my heart smote me when I saw her stooping amid the stubbly furrows. It was then that I first wished that my uncle's wealth were my own. Had it been, she should never have bent more, though every ear of corn had been gold. How ill that sweet face accorded with her homely garments, with the patched gown and the old stocking-leggings she had drawn over her beautiful-rounded arms to guard them from the savage and stabbing stubble. It was then that I loved her. As she stood with the gathered ears in her hand, and the great blue eye of heaven above us, then my heart felt how good and beautiful she was. As I held her hand, and looked upward for a moment, scarcely knowing what I said, so deeply did my heart reproach me with neglect, I traced, on the only silver cloud that floated over us in the blue field of the sky, a resemblance to the form of my benignant aunt; and, raising the stubble-pierced hand to my lips, while my heart smote me for having done something wrong, I said,

"Dear Mary, forgive me; I promised aunt to see you every day after that night, when I told her how I went to you in the garden,

and I have scarcely seen you since. Why did you not come in as you used to do before-time?"

She tried to smile—she looked down and blushed, I saw the very shadow which her long eyelashes made as they fell like the starred rim of the daisy; and, perchance that is the why I have ever since loved the daisy beyond every other flower. And then tear followed tear down the sun-browned roses of those beautiful cheeks; then drop, drop, upon that dear hard-working hand; and, as they lay here and there in round globules on the loose points of the worsted of those old leggings which she wore to protect her arms, forming such pure bracelets as an angel ought only to wear—diamonds dropped from the rich mines of her pure heart.

"Dear Mary, I love you!" were the only words I uttered.

"And I have loved you ever since that day—that night," was the sweet response; and nothing more—for then, like Shakespeare's Miranda, she stood crying "over what she was glad of." Even now I can picture her, as she stood in her brown shoes to which the clay adhered, pulling unconsciously to pieces the ears of corn which she held in her hand; while I vowed, under the great, blue, ever-watching eye of heaven, that she should be mine for evermore. Can it be that in my sleep she comes to renew that vow which was offered up at the pure altar of heaven, under the roof of God's great church—the sky?

After harvest time I went with her to gather black-berries, and sloes, and bullaces, which, in those old high thick hedges, grow as large as damsons, and might be kept in jars, free from the air, all winter long, which caused them to fetch a high price at the neighbouring market town. In the early morning I also accompanied her to gather mushrooms, and for these, too, she found ready customers; and by such means contributed to her mother's comforts. What pleasure it was, in the grey light of those mornings, to take a long pea or bean-rod, and tap at her chamber-window until that sweet face appeared at one corner of the uplifted snow-white curtains, or with her

long almond-shaped nails she tapped on the diamond panes in answer to my summons. True those little feet, that "peeped out like mice" from under her homespun kirtle, were often saturated with the morning dew as we went wandering from meadow to meadow gathering the pink-skinned mushrooms, with which we sometimes filled the large basket that we carried between us. She said it made her dear mother happy to live by industry, though she had no need for any extra exertion, because of the liberal hand of my aunt, which was never weary of giving, even when it was not needed. Then came the reward of labour. Hitherto she had carried her rural produce to market on her head, balancing her pretty wicker-maund as she walked, without even touching it with her hands, and looking as beautiful beneath her burthen as any Grecian caryatis that ever bore up a sculptured pediment; but at the close of that autumn I found no end of reasons for driving the light spring-cart to market, with our servant Betty in it, and her heavy load of fruit, butter, eggs, and other produce of dairy, orchard, garden, or field, and with her and it my first love, and all her wild fruits gathered in dell and dingle, and briery brake. Pleasant was it to have her beside me, while stout, good-natured Betty, occupied a chair in the body of the cart; pleasant to see the morning breeze uplift those silken ringlets, while the roses on her cheeks caught a deeper crimson from the cold fresh air; and many a time since, when about to do what I ought not, have I fancied that I felt the pressure of her gentle hand on my arm, as she was wont to place it there whenever I drove the spirited pouy a little faster to frighten Betty, or sent my voice thundering a-head for some one before to make room for us to pass. Oh! I never could have done wrong had I had that gentle hand to have pressed and warned me, and those blue and beseeching eyes to have looked in silent entreaty into mine own, no more than I could in the presence of a watching angel. Every tear I caused her to shed seemed to fall on my own heart like scalding lead, for she was gentle as Pity leading Mercy by the hand; and pure in heart as a seraph's thoughts. I

had but learnt to take a limited look at things then; and it seemed to me very hard, when I first saw her and her mother stooping to pick up an ear of corn here and there, and turned to gaze on the great fields that my uncle possessed, as I thought how easy it would be for him to send them a waggon load home at once. What a deal of labour it would save them, and how little he would have missed it; but I had not then learned how much sweeter that bread eats which is earned by "the sweat of the brow." Then I had to help Mary to thrash and winnow what they had gleaned, and there was not room to swing one of uncle's flails in that low-roofed cottage, so face to face with the gathered ears between us, we knelt down and beat the corn out with sticks, then carried it away in a patch-worked quilt, made of remnants, from the gown of her great-grandmother down to her own frocks; and on a little breezy knoll behind the old orchard we winnowed it, while the chaff blew in our faces, and made a white trail on the grass up to the orchard hedge. Then on Sundays we went to church together, and that was nearly three miles away, and aunt but seldom went on account of her health, while Mary's mother was too weak to walk so far, and uncle always went round to look at his fields on the Sabbath. I used often to wonder what he thought of as he stood looking down the furrows, dangling his great gold seal in his hand, when the crops were springing up; but I have heard since that there was no man on that side of the country could tell so near what every acre of a field would average. What new ways did we find to that far-off old village church! what strange wildering paths we found which led thither! we startled the lordly pheasant, the shy hare, and the grey rabbit in their wild hunts, as we sang the songs of Zion together in those solitudes,—for her silver voice ever took the lead in that village choir, and there were no other instruments than those voices to sing "their Maker's praise," in that primitive ivy-clad church. Winter came, and my aunt died—there was snow upon the ground when her coffin was placed in the waggon; well do I remember the dark marks which the wheels

made as I walked with my uncle behind. Mary and her mother were mourners at that rural funeral, which, saving themselves, and one or two neighbouring farmers, and some of the servants, was but thinly attended. We passed through those very gates which had never been opened since we welcomed home with loud shouts the last harvest load—when Mary, crowned with corn, sat as Harvest Queen upon the topmost sheaves. There were trailing ears on the hedges between the gates through which the heavy harvest had passed, as we went on our way with our burthen to the great garner of death. My uncle never shed a tear, but as we walked along kept looking every now and then over the fields, as if to see how his autumn-sown crops were progressing. I dropped behind him, and joined Mary and her mother; and, through their heavy falling tears, they whispered low the many virtues of her we had lost. It was my aunt's last request that they should follow her; but that long walk through the winter snow, and lingering so long in the cold churchyard, hastened widow Greywell's death; and scarcely had the daisies begun to show their green round heads in the fields about the Grange, before she was borne to the same calm resting-place, and my Mary left all alone in the world. After that there was a freezing look in the cold grey eye of my uncle when he saw us together; for, saving Betty, there was only myself left to comfort that sweet orphan. My uncle talked about her giving up the cottage, and going out to service, and my blood rose as I replied; for in my mind I pictured her sitting in some kitchen, and eating her meals with coarse-minded hinds, who had scarcely an idea beyond that of the horses which they drove. No! she should be mine, and we would cultivate the garden together, and pay him his rent; at which he laughed, and shook his great gold seal then turned away, followed by his dogs. There was no garden for miles around equal to what we made Mary's that spring and summer; she worked in it early and late, and by doing so seemed for the time to subdue her sorrow.

Through our mutual management, and the hints of an old gardner, we raised the

earliest sack of peas, and the finest new potatoes which were brought to the little market-town; and great was the sum realised, owing to a club-feast, which was held on the following day, and for which they were purchased. But there was no longer any aunt to send in the fresh butter weekly and those delicious custards which she allowed no one but herself to make; not that Mary cared for such things, though I noticed that she ate less than ever, and I fancied that she missed those sweet gifts, so sweetly given. It seemed sad for one so young to be dwelling all alone in that old cottage, surrounded with objects which recalled only the dead; for every little thing that she touched brought back the remembrance of her mother. And when her labour was done, and we sat in the calm of the evening in that honeysuckle arbour, watching for the rising of the evening-star,—which at that season of the year seemed to come from over the green churchyard, where my beloved aunt and her dear mother slept,—she would tell me her dreams; for strange communion did My First Love seem to hold with the invisible world in her sleep after her mother's death; and stranger still, she foretold that she should not live long, but die unmarried, and that we should only be united together after death. Then she would point to that bright and mysterious evening-star. There were many blush-roses in that picturesque garden, and because it pleased me, she would wreath her hair with them, after her day's labour was done.

When I call up her beautiful image now, with those roses in her wavy hair, her sweet lips apart, and revealing the row of May-bud-like teeth between, and her light-blue eyes fixed on that solitary star, I sometimes think that she never belonged to this world, as we do, but had come hither only a little time—for her thoughts and her language seemed so little allied to earth—on which she said there was nothing but the daisies to remind her of the starry sky. Often, too, when busied in her garden-work, I noticed the birds picking about within reach of her hand; but they always fled at the sound of my approaching footsteps, to return again as soon as I was gone. She said that many of them knew her.

While gazing on that star her innocent imagination took daring flights, and she would wonder what my aunt and her mother were at that moment doing in heaven. She had no fear of going there herself, and used to talk of looking down on me every night, when that star clomb up the sky from the churchyard to the tall elms above the Grange; that at that hour she should come every night and look down on me, and see what I was doing; and that although I might not see her, I was to be sure and remember, that she was always there. She believed that her heaven would be in the evening-star. There was one wild brambly brake which extended for a full mile, and in which we had always found the finest blackberries; nor was it an easy matter, when once in, to extricate ourselves. What happy hours we have passed there, where I had to liberate her by trampling one brier under my feet, as I lifted another above her head; and then, before she could move a step, had to free her kirtle from others, or pause every now and then to pluck the hooked thorns from her long taper fingers. That brake, bounded by a mountain covered with roses, over whose summit the sun set, and above which the star of the evening hung, appeared to be ever present in her dreams. She seemed to pass through it, she said, as if it were summer grass, so easily did it give way before her; but me she could never free, though I appeared to be always with her. As she released me from one I was caught in another; and she who has long since reached that summit of roses, and those flowery heights that are lighted direct from heaven, still visits me in my dreams, and leaves me again when I awake to struggle through the world's briery brake, in which I am still entangled. So accustomed am I to her appearance in the still night, when deep sleep settles upon me, that I know I am dreaming, in my dream; and when I ask her why she never visits me when I am awake, she answers and says, "Because I am not permitted." Yet, in the midst of troublous and evil dreams, she seems to come to me; and it is only then that her presence awakens me; at other times, when we are alone in sleep, like Caliban in the "Tempest,"

“when I waked
I cried to dream again.”

Scarcely had a year elapsed before my uncle took to himself another helpmate. Oh! how different from the one he had lost. Even the enduring Betty was compelled to leave on account of her stinginess, and the farm-men rebelled and refused to do their work on skimmed-milk, after being accustomed to have it warm and foaming from the sleek cows. Her sister's husband came and offered twice the amount of rent for the cottage and garden that Mary was paying, and she let my uncle have no rest until he had given her notice to quit. Mary said that before the time of notice expired she should give up possession. I and faithful Betty, who had come to live with her, knew her meaning too well. She was drawing nearer and nearer to that shadowy mountain of roses every day—and every night that evening star seemed in her eyes to sink lower, as if to receive her. Betty now toiled in the garden, and carried the produce to market—for the light cart was but seldom used, and any little favour that my uncle showed to Mary was done by stealth. If after returning from shooting he threw a bird, hare, or rabbit over the garden fence while passing, it was when the dark, deep-set eyes of his new wife were not upon him. I liked her not, I could not like her, through some such strange instinct as causes the lark to cower and shun the hawk. I ever avoided her after the first few weeks; for I knew that in her hard heart she carried enmity, and hated my First Love! my pretty orphan! who has long been an angel in heaven. She tried to poison my uncle's ears by accounts of what my kind aunt had done for Mary's mother, magnifying one hundred fold the little presents which that gentle heart made her. And this was ever her talk when they were together, and when Betty had told my uncle that “she did not think Mary was long for this world,” after the notice had been given to quit the cottage, and he told this to his new wife, she said, “It will be a blessing when she's gone.” Even the fresh servant which that hard woman had brought with her wept as she repeated the words of Betty, for she

often stole into the cottage with some present from uncle when his wife was out of the way. But these things never reached dear Mary's ears, for she was now unable to leave her chamber. But why prolong my tale? She passed away in a rosy sunset of June, just as the evening star appeared above the topmost boughs of the old elms that overhung the Grange. I held her hand as she ceased breathing, and turning my eyes in my great agony towards heaven, I saw her star from the window, which was open, while the room was filled with perfume from her own garden flowers—flowers which she would never train more—my own, my sweetest flower!—no, never, never more! We bore her to the distant church—twelve village maidens, robed in white, were her bearers, changing from time to time when they were weary. Many followed her to that rural churchyard. The sweet, solemn hymns they sang rang through the green shades where we had wandered—over the corn-fields where she had gleaned—the white lambs seemed to leave off grazing as the funeral train passed, and all the birds that had known her appeared to be mute. A gentle rain fell while the curate read the beautiful burial service over her—it fell upon the flowers which the villagers threw into her grave—“sweets to the sweet,” I saw the rain lay like angel's tears upon the blush-roses that strewed her snow-white coffin. We placed her between her mother and my aunt, for she had often said that theirs would be the first arms to encircle her when she entered heaven, and that she had many a time been borne thither in her sleep—she knew the colour of the stars on their foreheads, and the form of the golden harps which they bore in their hands, and would chaunt over the hallelujahs which she had heard in that delectable land of dreams. And I have faith that she is numbered amongst those thousands whom the Blind Bard of Paradise saw, who

“Speed o'er land and ocean without rest;”

and that she is ever by me when on the wings of holy thoughts I climb nearer to the stars—that I have felt her presence when breathing a prayer amongst the daisies, and that her ever-watching eyes have many a time allured me back into the “straight and

narrow way," when I should have been wandering in the broad and downward road. That ever since her death my First Love has been my guardian angel, and that she will be the first to receive me in that gray gateway beyond the grave.

—
"I TOLD YOU SO!"
—

I WONDER whether, of all the hateful combinations which the most ingenious person in England could contrive to form, out of Johnson's, or anybody else's dictionary, one more thoroughly abominable than that which heads this paper, could in four words be devised. No Eastern question, no leaky ships, no refractory steam-engines, no anything, have destroyed more bodies, than this vile phrase has lost souls. To me the entire language fails to supply any other four words containing so much taunt, petty triumph, insolence, and unchristianity.

Experience of all sorts of people and things has made me believe that "I told you so," "I knew how it would be," and such like expressions, have been at the root of more irreparable breaches in families, more obstinate persistences in evil, more concealments, falsehoods, and meannesses, than any other popular sayings in the language. For who will confess a mistake, an error in judgment, a false step, or a folly, when the first thing he is sure to hear will be one of these arrogant impertinences? Who, having once done wrong or foolishly, will have courage to persevere in the way of amendment,—more difficult for his feet to tread, remember, than for the always steady and virtuous,—when he knows that every slip will be greeted with that taunting, humiliating sentence, "Ah! I told you so?"

Who can put faith in himself when he sees that no one else has faith in him? Of all the paths in life none is so arduous to climb, or needs the tenderness of others more, than that steep, backward road which those must travel who would retrace and redeem the past. Is it kind, then, is it just, or Christianlike, to put stumbling-blocks in the way, to deprive the struggler of confidence in himself, and in the justice of others, and

make him feel, that, do what he will, strive as he will, be as earnest in well-doing as he may, he will—*so he fails*—have credit for his exertions—that he is struggling on untrusted—that if he succeeds his success will be received with incredulity (and almost with vexation that he has disappointed the benevolent prophecies of which he has been the subject,)—and that if, over-tempted or over-tried, he fails, his failure will be hailed with a sneer of petty triumph?

Oh! men and women—children of the same great Father, heirs of the same inheritance, travellers to the same goal—is this right? Should you treat your feeble or guilty fellows so? Is this the conduct which our Redeemer advocated, when he bade an angry brother forgive the sinner, "not seven times, but seventy times seven?" And if He who was without spot or blemish, who under the sharpest trials and severest sufferings forbore to reproach, even when he himself warned his disciples of their peril, and so put them upon their guard, how shall we dare to exalt ourselves, who, if of this one kind of sin or folly innocent, have fifty others to counterbalance it? Besides, how can we say that, tempted like the culprit, we should not have fallen like him? It is very well for the man standing upon firm earth to jeer at him who falls, making his way on ice: but let him try the path himself, give him the same feebleness or inexperience, the same want of self-confidence induced by former failures, the same drawbacks, and see how he acquits himself. It is no merit in a man who dislikes society, and loves retirement, to be steady and domestic, any more than it is praiseworthy in an Englishman to refrain from joining a New Zealand war-feast, at which the ceremonies of cooking have been omitted. A thing is only creditable when those who stand fast have a great natural inclination to yield. Where there is no temptation there is no resistance. The abstemious man who prophesied, and "told you so," respecting his neighbour's relapse into intemperance, hates wine, which always gives him a headache; but he loves money, and hoards it, and does not see, reading his Bible on Sundays, that covetousness and drunkenness are *equally* forbidden,

and that in God's eyes neither is greater than the other; or that if one is worse, it is that sin of which it is said, "covetousness which is idolatry." So do men—

"Excuse the sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

But before such take praise to themselves for refraining from the guilt they censure, they should be asked, "Do you like it?" Is the sin into which this man has fallen, one to which you are prone, one which tempts you strongly? If it is, then take the praise, for you have earned it; you have resisted and overcome. But if it is not,—if the passionless rebukes, the vehement, the covetous, the spendthrift, the wine-hater, the drunkard, and so on,—then praise is no more those Pharisees' right; they are no worthier than the sinner—than he would be, who, fainting from heat in August, refrained from wrapping himself in the soft luxury of an eider-down quilt.

Now, dear reader, do not fancy from what I have said that I wish to excuse or palliate any special or favourite sin, or give to one kind a pre-eminence over another. Guilt is guilt, let it take what shape it will, or come in what specious or hideous garb it may. I do not seek to reconcile you to the sin, only to the sinner—to make you feel that if he has fulfilled your prophecy of ill, if from your greater knowledge of human nature, better understanding of the man himself, you did foresee and predict all which has come to pass, that God did the same; that from all eternity He knew everything, and yet that He whose majesty is outraged by his creature's sin, bears with him mercifully, waiting the dawning of better things, and remembering how often "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak."

In His eyes, whose only rebuke to the false friend whose desertion he had foretold, was a look—"and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter"—how must such speeches sound, as that which heads this paper?

And, besides the wickedness of such phrases, how foolish they are—how thoroughly they defeat their end, *supposing* that end to be a good one. What wife, parent, or brother, who indulges in these petty but galling triumphs, continues to be loved or

confided in. To poor human nature it is ever a painful and humiliating thing to acknowledge error, to say "I have been wrong." Is it wise, then, to make the confession doubly repugnant by meeting it with a sneer?—for who that has the power to be silent, or hide his misdoing, will impart it to those who are blind to his condition, insensible to his confidence, and only alive to their own superiority?

Do the people whose fulfilled prediction elates them, suppose that, to insure the remembrance of their wisdom, it is needful that they should repeat it—that he whom they warned will forget that warning unless he is reminded that their sagacity will be overlooked if its recital is spared? If they do, they know strangely little of human nature, and how tenaciously it clings to the memories which have pained it. A man never forgets that against the course he has taken, and in which he has failed, he was warned. If, therefore, you would bind him to you for ever, forbear the reproach which rises so prone to the tongue; show him that, although he has failed, you give him credit for good intentions, and that you truly believe, when he elected to take his way instead of yours, he did so honestly.

I once knew a family where the exact reverse of this rational and kindly policy was adopted—where every approach to confidence was chilled with one of those detestable phrases I have been condemning,—and where at last obstinacy and reserve replaced love and candour; and in the end the wife, herself shut out from the trust she knew so ill how to encourage and deserve, was engulfed in the ruin her really shrewd, clever common sense might have averted.

Unhappily the lady was an aunt of mine; and as she lived in a very pretty and healthy neighbourhood, and my father's regiment was continually moving about, to the great discomfort of those unhappy beings, the married officers, it was often very convenient to send me to her, and so lighten the difficulties of the perpetual "routes."

But however pleasant the getting rid of me might be to my parents, and however beneficial to my future sedateness and sobriety of manner, the removal from the

gaiety and freedom of military life, to the primness and "proper behaviour" of Merri-field—what a shame it was so to libel the place!—the change was anything but agreeable to me. I do not suppose I was naughtier, more untidy or noisy than other children; indeed, looking back upon those remote days, I am rather inclined to believe that I was better; but my aunt,—who was one of those pattern people who never do wrong, who had never in all her life, I should think, torn a flounce, or crumpled a bonnet-string who, had her purse been overflowing, would never have been tempted to waste sixpence in the purchase of anything she did not absolutely want, however beautiful,—had no sympathy with the follies or weaknesses of others, and drilled and lectured poor me, until the only wonder is that I did not grow desperate and run away, casting myself and my spotless white pinafore penniless upon society, or that I did not petrify and so become the eighth wonder of the world.

I did neither, however. I had a strong will of my own, loved my uncle dearly, and consoled myself for my aunt's oppressive goodness and perfection, by taking refuge in his ready sympathy and indulgence. To me, in those days, Uncle Charley was perfection; from me all his faults were hidden, and indeed I grew so weary of his wife's exceeding propriety; that I am not sure whether in my own secret mind I did not prefer the sinner to the saint, and fall into that dangerous error of confusing reality and semblance, which is so very common among inexperienced persons.

"My dear Lizzie, said Uncle Charley one day, as I stood before him with a torn frock and bandless pinafore, having destroyed both in my eager chace of a kitten through the shrubbery, "why are you so careless? See what a state your dress is in; why can't you be steadier? Your aunt is perpetually talking to you: why do not you attend to her, and follow her example, instead of rushing about like a little mad thing? Remember how neat and tidy she always is, and how she teaches and warns you. Do you ever see her in such a plight as this?"

"No."

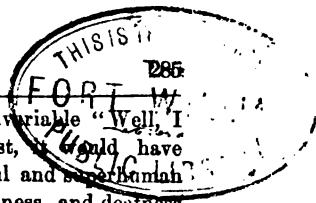
"Then why do you not emulate her? She is an example you should strive to copy, so regular and uniform in all her habits, so careful of her duties, so——"

"Yes, uncle," I interrupted boldly, "and so disagreeable. Now don't be angry; but if she wants me to be good, why does she make goodness so distasteful? I'd rather be naughty like you, and have everybody to love me, than be so good that people were frightened at me."

Of course I was scolded for this pert speech; but the scolding did not alter my opinion, it rather confirmed it.

Now, uncomfortable as this perpetual living in a state of rebellion was to me as a child, it became intolerable as I grew older; and from being tutored about frocks and sashes, the subjects gradually changed to behaviour in society, dignity and decorum. I was exhorted at least twenty times a day to hold up my head, walk sedately, and, *if I could*, behave like a lady. To listen to my aunt, a stranger might have thought me a wild girl of the woods, or an Indian squaw; and to have stayed in the house a week would have confirmed him in the belief that I was the most obstinate, wilful romp who ever tormented a chaperon to death. Neither of which surmises would, I think, have been right.

Still, however, I might console myself with the knowledge of the injustice of my condemnation; it was not pleasant to be so continually in the wrong, and have every failure of every sort hailed with that insulting phrase, without which my aunt never finished a reproof or listened to a confession. At one time I remember that, being weak after a long illness, and nervous, as sickness generally leaves one, I grew really terrified, by the constant repetition of my aunt's favourite sentence, into believing myself a perfect monster of wilful wickedness; until, reflecting that half my backslidings arose from inadvertence and the force of circumstances, I learned to look upon myself as the victim of fate—a person without any will or power—a wretch who must go wrong, let her be warned and lectured ever so perseveringly. With stronger health, however, happily came juster thoughts. I left off



thinking myself either a monster or a victim, and only strove to protect myself from my aunt's exasperating taunts by concealing my delinquencies as far as possible.

Thus, but for Uncle Charley, Merrifield would have been a wretched place to me; but he was uniformly kind, so ready to excuse, and so anxious to make others happy, that his presence almost compensated for the discomfort of my aunt's.

Poor Uncle Charley! it was an adverse fate which united your cordial, sanguine, generous nature with that of clever Lottie Gray, the pattern daughter of your uncle's large family, and tied you for life to a disposition so opposite to your own! Looking at them both, I used to wonder how in the world they ever came to choose each other; how it was that she was not earlier disgusted by his faults, and he repelled by her goodness; and why it was left for years of marriage to spoil and sour, instead of soften and assimilate them.

Certainly my Uncle had one grave fault, one which his wife might have been pardoned for fearing and trying to amend, and that was a love of speculation, and most unbusiness-like credulity and faith in other people's representations, by indulging in which he continually sustained considerable losses and inconvenience.

Naturally of a frank and unsuspecting disposition, his first impulse, during the earlier years of marriage, was always to seek his wife and confide every new scheme or proposal to her; and could she have controlled her miserable propensity to exalt herself by humbling him, a better counsellor he could not have had, for she was remarkably shrewd and clever, far-seeing and just in her opinions, but so cold and passionless, that she could neither enter into people's motives or temptations, nor sympathize with their sorrows. She had a manner, too, of listening to the warmest, most enthusiastic language—that language which comes direct from the heart—that was enough to freeze and exasperate the most impassioned; it was so cool and contemptuous, so thoroughly as if she felt herself above all such follies.

Against the ice of such a manner, in the

first instance, and the invariable "Well, I told you so" in the last, I should have required a most wonderful and superhuman amount of courage, blindness, and deafness to persevere. As for me, I would as soon have confided an anxiety or a project to the clock, or the stairs. And as to confessing a failure or mischance to my aunt, I would very much rather have held my hand deliberately to the fire and burnt it; than have encountered her curled lip and galling words.

And as with me, so at last it grew to be with Uncle Charles. By the time I was sixteen, I discovered that he, too, told his wife nothing; that he got in and out of difficulties without troubling or consulting her; and that his former frankness was being gradually replaced by reserve and gloom. This change vexed me sadly, for under its influence my Uncle became an altered person; even to me he was silent and abrupt in manner, and seldom talked with the free-hearted gaiety of yore.

Often and often, when this change first began to be visible, I have watched him try to broach and interest his wife upon subjects, which I could see filled his whole mind, and win her by courteous words and graceful hints to enter into his plans; but, as old Betty the cook used to say, "One might as well try to talk the moon out of Heaven, as coax Missis." Once I remember poor Uncle Charles, who had looked wretchedly low and depressed for some days, growing weary of bearing his sorrows! alone, and craving for sympathy, made an earnest effort to secure his wife's.

It was at breakfast; as usual a great heap of letters was piled near his plate, and I observed that as one after another was nervously opened, his countenance fell, and he looked anxiously at my aunt, as if inviting her to inquire the cause of his uneasiness. But if he hoped so to awaken her anxiety and wifely tenderness he was mistaken,—the table at which we sat was not more impracticable; and at last, seeing this, he became desperate, and plunged recklessly into the subject of his thoughts—

"Lottie," said he hastily, "I'm afraid you'll think I've been a great simpleton; but

about six months ago, when poor Mrs. Lines was almost in her last agonies, she sent for me, and implored me, for the sake of her helpless little children, to afford their father another chance of redeeming his character, and obtaining honest and creditable employment, by speaking favourably of him to a firm, who were willing to take him, provided his references were good."

As my Uncle reached this part of his story, I observed my aunt raise her eyebrows, and drop the corners of her mouth, leisurely breaking into her cup the while a morsel of toast which she took from the rack; her whole manner saying as plainly as any words could have done, "As usual, as usual." Well, poor Uncle Charles understood the look and the gesture, and, growing nervous, hurried on—"I dare say I was wrong, I ought not to have been persuaded, knowing Lines so well as I did; but I was, I couldn't resist his poor wife's entreaties and prayers; somehow her voice went through me. I never was at a death-bed before, except my poor mother's, and all the time I sat by Mrs. Lines, I seemed to see my mother's face and hear her words. Then, too, the children——" and here Uncle Charley's voice trembled, while my aunt looked up, as if wondering what on earth there could be in what her husband was saying to excite the smallest emotion. "It was more than I could bear; if every shilling I had on earth had depended upon it, I should have done the same. I promised to grant the favour I was asked, to give Lines the best character I could—you know Lottie, he is a very clever, well-disposed fellow—and thus insure the children a home."

"Well?" asked my aunt, icily, finding that her husband paused.

"Well, I am sorry to say that what I never could have expected has happened. He has fallen into bad company, neglected his duties, caused heavy losses to fall upon his employer; and now I, as his surety, am called upon to make all good."

"Oh, indeed," answered my aunt, deliberately, locking up the tea-poy, and then rising from the table, looking at her feet for her handkerchief, "it is just what might have been expected. You are not surprised,

I should imagine, for I believe I told you years ago how any connection with Mr. Lines would end. An infant of five years old might have foreseen it."

"But, dear Lottie——"

"Oh, pray make no apologies to me; you have a perfect right, of course, to do as you please, only—Elizabeth, bring me those keys from the sideboard—you ought not to forget that you were warned of this before. I always told you how it would be."

A great deal more of the same annoying, unsatisfactory kind of conversation passed, and with the last words ended for ever any attempt upon my uncle's part to confide in or consult his wife.

Two years later, upon my return to Merrifield, after a six months' absence, I was shocked to see the grievous alteration which so short a time had worked in Uncle Charles. At first I could not account for it; everything seemed going on as usual, as I had left it. My uncle and aunt appeared to be on the same terms. I heard nothing of any losses or misfortunes which had befallen them, and yet over my uncle's manner and mind there had come a mournful change.

All my attempts to rally and cheer him were useless; the fits of gloom and abstraction, nervous starting at nothing, increased daily, and at length I became really unhappy and uneasy. After a time I mentioned the subject to my aunt, but, as usual, received no comfort. She was ten times colder and more prophetic than ever. In despair I turned to my uncle himself, and the opportunity I sought of speaking to him privately soon offered. Upon the very evening my resolution was formed, Aunt Lottie went out to a district meeting, and he and I were left to drink tea alone.

For a long time we were both silent, and I was puzzling myself as to how I should broach the subject which was uppermost in my thoughts, when my uncle said—

"You would be sorry to leave Merrifield, Lizzie?"

"Yes, indeed; but there is no chance of my doing so at present, is there, while the regiment is quartered at Canterbury? Mamma's lodgings will be too full to take me in."

"Will they? Then if anything happens, you must go to your Aunt Anne."

"Anything happens? Why what can happen?"

"Ruin!"

"What, uncle?" I exclaimed, with a start which nearly upset the little table before which I sat.

"Ruin, my dear," he answered, in the calm tones of despair. "I am ruined,"

"Oh, no—no!" I cried, springing from my chair and seizing his hand, which burned like fire. "You must not say so."

"Others will, Lizzie."

"But why?"

"Because it is the truth. Three years ago I engaged in a mining speculation, which promised so fairly that many practical men, whose lives had been spent in studying the subject, embarked largely in it; and I following their example and advice, invested the whole of my capital. The project has failed, and we are all ruined."

"Does my aunt know?"

"No."

"But should you not tell her?"

"No, Lizzie," said my uncle, almost fiercely; "I will tell her no more. I will not be taunted with my folly."

"Oh, she will not taunt now; she will be too sorry for you."

Nonsense! People who are sorry, or really interested for others, don't scare their confidence away by telling them how much wiser they are. If your aunt, three years ago, when this matter was first proposed to me, had acted differently to what she did, all would have been different. I should have consulted her upon the subject, and in all human probability, she, being of a less sanguine disposition than myself, would have seen much that in my ardour I did not see, and have prevented my entrance into the business at all. But instead of encouraging, she always deters me from telling her anything, by raking up old grievances, and repeating over and over again, that she knew from the first how it would be. Failure itself is hard enough to bear, Lizzie, for no man undertakes a thing without believing that he will succeed; but to be taunted and jeered, as if his ill success were

the consequence of his own deliberate obstinacy or want of principle, is more than any human being can or will endure. No! all is over. I have been misled and foolish. I can see now many circumstances which ought to have struck me at first, and which would have arrested the attention of a less excitable person, and warned him, but which never occurred to me until too late. Regrets now, however, are useless: nothing can recall the past? and my only comfort is, that my wife will be provided for, let what will become of me."

"But is the matter quite hopeless, uncle? Are you quite sure that nothing can be done?"

"No, Lizzie, I am not sure. I believe that in my case something might be done, for I have not joined so entirely as others did; but I am so thoroughly depressed and subdued, that I dare not proceed upon my own responsibility,—I have lost confidence in myself, in my own judgment; and as I have no children to suffer for my folly, and my wife is provided for, I shall let things go their own way. I can get a situation in London which will keep me,"

"But if you will not trust yourself, uncle, will you not trust my aunt? She is a clever woman, and surely you should not give up without making an effort to redeem affairs."

"No; I ought not, perhaps; but I shall. It is cowardly, I dare say, but I can better face ruin than taunts. I deserve the one, but no man deserves the other."

And taking his hat from a little side-table he walked out.

I never saw him after. Late in the evening a note was brought to my aunt from a friend's house in the neighbourhood, saying, that her husband was spending a few days there, and requesting that his portmanteau might be furnished and sent to him.

By her desire I packed and despatched the necessary articles, and the next intelligence we had was, that poor Uncle Charles had gone to London, been arrested there, and was incarcerated in the King's Bench. Then came other law proceedings, a sale at Merrifield, investigation of my aunt's settlement, and sorrows of all kinds; until finally, after a year's strife and struggle,

many hard dealings from others, and many vain appeals to relations, who had all, as it then appeared, told them so before, my uncle and aunt met again, all the wiser and better, though, for their experience.

Upon my aunt's income they lived abroad, until first one, and then the other, died; but never, under any circumstances, from the first day of their re-union to the last, was Aunt Lotty heard to remind her husband, however great might be the provocation, or justly due the reproach, that she had TOLD HIM SO.

FANCY'S SKETCHII.

APOSTROPHE TO AN ICEBERG,
*Met with in my last passage across the Atlantic
in the month of May.*

Hoar-headed mammoth of the main,
From Arctic regions rent,
Chill watch-tower of Atlantean reign,
With animalcule pent.
Upon such ocean trackless wastes,
When sunless days prevail,
Abortive is the seaman's skill,
Ships worthlessly avail.
Gem-like, thou glitterest in the sun.
Uncouth in look I vow,
Shapeless, wanting of a rudder,
With nondescriptive prow,
Whence from those ice-bound seas didst thou
With thundering earthquake burst?
Whence from those baleful, frost-lock'd shores
Thine avalanchings thrust?
Thou'st met me in a *bark* becalmed,
By fluttering needle led,
By sweeps unaided, with a crew
That *calms* and ice-bergs dread.
Thy bowings to the breeze hath forced
The braggadocio's wail;
The fearless at the cannon's mouth
By thee encountered, quail.
When Hope is lost, when Faith hath fled,
When all's to wild waves cast,
Then hapless is the ship-boy's tread,
Most merciless the blast.
The shrieks of infancy thou'st heard,
The silver-haired in prayer,
Seen mighty chiefs and gifted bards
The gulf of waters share.

The cry of horror o'er the waves,
The sinewy splash of oar,
The gasping efforts of despair
Amid thine inlets roar.

What gallant ships could I not name,
That foundered at thy touch,
Barques, brigs, ketches, schooners;
Pray, what return of such?
The myriads that have round thee laved
With smothering shriek and cry,
That grappled with thy jaspered points
And slipped for ever by.

What thousands might *Familiar's* call
From out the oozy deep,
Who now in tangled sea-weeds lay
Wave-motioned in their sleep.

If vision's field but knew the ills
Thy predecessors wrought,
No mortal ear could list to tales
With agony so fraught.

Thou art the cheerless of sublime,
Thy times of visit known,
All birds that spin the ambient air
Thy resting places own.

Upon thy base and summit play,
Their beauteous pinions plume,
Fierce winds, their cradling lullabys,
Where crystallised lights illumé.

Light of brightness still are luring,
Which astound the cheery,
Dread of darkness, thou forbodest
Many things most dreary.

Brisk winds are whistling from the east,
Seen distantly thy crest,
Day's broadest beams companion us
In journeying to the west.

REUBEN TRAVELLER.

EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA.—Not merely the common people, but even many of the Brahmins, and others of the better classes, think that the shaking of the earth is caused by Shesh Nag, the great serpent, on whose head they suppose the earth is supported, getting occasionally drowsy, and beginning to nod. When an earthquake takes place, they all rush out of their houses beat drums, blow horns, ring bells, and shout as loud as they are able, in order to rouse this snake Atlas, to prevent the melancholy catastrophe that would take place were he to fall asleep, and let the world tumble off his head.

LUCK IN ODD NUMBERS.

ONE of the most ancient and universal prepossessions or beliefs is that which imputes luck to odd numbers. Thus the poets, taking advantage of the popular superstition, have given peculiar prominence to the numbers three, five, seven, &c.; and from the earliest times to the present, good housewives would never think of putting any but an odd number of eggs under a hen or goose; indeed, we have heard it asserted that the sitting-bird would surely break one of the eggs or kill one of the chickens rather than bring an even number of little ones into the world. The precocious author who wrote the well-known epitaph—

“Here lies good Master Duck,
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on;
If he had lived it had been good luck,
For then we should have an odd one.”

carries the superstitious notion from the eggs to the ducklings; and in Devonshire and Cornwall it is considered to this day a very lucky thing to possess an odd number of children, sheep, fowls, &c. A little child in Redruth, in the latter county, was born with six fingers on each hand, and during the cholera year it died. It was indeed the only male child who died of the pestilence in that town; and both mother and father—the latter a stalwart copper-miner and leader of the choir in the old church—were accustomed to declare that “they were not surprised, for it had six fingers on both its hands, and it was born at twelve at night; and you know there’s no luck in evens.”

Not to mention the Egyptians and Hebrews, of whose partiality for odd numbers many illustrations might be given, we may just refer to a few instances in which the ancients evinced their predilection in favour of odd notions. In the Grecian mythology there were three graces, three syrens, three furies, three fates, seven wise men, nine muses, &c. The gods, Virgil tells us, delighted in odd numbers; and Pythagoras, the philosopher, is particular in ascribing great virtue to the number three. Every Greek city had an unequal number of gates and temples. Theocritus, the Syracusan poet, divided his flocks into unequal numbers, and we learn that among the Greeks

and Romans, dinner tables were three-sided, and the guests congregated in threes and fives. At a Roman funeral, three handfuls of sand were scattered over the corpse, just as, in our beautiful service for the dead, three handfuls of earth are thrown upon the coffin when the minister pronounces the solemn words—“Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes.”

The Roman markets were held every ninth day, the people were numbered every five years; and Vegetius, in his treatise on “Military Affairs,” tells us that the fosse around a camp should not be less than nine feet or more than seventeen, but that whatever the width, it should always consist of an unequal number of feet. Indeed, it is remarkable how frequently, both in ancient and modern times, unequal numbers have been said to possess particular virtues. Thus we have the “mystic numbers”—nine, seven, and three—in a variety of combinations. In the ceremonies attendant upon the proper observance of Allhallow Eve the number three is paramount, and every schoolboy knows that “the third time is lucky.” In all matters of superstition the number three is the especial favorite. When the three witches in *Macbeth* meet in the cave, and dance around the boiling cauldron, do they not sing

“Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed,
Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined?”

It is not necessary to adduce further instances of this universal prepossession in favour of odd numbers; but the question naturally arises—whence this apparent love of units before duals, of odds above evens? We will endeavour to explain. It will be admitted, we think, on all hands, that in every state of human existence, gentle and simple, savage and refined, there is in the mind of man a love of gambling. It is a hard sentence to pronounce, but unfortunately a true one, nevertheless; and it has been said that the love of gambling is one of the lines of demarcation which separates man from the brute. We need not, just now, instance the wide-spread ruin which this propensity has worked among civilized communities, for the lower the state of man the more fully and completely do we find him addicted to games of chance. Well,

then, what kind of game would most naturally conduce to this too general passion? Why, none so easily as the game that all school-boys play—odd and even, or, as the Romans expressed it, *par impar*. By it an appeal is at once made to fortune, and a few nuts, stones, or even the fingers themselves held suddenly up, determine and decide the chance in an instant. In this game, if the player who calls "odds" has an evident advantage over him who cries "evens," then we have a ready solution of the luck imputed to odd numbers. To explain; in the old game, "Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" the player raises for an instant one or more of his fingers, and the adversary cries out one, two, three, &c., as he chooses.

Now, as there are five fingers, the chances in favour of odd are as three to two. Again, if you hold an unknown quantity of nuts or marbles in your closed hand, and challenge your adversary to guess odd or even, the chances are in favour of odd, because the number must be one or more, and if more than two, then the chances in favour of odds increases with every unit added, because in the numbers one, two, three, there are two odd ones against one even one, and the chances are as two to one. Advance the number, and you will find that the evens never get the advantage. Suppose you take four, then you have two to two; still the evens have no advantage. If you take five, then the chances in favour of odd are as three to two; and so throughout—every one added giving the chances in favour of odds—in a constantly diminishing ratio, but still an evident advantage. The reason is manifest. The odds and evens do not start fair: and while the chances in favour of odds never decrease, those in favour of evens never advance—the latter, in fact, never do, and never can, overtake the advantage possessed by the deciding unit. Now, it is not pretended that untutored savages ever detected this principle, but they doubtless were aware of its results, and thus a superstitious veneration for, and belief in, the luck of odd numbers may have arisen. In other games of pure chance, such as throwing dice, "pitch-penny," &c., the odds have no advantage over evens, if equal number of pieces

are used; but where three dice are played with, the odds have evidently the best of it, because however they may fall, the chances that the spots will count odd are as three to two.

The study of what is called the theory of chances will sufficiently exemplify this.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I was chatting one day with an old school-fellow of mine, who though young, was a barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but, the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to my credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your late cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon find fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections, and bring out excellencies. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now: it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work, at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification

had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labour and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep in his house, engaging to drive me over early next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host drove me over in his dog-cart to the assize town. We are just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade him let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom we had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before. An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognise me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him, till I saw that he was getting irritated, and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking, too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and reckless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—" 'You are married, Mr. Myers?'

" 'Yes, I am.'

" 'And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

" 'I suppose so: what then?'

" 'Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?'

"The plaintiff's counsel here called on the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent to the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the Court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

" 'I've a boy and a girl.'

" 'Pray, how old are they?'

" 'The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I b'lieve.'

" 'Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate father, as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

" 'I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.'

" 'You don't knock your son about, for example?'

" 'No! I don't.' (He was growing

downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

“‘You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?’

“‘No! I don't.’

“‘Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner?’ (and I rapped the table with my knuckles.)

“‘No!’ (indignantly.)

“‘You never did such a thing?’

“‘No!’

“‘You swear to that?’

“‘Yes!’

“All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned towards him and said—

“‘Look at me, sir. Did you ever see me before?’

“He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

“‘That will do,’ I said; ‘stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.’

“I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness box, he of course confirmed the statement.

“The Court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritton, to an influential and lucrative connection.”

The grace of kindness is destroyed if we at first cautiously withhold a favour, and afterwards reluctantly grant it; for thereby we provoke the pride of refusal, and purchase disdain instead of gratitude.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies can prolong it.

The laws of civility oblige us to commend what, in reason, we cannot blame.

PUT EVERYTHING IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.

On a bright evening of an early summer I was making an excursion into a part of the country with which I was before unacquainted. Having left my slight supply of luggage at a small inn, I sallied forth for a ramble, and pursued my way with the calm sense of enjoyment which rural scenery and a genial air almost always inspire. I followed the course of many a winding lane, pleasantly bordered with greensward, and occasionally shaded by hedge-row timber; at length I came upon one of the few healthy commons which the zeal for cultivation has left in our civilized England. Ascending a little knoll which was crowned by a group of firs and two large lime trees, I paused to enjoy the scene; it was a charming view. The common, of no great extent, was traversed by two sandy ways, scarcely deserving the name of roads, along which several parties were proceeding towards a village situated at the edge of the heath. One cottage was quite visible; the gray tower of the church was seen among the surrounding trees; while roofs and chimneys, peeping from nests of orchards, betokened the dwelling of a comfortable rural population. A middle distance of woodland, whose delicate spring tints had not given place to the unvaried green of the later summer, seemed to mark the residence of a large landed proprietor; to the right extended a succession of farms whose pasture and arable might, in the fresh growth of spring, almost be said to contend for brilliancy of verdure; beyond, a range of hills, possessing historical interest, rose to a considerable height, and seemed to melt in the purple mist of even. Light and shade played over the whole landscape. The sun, at that point of its descent when its rays become of a rich amber tint, shed a warm glow on every spot touched by its beams. As I paused to admire, I was passed by two young girls, poorly clad, but apparently very clean; and in the few words of their conversation which caught my ear, I was struck by the unusual softness of voice and purity of pronunciation. I followed and putting to them a few commonplace ques-

tions, observed in their answers the same peculiarity. I found that they, and others whom they pointed out to each other, as we crossed the common together, had been the scholars of the "governess," who lived at the cottage I had seen from the distance, and that they were all going to pay her a visit. She usually had a party once a-year, but now it would be larger than usual, as there had been rejoicing in honour of the christening of Mr. Vernon's eldest son (the woods I had before noticed were pointed out as belonging to his house); and in consequence many young people from service had returned to the neighbourhood, and almost all must go and see Mrs. Rae. I was soon interested in the few particulars I received, and resolved on a personal introduction to the old lady; I therefore continued to walk with my new acquaintances (who, by the way, assured me of a welcome) till we arrived at the place of destination. It was the *beau idéal* of a situation for a village school; standing alone, at the verge of a wide common, where the children might play without danger, not more than fifty yards from the church, sufficiently near to other dwellings not to appear lonesome, but too far to derive any ill from a bad neighbour, if any such appeared to be the inmate. The neatness of the garden would have attracted the notice of any passer by; and now the appearance was remarkable from the evident preparation for a meal *à fresco*. A clean white table was placed under the shade of a large elm tree, close outside the garden gate; benches were on each side; several women and girls were going to and from the cottage, arranging cups, saucers, plates, knives and tea-spoons; two cakes, and piles of evenly cut bread and butter, were on the board; now a rosy-faced maiden brought a dish of well-made buttered toast, while another carried the bright copper teakettle, to give the teapot the preliminary warming.

Mrs. Rae was soon distinguished by her greater age than the rest of the company, and by the greeting to each newly arrived guest. She came to carry the teapot into the house in order to make the tea near the fire, and welcomed me in a frank and res-

pectful manner, inquiring if I would not step in to rest. Having wished for the invitation, I was glad to accept, and entered the roomy dwelling. A strong, carved oak chair was evidently the throne of state for the "governess;" it was now devoted to my use, and I found it as comfortable as it looked. Its owner was almost too small and too animated looking for a position of so much dignity. She had attained the allotted seventy years of the age of man, but she looked considerably younger. Her face had scarcely a wrinkle, her back was still unbent, her eyes not at all dim, her step was elastic and active, and all her movements indicated cheerfulness; her complexion was healthy, but without the bronzed look which exposure to the open air produces; and her hands were more delicate than is usual. A small book-case filled with neatly-covered volumes adorned one side of the cottage; another of the walls was almost tapestried with samplers of various forms and sizes, worked with all degrees of skill, and almost every imaginable device. There were lions and yew trees in pots; crosses of divers shapes, and hearts of varying proportions; flowers such as botanists never knew, and forms of labyrinthine outline. They appeared mementos of many sets of little fingers that had moved by the direction of that presiding genius of the place. In one respect all were alike. The motto, "Put everything in its right place," was wrought on each; and over the mantelpiece it was again seen, framed and glazed, and worked in brilliantly-coloured letters. I was on the point of remarking on the appropriateness of the precept for a school, when tea was declared to be ready, and I was invited to partake of it. Curious to know more of the party, who seemed all so completely at home, I took my place at the table. We were ten in number, and all chatted merrily about their business and prospects. Some of them were servants in place, were now enjoying a holiday; one or two wives of labourers, one a farmer's wife. All seemed interested in hearing of the welfare of the others. I heard more than once the repetition of the favorite maxim, as, when one of the servants spoke of quitting her place

because the mistress was so particular. Mrs. Rae answered, with a good humoured smile,—

“Put your pride in its right place, Susan, and you will stay where you are; there is not a better situation to be found.”

Immediately that the tea was over, one of the young women with whom I had crossed the commop began to tie her bonnet, and pin on her shawl, saying,—

“I must wish you good evening, ma’am. I promised my mistress that I would not be more than two hours away. You know I’ve no right to a holiday yet, I have been with her so short a time; but I begged her to let me come this once to see you. Good evening,” she repeated, with a look round the table, as if making the adieu general.

“Good by, Mary,” said Mrs. Rae. “Go on putting everything into its right place, and when your two years are over, if I live, you shall have a better situation.”

Mary’s eyes brightened at the promise, and with a hearty shake of the hand, she and her companion departed.

“That is a really good girl,” said Mrs. Rae, turning to me. “She has taken the hardest place in all the country, in order to enable her mother, who is a widow to remain in the house she now inhabits. Last year they had much illness, and the rent was behind hand; the widow would have been turned out, and would have lost the washing by which she gains her livelihood, but the landlord wanted a servant, and Mary offered to take the place for two years, without wages, if the debt might be forgiven.”

I was disposed to blame the landlord as hard-hearted; but no,—Mrs. Rae would not allow it. Here was an illustration of her maxim—“Everything in its right place,” said she. As a sacrifice by the debtor could pay the debt, there was no reason why he should not call for his own. He was a farmer, and had his living to get as well as the widow. His wife was glad of the bargain, for she knew Mary was a handy, good, working girl, and she seldom kept a good servant two years, being a sharp-tempered woman; but we must not forget that even now he favored the widow, for he was con-

tent to forego the money he might have claimed by law, and it was an advantage to any girl to have a first place where she might be formed for a better. Mrs. Rae’s reasoning seemed, indeed, to put all claims in their right place, and I said so.

“It is the rule by which I have brought up all these young persons, and many, many more,” she answered looking kindly around her.

At this moment the sound of a carriage rapidly approaching, drew our attention, and the governess exclaimed, with animation,—

“It must be Mrs. Vernon come to show me the young squire—how good of her!”

In another instant it stopped at the gate, and the lady within said, in a sweet cheerful tone,—

“How do you do, Mrs. Rae? I have brought my little treasure to pay his first visit to you. Where shall I put him? Everything in its right place, you know,” pressing the infant to her heart, as if to show *that* was his first place at all events; and then depositing it in the arms of the schoolmistress who took it tenderly and gazed at it with pleasure in her countenance. It seemed an evening of applications of the maxim of the house, for Mrs. Vernon had not long departed, and most of the guests (after the literal fulfilment of the precept in placing all the tea apparatus) had said farewell, when a young man, apparently of the farming class, came to the door; and, after a friendly salutation to the hostess, he turned to a quiet-looking girl who still remained, and asked her to walk home with him. She looked distressed, but declined; and Mrs. Rae interposed, saying,—

“Oh, Walter! your promise is not in its right place, nor your duty to your mother. They are stowed away somewhere, so that you do not find them when they are wanted.”

“I have not seen her for a twelvemonth, and this is the first time I have asked her to walk with me; its very hard”—observed Walter, answering indirectly.

“It is very hard,” resumed the old lady, kindly. “But when the time is over you will be very glad that you have been obe-

diant. More than half your probation is passed—look back and see how short it seems; and so will the next year when it is gone. All is doing well; you know you will only vex Jane, and make your mother angry, without gaining anything. *Down* is the place for temper, and *up* for patience. Keep them there a few short months, and you'll have your farm and a good wife."

During this speech Jane had disappeared, and Walter turned sorrowfully away; but, returning in a moment, he said, in a more cheerful tone,

"Tell Jane I will not try to speak to her again. I will go out early to-morrow, and not return till after the hour at which she leaves. Say to her, 'I will keep all in its right place for one more year.'"

"I'll promise for her," said his friend. "She would have been glad to speak kindly to you, but the promise must be kept."

His look was hopeful.

"Thank you, thank you," was all that he said; and after one earnest gaze, as if to seek for a glimpse of Jane, he walked hastily away. Interested by this little episode of true love, which did not seem to run smooth, I ventured an inquiry concerning the young couple, and learnt that they were the children of two brothers, farmers, who lived within a stone's throw of each other. A youthful attachment had risen between the cousins, which strengthened as they grew older; and before he had passed his twentieth year, Walter declared his intention of marrying Jane. His mother, now a widow, was a woman of ambitious and violent disposition. She thought him entitled to a match of more pretension than his cousin. He would have a good property at the age of twenty-five: whereas his uncle, having met with losses, and having a large family to support, could not provide portions, and Jane was already destined for service. Many sad scenes had been witnessed, and there was, for a time, a cessation of all communication between the families. At length Jane, to appease all quarrels, had promised Walter's mother that she would not consent to any private interview with her lover till he was free to act for himself. She had hastened her departure from home,

and had visited her parents but once in three years. In the mean time every inducement and temptation to change was tried upon Walter; but the last year of his dependence had begun, and he was still constant. This little history was scarcely related when Jane reappeared from the bed-room, where she had evidently been crying. She kissed Mrs. Rae in bidding her farewell, and said she would not again return to the neighbourhood.

"It is a long time to trust to the constancy of any one," said she. "You may give my love to him, and tell him I will try to act by the precept we have so often said together when we were at your school. When I am away I have it before my eyes in the green and red letters which excited our early admiration. I cannot bear to say *no* to him, and I will not come home again unless some of them are ill."

In the course of several conversations I had with Mrs. Rae (for I determined not to let the acquaintance drop), I found that she had been left early an orphan—had been taken by some kind Miss Dorothy to educate for service, but her destination had been altered for the arduous duties of a village schoolmistress, when her patroness discovered that her disposition and talents especially fitted her for the office. Mrs. Vernon, of whom she delighted to speak as her kind friend, was the daughter of an officer who had retired on half pay to a house in an adjoining parish, where he had unfortunately been induced to unite himself in a second marriage with a lady somewhat his senior, who considered the dignity acquired by becoming Mrs. Major Fielding, an equivalent for the loss of old maidenish freedom. Her temper was so peculiarly morose, that the house became anything rather than a "sweet home;" and Miss Fielding, who had been treated with great indulgence by her father, was not disposed to submit to the constant irritation. She would have rebelled openly, but the step-mother, fortunately for the child, thought it was desirable to have her out of the way, and Mrs. Rae's was the cheapest place of instruction to be found. Having been brought up by a lady, the governess was not

unfitted to give early instruction to a gentleman's child; and, during the five years she was under this guidance, Miss Fielding had learnt to discipline her temper effectually. Her sweet and patient endurance of home trials, her attention to her dying father, and her kindness afterwards to her step-mother, had gained the esteem and affection of Mr. Vernon; and she frequently said she owed her happiness to Mrs. Rae and her precept.

I asked the governess if all her scholars were as much attached to her as those whom I had seen.

"Oh, no!" she answered; "not one in ten. It is more than forty years since I began school; I have boys and girls to the amount of some hundreds—two generations of several families; and perhaps there may be forty who care for me. I am living now on a legacy left me by Miss Dorothy, and am able to give my friends a tea whenever they call; that, perhaps, brings a few more than would otherwise come."

"Do you find that most of them turn out well?" I asked. "You have had such long experience that you must know the best way to regulate young minds."

"If I did," was the reply, "I should certainly find, as I do now, that at least half go wrong."

"But that is so discouraging," I remarked.

"Your memory was not in its right place when you had that thought," returned she. "If the great teacher had but a few disciples who followed his rules, why am I to expect more?"

On another occasion I asked if she did not think that using one rule so constantly might tend to give lower motives, and draw attention away from the various and always appropriate texts in the New Testament?

She replied, "If I was to put any human rule in the place of a divine precept, I should not fulfil my own maxim. Yet it is useful to have a short injunction always ready at hand which exercises the fancy as well as the memory—instruction is always the more useful when we work it out for ourselves: and the frequent literal performance of the action enjoined gives a sort of tangible

shape, and keeps it alive in the mind. You will find, in general, that a heart or a household will be well regulated in proportion as everything, literally and figuratively, is put in its right place."

It was evidently the old lady's hobby; but there seemed so much good sense in her application, that I hope, dear friends, you will find this little narrative of a village schoolmistress may appear to you IN THE RIGHT PLACE; and if the admirable precepts inculcated should take deep root in the minds of any readers of this magazine, who may not hitherto have reflected upon this subject, my purpose will be both answered and rewarded.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

"Faith, Hope, and Charity—these three,"
But chief of these, fair Charity,
What would this world without you be!

Faith in the heavenly mystery,
Hope in the glories yet to be,
Where all is boundless Charity.

Faith in the blessed Trinity,
Hope through Christ's glorious victory,
Both fruitless without Charity.

Faith casting mountains in the sea,
Hope, piercing through eternity,
Both crowned by god-like Charity.

Faith, lofty as the mustard tree,
Hope, smiling through heart-agony,
Their source and end, sweet Charity.

Through Faith the heaven of heavens we see;
Hope glids life's path with radiancy;
Brightest of all shines Charity.

On earth Faith holds its sovereignty,
From earthly griefs Hope sets us free,
In earth and heaven reigns Charity.

By Faith from perils dread we flee,
Hope is of rainbow brilliancy,
But heaven's bright star is Charity.

Faith looks on death triumphantly,
Hope's rays then beam most lustrously,
Lit by the flame of Charity.

Faith ends with frail mortality,
Hope, also, ceases then to be;
Eternal is fair Charity!

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXVII.

(Major, Doctor, and Laird.)

LAIRD.—Confound me if I believe that there is an ounce o' pure unadulterated pawtriotism to be met wi' in this misbegotten middenstead o' a world!

DOCTOR.—Pray, what's the row now! if a person may make so bold as to inquire?

LAIRD.—It's weel seen ye hae na heard thae news, or ye never would ask sic a needless question!

MAJOR.—Sincerely do I trust that there is nothing seriously wrong. Has Miss Girzy—

LAIRD.—Hang Miss Girzy! Na, na! Girzy's alive and kicking, puir woman! She's no' the gear that will traike!

DOCTOR.—In the name of common humanity put a termination to our big agony!

LAIRD.—I thought that by this time every body and his wife had been cognizant o' the crushing fact that I had lost the election for the County o' Pork!

DOCTOR.—Angels and ministers of grace defend us! You a competitor for Parliamentary honours!

LAIRD.—Listen to me, Sangrado! I tell you once for a', that I will submit to nane o' your impertinence this blessed night! My heart is sair enough, without having ye yelping and snarling at my heels, like a tinkler's cur!

MAJOR.—But, Bonnie Braes, I never so much as heard that you had become a wooer of the "free and independent!"

LAIRD.—Dinna put the cart before the horse! It was the Conservatives o' Pork courted me, and no' me them! When I last wet my thrapple in this Shanty, I had as sma' notion o' contesting the field wi' that cheat-the-wuddy, Cornelius Chops, as I hae noo o' becoming Governor o' Gomorrah, or Patriarch o' Peleponnesus!

DOCTOR.—Of course, with your wonted fossil obstinacy, you came out on the pro-clergy reserves ticket?

LAIRD.—Didna I say that I was the elect o' the conservatives? Some folk like to ask needless questions!

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, I always opined that our friends, the Tories, predominated in the thriving County of Pork!

LAIRD.—And ye werena wrang in see holding!

DOCTOR.—How, then, did you chance to get the mitten?

LAIRD.—Oo, the thing's easy enough explained!

MAJOR.—Go on! We are fevered with impatience to fathom the mystery!

LAIRD.—Once upon a time a young dandy being smitten wi' the blandishments o' a red coat and cocked hat, purchased a commission in the army, when we were at war wi' Boney.

DOCTOR.—What the mischief has all this to do with the matter?

LAIRD.—Wheesht, ye sorrow, and let me gang on!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—A pestilence take the old, long-winded gander!

LAIRD.—Weel, as I was saying, Maister Otto Rose—for that was his name—being somewhat lacking in courage, directed the tailor who fabricated his martial garments to sew a plate of steel into the breast of his jacket.

MAJOR.—But, Laird—

LAIRD.—Bide a blink! The snip, having taken a glass too much, mistook the commands o' his customer, and lined the stern o' the warrior's breeks with the defensive metal!

DOCTOR.—I wish he had tacked it to your tongue!

LAIRD.—As Otto's marching orders were peremptory, there was nae time to rectify the error, and he was landed in Portingall, steel plate and a', and joined his regiment just as it was moving to attack Jack Puddock!

MAJOR.—Touching the Conservatives of Pork, however?

LAIRD.—I'm coming to them as fast as I can.

DOCTOR.—Fast as the progress of a wooden-legged fly through a glue pot!

LAIRD.—Puir Rose soon got terrified oot o' his sma' stock o' wits, when the enemy appeared, and, after the opening volley, he took leg bail, and ran as if Mahoun was after him. In his haste he came upon a thorn hedge, and attempting to clear the same he miscalculated his distance, and landed in the very thickest o' the thorns. There he stuck fast, his head down, and a quarter o' his corporation that I would be blate to name, elevated in the face o' the modest and blushing sun!

DOCTOR.—Is this cataract of words to last for ever?

LAIRD.—As Otto was sprawling and spurting

in this unpoetical attitude, up comes a grim full private o' the Imperial Guard, breathing fire, fury, blood, and wounds! Without ruth or pity he made a charge wi' his merciless beggonet upon the pair object, and gave him a prog emphatic enough to send half a dozen souls to the ferry boat o' Dan Charon!

DOCTOR.—Would that you had been one of the batch!

LAIRD.—To the speechless astonishment of the guardsman, however, a very different upshot ensued. The baggonet, instead of impaling the hedge-bound captive, drove him clean through the thorns, and lighting upon his trotters, Otto speedily conveyed himself out of harm's way. When he found himself in safety, the panting son of Mars put his hands behind him, and exclaimed wi' a candour that did him the highest credit—*Of a truth the tailor knew better where my heart was situated, than I did myself!*

MAJOR.—Now, since you have tipped us your parable, be gracious enough to favour us with the interpretation or application thereof!

LAIRD.—Blythely! When a deputation o' the freeholders e' Pork waited upon me at Bonnie Braes, they led me to believe that *principle* was the great hinge on which the electoral contest was to turn. "Measures, not men," was the slogan which they dinned into my lug without deval!

DOCTOR.—And you credited the syren song, oh thou most simple of plough-compellers!

LAIRD.—Indeed I did! I thocht better o' human nature, than to imagine that it was na a' Gospel!

MAJOR.—Well?

LAIRD.—Weel, I set about my canvass like a house on fire! Night and day I spent pilgrimaging through the five townships which constitute the metropolitan County o' Pork. There was na a schuil-house or chapel in which I did na haud a district meeting; and I rung the changes upon sacrilege and secularization till my throat got as dry as a sant herring!

DOCTOR.—What was the result!

LAIRD.—A majority o' fifty and a bittock, in favour o' the Clear Grit, Cornelius Chops!

MAJOR.—But whence this untoward catastrophe?

LAIRD.—Oo, it was a' owing to a trifling misconception o' the meaning o' the word *principle!*

MAJOR.—Pray expound!

LAIRD.—The denizens o' Hard Fist Township

were Conservatives to the back-bone, but then they had taken a notion into their noddles, that I wanted to turn the course o' the river Sneddon, and mak' it run through the township o' Treddles! In vain did I vow and protest, baith by word o' mouth and in writing, that the Sneddon might keep its ancient course till doomsday, for my part, unless a majority o' the rate-payers o' Pork signified a wish to the contrary.

The Hard Fists swore by bell, book, and candle that if elected the channel o' the river would be empty as a spendthrift's purse before six months had absconded. When the polling day cam' round they would na leave their harvesting on no consideration, protesting that their *principles* prevented them frae voting.

MAJOR.—Surely, however, the Conservatives of Treddles turned out to a man in your favor!

LAIRD.—Catch them doing ony sic thing! They were horn wud against me because I declined to divert the course o' the Sneddon, and *principle* kept them, likewise, at their harvest work when the combat was raging!

DOCTOR.—But where is the application of your parable all this time?

LAIRD.—Ye must be blind as a beetle no' to discover it without my help! As the *heart* o' Ensign Otto Rose was located in the back settlement o' his continuations, so did the *principles* o' the Conservatives o' Pork tabernacle in their pockets! But, for pity's sake, rax me the bottle! I'll choke if I dinna put the musty flavour o' the loons oot o' my mouth!

MAJOR.—Whilst Bonnie Braes is solacing himself with the creature comforts, I shall read for your amusement, a rambling epistle which I received a few weeks ago, from our old hair-brained gossip, Harold Skimpole!

DOCTOR.—Where has Harold been for the last twelvemonth?

MAJOR.—Nay, that is more than I can tell you.

DOCTOR.—Does the letter which you allude to, throw any light upon the subject?

MAJOR.—Not a bit of it. Like the majority of his "favours," it is impossible to determine whether it deals in romance or reality.

LAIRD.—My tumbler being concocted, and my pipe lighted, I am ready to listen to what Skimpole has to say for himself.

MAJOR.—Here goes then. [*Reads.*]

DEAR MAJOR,

I have the pleasure to inform you that I have *consented* to be put in nomination as a candidate at the ensuing election to represent the

County of Kalafat in Parliament, with a fair prospect of success. I have had some difficulty in coming to a full and satisfactory understanding with the "Free and independent;" but by attending several public meetings, I have had such intercourse with the leading men of the County as will secure my election, unless, indeed, the voting should be more adverse than could be desired. You will understand that there may be some variance between the apparent prospects of a candidate before the election and the final result of the polling, when you are informed that those preliminary meetings are composed—first, of a few enterprising men who (whatever their neighbours may think on the subject) know themselves to be the most intelligent and influential part of the community, and who feel it to be their vocation to lead and direct the minds of the more ignorant masses; and secondly, of the very few who are content to be thus led and directed by such leading men. Unfortunately many of both these classes are not allowed to vote at all; but they devote their time and talents to the cause of politics, with a zeal and energy truly praiseworthy, while the great mass of actual voters, who, for electioneering purposes, we call the "bone and sinew" of the country, generally remain at home and regard our meetings with a stolid indifference which is very provoking. And when they come to the polls, they are very apt to give their votes in the most ungainly manner, perfectly regardless of the programme previously laid down for them there by the leading and led men at public meetings. A knowledge of these circumstances has induced me not to place too much confidence in my present prospect of success, but to abide the issue of the actual voting before I consider my election sure. Nevertheless, these meetings have much more weight in influencing elections than could be supposed, from a knowledge of the materials of which they are composed.

For your edification, I herewith send you a slight sketch of the proceedings of such a meeting, which I lately attended:

Benjamin Bunkum, Esquire, was unanimously called to the chair, and Mister Gregory Goose Quill appointed secretary. We are careful on those occasions to maintain a proper distinction of rank—the chairman must be an Esquire, and the Secretary simply Mister. The chairman opened the meeting by expressing his inability to express his unqualified satisfaction at meeting such a respectable assembly on this important occasion. If the meeting was not large it was certainly highly respectable. "Gentlemen," said the worthy chairman, "when I look around me—ahem—when I look around me, gentlemen, and see—hem—I say, when I look around me, I am—hem—I am— This, gentlemen, is a most important period of our—hem—in our—hem—history. And I, that is I—we are met here to day to nominate a fit and proper person to represent this noble county in Parliament. And at a time when the duties devolving upon Parliament are of more importance

than at any time since the memorable Parliament at Runimede. Look at the momentous questions to which Parliament will be speedily called to give its attention. There is the Grand Turk and the Grand Trunk Railway! There is the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of this here Canada! besides many minor subjects of less importance. Then there is the great eastern war, which is a host in itself. There is Admiral Dundas, who cannot destroy the Russian fortifications without injuring property; and there is Admiral Napier, who cannot thrash the Russians because they have the "bad taste" to keep out of his way; and there is the allied armies sitting on the fence while the Turks are thrashing the Russians at Silistria! And there is—hem— Then there is the Clergy Reserves, which must be attended to as usual. And the Seigneurial Tenure, which is of the utmost importance to the country in general, and to this county in particular. But above all and before all is the Three Rivers Cathedral bill, and it is my determination to vote for no man who does not pledge himself to the nines on the Three Rivers Cathedral bill. (Hear, hear.)

"Now, gentlemen, where will we find a man fit to grapple with all those important questions!" I involuntarily cried out "here, here." The chairman, not distinguishing the adverb from the verb, proceeded, "I have myself been solicited by many influential men of the county to allow myself to be put in nomination, but I cannot consent to devote my valuable time to Parliamentary affairs, unless no other proper person can be found, that is, unless I am forced to it. (Hear, hear.) At this juncture a friend of mine, whom I had brought with me for the purpose, rose, and proposed that "Harold Skimpole, Esq., is a fit and proper person to represent this county in Parliament."

This proposition was received with some slight cheers and some half-suppressed exclamations of "Who?" "Skim what?" "What pole?" I immediately rose to my feet, determined to introduce myself to the company, many of whom were evidently strangers even to my name. The chairman looked dissatisfied. Things had taken a wrong direction. I paid no attention, however, to his displeasure, but proceeded to keep the ball a-rolling.

I had previously racked my brain to originate some rich promises of deeds to be for the free and independent electors, in case they should so far consult their own interest as to elect me, but without much success, until that day on my journey to the place of meeting I was furnished with what I considered a capital subject for my purpose. In going to the place of meeting we had to pass over several miles of what was called a plank road, which consisted of a succession of mud holes, with broken fragments of plank and scantling projecting out of the mud at various angles of elevation, and others laying loosely across the track in all imaginable positions. I wish you could have seen the structure. It struck me very forcibly that this road was susceptible of improvement, and I consi-

dered that nothing would be more acceptable to the electors of Kalafat than such improvement, and that if I could succeed in persuading them that, by electing me to Parliament, they would be taking the surest means of making their rough paths smooth, I would be almost certain of success. I had therefore determined to take the improvement of the roads for my text, and had already made some progress in arranging the few ideas I had into a pretty good speech on the subject, which I was now about to deliver. I commenced by stating that I was taken so completely by surprise in being thus suddenly proposed as a candidate, that I was utterly unable to give vent to my feelings on the occasion, much less to express my views in a proper manner on the political, social, and industrial questions of the day. If I had had the most remote idea of being honoured with a nomination at that meeting, I should certainly have prepared myself in some measure to respond to the call in a manner more worthy of the importance of the occasion, and the great respectability of the present audience. As it was, I must draw largely on their indulgence, in the few crude and broken remarks which I was obliged to make on the spur of the moment. (Hear, hear.)

This commencement I got by heart from the printed speech of a first-chop candidate in a neighbouring county, and I soon perceived that it gave admirable satisfaction, and that I was rapidly rising in the estimation of the meeting. This encouraged me to proceed with the development of my plans for the improvement of the roads, and I dilated on the advantages of good roads, the great need there existed in this county for improvement in those conveniences. And all that I could and would do, if elected, to accomplish such desirable improvement. But I soon found I was "off the track." Something was wrong. There were no more cries of "hear, hear." Indeed, if they did hear me at all it was evidently with the greatest reluctance. Instead of "hear, hear," there were sundry half-smothered ejaculations which sounded very much like "fudge" and "stuff," and one rather queer-looking chap, with a rowdy hat hanging on one corner of his head, spoke out pretty audibly, "Guess we knows what roads is as well as you. Tell us something we don't know." What could the matter be? Had the people of Kalafat a very decided partiality for bad roads? The state of their rough farms would certainly lead to that supposition, and their present apparent diarelish of the subject would seem to confirm that impression.

I may here state that in my future progress I came to understand this subject better. I found that the people of Kalafat, I mean that portion of them who do the politics of the county, are eminently a theoretical people. They have not, in reality, any insuperable objections to good roads or good dinners, but these are of too common and practical a nature to be a popular subject of discussion for a political meeting. They are good useful articles enough

for every-day use, but in election times they look for something of a different stamp. They delight in something abstruse, and if incomprehensible, all the better. A mystical dissertation on some political or polemical crotchet will go more directly to their hearts than the most reliable promises of good roads, or the most reliable speech on any such matter-of-fact subject. I was not then aware of this refined taste of my audience, but I saw clearly that a screw was loose somewhere, and for fear of making matters worse, hastened to draw my harangue to a close by some commonplace and perfectly unmeaning remarks, which in part restored me to the good graces of the meeting; and I concluded by stating my willingness to answer any questions that might be put to me.

I had not long to wait. A burly-headed customer came forward from the crowd, and stated that he was well pleased with the gentleman's views on things in general. "They was sound and constitoshinell, and to the pint. But there is one queschin," he continued, "which he has not teched upon, and that is a queschin the most important to our vitals. If the gentleman is O. K. on that one salutary queschin, I'es for un, and if not, not. Sum sez, stigmatize the clergy resarves, and sum's for the Three Rivers calf-feeders' bill, but I goes the hul hog for the sin oral tenor queschin. I therefore axe the gentleman, Mr. Poleskin, to state extinctly what will be his course of conduct on the sin oral tenor queschin?" This was rather a poser, but I kept my gravity like a monkey, and answered that I hoped the "tenor" of my conduct, both "oral" and written, would be as free from "sin" as human nature would permit. "Well, now, that's what I call hansome; I likes to see a man stride up and down. I goes for Mr. Harry Skinpole, Esquire;" and he sat down, apparently perfectly satisfied with my "stride up and down"-ativeness. Very good, so far, every thing must have a beginning, and there was one good vote secured, that is, if he had a vote. But I had next to deal with a different character. A rather tallish smooth-faced man, with a black coat and clean shirt, came forward and took his stand in front of the chairman, who saluted him as Mr. Squeers. He looked round the room with a smile, half-complacent, half-condescending, and commenced, "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I should not have felt called upon to address you on this important occasion, but for the few remarks which have fallen from my friend, Mr. Jenkins, who has just sat down. I have the greatest respect for that gentleman, but unfortunately he has not had the advantages of scholastic education which I have had, and has consequently been led into some errors, orthographical, grammatical, syntactical. (Hear, hear, hear.) When my friend speaks of the sin oral tenor, he doubtless means the seigneurial tenure, which is a very ancient institution, and means the tenure of a seigneur. The seigneurs are great lords, almost equal to kings and emperors, for which reason many of the reigning sovereigns have a

great jealousy of them, and would gladly see them all exterminated. Thus, the Emperor of Russia has now all his fleets and armies engaged in trying to kill off the Grand Seigneur of All, and the Emperor of Canada is bent on destroying all the petty seigneurs in this country. And I presume the question which my friend, Mr. Jenkins, wished to propound was, whether or not the honorable gentleman (Mr. Scampole I believe his name is) would be willing to assist the Emperor Francis in this work of extermination. This is certainly a question of the most vital importance, as my friend intended to express it, and one on which I hope the gentleman's views are correct and orthodox." (Hear, hear.)

As there appeared to be an expectation that I should reply, and give some further pledges or explanations on the subject, I was about to tell them, what was the fact, that I knew nothing about the seigneurs or their tenure; but a moment's reflection convinced me that that course would be suicidal. I therefore stated that my views respecting the seigniorial tenure were exactly in accordance with those expressed by the eloquent gentleman who had just sat down, and from those principles no earthly consideration could ever induce me to deviate. At the same time I laid my hand impressively on my vest buttons, which elicited a few reiterations of "hear, hear."

The gentleman who next addressed the meeting was Mr. Smith, who appeared by his speech to be a disappointed politician. "Gentlemen, I have 'tended lekshuns and lekshun meetings for twenty years successfully, and what's the use? What have I got by it, or what has any one got by it? For my part I'm completely distrustful with pollyticks, and I've a great mind never to go to lekshuns no more. What has members dan for us after all their promises? Nothink. They promised us sponisible government and the singularization of the clergy resarves, and entrenchment, and vote by ballot, and everythink. And they promised speshully that all offices be given to them as was most desarving, and who woted rite. And what's the consekense? Who's got offices? Not me, I know, ooz I dont want none. And where's sponisible government that they promised everybody should have, but now we never hear a word about it, but they've taken up some new-fangled noshuns that they call the seenorall tenner bill, and the Three Rivers cafferders bill, and sich like stuff that nobody don't care nothink about, and sponisible government, and the clergy resarves, and everythink is all gone to the dogs, and I wish the members was all gone there too. I've a great mind not to wote for nobody, for I see'ts no use. But this genleman seems to understand the constitoooshun correckly, and I think I'll try him once more, but if he don't do us justise he needn't come back here again."

After a few other speeches of a "cognate" character, the meeting broke up.

HAROLD SKIMPOL.

LAIRD (*draining his poculum*).—Kal a fat! Kalafat! Div ye ken, Sangrado, where that county is situated?

DOCTOR.—I am not very certain, but am inclined to think that it forms one of the ridings of the extensive district of Utopia!

LAIRD.—And upon what part o' the map are we to look for Utopia, can onybody tell me?

DOCTOR.—Nay, there you have me, and no mistake! If you can get any of your table-tipping friends to communicate with the ghost of Sir Thomas More, the problem may, perchance, be solved to your satisfaction!

LAIRD.—I'll get my neighbour, the *Deekon*, to rouse up Sir Thomas as soon as I get home! Oh, he's an enlightened man, the *Deekon*, and worthy o' this progressive age! He turns up his nose at the antiquated superstitions o' Papiests, Prelatists, Methodists, and a' ither denominations, and at the same time believes in the inspiration o' a three-legged pine table! As I sometimes tell him in my daffing, his ain head must surely be fabricated o' timmer, seeing that it is sae deeply saturated wi' speeritualism!

LAIRD.—Leaving politics and pine, let us emigrate for a brief season into the Republic of Letters!

LAIRD.—I hae nae conceit o' your Republics! Rather would I dwell in a log hut, in a free country, than inhabit a palace in a region where dark-complexioned Christians and light-coloured muslins equally are knocked down at auction to the highest bidders!

DOCTOR.—I notice, Crabtree, that you have got beside you a fresh number of Harper's Select Novels.

MAJOR.—Yes. It is Charles Lever's latest engenderation, and is "captioned" *Sir Jasper Carew, Knt.: his Life and Experiences*.

DOCTOR.—Oh, indeed! I am anxious to know your opinion of the affair. Somehow or another, I have formed an impression that Charles has written himself dry.

MAJOR.—The work which I hold in my hand would not justify any such conclusion. I readily grant that as a story it is wanting in a close following up of the plot, but still it is replete with freshness and vigor. In particular, the first portion of the narrative which has reference to Ireland during the viceroyship of the Duke of Portland is worthy of Lever's best days. Nothing could be finer conceived, or more artistically executed than the portraits of the dashing, high-spirited Hibernian gentleman,

Walter Carew, his single-hearted factotum Dan McNaughten, the ambitious usurer Toney Fagan, and the meek, much enduring Joe Raper.

DOCTOR.—Your verdict refreshes me consumedly. It would be dismal to reflect that the pulse of Lever's genius had ceased to beat! Even Dickens could hardly supply the vacuum which would be thus caused in the world's stock of "innocent mirth!"

MAJOR.—Turning from pleasing fiction to revolting fact, have you read the new work by Ferris, entitled *Utah and the Mormons*?

DOCTOR.—I have, and not without frequent scunnerings, as our socius Bonnie Braes would say!

MAJOR.—Does Ferris draw the libidinous scoundrels in colours as black as those employed by Lieutenant Gunnison?

DOCTOR.—Yes; in every material point he corroborates the statements of that clever and clear-headed writer.

LAIRD.—It's often been a wonder to me that fire has na' come oot o' heaven and devoured thae filthy monsters o' iniquity. If a' tales be true, Sodom was a corporation o' saunts compared wi' Utah!

DOCTOR.—The evil is beginning to work its own cure, or rather, I should say, its own extirpation. Mr. Ferris demonstrates that the polygamy which these wretches indulge in has a direct tendency to arrest the progress of population.

LAIRD.—I am thankfu' to hear it!

DOCTOR.—With your permission I shall read to you the summing up, so to speak, of this very graphic and instructive volume:

Mormonism has probably passed its culminating point, and may reasonably be regarded as in the afternoon of its existence. So great are the continual drains upon them, that the present population of Utah can only be increased, or even kept up, by emigration. Prior to the summer of 1852, the existence of polygamy had been carefully concealed from the mass of the Saints residing abroad, and it was the belief of many at Salt Lake City that its promulgation would discourage further emigration.

Whatever may be the cause—whether the public announcement and justification of polygamy, or the absence of Gentile persecution, or because the concern is wearing out of itself, a comparison of their members at different dates will show an evident decline. When Joseph was at the height of his power at Nauvoo, his disciples in different parts of the earth were supposed to number about 200,000 (including the families of actual members, confined almost wholly to Great Britain and to the United States). The Mormons themselves boasted a much larger figure. In the Deseret Almanac for 1853, the

numbers are stated at 150,000; but how ~~one~~ half of this is made up it is difficult to see. Taking 80,000 as the population of Utah, as given by the same authority, and adding thereto 28,640, the number which Orson Pratt gives for the British Isles, after taking out for deaths and excommunicated persons, and we have, in round numbers, less than 59,000, which leaves a balance of about 91,000 to be made up from the United States, Sandwich Islands, &c.; and it is not probable that one eighth of that number can be figured up, with the aid of Strangites and other schismatics.

In Great Britain, the grand total in 1851 was given at 80,747. In 1853 Orson Pratt gives it as follows:

"The Statistical Report of the Church of the Saints in the British Islands, for the half year ending June 30, 1853, gives the following total: 53 conferences, 737 branches, 40 seventies, 10 high-priests, 2578 elders, 1854 priests, 1416 teachers, 884 deacons, 1776 excommunicated, 274 dead, 1722 emigrated, 2601 baptized; total, 80,690."

Deducting excommunications, emigrants, and deaths, we have 26,918. This, if not a decided falling off, shows at least a stand-still in a theatre of operations heretofore remarkable for successful proselytism.

Again, the Deseret Almanac for 1853 gives "a little over 80,000" as the then population of Utah. Orson Pratt states in his "*Seer*" at from "thirty to thirty-five thousand." Some of the Gentile residents supposed there might be between twenty-five and thirty thousand; my own observation fixed it at 26,000. It appears from the minutes of the October Conference (1853) that the Mormon population was 18,206. This does not include the village of Toele, the Toele county, nor Mountainville, in Utah county; but the population of both would not exceed 300, adding which would make 18,506, showing a decrease of about 5000 since the winter of 1853.

While the numbers already gathered are on the decrease, causes similar to those which have produced this result are also at work which must seriously interfere with the accession of new converts, especially from civilized countries. Polygamy has proved to be the Pandora's box from which these troublesome plagues have gone forth on their errand of mischief, and it would seem that Hope itself had been permitted to escape. Owing to dissensions which have grown out of this institution, the missionary establishment has become much less effective, and, consequently, the progress of conversion is much more tardy than formerly. When the Governor or one of his favorites casts a longing eye upon the Bathsheba of a more humble brother, who is unwilling to give her up, it gives rise to collisions, jealousies, and hate, which more or less ruffle the surface of Mormon harmony. In these cases, the husband is generally sent on a distant mission, that the poacher upon his grounds may be rid of his opposition. A case occurred in the

fall of 1852. One Wells, the superintendent of the public works, and, withal a species of right-hand man, conceived a violent passion for the sister of one of his six wives, who happened to be married to another man. The husband was forthwith appointed on a mission of Siam; but, fully understanding the true reason of his selection for so distant a post, he refused to go. This recusancy, however, did not save his wife, who, during the ensuing winter, was transferred to the harem of the favorite.

LAIERD.—Save us a', but that state o' things is maist awfu'.

DOCTOR.—Bad enough, but there are ether features quite as bad. Just listen to these extracts from the revelation to Joe Smith:—

God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, *Nay*; for the Lord commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless, it was written, Thou shalt not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac also, and Jacob, did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones; and are not angels, but are gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon, and Moses my servant, as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time, and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

David's wives and concubines were given unto him of me by the hand of Nathan my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

And verily, verily, I say unto you, that whosoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens; and whosoever sins you remit on earth, shall be remitted eternally in the heavens; and whosoever sins you retain on earth, shall be retained in heaven.

And again, verily, I say, whomsoever you bless, I will bless; and whomsoever you curse I will curse, saith the Lord; for I, the Lord, am thy God.

And again, as pertaining to the law of the

priesthood: if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent; and if he espouses the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him; therefore he is justified. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world, and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that he may be glorified.

And again, verily, verily I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily I say unto you I will reveal more unto you hereafter, therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold! I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.

LAIERD.—Hae ony o' ye read *Weary Foot Common*? It is written by an auld acquaintance o' mine; but what wi' the harvest and election, I hae na had a moment's time to look into it.

MAJOR.—After "harvest-home" is over, you will enjoy your friend Leitch Ritchie's story very much. Though the plot is almost as transparent as the robe of an opera dancer, it has attraction sufficient to keep up your appetite to the close, and even leaves you, like *Oliver Twist*, craving for more!

DOCTOR.—An excellent symptom; here I have the colonial edition of *Chamber's Journal* sent me by my friend Armour, for the use of the Shanty, in which *Weary Foot* first appeared. This Journal is too well known to say much about it, but I would mention that the colonial edition is far before the American one, though the American purports to be a fac-simile of the Edinburgh!



THE GARDEN.

The Wintry Season of the Western Canada is not without some great points of interest and advantage, but much more may its summer time boast of its vast productive power. With its hot and brilliant sun, it can grow the beans of Lima, the melons of the Mediterranean, and the tomatoes and egg plants of South America without hot-beds; and with such ease and progression that it fills a newly arrived English, or French gardener, with the most unqualified astonishment. However, the climate, owing to the warmth of the summer and the clearness of the atmosphere, and the soil, from its freshness and fertility, are far more prolific of fine fruits than the north of Europe. Nor have we the disadvantages which in England the lovers of horticultural pursuits have to contend against. To them cloudy days, damp, wet, and canker, are things so familiar as to fill them with continual sorrow. While they are earnestly taught to avoid as ruinous to their dearest hopes, cool and damp aspects; and as cherishing their tender plants and flower, they nestle like a lizard on the sunnyside of south walls, and are perpetually guarding the roots of plants against wet, we by the light powerful sunshine of our summers are spared the care and anxiety such circumstances require. True, that we are not without our troubles from continued drought, but they are light in comparison, and, besides, the evil may be almost if not wholly overcome by deep trenching of the soil. On the whole our advantages of soil and climate are confessed by all to be very superior. Why then do we not reap from them, what they are so capable of abundantly producing? Why do the people in general restrict themselves to apples when the choicest plums, pears, quinces, cherries, and even peaches, and grapes may be plentifully had with little cost and care? They have not

learned what to plant? Nor have we as yet a single publication devoted to the dissemination of knowledge respecting choice varieties of fruit. The Provincial Agricultural Journal has indeed made some sorry attempts, but we have seen nothing further. The Country and Provincial Exhibitions are doing a great deal in shewing what may be done, and in stimulating the desire to try. In this respect also the proprietors of several nurseries in the Province are exhibiting a vast amount of industry and enterprise. So that we may fairly hope that ere long choice and delicious fruits of many varieties, will be enjoyed by the mass of our countrymen. Of these we propose at the present time to call attention to one kind, neither the last, nor least desirable of any in cultivation. We mean,

THE GRAPE.

The sort found occasionally in our gardens is the Isabella, almost the hardiest that we have, but even it, eastward of Toronto, will not always stand our winters uncovered without more or less injury, nor in all seasons fully ripen. We must therefore obtain a kind against which such fatal objections do not lie. Could we find one, perfectly hardy, and prolific of fruit, fair to look upon and pleasant to the palate, the benefit would be great, for in addition to the crop of rich fruit we might reap, no one will deny, that no object in the fruit garden has more interest or is more beautiful than a grape vine trained neatly on a trellis with its large luxuriant foliage, and rich pendulous clusters. We take pleasure therefore in commending to our readers who delight in horticultural pursuits the planting of the Clerton grape. It is found we assure them perfectly hardy even where the thermometer falls to 30 below zero. It is prodigiously productive of fruit, fair in size and quality. As a table grape it is very desirable, and by ex-

perienced persons it is well recommended as a wine grape. It may be planted to hide the ugliness of our unpainted wooden dwellings, and even to clothe with beauty the still greater unsightliness of our rail fences by its broad and massive foliage. It is a full grower, not at all liable to mildew or to rot, and is easily raised from outtings. Its cultivation has afforded us great and increasing pleasure, and if this article shall have met the necessity of any single reader, we shall feel that it has been enhanced, and that we have not written in vain.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCES.

THE present is eminently a time of improvement. Go where we will—in the suburbs of all our cities, in our country villages, and far into the farming districts—we find the people busy constructing and re-modelling their dwellings, laying out gardens, and planting trees. At no previous time, in the history of this country, has such a spirit prevailed. The rage for money-making seems at length to have so far abated as to allow men to think of their homes, and to go about making them somewhat comfortable, and even beautiful. This is something to rejoice at. Were it not so, we should ill deserve the overflowing measure of prosperity which Providence has vouchsafed us. Certainly, no people in the world have stronger inducements to improve and beautify their homes, than Americans. Our present purpose, however, is not to expatiate on this subject, pleasant though it be, but to call attention to a certain defect, which we apprehend is very general among modern suburban residences.

There seems to be a prevailing passion for building on the most public thoroughfares, and for making an undue display of the dwelling and every portion of the ground, to the public. Now this is manifestly a great mistake. *Quiet and seclusion* we have always regarded as among the most important requisites, and, indeed, the greatest charms of a country or suburban residence. What is it that people seek, who retire from the crowded streets of the city, and erect for themselves a dwelling on an acre or two of ground, in the suburbs? Do they go there to erect a costly house, make a beautiful lawn, and plant fine trees, merely to be gazed at and admired by the public? Or do they not rather seek relief from the noise and bustle of the streets, and a quiet, retired place, in which themselves and families may enjoy pure air, and healthful, pleasant recreation? This, we believe, is the aim of by far the greater number; a few, only, are prompted by feelings of vanity, or urged by the power of fashion.

We take it for granted that people erect houses, and make gardens and pleasure-grounds, first and foremost, for their own comfort and gratification. We are surprised, therefore, to see such a passion for building on the most public thoroughfares, and we are inclined to attribute it, in a great measure, to the want of experience. Sites for dwellings and gardens can be had at least one-fourth cheaper, on less frequented and much more desirable localities. The only advantage that can be claimed for the leading streets is, that they are nearer to the public conveyances; but this is of trifling importance, especially to those who keep a horse and carriage of their own, and in any case, it would be a poor compensation for the countless annoyances inseparable from such locations. But a few days ago, we passed along a street in the city where, a large number of very tasteful residences have been erected, each having a garden in front. It was a dry time, and the clouds of dust that arose from the street, had covered every tree, shrub, and plant, with a thick coat, giving them, at the most delightful season of the year, when gardens should be in the meridian of their beauty, a most dismal and forbidding aspect. What a mistake, we had to exclaim, to spend so much money on residences, in such a place as this, where to step out of doors is to get deafened with noise, and blinded and covered with dust?

Something might be done, however, to make these residences much more comfortable and agreeable than they generally are. The houses might be set further back, and masses of low trees and shrubs might be planted, to exclude the noise and dust, and give them an air of seclusion and quiet. No matter how retired the situation might be, we would plant sufficiently to shelter the interior of the garden, as well as the dwelling, from the wind, and to protect it from intrusion; so that, at all seasons, and at any time of the day, any member of the family might work, or amuse themselves as they saw fit, without being observed. Very few gardens are sufficiently sheltered. In the north, high winds prevail during the early spring months, so that, unless shelter be amply provided for, it is impossible to cultivate spring flowers successfully, or for ladies, or persons in delicate health, to enjoy daily the pleasures and recreations of a garden at that season.

Farmers gardens and dwellings, are as a general thing, sadly deficient in shelter and protection. The house is usually placed, for convenience, close to the highway, and the garden and door-yard inclosed with low, painted board fences. A row of trees, along the street, is all that seems to them

necessary ; and the consequence is, there is not a spot that can offer pleasant out-door recreation until summer arrives. Why can they not plant, on the exposed sides of their residences, thick belts of forest trees, to break off the winds, and inclose their gardens with high board fences, or what is much more sightly, *Arbor Vitæ* screens. Ladies, children, or infirm persons, who may desire out-door exercise, would then have some opportunity of enjoying it with safety and comfort. This provision for shelter, on an ample scale should be one of the earliest cares of every man who goes about the work of improvement in our boisterous climate, where we have winter nearly half the year. It is a great sacrifice to people who live in the country or in the suburbs of a city, to be shut up in the house five whole months together. Winter walks and resorts need to be provided more than summer, because in summer almost every place is pleasant in the country.

We do not propose to recommend that people should inclose their gardens with high walls, as though they were prisons, or to surround them with thickets of trees to such an extent as would give them an air of exclusiveness, obstruct their views beyond their own boundaries, and impede too much the circulation of air. These extermes are as much to be guarded against as that of too great exposure. There is a medium which every person of good sense will discover, if they but give the subject due reflection.

A very sensible English writer, L. F. ALLEN, Esq., a professional landscape gardener of much experience, in speaking of laying out the grounds of a villa residence, says of "seclusion:"

"This is a quality more or less desirable in all small residences, and in the vicinity of large cities, it may be regarded as indispensable. Of course it does not consist in the exclusion of light and air ; neither does it suppose the shutting-out of fine views, whether at hand or at a distance. It is rather the protection of the family from that exposure to public gaze which would prevent them from using any part of their grounds as freely and comfortably as they would their drawing-room. A certain amount of privacy, at least, is essential to that rural feeling which is a principal charm in retirement from the bustle of city life. Some individuals, indeed, seem to have a particular fancy for displaying their flower-beds and lawns to the eyes of the public ; a taste, we humbly think, more suited to hotel establishments, than to the abodes of private families. We would have the greater portion of the villa grounds to be possessed of the characters of complete seclusion. At the same time, the error arising from the ex-

cess of this quality—the dull, gloomy insipidity caused by over-planting and an over-affectation of privacy—is to be carefully guarded against. On level or gently-sloping surfaces, the proper amount of seclusion may generally be obtained by building the boundary walls from eight to ten feet high. On surfaces with a considerable declivity, such walls will be found insufficient ; and as no considerable addition can be made to their height, nor indeed, if added, would prove effectual, the object aimed at must be attained by planting trees and shrubs, which will have to grow for several years, before they afforded the desired shelter. As the size of villa residences increases, the difficulties in regard to privacy diminish, as there is room for enlarged masses of trees and shrubs, and the whole place naturally assumes the character of common country residence."

Another English writer, EDWARD KEMP, who is also a thoroughly practical man of great experience, says :

"Few characteristics of a garden contribute more to render it agreeable than *snuggness* and *seclusion*. They serve to make it appear peculiarly one's own, converting it into a kind of *sanctum*. A place that has neither of these qualities, might almost as well be public property. Those who love their garden, often want to walk, work, ruminate, read, romp, or examine the various changes and developements of Nature, in it ; and to do so unobserved. All that attaches us to a garden, and renders it a delightful and cherished object, seems dashed and marred, if it has no privacy. It is a luxury to walk, sit, or recline at ease, on a summer's day, and drink in the sights, and sounds, and perfumes, peculiar to a garden, without fear of interruption ; or of dress, or attitude, or occupation being observed and criticised.

"Something more, however, than mere privacy is involved in the idea of snuggness. It includes shelter, warmth, shade ; agreeable seats for rest, arbors for a rural meal, and velvety slopes of turf, overshadowed or variously chequered by foliage, to recline upon. A room that may fitly be called snug, is small in its dimensions, and rather amply furnished, with its window not open at any point to the public gaze. A garden, likewise, to deserve the same epithet, should have its principal or subordinate parts of rather contracted limits, be furnished somewhat liberally with tall-growing plants and trees, which will produce some degree of shade, and present an air of comparative isolation.

"Where there is sufficient extent, it is probably better to have one or more small nooks, or partially detached gardens of a particular kind, to realise something of both snuggness and seclusion and give

the leading and broader portions of the garden a more airy and open character. Still, in any case, unless it be purely for show, a certain amount of privacy ought, assuredly to be sought after. And the more thoroughly it is gained, the more pleasurable to most persons, and the more accordant with good taste, will be the entire production."

This principle is applicable in all countries, because the purposes of a garden are everywhere the same. We remember having seen a street garden, in the city of Baltimore, which struck us, at the time, as being admirably arranged, to adapt it to the situation and circumstances. In order to break the view from the street to the house, the ground was thrown up into irregular and natural looking mounds, and these were planted with trees. The entrance walk was carried through the elevations, and gave a fine view of the dwelling from the street, without causing any objectionable degree of exposure. The same amount of seclusion could not have been obtained without either very high walls, or very thick and formal belts of trees and shrubs. Undulation of surface might, in very many cases, aid in relieving the lawns of cottage residences of that monotony and nakedness which a perfectly level, closely-mown surface presents.

There is another point in the arrangement of suburban gardens, that we think seldom receives proper attention, and that is, the concealment of the fences that form the boundaries, and such other neighboring objects, of a disagreeable or unsightly character, as may obtrude themselves on the view, from either the house or garden. It is impossible to select a situation, in any neighbourhood, wholly exempt from objectional features; but, in most cases, they may be excluded from sight, by judicious formation of the ground, and distribution of trees. We know a gentleman who is unfortunate enough to have for his next neighbour a low, filthy fellow, whose premises are an almost insufferable nuisance. He would gladly purchase his ground, and pay him twice as much as it is worth; but he will not sell. Now, instead of having merely a low, open board fence, between him and such a neighbour, he should have dense screens of foliage, to shut out completely such a disagreeable boundary. Rapid-growing trees, such as Silver Maples, Pawlonias, European Larch, and Norway Spruce, will make an effective obstruction, in three or four years. If the grounds be too small to admit trees of such large size, then live hedges, such as Thorn, Osage Orange, Buck-thorn; or evergreens, such as Arbor Vitæ, Hemlock, Red Cedar, or Spruce, all of which may be allowed to grow up (for a screen), without shearing, except on the sides.

WHAT TIME SHALL WE CUT TIMBER?

Never in winter, but always in summer. It should be cut during the most rapid season of growth, and while that season is drawing towards a close. The same rule should be followed that skilful nurserymen observe in performing the operation of budding, that is, just as the terminal bud on each branch begins to form, as soon as it is first evident that the growth of the branch is about to terminate, but is still in active progress. Experienced tree-propagators have found that, much earlier than this, the juices of the tree are in too thin or liquid a state to form a good adhesion between the bud and the peeled surface. From the moment that the bark separates freely from the wood, these juices continue to thicken, until growth ceases altogether, and the new wood is completely formed; and when this new wood is in the state of a thick paste or cement, then is the time that the bud will adhere most perfectly. This is the period when the bark may be peeled from a tree without destroying its vitality. And this is the time for cutting timber. Early in spring, the tree is full of sap, which is little else than pure water, and which has been gradually accumulating through winter by the absorption of the roots, with no outlet for its escape, as there is in summer through myriads of leaves. While the tree is thus replete with water, it is in the worst condition to be cut. But towards midsummer, when a portion of this water has passed off through the leaves, and the rest has been much thickened by conversion into material for wood, the case is very different; for while the watery sap promotes only decay, the thickened juices soon dry and harden, and assist in the preservation of the wood.

We have recently been furnished with a number of facts in corroboration of this opinion, by Isaac Hathaway of Farmington, Ontario County, N.Y., an old and enterprising settler, a close and extensive observer, and who has had much experience in connexion with saw-mills and timber erections. All his observations tend to show the great difference between winter and summer cut timber, and induce him to think that, cut at the best period, it will last under the average of circumstances three times as long as when felled in winter. In one instance, a fence, consisting of winter-cut materials, a part split into rails, and a portion in round poles, of beech, maple, iron-wood, bass-wood, &c., had completely decayed in fifteen years, and none of

it was even fit for firewood. In another case, a quantity of bass-wood rails were cut in summer, and split from the brown or heart portion of the tree. This was done about fifty years ago; thirty years afterwards the fence was quite sound, and even now some of the same rails remain undecayed, although much worn away by the weather. Winter saw-logs, left over one summer at the mill, are usually much decayed for several inches towards the interior; summer-cut logs, which have lain a like period, are always sound. He has cut hickory for axe-helves; if done in winter, decay soon commences, and the worm which loves this wood, often wholly destroys its value. Summer-cut, he has never known it to be attacked by the insect, and indeed it seems too hard for them to penetrate. He has had occasion to examine several old frames of buildings, and in every instance where the period of cutting could be determined, the same striking difference in durability was conspicuous.

He related several experiments on the durability of posts, one of which is worthy of repetition. In a gravelly soil, where the water never remains, a stone bottom, a few inches thick, was laid in the post hole, on which the post was set, and was then surrounded with stone closely rammed in on every side. As a consequence, the water never remains long enough in contact with the post to soak its interior, as would be the case if damp earth passed its outer surface. Such posts consequently give promise of remaining sound, after some years' trial, at least twice the period of those simply packed in earth. He also finds that posts of what is termed the white cedar in western New York (the American arbor vitæ) last much longer when set green with the bark on, than if sawed and seasoned, which he attributes to the protection afforded by the durable bark, against the vicissitudes of rain and drouth, and the air and weather generally.*

Now that the season is approaching, best adapted for timber-cutting, as indicated in the preceding remarks, we hope those interested will at least satisfy themselves on the subject by a fair and careful trial.

PLASTER FOR POTATOES.—"I have planted on all kinds of land; and to my satisfaction, have found that dry, poor land is best, because they are much less subject to be destroyed by that baneful scourge, the potato rot. I last year planted the driest and poorest part of my

* In ordinary instances, however, above ground, the bark, by preventing seasoning, only accelerates decay.

cornfield to potatoes, without any application until after the first hoeing, when, having some plaster left after plastering my corn, I applied it to about half of my potatoes on the hill. At the second hoeing a vast difference was perceptible in the vines. The plastered part continued in advance through the season. At the time of digging, they proved to be double the quantity, and of a much larger size. There were some indication that some had decayed among the whole, but no more of the plastered ones than the other. I shall try the same plan this year."

BUTTER FROM AN ALDERNEY COW.—It appears by a statement in the Boston Cultivator that from the milk of an Alderney cow, called "Flora," 5 years old in April last, there was made from the 11th May 1853 to the 26th April 1854, the extraordinary amount of 511½ pounds of butter. Flora is owned by Thos. Motley, Jr., Jamaica Plains. Mr. M. says—"From Nov. 8th till the time we stopped making butter, she had about a half bushel of either ruta bagas or carrots, and two quarts of corn and cob meal per day, in addition to hay, or most of the time eat straw fodder. The last 3 months it took almost exactly five quarts of milk to make one pound of butter. She is to calve June 10, 1854.

CALIFORNIA WHEAT CROP.—An immense breadth of land was sown to wheat the last autumn, and the crop is now represented in the most flourishing condition. It is said that the larger portion of the yield last year averaged 50, and frequently as high as 60 to 70 bushels per acre. Estimating the present crop at only thirty bushels, of which there can be no doubt it is thought that it will be abundant to supply all the wants of the State.

ADULTERATION OF GUANO.—It needs no argument to show that farmers who purchase concentrated manures, should procure them of manufacturers of strict integrity and veracity. A case in illustration recently occurred in England, where a dealer at Exeter had bought largely of merchants at Bristol, an article which proved bad, and in an action at law to recover damages, it was proved that the merchants had sent the dealer a false and fraudulent analysis, forged for the occasion; and their foreman stated on examination, that loam, sand, turf-ashes, and salt, were largely used in the manufacture of this artificial guano; that the various ingredients were mixed with a shovel, and that it took about 10 hours to prepare 50 tons. Wonder if these manufacturers place the notice "no admittance," over the door?

DESTROYING CANADA THISTLES.—"Is there any mode of eradicating Canada thistles from land, short of digging them out, roots and all? Is there a chemical agent that will destroy them? A man is travelling about here, selling a white powder, which dries them up when applied to the cut surface when mowed—he claims it will kill them *permanently*—please tell me what it is, and if there is any virtue in it?" S. H. W. Easton, Pa.

Canada thistles are easily killed on heavy soils, by plowing them under completely, once a month for the season, which smothers them, and the roots die. Unless the leaves, which are the lungs of a plant, can develop themselves above the surface, the plant cannot breathe, and will die in one season. The success of the operation depends of course, on keeping down every thistle plant below the surface. On light or gravelly soils, they cannot be so completely smothered, and in addition to the ploughing, Boughton's "subsoil cultivator" or thistle-digger, described some months ago in this journal, and which is in fact a two-horse paring-plow, will prove an efficient auxiliary. Mineral poisons usually prove destructive to vegetables; but it would puzzle a very shrewd man to know a "white powder" some hundreds of miles distant, without ever seeing it. If it kills all the thistles above ground for one entire season, they must of course be "permanently" killed, for the reasons already stated; but such an agent could be of little value in any way, because the labor of applying to every individual in a thistle-patch of only one acre, containing probably a million stalks, would be no trifling task, compared to plowing in four or five times."

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF FIRST PLATE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

No. 1.—Dress of violet colored silk; the skirt long and full has three flounces a *disposition*. *Basquine* body very open in the front and crossed by narrow bands a *disposition*; from under each band falls a row of lace which is set on with a little fulness; the edge of body and *basquine* is finished to correspond with the flounces; the front is of the *marquise* form. The sleeves are wide, and open in the front of the arm to the shoulder; the opening crossed to correspond with the front: some ladies prefer black lace which may be used, but has not so *distinguee* an appearance. Bonnet of white blond, the crown covered with pale green

glace silk; small flowers are scattered over the bonnet, and shaded green and white feathers placed low at each side: in the interior are flowers and white feathers.

No. 2. The mantilla on this figure is of white *glace* silk, cut in a full-sized *talma*, and embroidered in a vine and upright pattern of leaves and forget-me-nots, worked in straw. A deep white fringe surrounds the bottom, headed with a fold of silk, dotted with delicate straw buttons. The dress of pink silk has two very deep flounces, the upper one pinked at the edge. The bonnet is tulle and white silk, mingled in alternate puffs, trimmed with moss roses and apple green ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF SECOND PLATE.

No. 1.—Is a mantilla of Chantilly lace but though it is cut *talma* shape behind, the front forms a rich *pelerine* that falls in drapery when the arms are in repose. The edge is worked in shallow gather points traversed with a chain of polka spots; above this is a border of the most delicate leaves mingled closely, from which portion, flowers drop gracefully into the points; a rising pattern of intricate wild vine, interspersed with passion flowers, covers the entire garment which is completed by a small rounding collar starred with passion flowers.

It is always necessary that an over garment of lace should fall amply and in light folds around the dress, otherwise a meagre effect is produced that destroys all the richness that may lie in the material. The garments we have described are faultless in this particular, and truth to say, in every other point.

No. 2.—Is a chemisette of fine lace, edged about the neck and down the front with two rows of fine Valenciennes insertion, finished with a rich edging of Valenciennes lace. This beautiful front is finished with four or five delicate tucks in the lace which forms the body.

No. 3.—Is an infant's cloak, of fine white merino. The form is a graceful *Talma*, with a deep cape and small round collar. It is surrounded by a vine of the most perfect silk embroidery—the pattern roses in clusters, with their leaves wreathed in with French lilacs, which gives the design great richness and piquancy. The cape is almost covered with upright clusters of the same flowers, that, graduating as the cape decreases, gives that stylish grace to the garment which an artistic hand can alone impart. The lining is of glossy white silk.

No. 4.—Is a chemisette of fine muslin, enriched with French needlework. The collar is medium size, and has a close border completely covered with work and finished with Maltese lace. The front is formed with two puffs, a row of needlework, and edged with lace like that on the collar, inside the puffs are three rows of tucks.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION
AND DRESS.

The fashions for the season are now generally confirmed, and we find on a review that much that was considered most distinguished in the last season, has adapted itself to the novelties of this. Thus, chequered silks are fashionable as ever. It is hardly possible they should be other, considering the varieties in colour and pattern, and the richness of texture displayed in the newest silks of this description. The chequers are of all sizes, some very large and others small. Many of the silks of small patterns have flounces edged with stripes of a color different from those of the chequers. We have seen a dress composed of this kind of silk. The pattern was in fawn-colour and white, and the dress was trimmed with five flounces, each bordered with stripes of dark-blue satin, woven in the silk. The stripes were of graduated widths, the lowest rather broad. Three similar stripes ornamented the edge of the basque and ends of the sleeves. A dress chequered with light-brown and white, has the flounces striped with ten or twelve very narrow rows of cerise-colour. Another dress of a small chequered pattern green and white, has five flounces edged with green stripes graduating from a deep to a pale tint. The corsage is open in front, and the opening is filled up by alternate rows of Valenciennes insertion and narrow green ribbon, disposed *en echelle*. At the two extremities, and in the centre of each row of ribbon, are fixed small rosettes. Thus three series of rosettes ornament the front from the waist upwards. A vandyked collar is worn with this dress, composed of rows of Valenciennes insertion, alternating with narrow frills of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves are of the pagoda form and trimmed with three frills of silk and two of worked muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace. With this dress are to be worn a scarf mantelet of worked muslin, with *revers*, and trimmed with deep frilling, and a bonnet of fancy straw. The bonnet is trimmed on the outside with green wheat-ears, and the under-trimming consists of foliage of Green blonde intermingled with small clematis blossoms, white and pale pink.

Muslins are much worn at the various fashionable resorts this season, the tasteful variety which ribbons give to this simple style of toilet is calculated to lend favor to them. Colored skirts with canezou of white lace or muslin are very coquettish and charming; the canezou is trimmed with ribbons to match the skirts, nothing can be more youthful and unpretending than this pretty dress for a young lady, especially if she is slight and graceful.

But embroideries and laces form an indispensable feature of an elegant toilet, and we must not omit to mention them. In addition to the pretty morning caps of tulle that seem woven

from mist, some graceful morning caps, adapted to the half gay, half rustic life our fashionables are leading just now. We will describe one or two.

The first is composed of beautiful worked muslin and Valenciennes lace. The crown is in the medallion style; that is to say, circular pieces of open needle-work are inserted, and bordered by narrow Valenciennes edging. Loops of colored ribbon, intermingled with Valenciennes, form the border round the face. A bow at the back, and strings of the same ribbon.

The other has a crown formed of fine clear muslin, ornamented with elaborate needlework. The border consists of quillings of ribbon; and next to the face a very narrow edging of Valenciennes. Strings and bow behind of the same ribbon.

Another dress was composed of chequered grenadine; the ground white, and the pattern, which was not very large, was in beautiful shades of pink. The skirt had three broad flounces, each edged with white watered ribbon, bordered with pink. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed with quillings of ribbon. A sash or *ceinture* of white watered ribbon, edged with pink was fixed in a point at the back of the waist, under a bow, and the ribbon carried up each side to the shoulders. Thence it passed down to the point in front of the corsage, where the long ends were left to flow over the skirt of the dress. The ribbon was fixed at each shoulder by a cluster of loops and two flowing ends. The head dress consisted of two pendant sprays of white lilac placed at the back of the head and drooping on each side of the neck. A scarf of plain tulle was thrown lightly over the shoulders.

A VERY RECHERCHE DINNER COSTUME.

Dress of light colored silk, the skirt with four flounces: at the edge of each flounce is woven a wreath of velvet leaves; stamped velvet may be used which will produce nearly the same effect: a low pointed body is attached to the skirt, over which is worn a *basquine* body, three quarters high at the back, and not meeting in the front, but shewing the low body; it is trimmed with stamped velvet, the pattern corresponding to that on the flounces. The sleeve is novel and extremely elegant; it has a small plain piece at the top of the arm into which is set a very full *douillon* sleeve of white silk or muslin, which reaches nearly to the elbow; over this white sleeve are bands of silk terminating in a loop at the bottom, and below falls a deep lace ruffle; small bows are placed round the bottom of the plain piece: the appearance is that of a very full slashed sleeve. Small lace cap trimmed with pale blue ribbons and rosebuds.

CHESSE.

(To Correspondents.)

H. C. H.—Below you will find the solution of the game recorded in our July No., page 104, between M. Matschegu and Mr. Falkbeer. Your attempt is far from correct.

A. M. S.—Thanks. We publish your problem in the present number.

CLOVERFIELD.—Your Enigma appears this month considerably altered, though we think we have maintained your idea.

PHILLIS.—Your communication was received too late to be acknowledged last month. You have solved Enigmas 28 and 29 correctly. You have failed in the Problem.

Solution to Problem 9 by J. H. R. is correct.

Solutions to Enigma in our last by J. E., Amy, and C. C., are correct.

. We withhold the solution to Problem 9 until our next issue.

SOLUTION TO END GAME.*

White. (M. M.)

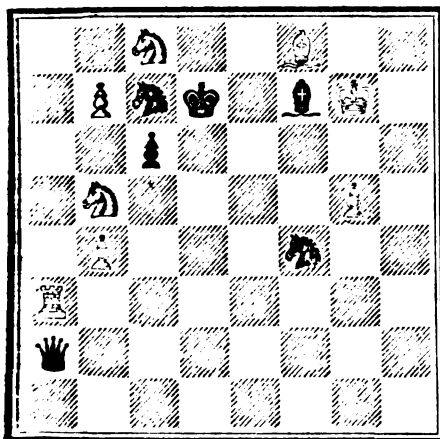
Black. (Mr. F.)

- 17. K takes Kt (ch).
 - 18. Kt to K B 3d (ch).
 - 19. Q B to K 3d (ch).
 - 20. P to Q R 3d (ch).
 - 21. P to Q Kt 4th (ch).
 - 22. P takes Kt (double ch).
 - 23. R to R 4th (ch).
 - 24. B to Q 4th (ch).
 - 25. Kt mates.
- (A.)
- 22. B takes P.
 - 23. K takes P.
 - 24. K takes Kt.
- P takes B (double ch).
R to R 4th (ch).
B mates.

PROBLEM No. X.

By A. M. S. of Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 31. By Cloverfield.

WHITE.—K at K 5th; Q at K sq; B at Q 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q R 7th; P at Q Kt 7th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 32. By G. W.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 5th; Q at K sq; Bs at K R 4th and Q Kt sq; Kts at Q 7th and Q Kt 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q 5th; Rs at K B sq and 8d; B at K R 3d; Ps at K 6th, Q 4th, and Q Kt 3d and 6th.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 33. Curious Partito Practico, from Loll'i's "Centuria di Partiti."

WHITE.—K at his R sq; R at K Kt 2nd; R at Q B sq.

BLACK.—K at Q B 3d; R at K Kt 2d; Kt at K Kt 3d; B at Q B 4th; Ps at K R 3d and Q Kt 3d.

White to draw the game in ONE move.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF VALUABLE M.S.S. ON CHESSE.

A discovery of singular interest—not simply to the votaries of chess, but to all who have a taste for mediæval lore—has recently been made in two of the fine libraries of Florence. Signor Fantacci, Ministero del' Interno, has succeeded in disinterring from the dust in which they have slumbered, uncatalogued and unknown for centuries, some M.S.S. on Chess, of priceless rarity. Immediately upon the discovery of these treasures, M. Fantacci, with a liberality rare as the M.S.S. themselves, set about procuring copies of the chief works; and with the sanction of the Grand Duke, placed the whole, in the most flattering manner, at the disposal of Mr. Staunton, a noble compliment to that gentleman's services in the promotion of the game of chess.

Some idea of the value and importance of these M.S.S. both to the chess-player and the bibliophile, may be formed from the following list of those of which copies have been completed, or are in progress:—

1. A beautiful parchment M.S., in Latin, by Bonus Socius (evidently a pseudonym), containing finely-executed diagrams, in colours, of problems and curious End games, supposed to be one of the earliest European works on practical chess extant, and to have been written at the latter end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century.

2. A parchment M.S., in Latin, of the fifteenth century, containing problems and critical positions.

* Published in July No., page 104.

3. A Latin M.S., on paper, of the fifteenth century, containing chess problems.

4. A M.S., on paper, in the Italian language, containing beautiful chess problems, &c., of the fifteenth century.

5. A M.S., on paper, of the sixteenth century, by an anonymous author, intitled "L' eleganzia, sottilita e verri di della virtuosissima professione degli Scacchi." This is supposed to be an original work by some Italian author, from which the Spanish writer, Ruy Lopez, composed his treatise.

6. A parchment Italian M.S., "Comparazione del Giuoco degli Scacchi all' note militare discorsa, per Luigi Guicciardini, all' Eccellmo S. el S. Cosimo de Medici Duca 2o, della Republica Fiorentina (architipo)."

7. A rich parchment M.S., "Trattato del nobilissimo Giuoco de Scacchi il quale è ritratto di guerre e di ragion di stato; diviso in Sbaratti, Partite, Gambetti, et Giuochi moderni, con bellissimo tratti occulti tutti diverse di Gioachino Greco Calabrese."—1621 (unedited).

This appears, beyond all question, to be an original work, presented by Greco to the King, to whom the dedication is addressed. The frontispiece and dedication are in letters of gold; every page is profusely ornamented; and the binding is studded with rich gold decorations, and has the arms of the King of Naples upon it. To the practical chess-player, Greco's M.S. will probably be of higher interest than any other, since it contains scores of games and several problems, by the famous old Calabrian, which have never yet been published.—*Illustrated London News.*

CHESS IN TORONTO.

Lively little game between two Toronto amateurs:—

(*Evans' Gambit.*)

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| <i>Black.</i> (Mr. P——.) | <i>White.</i> (Mr. L——.) |
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt to B 8d. | Q Kt to B 8d. |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th. | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4th. | B takes Q Kt P. |
| 5. P to Q B 8d. | B to Q R 4th. |
| 6. Castles. | P to Q R 8d (a). |
| 7. P to Q R 4th. | P to Q 8d. |
| 8. Q to her Kt 3d. | Q to K B 3d. |
| 9. P to Q 3d (b). | Q Kt to Q sq. |
| 10. Q B to K Kt 5th. | Q to K Kt 8d. |
| 11. Q Kt to Q 2d. | K Kt to B 8d. |
| 12. P to K R 8d (c). | P to K R 8d. |
| 13. B takes K Kt. | Q B takes K R P. |
| 14. B to K Kt 5th (d). | K R P takes B. |
| 15. Kt P takes B. | R takes P. |
| 16. K to Kt 2d. | Q to K B 4th (e). |
| 17. B tks K B P(ch)(f). Kt takes B (g). | |
| 18. Q to K 6th (ch). | K to B sq. |

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 19. Q takes K R. | Q takes Q (ch). |
| 20. K takes Q. | B takes Q B P. |
| 21. Q R to Q B sq. | B to Q R 4th. |
| 22. K to Kt 4th. | P to K Kt 8d. |
| 23. Q Kt to his 8d, and White resigns (h). | |

Notes.

- (a) With a view to dislodge the adverse B.
 (b) P to Q 4th is more attacking, and better every way.
 (c) Hastily played.
 (d) Apparently his only move.
 (e) Threatening, in anticipation of Black's playing N. K R to his sq., to check with the Queen at Kt's 6th and win both the Rooks. White, however, evidently played in perfect unconsciousness of the rejoinder Black had in store.
 (f) This move changes the aspect of affairs at once.
 (g) It is evident that Black wins equally whether White take with Kt or Q.
 (h) White cannot now hope to save the game, and with good grace resigns.

A game played some time back between two members of the Toronto Chess Club:—

(*King's Bishop's Gambit.*)

White. (Mr. C——.) *Black.* (Mr. P——.)

- | | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to K B 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. B to Q B 4th. | Q Kt to B 8d (a). |
| 4. K Kt to B 8d. | K Kt to K 2d. |
| 5. K Kt to his 5th. | P to Q 4th. |
| 6. P takes P. | K Kt takes P. |
| 7. Q to K 2d (ch). | B to K 2d. |
| 8. Kt takes K B P. | K takes Kt. |
| 9. Q to K R 5th (ch). | K to B sq (b). |
| 10. B takes K Kt. | B to K R 5th (ch). |
| 11. P to K Kt 8d. | Q to K 2d (ch). |
| 12. K to B 2d. | P takes P (ch). |
| 13. P takes P. | B to K Kt 4th (c). |
| 14. P to Q 4th. | B takes Q B. |
| 15. Q Kt to B 8d (d). | B to K 6th (ch) (e). |
| 16. K to Kt 2d. | Q B to K 3d. |
| 17. K R to K B sq (ch). | K to Kt sq. |
| 18. Q R to K sq. | Black now unfortunately took B with B checking, whereupon White checkmated him in two moves; his best move at this juncture would have been 18. P to K Kt 3d, which gives rise to some interesting situations. |

Notes.

- (a) The proper play is to check with Queen.
 (b) Better, perhaps, to have interposed the Kt P.
 (c) Well played. Threatening to check with Q at Q B 4th, and win the adverse B.
 (d) White must get his Queen's pieces into play.
 (e) Tempting, but loses too much time. Better to have left this B and brought out the Q B; after this Black's game is hopeless.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.

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Plan of Farm Buildings.

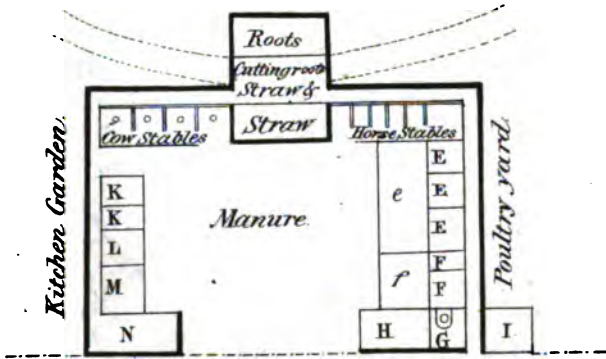


Fig 3

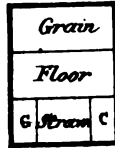


Fig 4.



Fig. 2.

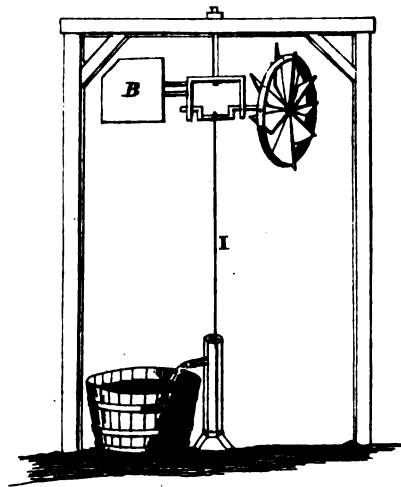


Fig 1



THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: OCTOBER, 1854.—NO. 4.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

Little time was lost by the Americans, after General Drummond's repulse, in commencing the re-construction of the defences at Fort Erie, injured by the explosion; the completion also of the new works that were in course of erection, at the time of the assault, was pressed on so rapidly that, in a very short space of time, they were able to boast that "Fort Erie was rendered impregnable to the attacks of any other than a vastly superior force." These defences were mounted with twenty-seven heavy guns, and the garrison was reinforced by new levies of militia. It almost appeared from the strength of the reinforcements as if the Americans were resolved at all hazards to keep possession of Fort Erie as a sort of equivoise to the British holding Fort Niagara. We learn from "sketches of the war" that three hundred and twenty regulars arrived in the St. Lawrence from Lake Huron; a company of riflemen from Sandusky; and several other detachments of regulars from Batavia and Sackett's Harbour, giving in all a force of three thousand four hundred men, and besides these large numbers the Fort was protected, lakeward, by the broadsides of the St. Law-

VOL. V.—Y.

rence, Niagara, Lady Prevost, Caledonia and Porcupine.

Reduced as General Drummond was by the losses at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, the arrival of the 6th and 82nd regiments, mustering some one thousand and forty men was insufficient to place him in a position to threaten so formidable a post, especially as he had been compelled to send six companies of the 41st to Fort George, and what was left of the 103rd to Burlington, thus leaving himself in point of numbers very little stronger than before.

The heavy and constant rains, and the low swampy grounds on which the army had been so long encamped, and the privations they had undergone, spread typhus and intermittent fevers amongst the troops, to such an extent that General Drummond, so far from being able to assume the offensive, was compelled to act most cautiously on the defensive. The position of the two armies was, at this time, as follows:—The Americans occupied Fort Erie with their rear covered by the ships. The British batteries were placed directly in front, but strange to say were guarded only by a line of piquets, the main body being about a mile and a half to the rear; we presume that this position was taken up by General Drummond on account of the ground being somewhat higher and less swampy.

From the 1st to the 17th September little occurred of consequence, except a few trifling affairs of piquets, but General Brown, who

had by this time entirely recovered from his wounds, having learned from stragglers the sickly condition of General Drummond's army, and that the General was meditating the removal of his forces to a healthier locality, determined to anticipate the movements, and to gain the credit of having compelled the retreat. On the afternoon of the 17th he accordingly advanced with a large force, and succeeded after a gallant resistance in carrying the whole line of batteries. The Americans were, however, not permitted sufficient time to destroy the works, indeed they were not even able to spike the guns, as detachments of the Royal Scots, the 89th, the Glengary light infantry, three companies of the 6th and seven companies of the 82nd now made their appearance, and drove the enemy, at the bayonets' point, from the batteries nearly to the glacis of Fort Erie, making several prisoners in the charge and pursuit. By five o'clock the works were again occupied and the line of piquets renewed.

As will be seen by General De Watteville's letter to General Drummond the loss of the British in this affair was very severe. The Americans acknowledge a total loss of five hundred and ten killed, wounded and prisoners.

Despatch from Major-General De Watteville, to Lieutenant-General Drummond.

Camp before Fort-Erie,
Sept. 19, 1814.

SIR,—I have the honor to report to you, that the enemy attacked, on the 17th in the afternoon at three o'clock, our position before Fort Erie, the 2nd brigade, under colonel Fischer, composed of the 8th and de Watteville's regiments, being on duty.

Under cover of a heavy fire of his artillery from Fort Erie, and much favoured by the nature of the ground, and also by the state of the weather, the rain falling in torrents at the moment of his approach, the enemy succeeded in turning the right of our line of piquets, without being perceived, and with a very considerable force, attacked both the piquets and support, in the flank and rear: at the same time, another of the enemy's columns attacked, in front, the

piquets between No. 2 and No. 3 batteries, and, having succeeded in penetrating by No. 4 piquet, part of his force turned to his left and thereby surrounded our right, and got almost immediate possession of No. 3 battery. The enemy then directed his attacks, with a very superior force, towards No. 2 battery; but the obstinate resistance made by the piquets, under every possible disadvantage, delayed considerably his getting possession of No. 2 battery; in which, however, he at last succeeded.

As soon as the alarm was given, the 1st brigade, being next for support, composed of the Royal Scots, the 82nd and 89th regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, received orders to march forward; and also the light demi-brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson: the 6th regiment remaining in reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell. From the Concession-road, the Royal Scots, with the 89th as support, moved by the new road, and met the enemy near the block-house, on the right of No. 3 battery; whom they engaged, and, by their steady and intrepid conduct checked his further progress. The 82d regiment, and three companies of the 6th regiment, were detached to the left, in order to support Nos. 1 and 2 batteries. The enemy having, at that time, possession of No. 2 battery, and still pushing forward, seven companies of the 82d, under major Proctor, and the three companies of the 6th, under major Taylor, received directions to oppose the enemy's forces, and immediately charged them with the most intrepid bravery, driving them back across our entrenchments; and also from No. 2 battery, thereby preventing their destroying it, or damaging its guns in a considerable degree. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, with the Glengary light infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby, pushed forward by the centre-road, and attacked, and carried, with great gallantry, the new entrenchment, then in full possession of the enemy.

The enemy, being thus repulsed at every point, was forced to retire with-precipitation to their works, leaving several prisoners, and a number of their wounded in our hands. By five o'clock the entrenchments were again

occupied, and the line of piquets established, as it had been previous to the enemy's attack.

I have the honor to enclose a return of casualties, and the report of the officer commanding the royal artillery, respecting the damage done to ordnance and the batteries, during the time they were in the enemy's possession.

I have the honor to be, &c.

L. DE WATTEVILLE, major-gen.

Lieut-General Drummond, &c.

Return of killed and wounded, 115 killed and 494 missing and wounded.

Although we find in "sketches of the war" General Brown's boasts of victory. that a loss of five hundred and ten, exclusive of militia and volunteers, was acknowledged, and although General Brown was driven back to his stronghold, without having accomplished the objects of the sally, still he had the modesty to term his sortie, in a letter to General Gaines, "a splendid achievement." Another American commander, General Varnum (the V should have been a B), had the effrontery to write, "our gallant little army has again signalized itself by gaining a splendid victory over a part of the enemies forces near Fort Erie. Two of the enemies batteries were carried, the guns spiked, trunnions broken off, and their magazines blown up."

The return of the officers in charge of the artillery shows that this boast of the American commander was simply a falsehood.

General Drummond now saw his little army still farther reduced by the six hundred killed and wounded, and he had the pain to find the sickness and mortality spreading as the rainy season advanced, he therefore resolved on breaking up his camp before Fort Erie. This he accordingly did, and between the 21st and 24th he removed his guns and stores and retired into comfortable quarters at Chippewa. General Drummond remained here until about the middle of October, when General Izzard with twenty-four hundred regulars joined General Brown, whose division had meanwhile received a reinforcement of seven hun-

dred regulars. General Izzard now assumed the chief command, and, according to the Ontario Reporter, a Buffalo paper of that day, "was to move down the Canada shore with eight thousand regular troops." Against this overwhelming force General Drummond felt that it would be madness to oppose his handful of troops, he therefore returned from Chippewa upon Fort George and Burlington Heights.

Beyond a skirmish at Lyon's Creek between a brigade under Skirmish at Lyon's Creek. General Bissel, some fifteen hundred strong, and a body of six hundred and fifty men, composed of detachments from the 82nd, 100th, and Glengary regiments, under Colonel Murray, in which the British lost nineteen killed and wounded, while Mr. Thomson acknowledges a loss of sixty-seven, nothing resulted from the expedition under General Izzard, as circumstances very soon compelled him to exchange his advance for a precipitous and somewhat inglorious retreat.

As these circumstances exercised an equal influence over Commodore Chauncey's motions, it will be necessary to remind the reader that the British had been diligently endeavouring to complete their large ship the St. Lawrence, and that this vessel with her hundred guns had been launched on the 2nd of October. The launch of this vessel was the signal for Commodore Chauncey's immediate retirement from the lake to Sackett's Harbour, where he moored his ships head and stern, in anticipation of an attack from his formidable adversary. Sir James Yeo had, however, more important business on hand, so, satisfied with having frightened the American commander off the lake, he sailed on the 17th with, and landed on the 19th, five companies of the 90th regiment. The arrival of this reinforcement, although it still left the Americans as three to one, was the signal for General Izzard's retreat to Fort Erie, and the arrival of a second reinforcement, induced the American commander, although still numbering as four to three, to remove the guns and destroy the fortifications of Fort Erie, and retreat to his own side of the



strait, after, according to Mr. Thomson, "a vigorous and brilliant campaign."

We cannot help imagining that had General Izzard re-taken Fort Niagara, left a strong garrison in the "impregnable" position of Fort Erie and kept Drummond in check that he would have been rather more entitled to rank his campaign of a month as a brilliant one than real facts admit of. Indeed, so far from placing it in the category of brilliant actions, we are almost tempted to stigmatize it as the act of a coward and a poltroon, and one which can only be compared with the retreat of the British commander at Plattsburg.

Lest we should be supposed to condemn General Izzard too severely, we will make one or two extracts from General Armstrong's notes and from Ingersol. Armstrong devotes six pages to the subject, and declares that when Izzard was ordered "to throw his whole force on Drummond's rear," and to leave Plattsburg to its fate, he did so with the conviction that the plans laid down by government were impracticable, and that the British would speedily be in occupation of Plattsburg.

The extract from Armstrong will, however, show the opinion entertained by that officer of General Izzard's strategic skill.

"Under these and other forebodings of evil, he was careful to announce to the War Department his total disavowal of all responsibility for whatever might happen; but expressed his willingness, at the same time, to execute the orders he had received, *'as well as he knew how.'*

"Beginning his movement accordingly on the 29th of August, and having in his choice two routes to Sackett's Harbor—one of which required a march of ten days, and the other a march of twenty, he made no scruple of preferring the latter; though, by doing so, he necessarily put much to hazard by giving time to Prevost to reinforce his western posts. Nor was this the only measure he adopted, having a similar tendency. "From a desire," he said, "to bring in his column fresh and ready for immediate ser-

vice," he limited its daily march to fifteen miles; an indulgence altogether unnecessary,* and never granted, when there is anything urgent in the character of the service to be performed. But even this was not enough to satisfy Mr. Izzard's conservative theory; a halt of four days was made at the south end of Lake George; professedly, for the purpose of refreshing troops, not a man of whom was either sick or weary. And again: when arriving at Sackett's Harbor on the 16th, though finding that Kingston had not been reinforced, and that our fleet had a temporary ascendancy on the lake,† not a single measure was taken for availing himself of these advantages, and attacking, as ordered to do, that important post. For this omission, a sympathy for Brown and his division was made the pretext. "The perils," he said, "of this heroic band are now so multiplied and menacing, as make it my first and most important duty, to leave Kingston untouched, embark my troops on board the fleet, run up to the head of the lake, land on the northern side of the Niagara, and throw myself on the rear of Drummond." This decision, though thus decidedly announced, was short-lived. A storm of wind and rain occurring, which prevented the fleet from sailing, the General now besought advice how he should proceed: whether by a land march over bad roads in wet weather, or, by waiting the cessation of the storm, avail himself of a passage by water. Strange as it may appear, he preferred the former, and in a letter of the 18th announced this intention to the government. Finding, however, that the choice he had made, was much censured by the army, and even denounced by a part of his staff,‡ as a new ruse to avoid a battle with Drummond, as he had already evaded an attack on Kingston, his resolution was shaken, his march suspended, and a correspondence opened with the naval commander on the old question, "by what

* *Twenty miles formed Caesar's justum iter dies; and if the case was urgent, considerably more.*

† Such was the well-known condition of the fleet, when Izzard arrived at Sackett's Harbor.

‡ Statement of Major O'Conner, Assistant Adjutant-General of the division.

route he should move." In this attempt to obtain from that officer a sanction for his own opinion, he signally failed; no answer was vouchsafed to the question, and merely a notice given of the time and place, at which the troops would be received on board of the fleet, and 'carried to any point on Lake Ontario, he might think proper to indicate.'

"Though sensibly rebuked by the manner in which his inquiry had been treated, he felt himself in no small degree consoled by two circumstances—the latitude given him in choosing a landing-place; and the limitation put by the commodore on the number of troops the fleet could conveniently carry—when, forgetting alike the orders of the government, the promises made to Brown, and the assurances given to the quartermaster-general the evening preceding, he at once and peremptorily declared for the mouth of the Genesee! At this place, he found himself with three thousand men early in the morning of the 22d, but, as might have been readily foreseen, entirely destitute of the means of transportation. It was not, therefore, till the 24th, he resumed his movement, when, adhering to his purpose of "bringing in his corps fresh and ready for action," he directed his march, not on Buffalo, but on Batavia—where an unexpected solace for all past doubts, labors and terrors, awaited him, 'in a full assurance that, on the 17th of the month, Brown had, by a skilful and intrepid attack made upon Drummond, become his own deliverer.'

"In an interview with this officer on the 26th, though professing a willingness to discharge his remaining duty, he restricted its objects to a siege of Fort Niagara; and even hazarded an opinion, that this fort retaken, the campaign might, with propriety, terminate. To this proposition, in both its parts, Brown refused his assent—justly remarking, that, as a military post, Niagara was not worth holding by either belligerent; and that its garrison, now composed wholly of invalids and convalescents, formed no object worthy of pursuit; and again: that, as he understood the orders, under which the division of the right had marched, they pre-

scribed three objects, "an attack on Kingston, which had been omitted; the relief of the division of the left, which had been accomplished; and, lastly, the *attack and capture of Drummond's army*—involving that of all the British posts on the peninsula."—"This," he added, "remains to be done, and may be accomplished, with scarcely a doubt of success, if, for the purpose, a proper direction be given to the two divisions united." It was not, however, till after the stimulus of a second conversation with Brown, that Izzard could be prevailed upon even to cross the Niagara; when, on receiving a full exposition of the proposed project of attack, and perceiving, after a short reconnoissance of Drummond's position, the probability of its success, he for a moment adopted the measure, and even detached Brown to direct some labor, preliminary to the movement; when, availing himself of information just received, that "four of the enemy's ships were now at the mouth of the river—that the navigation of the lake had been abandoned to Yeo, and that Chauncey had been driven for shelter, under the batteries of Sackett's Harbor,"—he at once relapsed into his former creed, and adopting the Hudibrastic strategy of *preserving the army for the next campaign* ordered "a retreat across the St. Lawrence, and winter quarters to be taken for the troops,"—thus literally fulfilling his own prediction, that the expedition would terminate in disappointment and disgrace.

"While Izzard was making these extraordinary displays of military skill and ardor, an expedition was organized in the west, having for its objects the security and quiet of the Michigan territory during the approaching winter, an attack on Burlington Heights, and an eventual junction with Brown's division on the Niagara. The force assigned to the service was composed of mounted yeomen, furnished by Kentucky and Ohio, one company of United States rangers, and seventy friendly Indians, making in the aggregate, seven hundred combatants. Though failing in its principal object, the movement, from the activity and judgement with which it was conducted, may not be unworthy of a short notice."

After the long and explanatory extract already given, it will be unnecessary to quote more than a few lines from Ingersol, although equally severe strictures are to be found in his pages:—

"It is difficult," says Ingersol, "if possible to justify General Izzard's prudence or affectation of prudence, a virtue, like all others, injurious by excess. Taking twenty days to get from Plattsburg, afloat on Lake Ontario, when it might have been done in ten, then causing his army to be landed, not in Canada, any where Izzard chose, as Commodore Chauncey offered his fleet to land them, but choosing the mouth of Genesee river in New York, where they must unavoidably be detained for transportation; not reaching the Canadian shore, at last, till the 11th October, six weeks after he left Plattsburg, and then instead of planting his standard east of Drummond, taking station west, and when united with Brown disappointing the unanimous and constant wish for an immediate attack of an enemy, who, *although entrenched, was not more than half Izzard's number, and much dispirited.*"

Ingersol winds up his observations on Izzard's backwardness by remarking that "If General Izzard had by many battles established his character, such conduct would have been less objectionable. But as an officer untried, known only by a few, he was unable to make head against the military and popular current then irresistibly strong for action."

These two extracts will fully exonerate us from the charge of hasty condemnation, coming especially as one does from a writer (Ingersol) who never hesitates to distort facts, if by doing so a brighter light can be thrown upon the page of his country's history. In support of this allegation we may adduce the fact that Ingersol doubles the number of men under General Murray's command, and, not satisfied even with that, the Marquis of Tweeddale, then at Kingston suffering from the effects of his wounds, is placed at their head as a sort of foil to the praises lavished on "Daniel Bissel," an American soldier raised from the ranks, and the commander of the American brigade opposed to the noble marquis. In-

gersol's misrepresentations do not however end here, in the events which immediately followed the American retreat an equal want of candour is exhibited.

The buccaneering expedition of General MacArthur is treated by him as an expedition having for its object the destruction of depots of provisions and forage, and the cowardly miscreant's precipitate retreat before a small body dispatched to stop his predatory career is thus disposed of "a part of the 103d Regiment of the 19th Light Dragoon, and some Indian warriors, were despatched to repel and chastise MacArthur, but did not come in contact with him."

The real facts of the case were that on the 20th September a band of lawless brigands crossed over from Detroit and ravaged a whole settlement, destroying twenty-seven homesteads, and reducing the unfortunate inhabitants to the utmost misery and want. The booty carried off by these miscreants was so considerable that General MacArthur was tempted under the pretext of a military expedition, to undertake precisely the same sort of thing. This he did, using the precaution however to take none but seven hundred and twenty Kentucky mounted riflemen with him.

Mr. Ingersol states that "they routed more than five hundred militia," and captured upwards of one hundred. From what source Ingersol could have learned this last fact puzzles us. No militia were at that time embodied in that section of the country, the arms had been all sent in, and so far from mustering five hundred strong, some difficulty would have been experienced in collecting fifty. Again, as to prisoners, of what did they consist? for answer we refer to Mr. James, "The one hundred and fifty prisoners consisted of peaceable inhabitants, both old and young, and drunken Indians and their squaws. The instant it was ascertained that a detachment of the 103rd regiment, numbering less than half MacArthur's force, had moved from Burlington heights, the General and his gang dispersed and so rapid was their flight, that the British regulars did not get within eight miles of them."

The destruction of the mills was a most

wanton outrage on private property, and the misery entailed for the whole winter was excessive. The pretext too that, by the act, the troops were inconvenienced was altogether unfounded, inasmuch as the American Commander knew full well that the supplies for the troops were principally drawn from below, and that the destruction of the mills would be but a trifling inconvenience to the troops whilst it could not but result in the most ruinous consequences to the unoffending and peaceable inhabitants. We shall however see how American writers regard similar transactions on the Chesapeake.

We have pretty nearly disposed of the military events along the Niagara, for 1814; we have seen General Izzard and his army cross the Niagara, and retreat to winter quarters, two thousand men of his army having been dispatched to Sackett's harbour, and we have also seen General Drummond, after the expulsion of every American from British soil, retire quietly into winter quarters, the greater portion of the troops having been sent to Kingston, so completely had a sense of security been restored. We will pass then from nearly the extremity of British territory on the west, to nearly the extreme east, and take up the proceedings of Lieut. Colonel Pilkington and Sir Thomas Hardy.

The movements of these officers, and the troops under their command, will be found fully detailed in the official reports which we give at length:—

From Lieutenant-colonel Pilkington to Lieutenant-general Sir John C. Sherbrooke.

Moose Island, Passamaquoddy Bay,
SIR, July 12, 1814.

Having sailed from Halifax on the 5th instant, accompanied by lieutenant-colonel Nicolls, of the royal engineers, and a detachment of the royal artillery, under the command of captain Dunn, I have the honour to acquaint your excellency, that we arrived at Shelburne, the place of rendezvous, on the evening of the 7th instant, where I found captain Sir Thomas Hardy, in his majesty's ship *Ramillies*, with two transports, having on board the 102d regiment, under

the command of lieutenant-colonel Herries, which had arrived the day before. I did not fail to lay before Sir Thomas Hardy my instructions, and to consult as to the best means of carrying them into execution.

As we concurred in opinion that the success of the enterprise, with which we were entrusted, would very materially depend upon our reaching the point of attack previous to the enemy being apprised of our intentions, that officer, with his accustomed alacrity and decision, directed the ships of war and transports to get under weigh early on the following morning; and we yesterday, about 3 o'clock P.M., anchored near to the town of Eastport.

On our approach to this Island, lieutenant Oats (your excellency's aide de camp, whom you had permitted to accompany me on this service) was despatched in a boat, bearing a flag of truce, with a summons, (copy of which is transmitted,) addressed to the officer commanding, requiring that Moose Island should be surrendered to his Britannic majesty. This proposal was not accepted; in consequence of which, the troops, which were already in the boats, pulled off under the superintendance of captain Senhouse, of the royal navy, whose arrangements were so judicious, as to ensure a successful issue. But, previous to reaching the shore, the colors of the enemy on Fort-Sullivan were hauled down: and on our landing, the capitulation was agreed to, of which the copy is enclosed.

We found in the fort a detachment of the 40th regiment of American infantry, consisting of six officers and about 80 men, under the command of Major Putnam, who surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

This fort is situated on an eminence commanding the entrance to the anchorage, and within it is a block-house, and also four long 18-pounders, one 18-pound carronade, and four field-pieces. The extent of the island is about four miles in length and two in breadth and in a great state of cultivation, The militia amount to about 250, and the population is calculated at 1600.

We have also occupied Allen's and Frederrick Island, so that the whole of the islands

in this bay are now subject to the British flag.

It is very satisfactory to me to add, that this service has been effected, without any loss or casualty among the troops employed in it.

To captain Sir Thomas Hardy, I consider myself under the greatest obligations; having experienced every possible co-operation, with an offer to disembark, from his squadron, any proportion of seamen or marines which I considered necessary.

I beg to acknowledge my thanks to you in allowing your aide de camp, Lieutenant Oats, to accompany me on this service. He has been of great assistance to me, and will have the honor of delivering this despatch. He has also in his possession the colours and standard found in Port-Sullivan.

I have the honor to be, &c.

A. PILKINGTON, lieutenant-col.

Deputy-adjutant-general.

Lieut.-gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, K. B.

From captain Hardy, R. N., and lieutenant-colonel Pilkington, to the American commander at Moose Island.

On board of his majesty's ship Ramillies, off Moose Island, July 11, 1814.

SIR,

As we are perfectly apprised of the weakness of the fort and garrison under your command, and your inability to defend Moose Island against the ships and troops of his Britannic majesty placed under our directions, we are induced, from the humane consideration of avoiding the effusion of blood, and from a regard to you and the inhabitants of the island, to prevent, if in our power, the distress and calamities which will befall them in case of resistance. We, therefore, allow you five minutes, from the time this summons is delivered, to decide upon an answer. *

* *From Major Putnam to Captain Hardy and Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington.*

Fort Sullivan, July 11, 1814.

GENTLEMEN.—Conformably to your demand, I have surrendered Fort Sullivan with all the public property. †

† *Return of ordnance and stores found in Fort Sullivan, surrendered to his Majesty's forces, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington.*

Iron guns—Four 18-pounders, with standing carriages.

In the event of you not agreeing to capitulate on liberal terms, we shall deeply lament being compelled to resort to those coercive measures, which may cause destruction to the town of Eastport, but which will ultimately assure us possession of the island.

T. M. HARDY, captain of H.M.S. Ramillies.

A. PILKINGTON, lieutenant-col. commanding.

To the officers commanding the United States' troops on Moose Island.

Articles of Capitulation.

"Article I. The officers and troops of the United States, at present on Moose island, are to surrender themselves prisoners of war, and are to deliver up the forts, buildings, arms, ammunition, stores, and effects, with exact inventories thereof, belonging to the American government; and they are thereby transferred to his Britannic majesty, in the same manner and possession, as has been held heretofore by the American government.

Art. II. The garrison of the island shall be prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged; they will march out of the fort with the honors of war, and pile their arms at such place as will be appointed for that purpose; the officers will be permitted to proceed to the United States on their parole."

* * * * *

Ingersol is very indignant with the people of Massachusetts for what he terms their tame surrender of their freedom.

This I have done to stop the effusion of blood and in consideration of your superior forces.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.,

P. PUTMAN, Major commanding.

P.S.—I hope, gentlemen, every respect will be paid to the defenceless inhabitants of this island, and the private property of the officers.

side arms: two unserviceable 9-pounders, two 12-pounder carronades without carriages.

Brass guns—Two serviceable and two unserviceable light 6-pounders, with travelling carriages, side arms, &c.

Forty-two paper cartridges, filled with six pounds of powder, five flannel do., do.: 3176 unserviceable musket-ball cartridges.

Four hundred and fifty-two loose round 18-pounder shot: 65 18-pounder grape shot: 389 loose round 6-pounder: 25 6-pounder case shot.

Six barrels of horned powder, containing 100 pounds each: 100 muskets, with bayonets, belts, slings, and complete swords, with belts, scabbards, &c.

Seventy-two incomplete tents, one United States' ensign.

W. DUNN, captain royal artillery company.

We do not wonder much at this, when we remember that, on captain Hardy issuing his proclamation, calling on the people either to take the oath of allegiance, or their departure, three-fourths of the inhabitants did the former willingly.

“Without a blow struck,” writes Ingersol, “part of Massachusetts passed under the British yoke, and so remained without the least resistance, till restored at the peace. It was the only part of the United States under undisputed British dominion. Two frontier fortresses Michilimacinae and Niagara, were surprised, captured, and forcibly held by the enemy during the war: and parts of Maryland and Virginia were overrun; but Massachusetts was the only State that acquiesced in such subjugation.”

In writing his history, the narration of the events that occurred in this quarter must have been sadly trying to Mr. Ingersol. Having nothing to complain of on the part of the British, his only mode of accounting for the success of his Majesty's arms is by maligning the character of his own countrymen, and if his statements are worthy of credence we gather from them some curious facts as to the integrity of the great Republic in the year 1814.

“The Government of Massachusetts made no effort to prevent, if it *did not connive at, and rejoice* at its subjugation.”

The same jealousy of Southern extension and opposition to the war paralyzed resistance to English invasion of Massachusetts, and part of the North East was almost peaceably and permanently reduced to English dominion, just before the Southwest defeated a much more formidable invasion there. It would take us, however, too long to follow Ingersol through all his lamentation over the falling away of the children of Massachusetts, we will, therefore, pass on to the second expedition which, under Sir John Sherbrooke, was directed against that part of Maine, lying to the eastward of the Penobscot river,—and which resulted in the temporary occupation of Castine, Belfast, and Machias, with the destruction of a large amount of shipping, including the United States frigate Adams,

of twenty-six guns, (eighteen pounds.) The proceedings will, however, be found at length in the official accounts which follow:—

From Lieutenant-General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke to Earl Bathurst.

Castine at the entrance of the Penobscot, Sept. 18, 1814.

MY LORD,—I have now the honour to inform your lordship, that after closing my despatch of the 25th ult., in which I mentioned my intention of proceeding to the Penobscot, Rear-admiral Griffiths and myself lost no time in sailing from Halifax, with such a naval force as he deemed necessary, and the troops as per margin (viz., 1st company of royal artillery, two rifle companies of the 7th battalion 60th regiment, 29th, 62nd, and 98th regiments), to accomplish the object we had in view.

Very early in the morning of the 30th, we fell in with the Rifleman sloop of war, when Captain Pearse informed us that the United States' frigate, the Adams, had got into the Penobscot, but from the apprehension of being attacked by our cruisers, if she remained at the entrance of the river, she had run up as high as Hampden, where she had landed her guns, and mounted them on shore for her protection.

On leaving Halifax, it was my original intention to have taken possession of Machias, on our way hither, but on receiving this intelligence, the admiral and myself were of opinion that no time should be lost in proceeding to our destination, and we arrived here very early on the morning of the 1st instant.

The fort of Castine, which is situated upon a peninsula of the eastern side of the Penobscot, near the entrance of that river, was summoned a little after sun-rise, but the American officer refused to surrender it, and immediately opened a fire from four 24-pounders upon a small schooner that had been sent with Lieutenant Colonel Nichols (commanding royal engineers) to reconnoitre the work.

Arrangements were immediately made for disembarking the troops, but before a landing could be effected, the enemy blew up the

magazine, and escaped up the Majetaquados river, carrying off in the boats with them two field-pieces.

As we had no means of ascertaining what force the Americans had on this peninsula, I landed a detachment of the royal artillery, with two rifle companies of the 60th and 98th regiments, under Col. Douglas, in the rear of it, with orders to secure the isthmus, and to take possession of the heights which command the town; but I soon learned there were no regulars at Castine, except the party which had blown up the magazine and escaped, and that the militia, which were assembled there, had dispersed immediately upon our landing.

Rear-admiral Griffith and myself next turned our attention to obtaining possession of the Adams, or, if that could not be done, destroying her. The arrangement for this service having been made, the Rear-admiral entrusted the execution of it to Captain Barrie, royal navy, and as the co-operation of a land force was necessary, I directed Lieut.-Colonel John, with a detachment of artillery, the flank companies of the 29th, 62d, and 98th regiments, and one rifle company of the 60th, to accompany and co-operate with Captain Barrie on this occasion; but as Hampden is 27 miles above Castine, it appeared to me a necessary measure of precaution first to occupy a post on the western bank, which might afford support, if necessary, to the force going up the river, and at the same time prevent the armed population, which is very numerous to the southward and to the westward, from annoying the British in their operations against the Adams.

Upon inquiry, I found that Belfast, which is upon the high road leading from Hampden to Boston, and which perfectly commands the bridge, was likely to answer both these purposes, and I consequently directed Major General Gosselin to occupy that place with the 29th regiment, and maintain it till further orders.

As soon as this was accomplished, and the tide served, Rear-Admiral Griffith directed Captain Barrie to proceed to his destination, and the remainder of the troops were landed that evening at Castine.

Understanding that a strong party of the militia from the neighbouring township had assembled at about four miles from Castine, on the road leading to Bluehill, I sent out a strong patrol on the morning of the 2d, before day-break; on arriving at the place, I was informed that the militia of the county was assembled there on the alarm guns being fired at the fort at Castine, upon our first appearance; but that the main body had since dispersed, and gone to their respective homes. Some stragglers were, however, left, who fired upon our advanced guard, and then took to the woods; a few of them were made prisoners. No intelligence having reached us from Captain Barrie, on Saturday night, I marched with about 700 men and two light field pieces, upon Buckstown, at 3 o'clock, on Sunday morning, the 4th instant, for the purpose of learning what progress he had made, and of affording him assistance, if required. This place is about 18 miles higher up the Penobscot than Castine, and on the eastern bank of the river. Rear-admiral Griffith accompanied me on this occasion, and as we had reason to believe that the light guns which had been taken from Castine were secreted in the neighbourhood of Buckstown, we threatened to destroy the town unless they were given up, and the two brass 6-pounders on travelling-carriages were in consequence brought to us in the course of the day, and are now in our possession.

At Buckstown, we received very satisfactory accounts of the success which had attended the force employed up the river. We learned that Captain Barrie had proceeded from Hampden up to Bangor; and the admiral sent an officer in a boat from Buckstown to communicate with him; when, finding there was no necessity for the troops remaining longer at Buckstown, they marched back to Castine the next day.

Having ascertained that the object of the expedition up the Penobscot had been obtained, it was no longer necessary for me to occupy Belfast. I, therefore, on the evening of the 6th, directed Major-General Gosselin to embark the troops, and to join me here.

Machias being the only place now remaining where the enemy had a post between

the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy bay, I ordered Lieutenant Colonel Pilkington to proceed with a detachment of royal artillery and the 29th regiment to occupy it; and as naval assistance was required, Rear-admiral Griffith directed Captain Parker, of the *Tenedos*, to co-operate with Lieutenant-colonel Pilkington upon this occasion.

On the morning of the 9th, Captain Barrie, with Lieutenant-colonel John, and the troops which had been employed with him up the Penobscot, returned to Castine. It seems the enemy blew up the *Adams*, on his strong position at Hampden being attacked; but all his artillery, two stands of colours, and a standard, with several merchant vessels, fell into our hands. This, I am happy to say, was accomplished with very little loss on our part; and your lordship will perceive, by the return sent herewith, that the only officer wounded in this affair is Captain Gall, of the 29th grenadiers.

Herewith I have the honor to transmit a copy of the report made to me by Lieut.-col. John on this occasion, in which your lordship will be pleased to observe that the Lieutenant-colonel speaks very highly of the gallantry and good conduct displayed by the troops upon this expedition, under very trying circumstances. And I beg to call your lordship's attention to the names of those officers upon whom Lieutenant-colonel John particularly bestows praise. The enterprise and intrepidity manifested by Lieutenant-colonel John, and the discipline and gallantry displayed by the troops under him, reflect great honour upon them, and demand my warmest acknowledgements; and I have to request your lordship will take a favorable opportunity of bringing the meritorious and successful services, performed by the troops employed on this occasion, under the view of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

As Rear-admiral Griffith will, no doubt, make a detailed report of the naval operations on this occasion, I forbear touching upon this subject, further than to solicit your lordship's attention to that part of Colonel John's report, in which he "attributes the success of this enterprise to the masterly arrangements of Captain Barrie, royal navy, who conducted it."

I have much pleasure in reporting to your lordship, that the most perfect unanimity and good understanding has prevailed between the naval and military branches of the service, during the whole progress of this expedition.

I feel it my duty to express, in the strongest terms, the great obligations I am under to Rear-admiral Griffith, for his judicious advice and ready co-operation on every occasion. And my thanks are likewise due to all the captains of the ships employed, for the assistance they have so willingly afforded the troops, and from which the happiest results have been experienced.

I have reason to be well satisfied with the gallantry and good conduct of the troops, and have to offer my thanks to Major-general Gosselin, Colonel Douglas, and the commanding officers of corps, for the alacrity shown by them, and strict discipline which has been maintained.

To the heads of departments, and to the officers of the general and of my personal staff, I am much indebted for the zealous manner in which they have discharged their respective duties.

Major Addison, my military secretary, will have the honor of delivering this despatch. He has been with me during the whole of these operations, and is well enabled to afford your lordship any information you may require.

I have entrusted the colours and standard taken from the enemy to Major Addison, who will receive your lordship's commands respecting the further disposal of them; and I take the liberty of recommending him, as a deserving officer, to your lordship's protection.—I have, &c.,

J. C. SHERBROOKE.

N.B.—The returns of killed, wounded, and missing, and of artillery, and of ordnance stores taken, are inclosed.

From Lieutenant-Colonel John to Lieutenant General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke.

BANGOR, on the Penobscot river,
Sept. 3, 1814.

SIR,—In compliance with your Excellency's orders of the 1st instant, I sailed

from Castine with the detachment of royal artillery, the flank companies of the 29th, 62nd, and 98th regiments, and one rifle company of the 7th battalion 60th regiment, which composed the force your Excellency did me the honour to place under my command, for the purpose of co-operating with Captain Barrie, of the Royal Navy in an expedition up this river.

On the morning of the 2d, having proceeded above the town of Frankfort, we discovered some of the enemy on their march towards Hampden, by the eastern shore, which induced me to order Brevet-major Crosdaile, with a detachment of the 98th, and some riflemen of the 60th regiment, under Lieutenant Wallace, to land and intercept them, which was accomplished; and that detachment of the enemy (as I have since learned) were prevented from joining the main body assembled at Hampden. On this occasion the enemy had one man killed, and some wounded. Major Crosdaile re-embarked without any loss. We arrived off Bald Head cove, three miles distant from Hampden, about five o'clock that evening, when Capt. Barrie agreed with me in determining to land the troops immediately. Having discovered that the enemy's piquets were advantageously posted on the north side of the cove, I directed Brevet-major Riddle, with the grenadiers of the 62nd, and Captain Ward, with the rifle company of the 60th, to dislodge them, and take up that ground, which duty was performed under Major Riddle's directions, in a most complete and satisfactory manner, by about seven o'clock; and before ten at night, the whole of the troops, including 80 marines under Captain Carter, (whom Captain Barrie had done me the honour to attach to my command,) were landed and bivouacked for the night, during which it rained incessantly. We got under arms at five o'clock this morning, the rifle-company forming the advance under Captain Ward; Brevet-major Keith, with the light company of the 62nd, bringing up the rear, and the detachment of marines, under Captain Carter, moving upon my flanks, while Captain Barrie, with the ships and gun-boats under his command, advanced at the same time up the river, on my right,

towards Hampden. In addition to the detachment of royal artillery under Lieutenant Garston, Captain Barrie had landed one 6-pounder, a 5½-inch howitzer, and a rocket apparatus, with a detachment of sailors under Lieutenant Symonds, Botely, and Slade, and Mr. Sparling, master of his Majesty's ship Bulwark.

The fog was so thick, it was impossible to form a correct idea of the features of the country, or to reconnoitre the enemy, whose number were reported to be 1,400, under the command of Brigadier-general Blake. Between seven and eight o'clock, our skirmishers in advance were so sharply engaged with the enemy, as to induce me to send forward one-half of the light company of the 29th regiment, under Captain Coaker, to their support. The column had not advanced much further, before I discovered the enemy drawn out in line, occupying a very strong and advantageous position in front of the town of Hampden, his left flanked by a high hill commanding the road and river, on which were mounted several heavy pieces of cannon; his right extending considerably beyond our left, resting upon a strong point *d'appui*, with an 18-pounder and some light field-pieces in advance of his centre, so pointed as completely to rake the road, and a narrow bridge at the foot of a hill, by which we were obliged to advance upon his position. As soon as he perceived our column approaching, he opened a very heavy and continued fire of grape and musketry upon us; we, however, soon crossed the bridge, deployed, and charged up the hill to get possession of his guns, one of which we found had already fallen into the hands of Captain Ward's riflemen in advance. The enemy's fire now began to slacken, and we pushed on rapidly, and succeeded in driving him at all points from his position; while Captain Coaker, with the light company of the 29th, had gained possession of the hill on the left, from whence it was discovered that the Adams frigate was on fire, and that the enemy had deserted the battery which defended her.

We were now in complete possession of the enemy's position above, and Captain

Barrie with the gun-boats had secured that below the hill. Upon this occasion 20 pieces of cannon fell into our hands, of the naval and military force, the return of which I enclose; * after which Captain Barrie and myself determined on pursuing the enemy towards Bangor, which place we reached without opposition; and here two brass 3-pounders, and three stands of colours, fell into our possession. Brigadier-general Blake also in this town, surrendered himself prisoner; and, with other prisoners to the amount of 121, were admitted to their paroles. Eighty prisoners taken at Hampden are in our custody. The loss sustained by the enemy I have not had in my power correctly to ascertain; report states it to be from 30 to 40 in killed, wounded, and missing.

Our own loss, I am happy to add, is but small; viz., 1 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 7 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing. Captain Gell, of the 29th, was wounded when leading the column, which deprived me of his active and useful assistance; but, I am happy to add, he is recovering.

I cannot close this despatch without mentioning, in the highest terms, all the troops placed under my command. They have merited my highest praise for their zeal and gallantry, which were conspicuous in the extreme. I feel most particularly indebted to Brevet-major Riddall, of the 62nd regiment, second in command; to Brevet-major Keith, of the same regiment; Brevet-major Crosdale and Captain McPherson, of the

98th; Captains Gell and Coaker, of the 29th; and Captain Ward, of the 7th battalion 60th regiment. The royal artillery was directed in the most judicious manner by Lieutenant Garsfon, from whom I derived the ablest support. I cannot speak too highly of Captain Carter and the officers and marines under his directions. He moved them in the ablest manner to the annoyance of the enemy, and so as to meet my fullest approval.

Nothing could exceed the zeal and perseverance of Lieutenants Symonds, Botely, and Slade, and Mr. Sparling, of the Royal Navy, with the detachment of seamen under their command.

From Captain Barrie I have received the ablest assistance and support; and it is to his masterly arrangement of the plan that I feel indebted for its success. Nothing could be more cordial than the co-operation of the naval and military forces on this service in every instance.

Captain Carnegie, of the Royal Navy, who most handsomely volunteered his services with this expedition, was in action with the troops at Hampden; and I feel most particularly indebted to him for his exertions and the assistance he afforded me on this occasion. I am also greatly indebted to Lieut. Du Chatelet, of the 7th battalion, 60th regiment, who acted as major of brigade to the troops, in which capacity he rendered me very essential service.

I have the honour, &c.,

HENRY JOHN, Lt. Col.

* *Return of Ordnance and Stores taken.*

CASTINE, Sept. 10, 1814.

Guns—4 iron 24-pounders, 27 iron (ship) 18-pounders, 4 12-pounders, 4 brass 3-pounders.

Carriages—4 traversing 24-pounders, 8 standing 18-pounders, 2 travelling 12-pounders with limbers, 4 travelling 3-pounders with limbers.

Sponges—8 24-pounders, 20 18-pounders, 2 12-pounders, 4 3-pounders.

Ladders—2 24-pounders, 8 12-pounders, 1 3-pounder.

Wadhooks—2 24-pounder, 8 12-pounders, 1 3-pounder.

Shot—236 round 24-pounders, 500 round

18-pounders. 1 ammunition-waggon, 1 ammunition-cart, 12 common handspikes, 40 barrels of powder.

Wads—20 24-pounders, 70 18-pounders.

N.B. The Magazine in fort Castine was blown up by the enemy.

The vessel on board of which the powder was, ran on shore, and the whole destroyed.

Eleven of the 18-pounders were destroyed by order of Lieutenant-Colonel John, not having time to bring them off.

GEORGE CRAWFORD, Major,
Commanding Royal Artillery.

Lieut. Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke.

From Lieutenant-colonel Pilkington to Lieutenant-general sir J. C. Sherbrooke.

Machias, Sept. 14, 1814.

Sir,

I have the honour to acquaint your excellency, that I sailed from Penobscot bay, with the brigade you were pleased to place under my command, consisting of a detachment of royal artillery, with a howitzer, the battalion companies of the 29th regiment, and a party of the 7th battalion of the 60th foot, on the morning of the 9th instant; and arrived at Buck's harbor, about 10 miles from this place, on the following evening.

As the enemy fired several alarm guns on our approaching the shore, it was evident he was apprehensive of an attack: I therefore deemed it expedient to disembark the troops with as little delay as possible; and captain Hyde Parker, commanding the naval force, appointed captain Stanfell to superintend this duty, and it was executed by that officer with the utmost promptitude and decision.

Upon reaching the shore, I ascertained that there was only a pathway through the woods by which we could advance and take Fort O'Brien and the battery in reverse; and as the guns of these works commanded the passage of the river, upon which the town is situated, I decided upon possessing ourselves of them, if practicable, during the night.

We moved forward at ten o'clock P.M. and, after a most tedious and harrassing march, only arrived near to the fort at break of day, although the distance does not exceed five miles.

- The advancing guard, which consisted of two companies of the 29th regiment, and a detachment of riflemen of the 60th regiment, under Major Tod, of the former corps, immediately drove in the enemy's piquets, and upon pursuing him closely, found the fort had been evacuated, leaving their colours, about five minutes before we entered. Within it, and the battery, there are two 24-pounders, three 18-pounders, several dismounted guns, and a block-house. The party which escaped amounted to about 70 men of the 40th regiment of American infan-

try, and 30 of the embodied militia; the retreat was so rapid that I was not enabled to take any prisoners. I understand there were a few wounded, but they secreted themselves in the wood.

Having secured the fort, we lost no time in advancing upon Machias, which was taken without any resistance; and also two field-pieces.

The boats of the squadron, under the command of lieutenant Bouchier, of the royal navy, and the royal marines, under lieutenant Welchmen were detached to the eastern side of the river, and were of essential service in taking two field-pieces in that quarter.

Notwithstanding that the militia were not assembled to any extent in the vicinity of the town, I was making the necessary arrangements to advance into the interior of the country, when I received a letter from brigadier-general Brewer, commanding the district, wherein he engages that the militia forces within the county of Washington shall not bear arms, or in any way serve against his Britannic majesty during the present war. A similar offer having been made by the civil officers and principal citizens of the county, a cessation of arms was agreed upon, and the county of Washington has passed under the dominion of his Britannic majesty.

I beg leave to congratulate you upon the importance of this accession of territory which has been wrested from the enemy; it embraces about 100 miles of sea-coast, and includes that intermediate tract of country which separates the province of New Brunswick from Lower Canada.

We have taken 26 pieces of ordnance, (serviceable and unserviceable,) with a proportion of arms and ammunition, returns* of

* *Return of Ordnance, Arms, Ammunition, &c., taken at Machias by the troops under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington, 11th September, 1814.*

Ordnance.—Fort O'Brien,—2 18-pounders, mounted on garrison carriages, complete: 1 18-pounder carronade, mounted on garrison carriage, complete; 1 serviceable dismounted 24-pounder; 1 dismounted serviceable 18-pounder carronade.

which are enclosed ; and I have the pleasing satisfaction to add, that this service has been effected without the loss of a man on our part.

I cannot refrain from expressing, in the strongest manner, the admirable steadiness and good conduct of the 29th regiment, under major Hodge. The advance, under major Tod, are also entitled to my warmest thanks.

A detachment of 30 seamen from his majesty's ship *Bacchante*, under Mr. Bruce, master's mate, were attached to the royal artillery, under the command of lieutenant Daniel, of that corps, for the purpose of dragging the howitzer, as no other means could be procured to bring it forward ; and to their unwearied exertions, and the judicious arrangement of lieutenant Daniel, I am indebted for having a 5½ inch howitzer conveyed through a country the most difficult of access I ever witnessed.

To captain Parker, of his majesty's ship *Tenedos*, who commanded the squadron, I feel every obligation ; and I can assure you the most cordial understanding has subsisted between the two branches of the service.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. PILKINGTON,

Lieut.-Col. Dep. Adj.-Gen.

To Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, K.B. &c.

From Rear-Admiral Griffith to Vice-Admiral Cochrane.

H.M.S. *Endymion*, off Castine, entrance of the Penobscot river, Sept. 9, 1814.

SIR,—My letter of the 23rd of August from Halifax, by the *Rover*, will have made you acquainted with my intention of accompanying the expedition, then about to proceed under the command of his Excellency Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, K.B., for this place.

Point Battery—2 24-pounders, mounted on garrison carriages, complete.

East Machias—2 brass 4-pounders, mounted, and harness, complete.

Machias—2 iron 4-pounders, on travelling carriages, complete ; 5 24-pounders, 10 18-pounders, rendered partly unserviceable by the enemy, and completely destroyed by us.

Total—26.

Arms—164 muskets, 99 bayonets, 100 pouches, 41 belts, 2 drums.

I have now the honour to inform you, that I put to sea on the 26th ultimo, with the ships and sloop named in the margin,* and ten sail of transports, having the troops on board, and arrived off the Metinicus Islands on the morning of the 31st, where I was joined by the *Bulwark*, *Tenedos*, *Rifeman*, *Peruvian*, and *Pictou*. From Captain Pearse, of the *Rifeman*, I learned that the United States' frigate *Adams* had, a few days before, got into *Penobscot*: but not considering herself in safety there, had gone on to *Hampden*, a place 27 miles higher up the river; where her guns had been landed, and the position was fortifying for her protection.

Towards evening, the wind being fair and the weather favourable, the fleet made sail up the *Penobscot Bay*, Captain Parker in the *Tenedos* leading. We passed between the *Metinicus* and *Green Islands* about midnight; and steering through the channel formed by the *Fox's Island* and *Owl's head*, ran up to the eastward of *Long Island*, and found ourselves at day-light in the morning in sight of the fort and town of *Castine*. As we approached, some show of resistance was made, and a few shots were fired ; but the fort was soon after abandoned and blown up. At about 8 A.M. the men of war and transports were anchored a little to the northward of the peninsula of *Castine*, and the smaller vessels taking a station nearer in for covering the landing, the troops were put on shore, and took possession of the town and works without opposition.

The general wishing to occupy a post at *Belfast*, on the western side of the bay, (through which the high road from *Boston* runs,) for the purpose of cutting off all communication with that side of the country,

Ammunition—20 barrels of serviceable gunpowder.

75 paper cartridges filled for 18 and 24-pounders.

2,938 musket-ball cartridges.

8 barrels of grape and case-shot.

553 round shot for 18 and 24-pounders.

6 kegs of gunpowder, 25lbs. each.

28 paper cartridges filled for 4-pounders.

J. DANIEL, Lieut. Royal Artil.

* *Dragon*, *Endymion*, *Bacchante*, and *Sylph*.

the Bacchante and Rifleman were detached with the troops destined for this service, and quiet possession was taken, and held, of that town, as long as was thought necessary.

Arrangements were immediately made for attacking the frigate at Hampden, and the General having proffered every military assistance, 600 picked men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John, of the 60th regiment, were embarked the same afternoon, on board his Majesty's sloops Peruvian and Sylph, and a small transport. To this force were added the marines of the Dragon, and as many armed boats from the squadron as was thought necessary for disembarking the troops and covering their landing, and the whole placed under the command of Captain Barrie, of the Dragon; and the Lieutenant-Colonel made sail up the river at 6 o'clock that evening.

I have the honour to enclose captain Barrie's account of his proceedings; and, taking into consideration the enemy's force, and the formidable strength of his position, too much praise cannot be given him, and the officers and men under his command, for the judgment, decision, and gallantry, with which this little enterprise has been achieved.

So soon as accounts were received from Captain Barrie, that the Adams was destroyed, and the force assembled for her protection dispersed, the troops stationed at Belfast were embarked, and arrangements made for sending them to take possession of Machias, the only place occupied by the enemy's troops, between this and Passamaquoddy bay. I directed Captain Parker, of his Majesty's ship Tenodos, to receive on board Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington, deputy adjutant general, who is appointed to command, and a small detachment of artillery and riflemen, and to take under his command the Bacchante, Rifleman, and Pictou schooner, and proceed to the attack of that place. He sailed on the 6th instant, and most likely, by this time, the troops are in possession of it. After destroying the defences, they are directed to return here.

The inhabitants of several townships east of this, have sent deputations here to tender their submission to the British authority; and such of them as could give reasonable security, that their arms would be used only for the protection of their persons and property, have been allowed to retain them. This indulgence was absolutely necessary, in order to secure the quiet and unoffending against violence and outrage from their less peaceable neighbours, and for the maintenance of the peace and tranquillity of the country. All property on shore, *bona fide* belonging to the inhabitants of the country in our possession, has been respected. All public property, and all property afloat, have been confiscated.

Sir John Sherbrooke, conceiving it to be of importance that the government should be informed without delay, of our successes here, has requested that a vessel of war may take his despatches to England.

I have, in compliance with his wishes, appropriated the Martin for that service, and Captain Senhouse will take a copy of this letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

EDWARD GRIFFITH.

To Vice-admiral the Hon.

Sir Alex. Cochrane, K.B., &c.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AGE.

I was struck by what seemed to me a beautiful analogy which I once heard him draw, and which was new to me—that the individual characters of mankind showed themselves distinctively in childhood and youth, as those of trees in spring; that of both, of trees in summer and of human kind in middle life, they were then alike to a great degree merged in a dull uniformity; and that again, in autumn and in declining age, there appeared afresh all their original and inherent variety brought out into view with deeper marking of character, with more vivid contrast, and with great accession of interest and beauty.—*Wordsworth, the Poet.*

Sound not the vain trumpet of self-condemnation, but forget not to remember your own imperfections.

THOUGHTS FOR OCTOBER.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended."—Jeremiah viii., 20.

In the same fanciful manner in which the Saxons styled September both Herbsmonath, Harvest month, and Gerstmonath, or Barley month, so did they designate October as Weinmonath, or Wine month, from the circumstance that during this month it is that the teeming vines are robbed of their luxuriant clusters. The inhabitants of colder countries will almost fail to appreciate the force of the expression, but to the child of the sunny south it will come home in all its appropriateness. We, too, in Canada, so long considered the favorite abodes of rime, and frost, and snow, may yet, as cultivation sweeps away the vast forests which now possess the country, see our home the rival of the banks of the Rhine, the vineyards of Burgundy, or even the more southern provinces of France.

This is not a mere fanciful theory, for old inhabitants of the country have not failed to remark how sensibly the severity of the seasons has abated, and every new comer from the mother country is struck with the comparative beauty of the Canadian October when contrasted with the surly approach of the same season in England.

Even Howitt, the songster of the English seasons, who has discovered more beauties in the seasons and scenery of his native land than any other writer, is forced to acknowledge that "October bears pretty much the same character in the fall of the year, as April does in the spring," and that the end of the month is often distinguished "by frosts and snows." Howitt, too, is forced to make another admission, that beautiful as are the woods in merrie England "towards the end of what may be called the fading of the leaf," they are far "exceeded by the vast forests of America; the greater variety of trees, and the greater effect of climate, conspiring to render them in decay gorgeous and beautiful beyond description."

"The woods! oh solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great western world in their decline!"

Howitt's expression, "gorgeous in decay," is one of the happiest ever perhaps employed in description, and it is almost impossible for any one who has not beheld the varied livery of Canadian woods, the rich tints, varying from the

brightest red or the pale yellow, to the deepest green or dark brown, to conjure up in "fancy's glass a sum to equal the reality."

We must not, however, be supposed to assert that Canadian Octobers are always fine, or that the woods are permitted to preserve their gorgeous attire for any length of time. Coleridge described the coming of night in tropical climes by the graphical line, "at one stride comes the dark." So in Canada the month of October is often sharp, bracing, and wintry; the trees by one fierce gale are shorn of their beauty, and the crisp frost sparkles under the feet in the morning walk.

Generally speaking, however, nature appears during this month to wear a sober matronly aspect, differing wholly from the light attractions of spring, and one particularly adapted to accustom us to the change from the ripened beauties of midsummer to the dreary sleep of the wintry season. A subdued quiet sense of enjoyment now prevails; the consciousness of realization has superseded the pleasurable yet uncertain anticipations of hope; the work of the year is at an end, the labours of the season have been crowned, and the feelings suitable to the season are those hopes which have no relation to the things of time.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more!
"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world:
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks, with all we love, below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more."

So sang Tennyson in the beautiful poem of the Princess, in which he has sweetly touched the chord which links autumn with its varied hues to the memories of spring and summer now for ever past.

The natural joyousness of Howitt's temperament has, we think, led him, in his address to October, into a slight exaggeration. He declares that "the host of birds enjoy a plentiful feast of beech nuts in the tree-tops." This may be the case in the early part of the month, but certainly towards the end of it the squirrels come in for a much larger share, as the birds have by that time winged their way to more southern and genial climes. Howitt then bursts into an enthusiastic description of the green-wood:—

THE GREENWOOD.

The green-wood! the green-wood! what bosom
but allows

The gladness of the charm that dwells in thy
pleasant whispering boughs.

How often in this weary world, I pine and long
to flee,

And lay me down, as I was wont, under the
greenwood-tree.

The greenwood! the greenwood! to the bold
and happy boy,

Thy realm of shades is a fairy-land of wonder
and of joy.

Oh, for that freshness of the heart, that pure
and vivid thrill,

As he listens to the woodland cries, and wanders
at his will!

The youth delights in thy leafy gloom, and thy
winding walks to rove,

When his simple thought is snared and caught
in the subtle webs of love;

Manhood, with high and restless hope, a spirit
winged with flame,

Plans in thy bower his path to power, to af-
fluence, and fame.

The old man loves thee, when his soul dreams
of the world no more,

But his heart is full of its gathered wealth, and
he counts it o'er and o'er;

When his race is run, his prize is won or lost,
until the bound

Of the world unknown is overthrown, and his
master-hope is crown'd.

The greenwood! the greenwood! ho, be it
mine to lie

In the depth of thy mossy solitude, when sum-
mer fills the sky.

With pleasant sound and scents around, a tome
of ancient lore,

And a pleasant friend with me to bend and turn
its pages o'er.

No season of the year has supplied sacred
writers with more beautiful imagery than that
marked by the fall of the leaf. Job, in his sor-
row, likens himself to "the fallen leaf, a leaf
driven to and fro;" and Isaiah, figuring forth
our transitory state, repeats the idea in various
forms, "Man fades as a leaf," "He is as an
oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that
hath no water." These are some of the touch-
ing images which the fading beauty of nature
suggested to the inspired writers, some of the
glowing descriptions called forth by the varying
incidents of the passing year, and by the mani-
festations of Divine goodness and fatherly care
over the works of His hands.

What can draw the heart into the fulness of
love so quick as sympathy?

BLACKWOOD ON UPPER CANADA.

"Within the memory of the comparatively
young amongst our readers, the population of
British North America was chiefly an alien one,
composed of the French residents of Lower
Canada, chiefly located in the city of Quebec,
and in the districts bordering upon the Gulf of
St. Lawrence, with a sprinkling of settlers
from this country, engaged in the timber trade
of New Brunswick and the Fisheries of New-
foundland and the Bay of Fundy. Upper
Canada was an almost unexplored territory,
into which only the adventurous trapper pene-
trated during the hunting season, returning at
the fall to the Lower Province, to dispose of his
peltries, and to locate himself for the winter
months beyond the reach of attack from the
Red Indians, whose cunning and revenge he
had to dread in return for his trespasses upon
their forests and prairies. Whilst as late as
1831 the population of Lower Canada was
511,922 souls—that of Upper Canada numbered
only, in 1830, 210,437 souls, of which the bulk
were located in Montreal (!) and along the banks
of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake
Ontario. The agricultural portion of this
population were chiefly composed of small
holders of partially cleared land on the lower
banks of the Ottawa River—energetic but
humble men, living in log huts, and cultivating
just as much land as would subsist them, aided
by the game won by their rifles, during the
season, when their lumbering operations could
be pursued."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, July,
1854, p. 1.

The term "the comparatively young amongst
our readers," is sufficiently indefinite to give
to the writer of the foregoing article a tolerably
wide margin—but we apprehend a man of forty
would, at all events, have reached a period
beyond which he could hardly be considered a
"comparatively young" reader of *Blackwood*.
But even if a man of sixty were "compara-
tively young," his memory would not reach back
to the period when Upper Canada was an almost
unexplored territory. It is more than "sixty
years since" that the act granting a constitu-
tion and legislature to that Province—the
population of Upper Canada was stated by Mr.
Pitt to be 10,000, and in 1814, after the war
with the United States, it amounted to 95,000,
which is the lowest number the comparatively
young reader of *Blackwood* of forty years old
could refer to, and though this number is not
a tenth of the present population—and forms a
much smaller proportion of what Upper Canada
with its advantages of soil and climate can
sustain. And in 1791 the population, though
scattered, extended over a much larger area,
than from the division line between the two

provinces up the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario.

But if the "comparatively young" reader of Blackwood must be more than a soxagenarian to remember Upper Canada as an almost unexplored territory, he is not comparatively but absolutely very young in his notions about furs, and the season for getting them. According to his notion the trappers' hunting season, commenced with the spring, continued through the summer, and was brought to an end in the fall; for at this latter period he describes him as returning to the Lower Province, to locate himself during the winter months—say December, January, February, March, and in Lower Canada we may almost add April, ere the snow entirely disappears—beyond the reach of the Red Indians, whom he had to dread, in consequence of his trespasses on their forests and *prairies*! (in Upper Canada.) Now, by this arrangement the trapper would have a very short season to catch wild animals with their winter coats on their backs, and when they are shed, the skins are comparatively valueless, and his hunting season would, in fact, be contemporaneous with the breeding season of the object of his pursuit, and we venture to assert, that there is no man whose recollection goes no further back than forty years, whose memory can recall the trapper or any other hunters after fur, fleeing from Upper Canada to Lower, to seek shelter from the attacks of the Indians. The thing is simply absurd, and has been so for years enough to make a *comparatively* old man.

Our friend, however, takes a stride onward to the year 1830, when the population of Upper Canada "numbered only 210,437" souls, the bulk of which was located in MONTREAL! and along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario." No doubt the writer has the authority of the Annual Register for placing Montreal in Upper Canada, for in the Chronicle for the month of July, 1850, we find the following passage, "On the 20th, Montreal, the capital of Upper Canada, was ravaged by a destructive fire, which, &c." But notwithstanding this, we must assure our venerated friend "Old Ebony," that Montreal is not and never was, within the precincts of Upper Canada. If it had been, the continued appointment of Commissioners to determine what portion of the duties on imports by the St. Lawrence should be allowed to the Upper Province, would have

been wholly unnecessary, we should not have had those continued, and, at times, acrimonious disputes—the Upper Province complaining that she was deprived of her just portion, we should not, consequently have clamoured for a seaport, or have had this very difficultly advanced as a powerful argument for a union of the Provinces. So much for Montreal, now as to the residue of the sentence above quoted, "and along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario." Now if the writer had looked at a map of the Canadas, he would have not fallen into his error about Montreal, and would also have seen that the eastern boundary of Upper Canada on the St. Lawrence begins on the north bank of the Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Point au Baudot and running north-westerly for some distance, then runs north-easterly, until it strikes the Ottawa River at the boundary of the Signory of Longueuil. The Point au Baudet is somewhere about 70 miles above Montreal. The term "mouth of Lake Ontario" apparently means that part of the Lake nearest the sea, and, therefore, at the very utmost, the town of Kingston (we beg its pardon for not calling it a city,) is included in the part of the province in which the bulk of the population was in 1830 located. Now, in 1830, 142,600 of the inhabitants of Upper Canada were located west of Kingston, being in round numbers two thirds of the whole population of that province.

Again, we are told by the writer in Blackwood, that "the agricultural portion of this population" (meaning the population of Upper Canada, in 1830,) "were" (*quere was*) "chiefly composed of small holders of partially cleared land on the lower banks of the Ottawa." Take the Ottawa from Bytown to the Lower Canada boundary, and we apprehend we take all that in 1830, at least, could fall within the description of the "Lower banks." This would include the Counties of Prescott and Russell, which then, and up to 1836, included the townships of Gloucester and Osgoode, now in the county of Carlton. Now, in 1835, the population of these two counties amounted to 7044 souls, according to the official returns laid before the House of Assembly of Upper Canada in 1836, and in 1880 the official returns showed the population to be under 4,000. The assessed value of property for the local rates and assessments affords, however, a better test, as to where the agricultural population were settled,

because that assessment is imposed upon lands in the actual holding of the inhabitants, (lands of absentees being otherwise taxed,) the uncultivated land being assessed or valued at 4s. per acre, and the cultivated at 20s. per acre, upon houses, excepting those built of logs, mills, shops, and upon all houses and cattle. We have not at hand the official returns for those counties for 1830, but estimating by the proportion which the assessed value of property in the adjoining county of Carlton bore to its population, the assessed value of property in Prescott and Russell, in 1830, could not have exceeded, if reached, £50,000, while that of the remaining counties of Upper Canada in the same year exceeded £2,500,000. And in 1835, the assessed value of property in these two counties was, by official returns, £74,031 4s., and in the other counties in Upper Canada, excluding the city of Toronto, the assessed value considerably exceeded £4,000,000, and including that city, fell little short of £4,500,000. Every one, moreover, who knows anything of the subject, is well aware, that by far the best part of Upper Canada, for agricultural purposes, lies west of Kingston, and that east of Kingston, following the line of the St. Lawrence, there was, in 1830, and long before—indeed, it may be truly said, always has been, since Upper Canada began to be settled,—far more agricultural produce raised than on the “lower banks of the Ottawa;” and that in 1830 the counties of Essex and Kent—(the latter then containing immense tracts of unsurveyed or unsettled land) which are at the end of Upper Canada most remote from Montreal, contained a population more than double that of Prescott and Russell, with property, the assessed value of which exceeded in the same proportion, that in these eastern counties.

We have said enough to exhibit the want, not only of accurate knowledge, but of taking trouble to attain it, even when attainable, respecting Upper Canada, on matters of statistics, and even of geography, which this article exhibits. If the theories and prophetic anticipations for the future have no better foundation than this part of the writer's assumed data, any confidence in them would be sadly misplaced. It is not, however, our intention to discuss or question the opinions, we are only referring to some of the facts set forth. The errors we have pointed out may be added to those pointed out in the concluding part of

Smith's “Canada past, present and future,” and to the “confusion worse confounded,” made in Sir A. Alison's History of Europe, Volume 10, pp. 685-6, by a careless transcribing from two paragraphs of the Annual Register, respecting events during the war of 1812, and with the misconception of the course and final career of the water which thunders down at Niagara Falls, exhibited by Mr. Warren, in his introduction to the study of the Law, both of which are referred to in an address delivered before the Canadian Institute, and published in one of our former numbers.

THE WARRIOR'S SWORD.

'Twas in the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the
ground,
And death's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he steep where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier passed beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the hand of death defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honoured the brave who died sword in
hand,

As with softened brow he bent o'er him.

A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thy hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee,
Or the coward insult the gallant dead
Who in life had trembled before thee.

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping,
And he laid him there in honour and rest
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN IV.

WORTHY TO BE PERUSED BY ALL, WHO HAVE
NOTHING BETTER TO DO.

Some three weeks ago, we had as passenger, in the craft where I officiated, a fine, hale, genial old gentleman from the vicinity of the ambitious and thriving little city of Hamilton. He had been one of the earliest settlers in that quarter of her Majesty's dominions, and without any great tax upon his memory, could recall the time when the aforesaid city consisted of a farm house and a log tavern.

Mr. Nicholas Newlove (for so was the senior called) dilated with pardonable pride upon the progress which Hamilton had made during the last few years, but qualified his commendation by censuring the bad taste of conferring upon it the name of an old country town.

"Can anything be more idiotically preposterous"—said he, discharging clouds of protesting smoke from the pipe with which I had accommodated him—"than such a practice, which is becoming calamitously common in Canada? Some people defend the usage on patriotic grounds, arguing that it tends to keep fresh the recollection of the land of our forefathers. To me, however, it appears in an aspect diametrically the reverse of all this."

"How so, sir?" I here ventured to interject.

"Why"—rejoined Mr. Nicholas—"the matter, I think, is abundantly plain. Why do we not find a plurality of Glasgows in Scotland, or Dublins in Ireland? Because such repetitions would be simply ridiculous. As well might you have a brace of Johns or Andrews in one family! When, therefore, a Canadian dubs the village which he has called into existence, after an old country town or city, I cannot help concluding that he cherishes notions of this colony becoming a separate and independent nation! It is only upon such a theory that you can find any rationality in the custom which I am denouncing! Hamilton—as doubtless you know—is a town in the county of Lanark, and as Canada West is as much a component part of the British empire as Lanarkshire, why should it contain a duplicate Hamilton, except on the supposition that the sacred bond connecting us with the parent island is destined to be unloosed by Godless hands."

This reasoning appeared to me to be a trifle

far-fetched, and though I said nothing, the expression of my countenance indicated that such were my sentiments.

"I can see with half an eye"—continued Squire Newlove (for I may mention that he wrote himself J. P.)—"that you think me an old dreamer; but one thing you must admit, that in a practical point of view the tautological custom which I condemn is at once inconvenient and absurd.

"For instance, if in directing a letter to our Provincial Woodstock, you omit the supplementary initials 'C. W.' the chances are considerable that the Mercuries of the Post Office will convey the missive to the locality where the fair but frail Rosamond Clifford was *done to death* by the jealous old woman of Henry II!

"Again, we shall suppose the case of a monied Cockney visiting Canada, for the purpose of fixing upon a location. Attracted by the familiar name of London, he directed his steps to that quarter of the Colony, and what is the very probable upshot? The mind of the pilgrim being impregnated with the idea of the British Capital, he cannot help associating London minor with London major. And hence it eventuates that when he beholds nothing more epic than a decent, well-to-do country town, which has but recently doffed the bib and swaddling-bands of a village, he turns from the clearing in disgust, and pitches his tent in Streetsville or Toronto, or some other *clachan* where the laws of association are not outrageously violated!"

There was so much truth in this portion of the old gentleman's discourse, that I was not prepared to controvert it, and accordingly, for lack of anything better to say, I invited him to participate in a horn. The Squire urged no objection to the proposition, but as he was mixing the fluids, he observed, that his sedentary in my cabin could not be long, seeing that he had to look after his daughter and sister, who were both voyagers in the ark which carried the Purser, and his fortunes.

This intimation paved the way to my making some inquiry touching the "women-kind," referred to, and my guest freely furnished me with the information, which I now proceed to communicate to the multiform over-haulers of my "Log."

The wife of Nicholas Newlove died within one short year after her nuptials, having previously

given birth to a female child. So greatly shaken and unhinged by this calamity was the widowed man, that for a season he found it altogether impossible to pay any efficient attention to the management of his household, and accordingly, was fain to secure the services of the sister of his departed helpmate as *magistra domo*.

Miss Laura Matilda Applegarth—to which designation the lady responded—was a devoted member of the sisterhood of novel readers, and as such profoundly tinctured with the essential oil of romance. For every thing in the shape of the common place or prosaic she entertained a generous contempt, and would rather have tramped bare-footed through the world, with a knight errant of the orthodox olden school, than have submitted to the degradation of wedding an unpoetical agriculturalist, whose only crusades had been against the weeds which invaded his acres, or the foxes which depopulated his hen roosts!

When we take two things into account—first, that Canada is somewhat lacking in the article of *Chivalry*,—and secondly, that Minerva had been more bountiful than Venus, in her benefactions to the high-souled Applegarth—there will be small difficulty in solving the problem, how it eventuated that at the mature age of forty, the lady was still possessed of the leading characteristics of maidenhood!

Guided by the choice of the excellent and venerable Hobson, Laura Matilda had resolved to emulate good Queen Bess in refusing to become the recipient of a plain gold ring; and as her income hardly amounted to that of Baron Rothschild, she made little scruple of accepting the invitation of her bereaved brother-in-law. Accordingly she removed her personal effects to Newlove Grange, and was formally invested with the keys and controul thereof, her jurisdiction extending from nursery to cellar.

To the culture and upbringing of her niece, Fanny Newlove, the virtuous but idealic Applegarth devoted the whole of her enthusiastic energies. With zealous assiduity she guided the not-unwilling nymph into the flowery paths of poetry, and indoctrinated her with the love of the romantic and sublime. Ere Fanny had reached her eighth birth-day she was on confidential terms with every hero whose acquaintance was worth cultivating. Sir William Wallace (as drawn by the transcendental Miss Porter) enjoyed a large slice of her regards. Baron

Trench she could have hugged, despite his ton weight of fetters; and had Rob Roy been extant and widower, she would have made small scruple in stepping into the shoes of the energetic Mrs. Helen McGregor!

Nicholas Newlove had not the remotest inkling of the state of matters above indicated. Having himself no pretensions to literary acquirements he never dreamed of questioning the soundness of his daughter's studies. Abundantly satisfied was he to notice that she betrayed an appetite for reading, holding that whatever its contents might be, "a book was a book," from which mental nutrition must inevitably be derived.

At the age of seventeen the fair Fanny was one of the most captivating specimens of feminine humanity to be met with between Toronto and London, the little Miss Prudence Pernicketty, the accomplished dress-maker of Wellington Square, used frequently to liken and compare her to one of the coloured effigies in the "Magazine of Fashions;"—no inconsiderable compliment, coming as it did from such a quarter! For be it known to all men by these presents, that Prudence regarded the meanest and most homely of these similitudes as superior in grace and pulchritude to the "Venus de Medici" or the "Sleeping Beauty" of Canova!

When to these personal attractions we add the fact that Squire Newlove bore the well-found reputation of being the richest man in his neighbourhood, it will not be deemed strange that legions of "braw wooers" began to swarm around his blooming child and heiress. At "church or market" she was constantly escorted by a train of devoted admirers, who all diligently strove to gain a footing in her affections. The muster-roll of her swains embraced clergymen, lawyers, medicos, farmers, and shop-keepers (or, more correctly speaking *merchants*);—and as many sighs were periodically disbursed around Newlove Grange, as would have gone far to keep a wind-mill in constant operation!

But to none of these suitors did Fanny "seriously incline." The most "likely" among them were, by a million degrees, too every-dayish for her highly spiced fancy. Not one in the whole squad would have been deemed worthy to flourish in a novel or drama—at least in the novels or dramas which she thought deserving of patronage. One of her clerical

adorers, it is true, might have passed in a crowd for Dr. Primrose of Wakefield, or Parson Adams, but what heroine, who *was* a heroine, would link her destiny with a foggy of that class?

Thus it came to pass, that the number of Fanny's lovers waxed "small by degrees, and beautifully less," till at length she had nearly as few beaux as her excellent aunt, whose solitary knight was a contiguous doctor, rejoicing in a timber leg, and a wig engendered from flax!

Though honest Nicholas had no desire that his olive branch should live and die a vestal, he did not take greatly to heart the many negatives which she returned to popped interrogatories. The truth was, he had a husband in his optic for Fanny, almost from the period of her nativity; and though nothing could have induced him to place any restraint upon her affections, he felt as if his earthly felicity would be climaxed, if her wishes could be made to square with his own.

The individual whom he had mentally selected for his son-in-law was a young gentleman named Cornelius Crooks, the only child of one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, an extensive merchant and ship owner in Montreal. Newlove and Crooks, senior, had been denizens of the same town in Yorkshire, and though no relations, had grown up with the most affectionate regard for each other. Emigrating simultaneously to Canada, the one had remained in Montreal, whilst the other, through a train of circumstances, was led to push his fortune in the west.

Though thus separated, the twain ever maintained a regular, and confidential correspondence; and the idea of drawing the links which united them, more closely together, by the union of their children, had always been their cherished day dream.

Young Cornelius was intended for the legal profession, and as his assiduity and abilities were far above average, he was called to the bar on the attainment of his twenty-first year. Before entering upon practice it was arranged that he should pay a visit to Newlove Grange, and his father hesitated not to certiorate him that if he came back with Fanny as his better half, it would greatly gladden the heart of his ancestor. As Cornelius had only seen the lady once, and that when she was just budding from a child's estate into girlhood, he was not quali-

fied to give any definite pledge on the subject. "All I can promise you, father," quoth he, at his departure—"is, that if I find the lady to my fancy, I shall do my best to win her, for your sake, as well as for my own!" And so saying, he girded up his loins, and passed on his way.

Now it is fitting here to mention that the young advocate possessed every physical and mental attribute calculated to make a favourable impression upon a maiden's heart. He was tall, well-shaped, with a kindly-speaking eye, and a classically chiselled outline of countenance. His temper exhibited that admixture of firmness and amiability which so well becomes a man;—and as his literary studies had extended far beyond the range of the Pandects and statutes at large, he could bear himself excellently well in general conversation.

But alas! all these recommendations failed to make a breach in the citadel of the wayward Fanny Newlove's affections!

Almost at first sight was Cornelius smitten with love for the damsel, and he put forth the utmost potency of his endeavours to make his suit acceptable. With the majority of Eve's daughters he would have succeeded, but Fanny was an obstinate exception to the general rule. She had erected an ideal standard of excellence, and poor Crooks fell far short of reaching that mark. He was infinitely too humdrum for her fancy. There was an amount of common-sense about him, which the pampered minx could not away with! And then his profession! What maiden of spirit could match herself with a lawyer? A fellow who could boast of no better lance than a grey goose quill, no more heroic shield than a fusty brief, or a musty title-deed! Who ever heard tell of the Lady Blanche, or the Countess Slip-slopina, or any other heroine, worth touching with a pair of tongs, wedding with such an abomination? And once more, the unfathomable plebeianism of the name Crooks! As well be called *hunchback* at once, and be done with it! No, no! The thing was altogether out of the question!

To make a long story short, Cornelius, having formally made a tender of heart and hand, was civilly but pointedly rejected, and re-wended his way to Montreal, bearing, instead of a bride, the mitten which had been bestowed upon him!

So sorely did the disciple of Blackstone take to heart the discomfiture of his primary cause in the Chancery of Cupid, that he found it im-

possible to settle down at once to business. Accordingly two years ago (bear in mind that I am giving the substance of Squire Newlove's narration), he set sail for the old world, hoping by travel to take the edge off his carking grief.

As for Fanny, who, as it afterwards appeared, was backed in her rejection of Cornelius by her aunt Applegarth—she got, like the fox's whelp, "the longer the worse!" Some indiscreet friend having sent her a portrait and memoir of Kossuth, she made a solemn declaration that she would never wed any one who had not drawn his sword for Hungary, or some other down-trodden and oppressed quarter of the globe. She did not appear to care much touching the nation, clime, or colour of her undeveloped lover, though, upon the whole, she appeared to evince some slight objections to Africa! These objections, however, as she sometimes told her relative and confidante, Laura Matilda, in the strictest and most solemn secrecy, were not absolutely insuperable, but might be dispensed with, other things being equal!

"In fine," said poor Mr. Newlove, as he proceeded to wind up his domestic chronicle, "my child, instead of being the solace and pleasure, is at once the plague and anxiety of my life! Often am I tempted, in the bitterness of my soul, to sing with the fellow in the Beggar's Opera—

My Fanny is a sad slut,
Nor heeds what I have taught her;
I wonder any man on earth
Would ever have a daughter!

I am continually living, so to speak, in a kettle of hot water, from a never-ending anxiety lest she should take it into her foolish head to make a moonlight fitting with some crafty and designing scamp, who knows how to obtain the measure of her silly foot.

"During the last six months she has made half a dozen attempts to unite her fortunes, as she expresses it, to some of the noble but unfortunate ones of the earth.

"For instance, being in Hamilton in January last, the crazy thing chanced to fall in with a strapping Highlander, dressed in his aboriginal chequered petticoat, and standing within a fraction of seven feet in his stocking soles—always presuming that the knave did sport stockings, a fact of which I am by no means certain.

"How this breechless loon contrived to get into speaking terms with my girl I know not,

but certain it is that before long the pair were as thick as pickpockets. As it afterwards appeared, the McBrose—for so he called himself—made frequent visits in the gloamin' to Newlove Grange, and told as many lies as are contained in the Thousand and One Nights. He declared that he was the rightful lord and master of Dunbarton Castle, and of all the country which could be seen on a clear day from the highest point and pinnacle thereof! Even when dining in the most private manner, and upon pot luck, he never sat down at table without being serenaded by two hundred and fifty pipers, who marched round the hall playing pibrochs and marches, the melting melody whereof required to be heard ere it could be comprehended!

"In order to account for his presence in Canada, the McBrose proceeded to detail that he was the legitimate representative of the royal race of Stuart, and consequently entitled to wield the sceptre of the United Empire of Great Britain, not forgetting France and Ireland! This fact he had kept snug, intending that it should not be divulged till his Hibernian friend, the illustrious John Mitchell, was in a condition to back his pretensions by a force which he was raising!

"Unfortunately, however, at this juncture, Queen Victoria became a convert to table-rapping, and in the course of her confabulations with the pine-inhabiting spirits, discovered the plot which was hatching against her. The consequence was that Lord John Russell was instantly despatched with an army of five hundred thousand men to Dunbarton, his peremptory instructions being that if he returned without the head of the McBrose, his own would be inevitably amputated!

"A faithful retainer of the persecuted scion of Scotland's royal family, who was gifted with the second sight, gave his thane a timeous inkling of what was going on. He was thus enabled to smuggle himself off to the United States in one of the Cunard steam-packets; but so ill provided with means in consequence of the hurry of his exodus, that, after paying for a third-class passage, he had nothing in the shape of reversion except the garments upon his back!

"As may be well imagined, great was the consternation and disgust of Lord John Russell, when, after searching every nook and crevice of Dunbarton, no trace of his intended victim could be discovered. A little creature at best, he dwindled down with sheer terror into the

small end of nothing, as the imaginative Yankees would express it.

"The shrewd and sharp-witted Palmerston, however, who accompanied the army, devised a plan which made matters all square. At his instigation, one of the Dunbarton bailies was invited to sup with the quaking commander-in-chief, and after the civic official had been pretty liberally *corned*, the two noblemen quietly cut off his sconce with a carving knife, and carried it in a pillow-slip to London. The bloody trophy was presented in due form to her Majesty by the Archbishop of York, as the pumpkin of her Celtic rival, to the boundless delectation of that female Nero. She kept it in her bed-chamber for more than half a day, amusing herself with making mystical signs thereat with her fingers and thumb, the latter member of the royal person being placed on the royal nose!

"All this consumed stuff and balderdash did the most atrocious Highlander cram down the throat of my unfortunate daughter, as I learned from an open letter lying upon her desk, which she was inditing to my sister-in-law, who at that time chanced to be on a visit to Oakville.

"It was, indeed, high time for me to make the discovery, seeing that Fanny was the very next day to have accompanied McBrose to Grimsby, in order to become the Baroness of Dunbarton, with the chance of ultimately wearing the crown of England!

"Upon making inquiry, I found out that the scoundrel was portor to a wholesale dry-goods establishment in Hamilton; and that having a turn for the drama he occasionally strutted and fretted amongst a gang of stage-struck apprentices, who had dubbed themselves the Histrionic Society! This fact accounted for the facility with which the vagabond raved and recited to the bewitchment of my day-dream weaving child!

"The following forenoon I made Fanny go with me to the warehouse where her suitor was employed. On entering the door, who should we behold but the royal-blooded thane sweeping the premises, and attired, instead of the Stuart tartan, in a raiment engendered of homely Canadian grey cloth! This prosaic apparition, I need hardly say, brought Miss to her senses, for that bout, and so enraged was she with the trick which had been attempted to be played upon her, that I had some difficulty in keeping her from wrenching the broom from McBrose, and testing its strength upon his shoulders!"

"It seems strange to me, Squire," I could not here refrain from observing, "that the very extravagance of the Highlander's narrative did not at once convince Miss Newlove that the whole was a mere cento of lies!"

"Why, my dear Sir," returned the old gentleman, "you must bear in mind the unfortunate manner in which she had been brou ht up, and which I only became ripely cognizant of after the above-recited adventure. Her idiotical aunt had encouraged her to read nothing more solid or substantial than novels and romances, and consequently at this moment the hapless thing knows nearly as little of the world and its history as she does of the form of government which prevails in the moon! It would be a blessed and a gracious dispensation for poor humanity if the whole of these pestiferous productions could be gathered together in one heap by the congregated hangmen of creation, and the authors, printers, and publishers thereof burned to ashes with their felon pages! Willingly would I walk fifty miles barefooted, in order to assist at such a righteous *auto da fe*!"

"Holding these view," quoth I, "it strikes me that it would be your duty to de-umence agitating for the enactment of a MAINE NOVEL LAW."

"And such an agitation I would undertake without delay," he responded, "only that I l ck the gift of the gab! Quite as many arguments could be adduced in condemnation of novels, as of whisky or rum! There is not a logical reason which you could bring forward for the shutting up of a tipping shop, that might not be paraded as a warrant for closing the doors of every circulating library, where typographic lies are let for hire. Are distillers and publicans, who merely debauch the body, to be stringently pulled up, whilst compounders of mendacities which debauch and emasculate the mind, ply their occupation without let or hindrance? You may make a law to such an effect, but, beyond all question, it would require a superlatively powerful magnifying glass to discover its justice!"

Though entertaining a strong suspicion that some fallacy lurked in this train of argument, I did not feel myself competent to play the detective thereto. Consequently, by way of giving the subject the go by, I ventured to interrogate the senior touching the nature of his present motives.

"We are now," said the squire, "on our way to Montreal, to make out a long threatened

visit to my old friend Crooks. I would much rather have left my precious sister-in-law behind us, but Fanny, who at times is frequently obstinate as the foul fiend himself, protested that she could not, and would not, budge one inch without the baggage! The old fool has got such a hold upon the young ditto, that they are as inseparable as the Siamese twins, or a bailiff and attorney! Right glad would I be to cut a connection which already has been productive of such a plethora of mischief, but it is too late to think of that now, and, as the old proverb inclucates, what cannot be cured must be endured!

"Old Crooks," continued Newlove, "was very urgent upon me to beat up his quarters at this time. He is expecting his son home some of these fine days, and we both cherish a fond, and, I trust, a well-grounded hope that when Fan sees him, fresh and elastic as he is from his tour, she may be induced to change her mind, and listen favourably to his suit!"

"Far be it from me," I observed, "to throw cold water upon your aspirations, but are you not counting your chickens before they are hatched? Miss Fanny may be willing to 'take a thought and mend,' but is it likely that Mr. Cornelius will be inclined to renew his rejected addresses? Are not the probabilities considerable, that mixing with the fair of the old world, he may have parted with his heart on the other side of the extensive herring pond?"

"On that score,"—cried my guest—I have not even the ghost of an apprehension! Every other month, either his father or myself have received letters from the young advocate, assuring us that his love for the maiden is as strong and ardent as ever. In fact, if his epistles are to be credited it reaches almost to the boiling heat of frenzy. Romeo himself could not have said stronger things touching broken hearts and blighted affections, and eternal constancy and domestic felicity in a shanty, than what the swain periodically enunciates in his epistles! Between ourselves, he is as mad as a March-hare—admitting, for the sake of argument, the annual dementation of that quadruped!"

"When I found out the particulars of the romance fever with which my silly child is affected, I deemed it right, as a man of honour, to tell him fully and honestly how the land actually lay. The information, however, made not the slightest change in his resolution. On the contrary, he assured me in his last com-

munication, that with all her faults he loved her still, and was willing to take her for better or worse."

Here Mr. Nicholas Newlove betrayed pregnant tokens of sea-sickness, and indeed, not without some cause. The wind for some time had been adverse and blustering, and the craft pitched and rolled like the luckless Sancho Panza, when exercised in a blanket. All this was pestilently trying to a land-man, and, as might have been anticipated, the Squire began to get white about the gills, and to give demonstrations that he was about to cast up his accounts!

Seeing how matters stood, I lost no time in making up an *ex tempore* couch in my cabin, for the distressed gentleman, and otherwise administrating to his necessities. Filling out a fresh cornucopia of pale brandy, I added thereto some thirty drops of laudanum, and having made him imbibe the mixture, counselled him to lay down and compose himself. Within reach I placed the bottle containing the narcotic, in order that the patient might increase the dose, in case he found such a step to be necessary. Doctors may differ as to the remedy which I dispensed, but I have generally found it to be attended with the most beneficial results.

As the steamer was close, by this time, upon Darlington, where some passengers and cargo had to be landed, I intimated to the Squire, that I would require to leave him for a season to his meditations. Just as I was leaving the cabin, he addressed to me a few valedictory words.

"You may think it somewhat strange"—said he—"that I have been so communicative, touching my family affairs, but the truth is, I wish to bespeak your good offices in looking after my wild-goose daughter. That task I am totally unfitted for performing. There is so much rumbling in my inner-man, caused by the motion on the Lake, that before half an hour has elapsed, I shall be useless as a rifle without priming, or a Jews-harp minus a tongue! If, therefore, you can spare an occasional glance at Fanny and her Aunt, especially if you note any suspicious characters on board, I shall be eternally obliged to you."

As a matter of course, I cordially promised to comply with the honest gentleman's request, and then proceeded to the discharge of my duties upon deck.

All who long to know the upshot of the "adventure" of the Newlove family, may have their thirst quenched by visiting the PURSER'S CABIN NEXT MONTH!

CRONSTADT.

We have already described and illustrated this stronghold of Russia, with its celebrated fortifications; but, the accompanying engraving is a coup d'œil of the extent and vastness of the fortifications, of which some idea may be formed by the statement that the front of the Picture shows, "the only available passage for vessels of large size, ships entering which for hostile purposes would be exposed to a discharge of 32 lb. and 68 lb. shot from seven hundred guns simultaneously." The present illustration has been copied from a large and cleverly-executed lithograph, from a drawing by Mr. E. T. Dolby, who is now on board one of the vessels of the Baltic fleet. The following account of a recent visit, from a work just published†, will be read with interest, especially in connexion with the accompanying View:—

I embarked (says the author) at the English quay, by a small steamer that passes between the port and the city, at an early hour in the day: and, by the aid of the current which runs perpetually down, we arrived at our destination in less than two hours, and landed at a long pier which jets out of the north-east corner of the town.

Binding our steps towards the water-side, after passing the custom-house, the arsenal, and a college of cadets, we reached the merchants' harbour, which is one of three connected basins that form the port; the other two of which are called the middle harbour and the man-of-war harbour. Here we engaged a boat, in which we rowed through the shipping to the quay and bastions, which front the sea. Upon mounting this bulwark, of the town and the port, we came upon a broad rampart constructed of wood, upon a base of solid granite, forming as necessary a defense against the assault of the restless waves, as the guns with which it is mounted form against an attack from an enemy's fleet.

There is nothing connected with the island of Cronstadt that is not before the eye of the observer from one part or other of the ramparts.

The island itself occupies nearly a middle position between the southern and northern shores of the bay of the Nèva; or is about six miles from the shores of Cavliä on the northern side, and four from those of Ingria on the southern. It is about seven miles in length, but does not average more than a mile in breadth. It lies nearly parallel to the coast on either side; and the town, with its fortresses and basins, is situated in its south-eastern extremity. It was originally no more than a loose bed of sand and morass, strewed with masses of granite rock, such as are found in most low countries where there is much floating ice, which has doubtless, at some period or other, been the means by which they have been transported from coasts where the granite cliffs are exposed to frosts that, from time to time sever the masses from the solid rock.

The conversion of this barren waste into a flourishing seaport town, with a fine harbour, was, of course, a work begun by Peter the Great; for what is there that is worthy of being preserved in this empire that had not its origin with Peter, whose successors indeed have completed almost without exception all that this extraordinary man commenced, while they have at the same time continued the policy that introduced Russia into the family of European nations.

Notwithstanding the breadth of either arm of the bay, that on the north side of the island is too full of rocks and shoals, and the channel too narrow, intricate, and shallow, to admit vessels of any considerable burden.

We saw, however, several sloops, possibly fishing-vessels, taking this course, while we stood upon the bastions. Upon the south side appear the same shoal and rocks; but the channel which here sweeps by the south-east point of the island, though intricate and narrow, is deep enough to admit the largest ships as far as the basin which forms the port.

Peter the Great erected fortifications both upon the island of Cronstadt, and upon other sites commanding the entrance to the bay by the south channel, from which have arisen a series of defensive works, which, aided by the natural position of the island, renders Cronstadt, if not, as it has even been supposed by some, impregnable, at least one of the most formidable fortresses of modern times. Being encompassed by banks and shoals, and to be approached only by narrow channels, its posi-

† *Travels on the Shores of the Baltic*, extended to Moscow. By S. S. Hill.—Hall, Virtue and Co. 1854.

tion has afforded sites for many strong forts, of which no less than six have been erected upon shoals, sand banks, and rocks lying even with, or below, the surface of the water, and within the cross fire of which every vessel of any considerable burden must pass.

From the mole upon which we were standing, all the fortresses which defend the approaches to the Neva were under our view. At this point Fort Menschikoff rises above the barrier against the sea, with four tiers and 44 guns, which can rake the channel by which every vessel must approach. Immediately opposite this, on the south side of the channel, rises the great fort of Cronslott, formed of granite and timber, from a small island at the extremity of the shoals stretching out from the shore on this side, and mounting 46 guns in casemates, and 32 in *barbeltes* (uncovered).

The next fort, west of the bay, is that of Peter I., which is seen rising out of the water in a similar manner to that of Cronslott, and is built wholly of granite, and mounts 28 guns in casemates, and 50 in *barbelle*. Beyond this, in the same manner, rises Fort Alexander, also of granite, and casemated, with four tiers, and 116 guns; and yet further west, is Fort Constantine, of 25 guns, in a single tier. The sixth fort is that of Risbank, built of granite and timber, and rising upon the south side of the channel; and, though yet unfinished, intended to mount 60 guns, in two tiers.

On the west side, the town is defended by ramparts and a deep ditch; and on the north, by ramparts and bastions, and twelve batteries; and at the north-east point, where the pier projects, by sixteen guns, in casemates. On the east, where there is but three feet of water within gun range, there are ramparts, but no batteries.

The island itself is defended by a fort called Fort Peter, and by two batteries, all upon the south side, in the rear of the forts which guard the channel, and by Fort Alexander upon the north side, and by redoubts and lines near its extremity.

After spending some time upon the bastions, we re-embarked and rowed about among the merchant shipping. The basin was not crowded, but it was said to have about 600 vessels moored within its granite barrier, and it might probably, without inconvenience, hold double the number we saw there. There were ships

bearing the flags of all the maritime nations, the English being prominent. Among the Danish vessels, there were a frigate and a steamer of war, both taking in grain like ordinary merchant-ships.

From the part of the harbour occupied by the merchant-ships, we rowed to another part of the same basin, which is called the middle harbour. This is appropriated to the men-of-war that are fitting out. It unites with the merchants' harbour, and has a dock attached to it, which the ships enter by a canal. Beyond this lies the proper haven for ships fitted for sea, which is called the "Orlogshamn." This is capacious enough to contain between thirty five and forty line-of-battle ships. It is protected by a mole and bastions, independent of those of the common harbour.

After we had made this little survey of the harbour and fortifications of Cronstadt, we landed at a different part of the town from that at which we had embarked, and came immediately into the principal square which is called after the name of the great founder of all around, and has a statue of Peter in bronze on a pedestal of polished granite. From this, we directed our steps towards the Arsenal, where we saw 500 or 600 cannon, and equipments for ships of every burden, and arms, both English and French, as well as Russian. There are also, preserved here, as in the Cathedral at St. Petersburg, many flags taken from the Swedes and Turks—several of the latter of which are of silk. There are also five or six of Peter's own standards, one or two of which were so nearly turned to tinder, that the remains of them could only be preserved by pasting them on paper.

We next visited some gardens, where the floating population of the island during the summer, recreate themselves upon Sunday and holidays, and often after the hours of business, on other days. They are rich with exotic plants and native firs, and are tastefully laid out, and have in them a pavillion, and several coffee-houses, after the French style; but it was now neither the day nor the hour to expect company, and we met no one. Before we left the grounds, however, we mounted to the top of the pavillion, from which we had a fine view of the harbour, the bay, and the sea, which have been described.

After our promenade in the gardens, we drove round the proper boulevards of the town, which are ornamented with trees, and present, at

many points, the same formidable batteries that we had seen at the entrance to the port.

The town of Cronstadt consists, properly, of two parts, one of which comprises all the offices connected with the Admiralty, and all the *employes*, and is superintended by the admiral of the port, while the other is, properly, commercial. Belonging to the former, there is a naval school, hospitals, arsenals, and some other establishments while the latter has the Gastinnoi Dvor in which no town in Russia, of any consideration, is wanting, and a Lutheran, an English, and a Russian church.

The population of Cronstadt, during six months that the harbour is closed is not more than 10,000 souls; but, during the months that its commerce is most active, it is supposed to be about 30,000, exclusive of the garrison and the seamen actually afloat.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 29th ult., in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, announces that the Czar has just issued a ukase, declaring that, in order to do special honour to the memory of his predecessor, Paul I., the Fort of Risbank, at Cronstadt, is henceforward to bear the name of the "Port of the Emperor Paul I." The fort in question defends on the east the entrance of the passage. The ukase was immediately carried into effect, and the new name of the fort was placed over the principal entrance in large letters, after the bishop had given it its benediction. The portrait of Paul I, has also been been lately put up in the grand reception room of the Palace of Peterhoff, situated between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The social, political, and religious characteristics of the country are very curious. It does not appear that their present seclusion has been a thing of all time. The timidity and mystery of the rulers of Japan is of modern growth. During the days of early intercourse, it was marked by high-bred courtesy on their part, combined with refined liberality and hospitality, without questions as to circumstances, rank, calling, or nation.* When a governor of the Philippines was

wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honours, which were continued during his residence. Every assistance was given him to depart. The poor boy Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to master Nicholas Diggins of Limehouse" to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. For a whole century trade was free and unshackled, and profits were enormous. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great.† The missionaries succeeded in making two million converts to Christianity. They were allowed to build temples and to teach the tenets of Rome. Toleration was extended to the religion of Budha, the votaries of which now out-number those of Sinto. There are besides thirty-four other sects, which are all tolerated and live in great harmony. Adams never recanted from Christianity. The English and Dutch factors were kindly used. But the Spaniards and Portuguese opposed with great energy and presence of rival nations. They declared the Dutch to be rebellious subjects of Portugal. Minno-motto-no-yes-yeas, or Gongin Sama, the emperor, who gave privileges to the English always refused to listen to the intolerant Portuguese, declaring that all people were alike to him, and that Japan was an asylum for people of all nations.* A change has since taken place. The government of Japan is now exclusive and barbarous. But the change may be explained.

The Portuguese first visited that empire in 1542; the Spaniards a little later. In 1587 occurred the first disagreement. The Spaniards interfered too much with religion; while the Portuguese stole some of the Japanese and sold them as slaves, and also ate the flesh of oxen and cows, which was offensive to the Japanese. The Portuguese tried to explain, but with little success. A decree was published, expelling the missionaries, and pulling down all crosses. But the de-

† See "Summary of the Narrative of Don Rodrigo de Vivero, by Velasco," in Appendix to Memorials, etc.

* See Charlevoix "Histoire du Japon," t. iii. ed. 1754.

* See "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited, with notes, by Thomas Randall. London: for the Hakluyt Society.

creed was very nearly a dead letter. It was, however, to the over-zeal of the priests that the exclusive system was entirely due. Christian revolts took place, which were put down with a ferocity and cruelty unexampled in the history of the world. The Dutch, too, succeeded in persuading the government that the Portuguese meant to conquer the empire. All Christian nations were thereupon expelled, a price was put on the heads of priests and Christians, and Christianity banished. All natives were prohibited from leaving the country, under penalty of eternal exile. Japan was, to use Kœmpfer's phrase, shut up.*

The Dutch have retained their position by the exercise of the arts of patience and submissiveness. The English retired honourably from Japan in 1623, and then sent a mission in 1673; but Charles II. being married to a daughter of Portugal it failed.

In 1805 the Japanese had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Russia. At the suggestion of Count Resanoff, two officers of the Russian imperial navy, named Chowstoff and Davidoff, made a descent on one of the Kuriles. They landed within territories dependent on the government of Japan, inhabited by Japanese subjects, and governed by Japanese authority. Pillage, slaughter, incendiarism, and crimes of every hue, marked their track. They took away many prisoners, and threatened to return.

On the present state of affairs there is a curious extract to be made from a native writer.† He says:—"The ancients compared the metals to the bones in the human body, and taxes to the blood, hair, and skin, that incessantly undergo the process of renewal, which is not the case with metals. I compute the annual exportation of gold at about one hundred and fifty thousand kobars: so that in ten years this empire is drained of fifteen hundred thousand kobars.‡ With the exception of medicines, we can dispense with everything that is brought us from abroad. The stuffs and other commodities

are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and copper, extracted from the mines during the reign of Gongin (Ogosh-Sama) and since his time, is gone, and—what is still more to be regretted—for things we could have done without."

There may be two opinions on this point, as the Japanese appear very much behind-hand in most of the arts of civilised life. Still the country is rich. There is an extensive and lucrative trade between the provinces. Extensive tracts of land, each with its own climate and its own peculiar productions, separated from each other by ranges of rugged mountains, by impervious forests, or by broad arms of the sea, promote an immense coasting trade, by which the various productions are disseminated and circulated to the great comfort of the population and the no small gain of the trader.

The Japanese are very ingenious in manufacturing almanacks for the blind, and other almanacks for general use. Their porcelain has degenerated from its former superiority, owing to a deficiency of the peculiar clay necessary to make it. Their most beautiful silks are woven by high-born criminals, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, their property confiscated, and themselves obliged to pay for their daily food with the produce of their manual labour. The exportation of these silks is prohibited.

The circulating medium is gold, silver, and copper; but the gold and silver alone can be properly called coin. They bear the mint stamp, and have a fixed value. Small silver pieces and copper pass by weight. They use paper money and bills of exchange.

The arts are very much in arrear among them, though this is a point on which there is a very great difference of opinion. They are, however, very fond of painting, and are eager collectors of pictures; are said to sketch boldly in charcoal and even in ink, never having occasion to efface; and their outlines are clear, and their drawing as good as can be expected without a knowledge of perspective and anatomy. They are unable to take correct likenesses, and so the professional portrait painters devote themselves to

* See Kœmpfer, vol. i p. 317-18.

† A treatise composed in 1708 by the prime minister of the Emperor Tsouna-Yosi, in Jet-singh's "Illustrations of Japan."

‡ £2,500,000.

the dress and general appearance rather than the features. In buds of flowers they succeed better; and two folio volumes of paintings of flowers, with the name and properties of each written on the opposite page, the work a Japanese lady, and by her presented to Herr Tillsing, are highly spoken of. Delicate finishing is their art.

Landscape and figures they do not shine in, though there are in Japan some of the most wondrous scenes which the eye of man has ever beheld. The paintings in their temples are very inferior, though some of the articles of show are elaborately carved and lacerated. They do not understand oil-painting, but use water-colours with ease. They prepare these from minerals and vegetables, and obtain tints of remarkable beauty.

Wood-engraving is well known, and engraving on copper has been recently introduced. Sculpture is only known to the extent of a few carvings for ornaments. But they have, on the other hand, a very good idea of the art of casting metals. Their bells, which have no metal tongues, but are sounded by being struck with wooden mallets, are remarkable for tone and beauty. Of architecture, as an art, they have no conception. The art of cutting precious stones is quite unknown.

It will be seen that, on the whole, Japan has more to gain than to lose from mixing with civilised nations. Now that there is little fear or conquest being attempted, the throwing open of this country to the commerce of the world must be productive of much advantage. We shall have a new system of civilization to study, and if we are but wise, a new ground wherein to sow the seed of the gospel.

THE FIRST STATUE OF CANOVA.

There are, doubtless, few of our readers who have not heard mentioned with honour the name of the great Canova, that skilful sculptor of modern times, whose admirable statues have almost taken rank among the master-pieces which Grecian antiquity has transmitted to us. Canova, like other great men, owed his rise solely to himself. Diligent labour was the only

source of his fortune, and the first attempts of his infancy presaged the success of his mature age.

Canova was an Italian, the son of a mason. All the education which he received from his father consisted in learning the business of his trade. As soon as his strength permitted, he learned to handle the trowel and hammer, to mix the plaster, and to place the gravel—occupations which he discharged with sufficient zeal and activity to be soon able to serve as the journeyman, or rather the companion, of his father, notwithstanding his youth. But in the frequent intervals of repose which his weakness rendered indispensable, he amused himself by observing the different objects which he saw about him, with sketching them roughly with brick, or even with modelling their forms in the plaster cement which he had just mixed. These constant exercises, practised with as much perseverance as intelligence, soon rendered him familiar with the practice of drawing, and of sculpture in relief. But his youthful talent was unknown to all, even to his father, who only concerned himself with his greater or less skill in passing the plaster to the sieve, and in pouring enough water into the trough.

A whimsical event suddenly occurred to reveal it to all the world.

His father had been summoned to make some repairs in the country house of a rich lord of the neighbourhood. He had taken his son with him, according to custom, to act as his journeyman; and the genteel carriage of the little Canova soon procured for him the affection of the chief cook, and all the scullions of the house, so that, the day's work being ended, Canova did not stir from the pantry, where he executed in crumbs of bread, or in plaster, grotesque figures and caricatures, which delighted the valets, and, in return, they fed him in the style of my lord.

One day there was an entertainment at the country house. Canova was in the kitchen, playing with the scullions, when they suddenly heard a cry of despair from the pantry, and saw the head cook coming out in alarm, throwing up his cap, striking his breast, and tearing his hair. After the first moments of astonishment, they crowded around him in a huddle.

"I am lost," he cried. "I am lost, I am lost! My magnificent master-piece! my palace! which I had built for the dinner! see in what a condition it is!"

And with a pathetic gesture he showed an edifice of pastry, which he had just drawn from the oven! Alas! it was burnt, covered with ashes, and half demolished. There was a general cry of surprise, mingled with that of grief.

"What is to be done?" cried the cook; "here is the dinner hour. I have not time to make another. I am lost! My lord expects for the dessert something remarkable. He will turn me away!"

During these lamentations, Canova walked round the diminished palace, and considered it with attention.

"Is this for eating?" he inquired.

"Oh no, my little one!" answered the cook; "it is only to look at."

"Ah well, all is safe! I promise you something better in an hour from now. Hand me that lump of butter."

The cook, astonished, but already half-persuaded by his boldness, gave him all he wanted: and of this lump of butter Canova made a superb lion, which he sprinkled with meal, mounted on a pedestal of rich architecture, and before the appointed hour exhibited his finished work to the wondering spectators. The cook embraced him with tears in his eyes, called him his preserver, and hastened to place upon the table the extemporaneous masterpiece of the young mason.

There was a cry of admiration from the guests. Never had they seen, said they, so remarkable a piece of sculpture. They demanded the author of it.

"Doubtless one of my people," answered my lord, with a satisfied air; and he asked the cook.

He blushed, stammered, and ended by confessing what had happened. All the company wished to see the young journeyman, and overwhelmed Canova with praises. It was decided at once that the master of the household should take charge of him, and have him go through studies suitable to his precocious talent.

They had no cause to repent of this decision. We have seen that Canova knew how to profit by the lessons of his masters, whom he soon excelled. Nevertheless, in the midst of his celebrity, he was pleased with remembering the adventure of the lion of butter, and said he was very sorry that it had been melted. "I hope," he added, "that my later statues will be more solid, otherwise my reputation runs a great risk."

MODERN TURKS.

I have lived much among Turks of every nation and class—more, I am happy to say, among the uncivilised than the civilised; and here is the comparative description I should give of them:—*Uncivilised Turk*—Middle sized; of powerful frame; blunt, but sincere character; brave, religious, sometimes even to fanaticism; cleanly, temperate, addicted to coffee and pipes; fond of a good blade, and generally well skilled in its use; too proud to be mean, cowardly, or false; generous to prodigality; and in dress fond of bright colours and rich clothing, of which he of often wears three or four suits at one time—one over the other. *Civilised Turk*—Under sized; of delicate frame; polite, but insincere; not over brave; often boasting of atheism; neglecting the ablutions of his religion, partly because the Franks are dirty, and partly because his new costume won't admit of them; given to Cognac and cigarettes; fond of a showy sheath, if a militiaire; or of a pretty cane if a civillian; no pride whatever, but lots of vanity; possesses no Oriental generosity; and for dress, wears a frock coat; stays, to give a small waist; a gay-coloured "gent's vest;" ditto ditto inexpressibles, often of a rather "loud railway pattern," and strapped down very tight, so as to show to advantage the only distinguishing Oriental features which remain to him—a very crooked pair of legs; his *chassure* consists of a pair of French gay merino in brodequins with patent leather toes; his head-dress is a particularly small red skull cap, worn at the back of the head, and often containing a small piece of looking-glass, whereby on all occasions to arrange the rather unruly coarse hair it frequently covers. Straw colour Naples imitation gloves, at two dollars a dozen, and an eye glass are generally considered as indispensable parts of the "getting up *a la Franca*." In point of manners, the lowest *real Turk* is a nobleman; the best of the Europeanised lot is barely a gentleman.—*Parkin's Life in Abyssinia*.

The transition from an author's book to his conversation, is too often like an entrance into a mean city, whose distant prospect promised much splendour and magnificence.

All persons cannot talk sense, but no one needs to talk nonsense; silence is patent to every person.

A STUDENT TRAMP TO NIAGARA FALLS.
IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, boys," Thayendeniga would often ejaculate aloud to me, in a mournful, self-reproaching sort of voice, as he and I, sitting together in the wigwam near Hamilton, smoked our pipes. "John, it was a savage action—it was really savage for a father to slay his own son; but I couldn't help it." The great warrior, when he had said these words, would puff forth clouds of tobacco fume in silence, which, familiar though we were, I did not choose for a long while to interrupt.

To two interested weather-released students, with the Queen's Bench and agency dockets lying before them, and a copy of a taxed bill of costs made beautifully alias disgustingly less by the remorseless decimation of the taxing-master, lying at their elbow, the same John, who whilom smoked with the chieftain Brandt, narrated, as an eye-witness, the unnatural rencontre which, in 1795, took place between him and his sorry son Isaac, a second Absalom to the renowned chieftain, and terminated in the death of the former.

The snows of more than eighty-two winters whitened the longlocks of the venerable man, who saw himself, where Toronto now stretches itself, with its 60,000 souls, with only a *solitary tent!* more than half a century since. Return back to the year '72, and you have that in which old John C. S——s was born somewhere in the State of New York. His forefathers were from "the Green Isle," and he with some of his relatives, removed to Canada as U.E. Loyalists. He remains a hale old bachelor, jolly and happy, —though, when we propounded to him concerning the estate Benedictine, were unhesitatingly exhorted, all things being equal, to eschew his comfortless example. He can walk without trouble his twenty miles a day, and has an eye as keen as the eagle's, abounds in anecdotes of the times when Canada was young, and recollects names and dates with most astonishing accuracy. He has written a history of the country, and we tried to persuade him to bequeath it to us as a legacy. "A curious one, no doubt, it would be," continued he; "There was an immense gathering together of the Indian tribes at Blasely's, near Hamilton, in '95, for the purpose of receiving their usual annual presents from Government, of guns, blankets, ammunition, &c. Old Joe Brandt and his son Isaac

had been at variance for some considerable while. Isaac desired the chieftainship, but was denied it by the sagacious parent. The refusal irritated and rankled the bad passions of the aspirant, and naturally self-willed and violent, his attachment to *fire-water* was but as fuel to the flame which consumed him.

"During the day of distribution he repeated his silly request, and again meeting with ill success, became the deplorable victim of his cupidity.

"There were two apartments in the house the Commissioners distributed the presents. I was, with some few others, in the outer one. Thayendeniga stood in the passage between the two. Isaac suddenly made his appearance armed with an open knife, and made menacingly towards his father, who, quick as thought, struck and snapped shut the weapon, severely cutting the son's hand and finger. Afterwards, upon a second assault, the indignant father smote the foiled parricide on the head with the dirk which he held as self-protection. Parties then interfered, and Isaac, bleeding and insensible, was carried off to his hut. From the effects of his wounds he never recovered, When somewhat better, he was mounted upon a horse to be taken home, but imprudence and the tenderness of his wounds hastened his end in a few days. Early the following morning after the occurrence, the chieftain walked to the hut where his son lay, looked at him, and said, 'I might slay you now, but I would not,' and then turned upon his heel and left.

"Brandt was only a middle-sized man, with very broad shoulders, thick set, had a big neck and head. Ah, boys, many's the time he and I smoked the 'calumet' and sang songs together, and he used to like me to 'chanter *les chansons Francaises*,' and talk Indian—which we always did. Old S. spoke the German language, in addition to his other linguist accomplishments, like a native.

"I have smelt Yankee powder, you must know, boys, in our Canada fights; so was some company to the '*old tomahawk*.'"

The octogenarian had hardly finished, with a *treble* laugh, this stray leaf from the many in his book of reminiscence, with which at times he regaled us, when I leaped from the office stool, rushed to my quarters, or professionally, *where my shingle hangs out*, crushed into my pocket an extra shirt collar, and scrambled and threaded my way down the wharf to the Per-

less, whose hissing vapour and querulous bell gave significant intimation of fretful impatience. The time of her departure had about expired.

CHAPTER II.

In this sweltering weather it may be assumed as an incontrovertible fact, that everybody with a spark of pluck, who has visited the "Niobe of nations," and crossed the Porta Cavaglieri, writes picturesquely in a picturesquely bound book, the important Vatican and the Coliseum, and that the literary and hungry-minded buy and read the work.

Equally true is it that weary Boyd's Greece, her Acropolis, her Parthenon, or her Olympus, impress the traveller with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and in halting prose we are instructed with a detail of Greek insurrections, or in liquid verse, beatified with an apostrophe after the manner of *Zwî mûv sas ayarâ*.

In like manner, the hero who snuffs the severe atmosphere of St. Bernard, and scales the slippery steeps, or slips down the eternal glaciers of the mountains of Der Schweiz, dedicates to his country's archives and the *lares* and *penates* of his countrymen the relations of his tour, and the sensations, physical and psychical, within the precincts of a temperature perpetually below zero; and the tale is read by eyes both bright and dim, unchilled verily, and lastly, to come nearer home, everybody who is somebody, as Mr. Chambers, for instance, who is great because useful, and who may have peregrinated from parts afar off, *terra marique*, and hears the roar of the Canadian Cataract, caught aloft by the inspiration of disembodied feelings, as high as the seventh sphere of divine mentality, he or she dashes forth some such sublime American distich for an album—

Oh! what a sight, year after year,
The cataract frothing ginger-beer!
But what a gain, if one's our barber,
Could shave with it, and save soap-leather!

er hurtles madly, furiously, endlessly, over wide superficies of blank folios, his or her impassioned sensations for publication in some village "Firefly," wherewith to enlighten its delighted subscribers.

If then, not to make our sorties too cumulative, all this is so, may not one hasty sketch of a visit merit a niche in the annals of light literature, and those our own, home-spun shall we term them? not that the prospect of immortalization is any incentive to our grey goose-quill, in mingling its way over virgin foolscap, to the

end that those who read may learn of a Student Tramp to Niagara Falls—there and back again—under the auspices of that benign commentator, or Black letter lawyer, whichever he be, who, for some signal honesty, say to pander to popular prejudice, has been added to the calendar of saints, to preside over those blissful *dies non*—Vacation times!

How often have we hung our heads to see the material of our own fair land neglected by the literary gourmand, and the past eagerly thimble and ransacked lands that are distant and indistinct, traversed for adventure and chivalry, to the undeserved neglect of our own field of domestic literature, and "the home of the torrent, the stream, and the lake?"

But to the Peerless again.

CHAPTER III.

My "compagnon du voyage," a fellow *limb*, was to have preceded me, but in vain did my eager eyes search the throng which hedged round the cabin, making it like a bee-hive, for the light of his countenance. "Non est," I savagely soliloquised; and our tramp projected, indeed but half an hour previously, may have proved to his laundress—vulgariter washerwoman, "Short notice," and will end, as the ominous waste pipe of the boat significantly hinted, and a Yankee's cigarette at the gangway, to my chagrined and crestfallen feelings, in smoke! But joy to my budding disappointment, for as the last chink of the bell and scream of the whistle had abruptly expired, leaving me chewing the cud of *bitter* fancy upon the slip, T. "entered his appearance" at the head of the wharf, and soon made *Scire facias*, that my vague prophecy as to the cause of his delay was correct.

The *justification* which he *pleaded* of cold flat irons at once was accepted as an *exhonoretur*. No sooner (which was instant) were we moored in the saloon, awaiting the issue from the bar of a refresher, than the Peerless had unmoored her cable, and stood S. by SW.

Most tourists in their narration of departure speak of sorrowful hearts, scalding tears, agonised handkerchiefs, shaking of shivering hands, clasping of heaving bosoms, fond regretful Sam Patch looks, "the wide, wide sea before them," &c.; but alas for us nascent Mansfields, without a chick or child to care for, or to be cared about, we had to console the physical and the mental with the sage Horatian theory, "Carpe

dium," *alias* the drawing of unwilling estapples. This business transaction ended, we hurried to make a recognoissance of the receding city, if for nought else to avoid the propriety of a "commission de lunatico inquirendo," issuing against us, which should certainly be done, had we omitted to view the growing beauty and increasing limits of Toronto, when leaving it by the Bay, whence this is done with peculiar advantage and pleasure.

The glittering spires—the minarets, cloud-capped shall I apostrophise the old windmills' shining apex—faded in distinctness of outline as we glided along the heavily-laden, busy-looking wharves, which jut out from the shore into the serene harbor of the fairest of Canadian cities. There is the framework in Toronto for one of the handsomest of cities. Its esplanade, its College avenue, with the new Parliament buildings at the head, 200 acres of wooded beautified land, left as a lung for the city, in the very centre of it; flanked at the east by the Don, and at the west, several miles distant, by the romantic Humber, to which the city must extend—even now rapidly extending in new villas and country seats. Then, with a gradual slope of several miles from the water, back to the prominent ridge, about 180 or 200 feet above the Bay, once the shore of the Lake, skirting the city as a north-western boundary for a number of miles—to be adorned before long by frequent beautiful country residences—Toronto is capable of being made as rare a city of beauty and substance; the commercial and the beautiful going hand and hand to increase and adorn it.

But our eyes bade adieu to the old College bell cupola, and tapering 70 feet high flag-staff. Ah! well do we revert in memory to the day when, amidst cheers and huzzas, we floated the college flag with its motto, "Palmarum qui meruit ferat," and the Union Jack, which, as true Britons, were hoisted upon St. George's birthday, and the youthful bards of that time-honored Institution, in mysterious Alcaic and Sapphic metre, and in good Queen's English, dedicated their rhythmical talents and racked their brains in honor of the occasion. Every boy, before the staff was planted, seemed to consider it as a happy step towards fame, a feeling which was ever fanned by our masters, when he had inscribed or whittled the initials of his name at the very top, which all did. My cognomen, I well recollect, was ingeniously put upon the

crown centre; no one certainly could well be higher up! The old boarding-house—*pax tecum*—what scenes and vicissitudes did the infantile Preparatory Form boy see, as up the College ladder slowly and surely he raised one foot after the other, a year at a lift, for seven rounds, when the same was attained, and an "honorable promotion from the VIIth form" labelled him to the world as worthy of its favor. But to curtail the chapter.

Like the silvery flashes of the Aurora to the mid-day sun were the glancings of the graceful spire of St. George's in the distance westward, whilst in sparkling lustre the newly reared classic turrets of Trinity College seemed to reflect the genial sunbeams in lustrous rivalry to the refulgent tin-covered bomb-proof roofs of the new Garrison. We have certainly endeavored to make the most of our tin! but really it has always a pretty effect in the coup d'œil of a city. Saying farewell to all, and as true sons of Justinianus to the Ionic columns of Osgoode Hall, the dinner bell's rattling ring (who ever heard the music gently o'er me stealing?) like magic woke us from our fancy dream in which the the rapture of the panoramic view of the city had left us, what mortal "with soul so dead" but confesses with but half an ear, or with none at all, the luxury of the dinner bell's music,—what "Mira O. Norma," what "Casta Diva" can compete for deliciousness of sound, though a Jenny may seraphically warble, or a Kate melt your heart, as she does one's eyes, when the ringing polished metal sways up and down in the shining digits of a smiling darkey—beckoning and wooing are those strains, fascinating utterly, as by the cabin door the fleecy-aproned divinity claims his willing victims—rushing as sheep to the slaughter, or rather in slaughter to the sheep!

CHAPTER IV.

What Lake captain does not recollect the onslaught of the college boy when *en route* for the holidays, and Jupiter Ammon to see the destruction by a dozen of hungry students? It was indeed a day of feasting in our time; circumscribed restraints were left behind them, and the prospect of future home bliss let all the dogs slip, and it was havoc and war to the knife on "wheat bread and chicken fixin's." The old feeling came upon us as we seated ourselves; at any rate writs of execution upon roast-beef and plum-pudding were issued, and

subpcenas duces tecum to the waiters thick and fast. "Ale and viler liquor," such as Hudibras, when he "went a colonelling," probably discoursed, were not wanting to give zest to the repast. To what perfection has men not brought the facilities of travelling—whilst annihilating time and space? Floating palaces as well on the trackless sea, as upon the Lake or the river! Every comfort and luxury that can be procured upon shore! Even physicians to heal the sick! To reflect back and know that within a very few years only has the rapidity of intercourse been achieved, the conveniences daily being augmented, that not twenty years ago sloops and schooners uncertain in their voyages across our glorious lakes have now as substitutes our Magnets and Peerlesses—makes us pause and ask what next? When a distance of 500 miles from New York to Toronto can be traversed with greatest comfort in 22 hours, whereas, in the times of our childhood it took so many days we feel with the Yankee, as though the times were become "some pumpkins." Sometimes, early in the month of August, upon the awning covered deck of the swift steamer, two parchment-trying youths, habited in all the abandonment of cool toggery, which nothing but the rules of etiquette prevented us from exchanging for nature's vestments, snuffed and inhaled and exhaled the balmy breezes as they blew windward, recent from the gorgeous sunlit west! Talk of scores of præcipes for writs, or the Fieri Facias returned with costs and charges, and the damages all made. At any time, yea, or ideal cases of unprotected females, or rich heiresses in distress, or a rattling murder suit, which at once makes the fortune of the briefless but always hopeful juriconsult. Talk of all these at any other time than when we there breathed the fresh air of heaven. Let the insipid snob speak of the gales of Araby, and the spicy aromas from palm glades and orange groves, and the fragile boarding-school miss, of the birds of paradise, and many-hued feathered tribes that people them; but commend a loyal Canadian to his native health-bringing breezes, born in the trackless forests of the towering maple and cloud-stretching pine, amidst islands and mountains of crystal ice, or on the bosom of his broad lakes, with melody of the warbling thrush, the trolling robin, or the shrill whip-poor-will—ought we add, our Dutch nightingales! Ontario! who could clip so euphonious a name in phrenzy or poetical license, as once

some newspaper's poet's corner beheld it, in a ditty terminating every verse, "blue Lake Ontario!"

From all such "doctrine, heresy, and schism" keep us at a forty-foot pole distance!

It has sometimes caused a momentary pang of momentary regret when closing a book written anent "the days o' auld lang syne," to contrast the materiality of the present with the apparent immateriality of the past, when all was a chapter of fortuitous accidents or blissful felicity; but to even our unromantic parchment imagination this soon, upon sober reflection, becomes dissipated, because of the speciousness of its cause, the absence of castles so-named, and knights and tournaments would argue to the superficial the corresponding want of all chivalry and romance, so essential to make society and a people refined and cultivated. "Emollire mores nec sinere esse feros," But yet, although fabled frowning walls of granite, everbowed, and trees and fragrant exotics whose elegance and luxury surpass the haunted castles of former ages, as theirs probably did the habitations of a Caractacus or the rude Allèmanni, whose country breathes of romance, and whose Rhine has been prolific of so much that song or tale can make interesting and charming.

We have mansions like palaces, instead of baronial castles, and as the serf of those days died with the feudal regime his intelligent successor may become by his industry and his talents the lord of such mansions. There is no tram-melling now of fealty, and heaven be praised none of that romantic, though it reads translated from the German, incarceration in dungeons dark and horrible. Though a trace of this system seems yet to linger in our great mother country, when a poor victim the other day was discovered to have been immured in Winchester jail for a debt of £5000 for thirty-nine years! The law, when it is cruel, is sometimes incorrigibly so, and a seven or ten years' Chancery suit in this land of reform until late has been as sore a grievance as a truce to the unfortunate litigants; but this delay no more plagues us. There is just as much romance now as there ever was, only of a far higher and intellectual a nature; nor indeed is the bellicose hero an obsolete existence when the Moslem and the Muscovite wage dreadful war, and the cross and tricolor wave fraternally amongst crescented bannerets and turbaned pashas!

CHAPTER V.

What food for reflection our present Eastern alliance presents, when we go back to the times of Saladin, and Cœur de Lion, and Godfrey de Bouillon! The brave soldier of merry Old England even now is fighting his just battle, together with his brothers the Caledonian and the sons of St. Patrick, upon the banks of rapid rolling Ister, and heroes like Butler and Nasmyth and Arnold are there in thousands, and slight the memory of our own country's conflicts, when the scalping knife was raised to annihilate the pioneer of our land, or when a Wolfe and a Brock died in its behalf. Think of these and kindred facts first before we go into mourning for the decease of what lives, and thrives as gloriously as in the doughtiest days of yore. Even the quill can yet be metamorphosed into a sword. And there were as fair eyes and forms to be seen upon the deck of the scudding Peerless as in the palmiest days of yore. No longer shall we feign to grieve for the imaginary departure of the sentimental and poetical, such as Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Scott weaved into living verse, and taught our ardent fancy to venerate and adore. There is left the chivalry of the gentleman and the elegant courtesy of the lady, as full of nobleness as the bravest knyghte-errant of the palmiest days of Ivanhoe, or fairest maidenly gallantry of the days of Ellen Douglas.

That a pair of blue eyes *then* should be more than a pair of blue eyes *now*, avaint unholy thought! The helmet and the plume are not yet fabulous furniture—the palfrey and hawk give way to hound, and hunter, and racer; the arena of the bar, the hospital, and the pulpit—the lists of our Universities are now the jousts and tournaments, where gauntlet meets gauntlet in the strife of genius, intellect, and benevolence—and where victories won gain as much and deserve more favor in the eye of maid and lady than in times of yore. Being naturally shy of the fair sex our adoration of the numina was confined to the silent incense of the eye. The music of the winds and waves and soft voices as we glided along our way, at times were blended, in the enlivening strains of the clarionet and the violin, as they were played by two of “Afric’s sons,” to speak after the manner of poets, for they might have been *fathers*. They wore no chains, and dreaded no bloodhounds or lash, as over three millions of their colour at this moment, unfortunately, have reason to dread. The increase of the slave population of the United

States has been at an average rate of forty per cent. within the last ten years. In Arkansas no less than 186 per cent. When and where, may we ask, will all this end? Canada soil is where the black man is *for ever free*—no matter if he is sometimes fed upon “homy and molasses” all the day long by some good-natured greasy planter.

Strains of right good music we got. Pompey has certainly the music in his composition. The intermission in the programme of a few moments after the exhilarating air, “Pop goes the weasel,” afforded an opportunity for a little change in the course of the performance, as the handsomely-filled straw Golgotha of the man of the clarionette tinklingly testified.

Talking once more of tin—the tin-covered tops of the two forts, which, to speak à la militaire, bristle at the entrance of Niagara river, with their colours hoisted, soon hove in sight; and a few minutes later beheld our bowline fastened to the wharf. The surprising metamorphosis which this whilom-decayed Alhambra the resort of hypochondriacs, according to a distinguished writer on the condition and future prospects of the country, has within so brief a period undergone, is beyond the myths of Aladdin or Proteus to believe.

A region once as dreary and desolate as the hopeless countenances of its inhabitants, like them has been transmuted into cheerfulness and activity, and the workmen’s hammer and forge, and shipwright’s axe make hill and wood resonant with their harmony. Long before Toronto was thought of, Niagara flourished in all the pride and circumstance which military prestige lavished upon it, and our old friend John C. S—— in the days tugged the mail a part of the way thence towards Montreal.

CHAPTER VI.

Though we had gained the land, yet we discovered, as we launched onwards towards Lewiston, that an equiponderating loss had been by the Fates decreed, for we then lost the black eyes and the blue to which vaguely, in illustrating a certain conceit, we alluded. It will not suit us to give a bill of particulars; these must be shrouded amongst those other impenetrable mysteries which the many may not know of. But a pang of *lemoncholy*, as T. persisted in describing his grief, penetrated the desolated recesses of our bosoms, as we looked adieu to the aforesaid “peepers.” I would have es-

teemed the application of this term quoted to the pale maiden with flaxen locks and calico apron (I am partial to calico) at the stern of the vessel, exhausting the juices from a jaundiced lemon more appropriate. What faithless Moses may have so soured her sensibilities as to drive her to such an extremity as to seek some oil of consolation, some solatium, some antidote for the bitter sore that, perchance, was devouring her, there she was a good chunk of a gal, by the by, we wot not of. And the deepest respect for such misery, for misery alone could we deem a damsel to be affected with, all absorbed in *λεμνωχολή*, prevented our combined offers of condolence!

We shall not soon forget the lemon. But indeed a pang of genuine melancholy seized us as we thought of the evanescence of human affairs and particularly those said eyes, whose lustre to grow rapturous rivalled the glancing ripples of light as they danced upon the bubbling spray drops from the bow of our gallant vessel ploughing through the beautiful water. How long sometimes does the light of eyes illumine the windows of the memory as they open to the past; and though it is a weakness to make the avowal, still our moral courage enables us to do so.

It may be some time before we forget those eyes. The temperature of the air was sensibly milder as we scudded noiselessly almost through the deep green of the river to Lewiston. There is a placidity about the water, and shrub, and sapling-covered banks peculiarly agreeable to the eye and feelings; but the summits of Queenston heights soon broke the rather tame monotony of the scenery, and the fairy-like fabric suspended in mid air which connects the two shores at the entrance of the deep gorge at whose base the river, with a myriad eddies and convolutions, rapidly issues, catches the eye simultaneously. The historic associations of the place under it is particularly attractive. The humbug of trunk-overhauling by the Custom-house seems latterly to have entirely disappeared.

I well remember when only a youngster, how tickled I became at one of them when travelling east with some friends, some years ago, after a college commencement, a gaunt Jonathan, after the trunks had passed muster in the cabin, came a second time, and stated that information had been given him of contraband goods being concealed in our luggage. The attack began

upon my little black trunk, which was cautiously opened, and the top impudently, I thought, exposed, when lo! a bag of curious texture was dragged from its cosy resting-place, and gravely opened for examination—being found full of *clay marbles*! It made the whole affair so ludicrous a farce, that at once the investigation was ended, with guffaws on all sides from the interested bystanders—of whom I was especially so, considering how important I had become, or my marbles rather!

The Suspension Bridge is in charge of a veteran who fought upon the heights to which its one extremity reaches. He told us that he only saw two men pitched over the precipice during the fight. We had always had a fabulous idea of multitudes finding death and destruction over those stupendous cliffs. They possess more of a *laborious* than an awing aspect. As one gazes from the summit from the speck of a steamer, as such it appears, when the positions are changed. We discovered that the idea was not incorrect, when, panting and struggling, we dragged our slow lengths along by a short cut leftward up the uneven sides leading from the winding road circling the mountain, until we again intersected it halfway up to the incomplete, scarcely-begun monument to the memory of Brock. The feelings of regret which filled our bosoms as we gazed upon the tardy efforts of our native country to replace the monument injured through the smartness of a low-lived Yankee ruffian in retaliation for the burning of the Caroline. His name would be too much honored and his memory perpetuated to mention it—probably like Erostratus of classic fame, who aimed at an incendiary's immortality by setting fire to the great temple of Diana at Ephesus; he, too, designed to go down the stream of time to posterity on the signal merit of his achievements by blowing up monuments. Suffice it that his hopes must have come short of realization, for we saw not long since, that his ingenuity had taken a new turn in setting fire to American steamers. This leap from the sublime to the ridiculous was kindly appreciated by the authorities in the bestowal of a few years' solitary reflection in Sing Sing, or other States' prison. Without giving utterance to his ire, T.'s equanimity of mind could not be calmed—the flood of recollections crowded upon him, and the extended fields and rolling flood, and as he beheld the unfinished substitute—"Shade of the mighty! is it thus that thy country and her

sons requite thy deeds and evince their respect and grateful pride, after long and tedious years? Can there slumber such lethargy in the veins of those whose ancestors' life blood slaked the parched earth in defence of their home-hearths and country's honor, as to make the Canadian procrastinate year after year the completion of a chieftain's sepulchre, he who led the van against an insulting foe? Spirits of the slain! how have ye reposed within your cerements, whilst far and wide scattered and dismantled the stones that formed the pile in memory of the brave, seem to cry aloud for justice?"

It was not without labour that I lured the indignant speaker from the scene which so affronted his serenity, which finally he did, casting a sorrowful glance, and afterwards a contemptuous, as if the pomp and circumstance of the re-interment of Brock's remains last October flitted vividly before him—when good resolves and many alone seemed to have nearly built the monument!

CHAPTER VII.

We hurried along; the sun's rays coming down rather fervidly, but we had the unfinished march a-head to spur us on, as we leaped over fences and neared the banks of the river, when, at every opening amid the pines and bushes, we gazed upon the distant depths below—dells, and trees, and rocks, and the rapid rolling water. We had not gone far, when what seemed to be a pathway struck T.'s vision, and a halloo brought me back just in time to see his bundle which he had suspended at his back dangling some twenty feet below! Of course to pause was out of the question, especially as none had been put, so I scrambled down after him. But I found the poetry of slipping and constant danger of tumbling down the rocks not quite so rhythmical as the smooth walk above, which we had just left, and it was only by clinging to friendly overhanging trees and branches, and occasionally plunging some ten or a dozen yards at an angle of eighty degrees, that we at last reached "open sky and water." The spirit of enterprise had inflated me to see whether we could not travel on by the water, apart from the consideration of being able to see the splendid scenery to infinitely greater advantage than when looking down from above. So, on we trudged over immense fragments of rock and across little purling rills that gushed along their tributary drops, as if to betoken allegiance to

the great father of Canadian streams. The descent was in semicircular direction, flanking the cliff side, and as we stood gazing on the towering majesty of the scenery, the boundless blue sky dotted with an occasional fleecy cloud above, the swift waters at our feet, and on the lofty tree-clad crags, tiers on tiers of forests—we huzzaed in gladdened ecstasy, and free as the stream was the current of our happiness; but onward was the word. We hoped at least to find some egress to the summit again, if we could not peregrinate much further by the river side. We leaped over piles of broken stone, shattered into ten thousand pieces, by the crash when loosened from the sides above, and performed prodigious saltatorial feats; but to no purpose. Before us arose a wall of solid mason work, a hundred and fifty feet high, to arrest our progress, unless, indeed, we chose to tempt the stream, which we didn't purpose doing. Though I encouraged T. with a cheer of "Nil desperandum, auspice Teucro," yet my flattering quotation met a check as he suddenly cried a halt to the tune of rattlesnakes!

"Le diable," says I; and plucking up my ears for a few moments, sure enough heard the rattling of the reptile a few yards distant, that sent a sort of chilly sensation up my knees, which were instantly turned to the right about in precipitate retreat, not but that there was courage enough in the heroes to face a live nest of them, but I had rather have it questioned on a trifling occasion than tested. The demolition of a quiet household of rattlers could not be compensated by all the glory of the feat. My guide was no less disposed to follow his leader on the occasion than his leader was his nose, especially as he told me the pious recollection of once nearly treading upon a tremendous rattlesnake all coiled up for a dart yet was vivid.

Said he, "Several years ago, in the mid-summer holidays, our mutual friend C. and myself proposed a run across the Bay of B. to the opposite shore, where we intended to have a quiet day's fishing. We were provided, and paddled across in my bark canoe. We had our sport, and in rambling through the forest I preceded my companion several yards, and came to a spot in the cow-path, where, on both sides, a number of sticks lay across it, but rotted and broken in the middle. As I was passing there I heard a sort of whirring, and stopped to see whence it came, supposing it to be some chirp-

ing bird in the underwood of sticks, and began to stir in amongst them with my hands, the rattling still continuing; but I did not find the supposed musical creature. So I gradually turned upon my heel to look towards the opposite side of the path and search if it was there. Accidentally I cast a glance downwards to my feet, when a large rattlesnake, coiled up in a circle, with his head reared from the centre, and his eyes glistening, made me move my shoes (for boots I had none) on, in a spasmodic bound some seven feet off, in the twinkling of an electric spark, whose shock chained me for some while breathless to the spot I had reached, as the thought of my timely escape from an awful death came over me. We immediately attacked the reptile, and found that he had made a mid-day meal of a squirrel, and to the anaconda-like torpidity with which so huge a morsel must have affected his muscular and irascible energies, my life alone was providentially indebted, for I was for some five minutes within an inch of treading upon it. As a trophy and memento mori I cut off the nine rattles and carried them home. The pearl-handled knife of my brother which I had appropriated in the morning before starting, and which dissected the spotted venomous victim, was devoted to the good divinity of the locality, for I cast it among the bushes."

Therefore T. was no laggard in reverting his footsteps.

CHAPTER VIII.

The countless crevices of the rocks in the vicinity of Niagara afford friendly shelter to these most deadly reptiles during winter, and the warmth of summer lures them to sunshine. And many crawl up to the wheat fields, and there are killed by the reapers. Somewhat slowly and sadly we retraced our steps back again, since the exit we found impossible. To approach so near to the *Styx* without becoming invulnerable by immersion would have indeed suggested to us the nearer *Lethæ*. Accordingly we laved in the clear, cool, swiftly-running river, and not a heel's breadth was left invulnerable from the want of the properties of a general immersion. Hence, opportunely refreshed, we struggled bravely up the rocks, stronger than Achilles, occasionally stopping to pant for breath. This hill of difficulty we finally mastered, and marched ahead over fields of young corn and meadows of green clover—through

glades of delicious fragrance, where the wild rose blossomed and the odorous sarsaparilla plant shed its fragrance across fences and ditches—ever and anon pausing to drink in the glorious scenery, which, by the way, has not been improved by the railroad excavations of *Dollardom*, all along the American bank of the river. Of course, as the traveller runs along in the cars, the scenery from them, as he approaches directly from the Falls, is seen to immense advantage; but Uncle Sam, ever so indifferent in preserving nature's native beauties, and ever making mammon paramount, cuts down the rugged rock and towering tree which ennoble this splendid river, and piles up ton upon ton of rubbish to make his railroad until the side looks like the banks of a canal, upon an extensive scale, however.

This same disposition to turn nature to pelf would turn the whole Falls into a mill-dam, if there was not enough water to turn the wheels of the pail and broom manufactories of the very romantic town at the cataract, ye!pt Manchester! The British should have a Birmingham opposite, and the truly sensible name Chipewa, commercially transmuted into Bristol! This is a feature, *inter alia*, in Jonathan which the phlegmatic Europeans object strongly to, with what reason the same may comprehend.

We hurried on, tuning our pipes, but from the absence of dispensaries, unable to wet our whistles. Whilst the jest, and joke, and tale kept the whole man fully alive, we passed by spots made melancholy and interesting from some tale of blood and murder in the young days of Canada. Somewhat on the gloom, for night began to unfold the "sable mantle" we read of her wearing preparatory to cuddling herself up from the dews and night chills. Old times, and college adventures, and friends who are not, and absent ones that are, each came in panoramically for a share of discussion.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Bloody Run" and "Devil's Hole" opposite we passed by, and the whirlpool which we both looked at without much awe or admiration, and felt somewhat fatigued as we kept heading dell after dell which runs up into the main land from the water. At last we reached the Railroad track, leading from Niagara to the Suspension Bridge, and hobbled along—it was only hobbling over the interstices between the large cross ties, we have in sight of two red and

blue lights at the side of the Suspension Bridge. Somewhere about nine at night, we asked two labourers at a distance from us a little before we reached the place, how far we were from it? and were kindly informed nine miles. Had we not known somewhat better we should have felt disposed to lie down or bivouac at some shanty. The rail track travel for the last mile had completely used us up, for every other step was a stumble in the dark. As the mariner storm-tost, compassless, provisionless, and sinking regards the flickering light-house beacon, thus to two thirsty, hungry mortals, those which shed their consolatory rays from the windows of the eating-house at the Suspension Bridge, and like the fainting camels in the desert that quicken their footsteps as they snuff an oasis leagues distant, so we revived our strength until we entered the opportune caravansary as it were on the rush. A glass of lemonade contributed to subdue our excessive thirst, followed by sundry draughts of iced milk and fragrant coffee. The piper paid, cigars lighted, the twinkling stars, if they are gifted with telescopic vision, might have seen the refreshed heroes of this chapter on their way at about 10 P.M. to the Suspension Bridge, crossing the stream within a mile and a half of the Falls. A quarter each, the price of every thing is a quarter, entitled us to cross the river. The keeper in his little shanty office, with a bull's eye lantern, as he received the "lucre" looked like a janitor at the portals of Hades. Alas for him, the foul destroyer which lately nearly depopulated that locality did not spare either him or his two successors.

An eye-witness to the horrors which for several days afflicted the place attributed the terrible mortality to the fact of the victims drinking puddle water, which had collected in the clay excavations in the neighbourhood. The height from the banks to the river water was so great as to make it too much trouble for them to procure it by dropping down pails or going a little distance for well water. My informant assisted, though very far from being an undertaker by trade, to nail together rough board coffins for several of the unfortunate wretches, who died in scores unattended and unlamented in the narrow precincts of little comfortless huts. In one of them a sick mother and her dying child were the sole tenants, none near to lend a finger to cool their parched tongues, or essay to cure their cureless malady. One shanty, with the corpses of two labourers

whence proffered reward could not get any to remove them, was set on fire and burnt to the ground, but the sickening sight next day of the unburnt bodies I will not dwell on. A general panic in the vicinity seized those strong and brave in times of health, and men fled from the disease. Strange to say, even at so little a hamlet as clusters round the American end of the bridge, the conveniences of good shoe shops are found at even ten o'clock at night. In the hurry of quitting Toronto, my old sandals were not changed for a new pair, and so the comfortable understanding which I left in, and which six miles' pedestrianism did not improve, found myself well nigh bare-foot, and in poor plight for the morrow's criticism of the *ton* which resort to the Falls. But newly shod we soon arrived by railway truck at the ninth wonder of the world.

Before retiring to our couches, wearied as we felt, and late as it was, we sallied forth to take a nocturnal observation. We were attracted, as many others, to the open windows of a brilliantly-illuminated chamber in the International Hotel, whence sweet sounds floated into the dark night, somewhat stifled, indeed, by the roar of the cataract, and several lightly-attired couples moved in harmony to the music,—in point of fact, in Macawber detestation of circumlocution,—they were dancing, or as they have it in far West, cutting the pigeon wing. The amusement of encircling taper waists was pleasant enough, doubtless, to participate in, but somewhat tantalizing to the youthful spectator, and so two of the latter unfavoured class travel-strained and fatigued, withdrew to the repose, which, if it did not await them, surely after so momentous a day's pilgrimage, they were amply entitled to; and here whilst sleep, nature's soft nurse, was sealing their heavy eyelids, and before the alarm of gongs, bells, and waiters has awakened them to the brightness and loveliness of the summer's morning, such as alone can be in perfection enjoyed in the perpetually breezy neighbourhood of Niagara Falls, their unguarded thoughts as to the American and Canadian "fair" find an utterance decidedly commendatory of the latter.

CHAPTER X.

In the United States, everywhere, with rare exceptions, being "angels' visits," cadaverous, consumptive-cheeked, or sallow-jaundiced sharp fisted females afflict the eye. The absence of

any approach to the rosy, ruddy full faces of Canadian lasses is mournfully experienced as one peregrinates through American States and to their watering-places, a lassitude of person and a completely *gone* look appears to be the general characteristic, almost persuading one that they too, like the progressive males, crowd as much of life into the brief span which seems to be allotted them, as we would like to hazard in double the time. Their motto is the Epicurean "Dum vivimus, vivamus," or in the vernacular "Go it while you're young." Of course there are exceptions which are always to be excepted. Upon the whole, the superiority of Canadian feminine production is a fact unassailably incontrovertible.

But Saturday came, and the grey streaks of the day-spring had peeped abroad the earth some hours before we were made aware of the circumstance by a peeping, shining Sambo, whose "Seven o'clock, gentlemen, breakfast ready," brought us literally all up standing in the twinkling, metaphorically, of the bed posts.

The Johnny-cake, which Jonathan really knows how to make, as, indeed, he knows the way "to get up" whatever can tickle the palate or satisfy hunger, strengthened us for a calm and deliberate survey of the Falls. We looked at the boiling rapids above the American Falls, and were not overwhelmed or dismayed, as so many think it becoming, or make up their minds to be at first sight. The feeling which, indeed, many other visitors have expressed of disappointment at first appearances, was ours also; but as we began to drink in the scene, found how impotent and shallow our capacities were to embrace the sublime grandeur of this wondrous handiwork of the Almighty. If ever a man hesitates in his belief as to the impossibility of the soul dying with the dissolution of the body, let him for a few moments stedfastly ponder in his mind as he gazes upon an Egyptian mummy, with its black features shapelessly shrunk, and its ghastly grin and attenuated trunk, or if he doubts the existence of a mighty Creator, let him behold the Cataract of Niagara, and his doubts and his disbelief, if he be not an idiot or an imbecile, will vanish before conviction, as the many hued rainbow arch before the warm rays of the sun, which the same Being made, who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of the mummy, and "in whose hands are all the corners of the earth."

¶We were perpetually incensed at the myriad

pesterings of guides and hackmen, and the everlasting cry of *quarter* for every turn of the body. It is an old complaint, and has not, alas! for that reason been remedied, like most human abuses, by time. The poetry of the place is wofully destroyed and vulgarized when an impudent rascal cheats and humbugs you, by making you pay at the end of his services double of what the fixed stipulation was.

We expected the arrival of a friend at the Falls, at about eleven o'clock, to make a trio, but he was prevented from coming; so, in order to get back that evening to Toronto we could not make a tour to Navy Island, the rendezvous of the patriot Mackenzie, in the troubles of '38, as had been agreed upon. We discovered in the the ferry-house at the top of the long staircase leading down to the ferry opposite the Clifton Hotel, a daguerreotypist's emporium, whose wares consisted of correct views of of the Falls taken from various points of observation, as also a number of the luckless Dutchman as he appeared in the boat which had lodged in the rapids leading to Iris Island, and who was hurried over after remaining there some forty-eight hours. Several months ago, another view presented him as he was plunging towards the brink of the Fall, his arms wildly, hopelessly tossed towards heaven. Such morbid and depraved tastes for the awfully tragic is peculiar to the other side. Fancy such a picture contributing to the embellishment of a drawing-room! It is disgusting; lamentably so! But Dollardom can turn grind-stones with the Falls, and dig down the river banks for a railroad track; so any innocent triumph of a daguerreotypist is of little consideration anyhow, "he will nasal to you!" Our British blood was boiling almost to effervescence, so we endeavored to allay it by copious exhaustings of sherry cobbles and dishes of ice-cream and strawberries, which Jonathan knows well how to prepare. As we descended the staircase to the Ferry we drank a health to the Queen from the gushing rill half-way down, and were consoled for the humbug of guides and hackmen by the thought of soon treading upon home soil. But, alas! our first footsteps, as they touched Canadian soil, were pestered with a new breed of hackmen. But we were not fleeced so pitilessly at every move as the green traveller is on the opposite side. The more we saw of the Falls, the more were we impressed with their beauty and magnificence; so, without at-

tempting any elaborate etherealization of them, or dwelling longer upon this often-described place, we dismiss it. We could not resist the temptation of entering the studio of Mr. Holloway, an English artist, by the wayside as you go to Table Rock—a thoroughly courteous gentleman, and a fine artist. His views of the great attraction of the spot are superb and upon a large scale. We remarked an exquisite winter view before we left Clifton House, which Mr. Holloway informed us was the work of some American artist. We gazed with much pleasure upon Quebec and Hudson scenery. He told us that it was always foot-tourists who gave him their patronage, and American gentlemen and ladies rarely, because they always ride past in carriages, and so miss him, and to their own loss, both because of the imperfection of a carriage view of the Falls and its scenery, and the loss which the pampered visitors sustain in omitting to possess themselves of excellent paintings of the same. We bid adieu at one o'clock to Barnett's whalebones and the antediluvian buffaloes, and, under a melting sun set our faces back again to the Suspension Bridge, where we hoped to resuscitate the inner man.

The tribute of admiration is due to the enterprise of Mr. Nickinson, who had established a miniature Lyceum on the American side. We strayed during the morning inside of it, and the great winged lions of Nineveh glittering upon the stage, preparatory, probably, to that evening's play of Sardanapalus, made us almost fancy ourselves in the midst of some subterranean excavation of Layard. The only light, a muffled, religious sort of one, insinuated itself into the building from the half open front entrance. We might go off into a critical discourse upon the genius which the Canadienne, Miss Nickinson, possesses for the stage; but this would attenuate this closing chapter to too great a length. Suffice it, that one seldom sees any actress capable of assuming so many different casts with as great success as she does. Her Juliet is exquisite, and her melo-dramatic powers are of the first order. Her classic appearance and womanly style of elocution make her always deservedly a favourite. She is natural in her acting, the most difficult gift—paradoxical truth—to be preserved. There are others worthy of admiration amid the theatrical profession besides Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt.

We travelled to Niagara by the rail cars, and

found ourselves there but a very short time after we quitted the Suspension Bridge. Although the railroad passes through the town, or is supposed to pass through it, yet we were unable to detect the existence of one, somewhat on the reverse principle, probably, of Yankee Doodle's obliquity of vision, "who could'n't see the town, there were so many houses!" Flocks upon flocks of pigeons were flying over the fields and the river, and bags full of them were shot by sportsmen from Toronto and the neighbourhood. At last, somewhere near 4 o'clock, the Peerless floated in sight of the wharf, and shortly after, we floated off on our return. There was little incident during the voyage, other than that the bright-eyed bar-maid, whose printed placard suspended in her cake and tea-room, of "no connection with the fellow opposite," who sold alcoholic decoctions, had an excellent draining of Bohea for her thirsty customers.

A squall sprung up half way over the Lake, not a squall of infants, thank Heaven! but this is uncomplimentary to "old John's" advice, and gave us lots of fresh air for an hour or so.

As we neared the wharf at Toronto, and were preparing to land, the cabin doors were suddenly closed, and the passengers politely informed that the purser's office had been cleverly eased of a considerable sum of the products of that day's sailing, and to save time they had better submit to a search than to the delay of a warrant "to turn us inside out." I began to feel very nervous and uncomfortable, when I bethought myself of the inviting size of my linen coat pockets, to the light-fingered gent who had enriched himself, in quietly dropping into it the booty, particularly as the prospect of a thorough search might likely expose the thief. So I calmly but fearfully groped into them, a happy fellow "terque quaterque," when I found nothing there but my own personal property. Such things have occurred, and they are never pleasant. But the absurdity of a general search was too manifest for being actually attempted, so the gangway was thrown out, the doors open, and the heroes of this short tramp stepped lightly on to the wharf again, thoroughly convinced that the way to visit the Falls of Niagara and enjoy and comprehend the river scenery is to do so on foot, remember, with no more luggage than an extra shirt collar and a walking stick.

MY FIRST HORSE TRADE.

"A LETTER FROM SIMON BABBERLY TO HIS UNCLE BEN BABBERLY, HULL, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND."

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

It is so long since you last heard from me, that I feel self convicted, and to soften the harsh twinges of conscience I sit down to tell you, as now I remember you made me promise, something of my goings on. I am the more led to this, by the indignation of my heart, arising from the treatment to which I have lately been exposed. It happened in this fashion. The necessities of my calling in this country (it would not have been so at home,) having rendered it necessary that I should become the possessor of one of that most invaluable species of quadrupeds, the horse, on one fine July morning, I sallied forth, to make a purchase. By the hour of noon, having accomplished my purpose instead of returning on foot and staff, I mounted and rode home, with no slight addition to my own consequence, by this sudden exaltation. Altogether I was pleased with this purchase, although when I dismounted (I had forgotten the side to get down) on the right side, I observed to my astonishment, that the hip on that side was about six inches higher than the other, a phenomenon I could not account for, as while chaffering for the animal I stood on the left of her, this slight deformity (quere, is it not considered a beauty?) escaped my notice. As I have said, on the whole, this purchase suited me. But mark, dear uncle, *this was a purchase*, a bona fide sale and purchase, not a trade in horseflesh. And little did I ever think, that, when embarking on the wide Atlantic for this nether land of refuge for the unfortunate, that I should have been forced, for mark again dear uncle, that I was *truly forced* against my will into this trade of horseflesh. This exchange of the life and limb of my money for an ugly horse, which even humble me was ashamed to bestrode. Ah, uncle, you will sympathise with me, I know, under my heavy misfortune, so I will tell you all about it. On the 2nd day of August, in the year 1850, as on my journey homeward from the great city of the North and West, Toronto, my Nancy jogging along at her usual quiet gait (envious neighbours called it a shuffling) presently I was overtaken by a man seated in a large lumber waggon drawn by two very ordinary looking horses, (ordinary looking

I mean when compared with my Nancy). He no sooner overhauled me, than he belched forth the horrid greeting "Holloa, where going, stranger." "I am returning home", I replied. "Home, aye, live East." Yes. "Nice horse that you've got stranger," he added. "Yes, said I, very fair." Here I pulled up to let him go onward as I had no wish to continue the conversation: alas, he had; and pulled up too. There was no shaking him off. "I say stranger," (said the fellow after we had travelled a minute or two in silence,) "I'll stump you for a trade." "I don't know what you mean," said I. "Now du tell, stranger, I mean to trade my horse for yourn." But I replied—my horse suited me very well, I did not wish to trade as he called it not ever having done such a thing. "Not done such a thing, ha, ha, ha, he roared, now du tell, come stranger you and I must trade, and seeing as how this is your first, I will give you a smart chance of a bargain. This 'ero nigh horse is only ten years old, come fall, and yourn be let me see, about as I should say, and I'm reckoned a good judge on horseflesh, about fifteen. Now then as I said you shall have a smart chance—we'll trade even—not another word—no boot axed or given." Hang the fellow, there was no getting rid of him, do all I could—he stuck like a leech—and the end of it was—that unharnessing his nigh horse—(Oh! how in my inmost heart I wished both the brute and his vulgar owner, down, down, in the depths of the blue Ontario) he put my Nancy in his place. So nothing was left for me, but to put the saddle on, and trudge homeward. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I had made this condition that if either of us was dissatisfied, on returning either horse within ten days, the exchange should be cancelled.

With a heavy heart, I pursued the remainder of my journey homewards. My poor Nancy! to think that she should have been so ruthlessly forced from my affection, and in this land of liberty too. It was, however useless to repine, and so having reached home, and committed the animal to the care of the servant, and as it was late I retired supperless. How could I eat under so sad a bereavement? Shortly after breakfast the next morning the servant entered the room to say, that the new horse had not eaten the oats given to him overnight. Well, said I, take them away and give him clean fresh ones. The servant went away and

I heard no more, till noon—when he came again to say the horse hadn't eat his oats. Not knowing what to make of it, I sent for my next neighbour, who, when he came looked into the horse's mouth, and enquired how old I had bought him for. "Ten years, next fall," I replied. "Ten, good gracious he's nearer thrytyl. The poor old creature hasn't a tooth in his head." I thought the man would have died laughing, for after he had gone I could hear him two lots off. But, oh! uncle, it was no laughing affair for me. I couldn't help thinking of what the poor frog said to the boys, who were stoning him, it may be sport for you, but it is death to me.

However, I determined immediately to return the animal—and lost no time in setting out. The distance to the fellow's place was about ten miles. Having arrived there I enquired for him, and found that he was back in the Concession on the next farm but one, about one mile and a half. Over a most execrable piece of corduroy I rode, and found him in a hay field. Observing my approach, the fellow threw down his hay rake, and made for the woods. Upon seeing this, his fellow workers set up a shout—"run Dan run, the squire's after you"—"run Dan run, the d—s after you." But I was now resolved, and so tying the horse to the fence, I gave chase, and in about ten minutes came up with him. "Halloa fellow," I breathlessly cried, "where's my horse." "Where's your horse, how do I know." "You cheated me," said I. "No I didn't" he replied, "I was only smarter than you." "Here is your animal," said I, "where's mine." "You shan't have itsquire," he immediately said, "I'm darned if you do." (Don't get angry uncle—though I know you will say, why didn't you knock the scamp down. I think I would have done so, only that there was an uncertainty—that instead, if I tried it, of being the knocker down, I might have been the knocked down.) I told him that I *would* have the horse—and so returned to the field in which I had been told Nancy was—put his brute in and took her out. How pleased the dear creature was to see her master again!

But alas! my troubles were not yet at an end—on my return I went over to see a friend for an hour or so—and told him my distress—and what I had done—when instead of meeting with sympathy, he said at once; "why, good gracious, you have exposed yourself to a crimi-

nal prosecution; to imprisonment and to the Penitentiary." "How so?" I exclaimed in alarm. "Why, by forcibly taking an animal out of another man's field. I should not be surprised if the fellow is here with the Sheriff within an hour." Again was I a miserable man—my friend was evidently in earnest—and my good name was to be disgraced. "For your comfort however," he added, "as we live in different counties, you have only to cross the line, and come to me, if you should see any thing like arrest. The Sheriff can't take out a suit in two counties at the same time; and, if finding you here—he should get one for mine—you can but cross back to your own; and so have a nice game of hide and seek." You cannot imagine, uncle, how great my distress was under this new and heavy misfortune. I returned home, and sat in the room dark and cheerless, brooding over my trouble; when I was suddenly aroused by a loud rap at the front door. I may tell you uncle, that my knees fairly smote together, from fear. Presently the servant opened the door, and in came a villainous looking fellow, just the cut of a constable. "You Squire B——." I am, said I; in a tone scarcely audible. "I, I have a paper." Good gracious, its him, I felt sure; oh! what should I do. "I, I have a paper, squire." Fumbling all the time in his vest pocket. Thought I; shall I run, no; the servant blocks up the door. "I have found it, a paper squire of the names of parties that want to get married." I leave you, dear uncle to imagine the relief.—I remain your, &c., SIMON BABBELY.

ROSY CHILDHOOD.

Rosy childhood—rosy childhood,
Thou art beautiful to see!
The green earth, with its wild-wood,
Hath no flowers so sweet as thee;
The stars—night's reign enhancing,
Beam not within the sky,
With a ray so brightly glancing.
As the flash from childhood's eye!

Rosy childhood—bud of beauty!
Thou'rt a blessing, and art bless'd!
Holy ties of love and duty
Fill thy happy mother's breast;
And thy father, though he chideth
Thy loud, but harmless glee,
In his heart no pang abideth
Like the thought of losing thee!

PAGANINIANA.

It will not be uninteresting to give an account of the posthumous adventures of Paganini, the particulars of which were gathered, during a recent visit to Nice, from the lips of one of the famous violinist's principal friends. We propose to give in the present paper a few anecdotes of his early life, which were gathered at the same time from the same source, and have never hitherto—we believe—found their way into print. They are not numerous, but they are characteristic; and what is perhaps more to our present purpose, are intrinsically interesting.

The genius of the eccentric artist, like that of many another man of mark, made a revelation of itself early. Whilst quite a child, he was sent to be taught to play upon his favourite instrument to Rolla, a violinist, highly reputed throughout Italy. But by the time he had received a few elementary instructions, the progress he had made was so extraordinary, that Rolla refused to give him any more lessons, saying that he was already a better musician than his master.

The tales which have become so universally current respecting his reasons for learning to play upon one string only, have absolutely *no* foundation in fact. He never shed a drop of human blood, or spent an hour in a prison, in his life; nor did he ever engage in clandestine commerce with the powers of darkness, being all through life too good a Catholic. It was no contract entered into with Mephistophiles, that was the cause of his ostracising the three first strings of his instrument. It was his feverish desire to accomplish marvels, his restless longing after extraordinary novelties. Nor did he play from the *first* upon only the fourth string, as reported. In the first instance he played upon the violin as you or I would; with the single exception that he played upon it *better*,—thanks to the possession of what is denominated genius.

When he made his first appearance in London and Paris, he was already tainted with the malady which eventually ended his life. The period of his greatest brilliancy was comprised within the years 1815, 1816,

and 1817. He lived then, in a wild, eccentric artist fashion, in an attic, in a gloomy house, in one of the most gloomy streets of Genoa, constituting the delight of his fellow citizens, and bearing a name already celebrated throughout the land of music and song. He was poor and lived a reckless, passionate life; love and the dice-box disputing his time and heart with the goddess of music. He was not then so chary of the exercise of his brilliant talents as he became afterwards, but was always ready to make use of any opportunity for their display, vastly to the delight of his fellow-townsmen. He played at every public concert and private party, and often, according to the old Italian custom, in the streets. His closest friend and companion was one Paliari Lea, a musician of great merit then residing in the same city, but born at Nice. Paganini estimated his talents very highly, and never liked to have any other accompanist. Often did the two friends ramble, in the night-time, through the narrow streets and lanes of the old city, the one "discouraging most eloquent music," on his violin, and the other accompanying him deliciously on the guitar, or violoncello. In this way they would patrol the midnight streets, improvising ravishing duets under the windows of fair marchionesses, and waking the good citizens from their dreams to make them sensible of realities still more charming. From time to time, when become too worn through incessant walking and playing, they would enter the first still open tavern they met with, and there refresh themselves after the manner of the artist contemporaries of Benvenuto Cellini. One evening, a wealthy signor prayed them to serenade a lady. At the time agreed upon, they repaired to the appointed spot, accompanied by a Neapolitan violoncellist, Zepherino. Before drawing his first bow, Paganini was observed by his companions to place in his right hand an open knife. "What could he mean by this?" they asked, but obtained no answer. All at once, in the midst of a brilliant prelude, a string of his violin was heard to break and by the tone of the report it could be told that it was the first string.—Paganini said something about the damp

ness of the night air, but instead of stopping to replace the broken string, went on playing so ably upon the other three, that no listener could have perceived its loss. In the course of a few minutes the second string broke also, and the third, a moment afterwards, followed its example. Paganini repeated his allusion to the dampness of the night air, but that was certainly insufficient to account for the phenomenon. The gallant who, for the nonce, was the employer of the three artists, trembled for the end of his serenade. And even Lea and Zepherino looked astonished, and afraid that their idol would for once get into disgrace. But their astonishment was fated to last longer than their fears. A moment sufficed to dissipate the latter, but the former doubled itself at every note Paganini produced, with such wondrous skill did he continue playing upon the only string remaining to his instrument. He made it serve all purposes of the other three, as well as those legitimately its own; he imitated with it the tones of every kind of musical instrument, from the solemn surges of the organ and the shrill blast of the trumpet, to the light twang of the guitar, and the melodious tinkling of a lady's lute; and he drew from it such a flood of delicious melody as even he, the prince of violinists, had never drawn from violin before. The consciousness that he was achieving a marvellous triumph, that he was doing that which was a new thing under the sun, filled him with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds, and under the influence of which he became like one inspired. And a veritable inspiration it must have been, too, that possessed him; for if the accounts of those who alone heard it can be credited, there is nothing in the written works of the greatest composers superior to the serenade thus wondrously played and *improvised*. "Listening to it," said Zepherino to us "you could have believed in the fable of old Orpheus fascinated and spell-bound, you could have haunted the spot for ever! Now gentle as a maiden's whispers, now impetuous as the rush of a torrent; now solemn as a funeral march, now lively as a bridal strain: it expressed all the sentiments which alternately sway the soul of a lover, it

incarnated his passion, it was as though music had been made statuary!"

This was in reality the occasion upon which Paganini first played only on one string. Of course, it was the knife that cut the other three. Its use was an artifice dictated by his vanity, with the purpose of leading to the supposition that the feat which it precluded was unpremeditated.

He now renounced forever all but the fourth string of his instrument, and to the novelty of playing upon it only he shortly added many others. Not content with imitating upon it the tones of all musical instruments, he imitated also the notes of all kinds of birds, and the cries of all almost every animal: and on one occasion, at the close of a concert, he said, "Good night!" on it so plainly, that the whole audience understood him, and replied,—"Buona Sera!"

His idea of his own importance was greater than is usual even with artists, and sometimes led him to commit rather ludicrous actions. Before he had been three weeks in Paris, he became persuaded that some fellow musicians intended to assassinate him out of jealousy, and would have not stayed there another hour but for the prospect he had of thereby adding so much to his fortune,—already large. Even in this country he also had his fears,—so impossible was it for him to believe that he was not the envy of all the world,—and the strength of them and his courage may be judged from the following story:—One evening, during the "interval of ten minutes" allowed between the first and second parts of a brilliant concert, a worthy London citizen got up and asked the audience, very indignantly, if they thought there could be found no better use for their money,—admission to the concert was a guinea for each person,—than that of spending it upon a "paltry fiddler," whilst so many thousands of their humbler brethren were wanting bread, together with several other questions of a somewhat similar nature. Scarcely was the first sentence of the indignant orator's speech concluded, ere Paganini, seized with the utmost terror, and fully imagining that a crowd of assassins were at his heels, had darted out of the

hall and was on his way to Manchester! On another occasion, whilst staying at Liverpool, he had imagined that he had discovered a conspiracy against his life, whereupon he at once disguised himself as a countryman, and fled from twenty to thirty miles on foot!

Chancing to be in that capital on the day that the Grand Duchess Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon gave a fête, he wrote to the Grand Chamberlain, offering his services for the concert announced for the evening of the same day. But hardly had he despatched his letter, ere a sudden whim caused him to declare that he would not play, but that he would instead take a ramble in the environs of the city. The Chamberlain summoned him into his presence, and demanded an explanation, telling him that an engagement entered into with a prince should certainly be as binding as one entered into with a private individual. The maestro insisted, however, upon an instant departure, pretending that no end of urgent business required his immediate presence at Milan. There was nothing for it, therefore, but a recourse to threats,—argument which never failed to produce their effect on Paganini. The Chamberlain's cause was gained by them; the artist agreed to play.

Precisely at the moment appointed the concert commenced, and the time shortly arrived for the appearance of Paganini. In the Court of the Grand Duchess, if any two sins were considered greater than any others, they were want of punctuality and want of strict attention to the niceties of Court costume. In the present instance, a particular dress had been appointed for all who attended the concert, and every one knew that they could not more deeply offend the Grand Duchess than by wearing one which differed from it in even the minutest particulars. Paganini kept the illustrious audience waiting more than a quarter of an hour, and then presumed to appear before it in a costume as widely different as the poles are far asunder. It consisted of a sky blue blouse, ornamented (?) with large steel buttons, and, like all the rest of his garments, evidently borrowed from an old clothes' shop near at hand; a waistcoat of flowered velvet, so immoderately long as to reach al-

most to his knees; breeches of white satin, as much too small for him as his waistcoat was too large; a pair of white silk stockings, three times too wide and loose for him, and appearing even wider and looser than they really were, by contrast with the straight breeches just above them; and a pair of exceedingly heavy leather boots, so thick and clumsy, as to contrast strikingly with the delicate texture of the silk stockings. At the sight of so ridiculous a costume, the laugh was general; nor was it at all decreased when it was perceived that the wearer had ornamented his breast with decorations bestowed on him by members of royal families, to the number of no less than several scores. Amongst them were crosses, emblems of all forms and all dimensions, stars, rings, pins, buckles, clasps, birds, beasts, fishes, insects, swords, anchors, violins, harps, flutes, and a vast multitude of other things, all in either gold, silver or precious stones, and all jingling and tinkling together on the slightest movement of the wearer. No gravity could withstand a sight like this, so no wonder that the brilliant audience almost convulsed itself with laughter. Its mirth, however, grew less violent by degrees. Order was restored at last, and Paganini began to play. As usual he enchanted his listeners. He moved them alternately to smiles and tears; he played with their emotions as with the strings of a great harp; he roused every sentiment their souls held by turns; swayed their passions as the winds sway the boughs of the forest; and made them manifest at his pleasure whichever he would. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, all listened spell-bound. At last their enthusiasm became impossible of restraint: they waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and filled the magnificent hall with tumultuous plaudits. Ladies pulled off their rings, and threw them at the feet of the matchless artist; dukes and princes hailed him with enthusiastic *vivas*. The Grand Duchess had meditated a punishment for his studied contempt of the laws of Court etiquette. But now it could not be any longer thought of. Who could punish a man who could triumph thus?

THE CAVE OF EIGG—A LEGEND OF
THE HEBRIDES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years."

PART I.

Eigg, forming one of the Hebrides on the western coast of Scotland, presents a rocky precipitous shore, seeming in some places to be inaccessible, except to the clanging sea-fowl, screaming and clambering around the almost perpendicular sheets of naked rock, against which the sea rushes and roars with terrific grandeur. There are also many vast caverns opening wide their gloomy jaws as if to swallow up the heavy unbroken seas as they come sweeping on, and huge fragments of granite, bathed by the booming waves, are heaped around in wild sublimity.

This island, in feudal time, was the scene of a most fearful tragedy—of a vengeance almost too horrible to be accredited to human agency. It is perhaps a melancholy proof that, when goaded on by revenge and hatred, men sometimes lose their humanity and become demons. The precise date of this event has not come down to us, although it is supposed to have occurred as early as the thirteenth century, when these islands were under the dominion of the kings of Scotland and governed each by their own petty chieftains.

The inhabitants of Eigg were a wild, lawless race, consorting with hordes of pirates infesting the neighbouring countries; and although the narrow sounds which separate these rocky isles abounded with the finest salmon, and some sections in the interior presented rich tracts for cultivation, yet these rude men, preferring rapine to peaceful industry, subsisted by petty depredations upon their neighbours of the adjacent isles. True, many of these neighbours were no less rapacious than the men of Eigg, and fully indemnified themselves for any grievances suffered at their hands. But there were others whose chiefs, themselves of a more noble race, maintained a higher standard of government, and however barbarous and rude their highest attainments might appear to us of the nineteenth century, they were

certainly far superior to their savage neighbours of Eigg, Mull, Rum, etc.

The isle of Skye, one of the richest and most romantic of the Hebrides, was ruled at that time by the proud chieftain Alaster McLeod, who, in his sea-girt castle of Dunvegan, towering from the topmost crag of a precipitous mass of rocks which overhung the boiling sea, bid defiance alike to the power of his foes and the fury of the elements.

Between McLeod and Donald McDonald, the chieftain of Eigg, the most inveterate hatred existed. With McDonald this hatred raged with all the fury of the ocean tempest, and was as immovable and deep-seated as the rocks which girded his dominions. Many times had the vengeance of the chief of Skye worked dreadful havoc upon the followers of McDonald for their aggressions; but so far from subduing, it only roused a new spirit of malice, venting itself in various wicked deeds upon the inhabitants of Skye, though sure of a direful return from the outraged chieftain.

The chief of Eigg had one daughter. Fair and beautiful was Ulla as the flower we sometimes see lifting its timid head within the deep fissures of the rocks, exciting our wonder how so frail a thing could there unfold its delicate petals. In an evil hour this fair maiden of Eigg won the love of Malcolm, the only son of the haughty chieftain McLeod.

Cradled like a young eaglet in his rocky eyrie, the ceaseless dirge of the ocean his lullaby, and his sweetest music the wild clamour of the sea-gulls sweeping around the towers upon the wings of the tempest, Malcolm sprang from his nurse's arms a hero.—Danger was to him a pastime. Among all the daring sons of the isle none could equal Malcolm. He loved to scale the giddy crag, wreathed in the spray of the wind-tossed billows, in search of the sea-mew's nest; to steer his fearless bark through perilous straits with the foam of the breakers surging around him, and to launch within the dark cavern's mouth upon the blackening waves, on whose surface perhaps no other boat had dared to bend the pliant oar.

The isle of Eigg presented a bolder scope for his adventurous spirit than almost any

other of these western islands; and heedless of the feud existing between his father and its chief, and as reckless of danger from pirates or revengeful islanders, Malcolm, manning his light craft with a few of his faithful clansmen, would boldly steer along the inhospitable coast, where

"All is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."

Sometimes anchoring beneath a frowning precipice, he would spring upon some jutting crag, and leaping from rock to rock and over deep chasms, plant his foot at length upon the stunted heather.

It was upon one of these hazardous expeditions that Malcolm, steering his boat within a narrow inlet or loch which suddenly presented itself, found he had unawares approached that part of Eigg which might be considered the only habitable section of the island on the eastern slope of the Scur-Eigg, a remarkable ridge of high rocks, like a camel's back, running through the centre of the island. The rocks here became less precipitous, shelving gradually down to a beach of fine white glittering sand, and down their craggy sides beautiful cascades came leaping and tumbling in snowy forms to lose themselves in the waters of the loch. A few of the rude boats of the islanders were moored at a little distance along the shore, and further in their miserable dwellings were seen scattered over the bright green holms, while propped as it were upon the camel's shoulder stood a rude stone structure called the Castle of Duntulm, the residence of the chief Donald McDonald. No living soul was to be seen; the boats were idly rocking in the surf, and but for the thin blue smoke curling from these cabins, one might have deemed the island deserted.

Malcolm now resolved to land and view the strength of an enemy who, however inferior to the proud chieftain of Skye, still had the power to annoy him as a gnat may harass the lordly lion. Springing to the shore, herefore, and clearing with little difficulty the loose fragments of rock scattered upon the beach, he soon found himself within a little glen of surpassing beauty, through which a bright stream ran murmuring. The rocks gradually receding from the shore,

opened the view into various holms, some of a deep green verdure, others covered with the purple heather, here and there diversified by small copses of underwood. Through one of these inviting openings Malcolm pursued his way, when suddenly his ear caught the sound of music, mingled with the cheerful and happy laughter of female voices. Here then, was something to arouse the curiosity of our young adventurer—music and the voice of woman.

Pursuing the sound, he soon came in view of a party of young girls dancing on the soft heather to the music of a small *clairshack* or Scottish harp, lightly touched by another of these mirthful maidens. Malcolm was not one to turn away without reaping some advantage from a scene at once so charming and so unexpected; therefore lifting his bonnet from his dark clustering locks, the young chieftain with a smile in his eye, and a merry but courteous salutation on his lip, gracefully advanced towards the mirthful circle. The music ceased as the song of a frightened bird. Like startled fawns, the timid lasses gazed for a moment upon the youthful stranger, and then, turning, would have swiftly fled the spot. But the gallant Malcolm was not to be so defeated. What arguments he made use of to detain them it matters not, since they were irresistible.—The maidens paused, blushed, laughed, and then suffered themselves to be seated upon the soft heather, where, at the feet of Ulla McDonald, and gazing up into her deep blue eyes, Malcolm related how, landing from his little galley, he had wandered from the shore, and guided by the ravishing melody of their voices, lent his fortunate steps thither.

The chief of Eigg with his followers, probably less than a hundred men, as the entire population of the island did not at that time exceed two hundred souls, left that morning on one of their predatory or piratical expeditions, which were often extended along the coast of England and Wales, leaving, meanwhile, upon the island a few old men, the women and children, as its sole inhabitants.

McDonald was a hard, stern man, one who delighted not in innocent sports or pastimes. Those midnight orgies, when the

walls of Duntulm rang with wild shouts of wilder revelry, when chieftain and vassals, alike given over to savage debauchery, hesitated not at deeds which demons might shame to own—those were the only scenes, apart from the battle and the chase, which delighted the soul of McDonald.

One feeling alone humanized the soul of the chieftain. It was love for his daughter. He knew she was very fair to look upon, and he feared that in some unlucky hour she might attract the eye of that lawless, piratical horde who not only landed fearlessly upon his shores, but whom he also feasted in his halls. Ulla was therefore seldom allowed to leave the seclusion of her own apartment, which was situated in one of the highest towers of the castle, overlooking a scene of wild sublimity, and which the chief had contrived to adorn with many rare articles from foreign lands, obtained from the spoils of pirates.

Here, then, in her lonely turret, pursuing such occupations and amusements as her limited opportunities afforded her, did the life of the beauteous Ulla glide peacefully on until that luckless hour when, released from the strict surveillance of her father, she had stolen from the gloomy walls of Duntulm to breathe the pure air of heaven, and with a few of her chosen companions, wander at will through the romantic purlieus of the island—that luckless hour when the eyes of young Malcolm first rested upon her beauty!

Never had Malcolm looked upon so fair a creature as Ulla. Her loveliness was of that character which could soonest attract his noble and daring nature, for it spoke to him of helplessness, and seemed to demand protection. Her companions, with their Hebe-like forms, their bright healthy cheeks, and the mischievous glances shot from their sparkling eyes, might win his transient admiration to tempt him to a mirthful frolic, but would pass away from his thoughts with the morrow's sun. But Ulla—Ulla with her sweet and tranquil brow, Ulla with tresses so soft and golden falling from a little cap or *snood* of pale blue velvet, and in their sunny luxuriance half shading her beautiful profile, Ulla with the faintest tinge of the

rose upon a complexion so purely transparent that each violet vein was clearly traced, Ulla with those large tender eyes whose liquid beauty the deep blue heavens at noon-day alone could match, stirred at once the depths of his soul and bound him captive.—Nor was the fair Ulla unmoved by the gallant and handsome youth at her feet; whose dark eyes flashed into her heart with electric power, while his manners and language, so much more polished than characterized the halls of Duntulm, excited her wonder and admiration.

Alas, that they ever should have met—that brave young chieftain and the fair Ulla! In that one brief interview their fate was sealed; they loved—and to love was death! The chief of Skye would sooner behold his gallant son, in all the freshness and promise of youth, stretched at his feet a lifeless corse, than see him wed the daughter of his foe, the lawless chieftain of Eigg; and, he, that stern, savage old man, with his own hand would have hurled his lovely child from the highest tower of Duntulm, and yielded up her mangled body to the birds of the air, rather than give her in marriage to the son of McLeod his bitter foe!

The sun was already flashing his golden rays athwart the summit of the Scur-Eigg, and the sea-birds wheeling to their nests amid the beetling crags, and yet Malcolm seemed incapable of breaking the enchantment which held him at the feet of Ulla. Her companions withdrawing themselves to a little distance, eyed roguishly the evident abstraction of the youthful pair, and chatted in low, subdued voices upon the merits of the stranger. And still Malcolm lingered, and still the maiden listened with heightened bloom and downcast eye, until warned too surely by the fast-gathering shades of evening, they parted; but with a promise to meet again.

PART II.

And now rocking upon the waters of the loch was the light boat of Malcolm daily seen, while the young chieftain roamed with Ulla over the green holms, or, seated upon some tall cliff overlooking this wild scene of ocean and of rock, of high barren mountains

and fertile vales resting between, would point to the distant towers of Dunvegan, and with a lover's eloquence, dwell upon the time when he might hail her as their beautiful mistress; for with all the confidence of youth whose *past* no chilling disappointment has clouded, whose *future* is gilded with the bright beams of hope, did Malcolm believe that all which might now seem to bar his union with the lovely Ulla would soon be removed, even as a brilliant sun and an unclouded heaven succeed the most violent tempest. What though the storm of hatred warred within the breast of Skye's haughty chieftain and the wild lord of Eigg, was there not power in love and beauty to calm its fury? How could his father resist the beautiful Ulla? And would not McDonald gladly claim alliance with the powerful chieftain McLeod? Thus reasoned the ardent Malcolm—thus believed the confiding Ulla.

But one day, afar off against the blue sky, a few dark specks were seen upon the heaving ocean. Ulla turned pale as she pointed them out to her lover. Her heart for the first time owned a presentiment of evil.

Nearer and nearer over the foam-crested billows came the boats, and rounding the rocky point of Rum, stood direct for Eigg, the banner of its chief floating from the foremost galley, while, echoing from cliff to cliff and across the quiet waters of the little loch, sounded the wild strain of the "McDonald Gathering."

Ulla held out her hand to Malcolm—

"Fly, Malcolm, fly! In his wrath my father is terrible! Should he find thee here—thee, the son of his enemy, though alone and defenceless—no mercy would stir his bosom or change thy doom of death. Fly, then, ere it be too late!"

"But for thee, sweet Ulla," cried Malcolm, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "I would dare the chief of Eigg to mortal combat—but for thee defy alike his power and his malice; for Malcolm never yet turned his back upon a foe. Yet for thy sake, dear one, I go, soon I trust, to proffer that alliance which thy father dare not spurn. Meanwhile, dear Ulla, let me not be denied the sight of thy beauty, fair as the sunbeam, let me hear

sometimes thy voice, sweet as the morning wind among the branches. Every night my little bark shall lie at the foot of yon high cliff, which even the boldest of thy father's vassals deem inaccessible. If from thy chamber thou canst safely steal away, place a light within the window of thy turret, and I will meet thee here—here, dearest Ulla, in this spot where first we met."

The maid gave a hurried assent, for the boats came on with the speed of race-horses. Then, for the first time folding her to his heart and imprinting a kiss upon her snow-white brow, Malcolm was gone. Fleet as the wind were the footsteps of Ulla as she fled towards her gloomy prison of Duntulm. She crossed its rude portals and ascending to her turreted chamber, with throbbing bosom and tearful eye, sought to desecrate the boat of her lover.

It is there; yes, she sees it skimming lightly as the wing of the sea-fowl across the waters of the sound, to where arose the glittering cliffs of Skye like vast columns, their summits resting in the clouds. Malcolm is safe; but the heart of Ulla is heavy with grief.

She sees her father's galleys swiftly approach; they reach the shore. The women and children with glad shouts receive the returning islanders, and the shrill bagpipe proclaims their welcome. The chief, amid the shouts of his people, now springs to the shore, and Ulla trembles and turns still paler as she sees him approach the castle.—Then bidding one of her maidens bear on her harp, she too hastens to meet her father, so stern even in his kindest moods.

True to their tryst did the lovers meet within that little glen, heaven's canopy radiant with burning stars above them, and their sighs mingling with the midnight moan of the surging billows.

And when were these stolen interviews of mingled joy and sorrow to have an end?—When might Malcolm boldly claim the hand of the lovely Ulla?

Alas! that might never be; for his father, that proud chieftain, listened scornfully and in anger to the petition of his son. What, the noble race of McLeod seeking alliance with caterans and robbers both by sea and

land! No; rather would he see his son struck down at his feet by the battle-axe of Eigg's savage chieftain than to hail Ulla, though the fairest daughter of the isles, as the bride of Malcolm, the future mistress of Dunvegan's lordly towers! Not more immoveable were the rocks on which his towers were based than the heart of McLeod; and he waves which ceaselessly swept around them had no more power to stir them from their ocean depths than had the entreaties of Malcolm to stir the iron will of their chief.

The meetings of the lovers, therefore, now became less frequent; for the young chieftain was closely watched, and spies set over his footsteps that he might no more approach the dangerous presence of the maiden of Eigg. Yet still, night after night, the signal light gleamed from the turret of Duntulm, and the timid Ulla, shrinking from her own light footsteps, would steal from the castle, and seek in doubt and hope the place of meeting. There, wrapped up in her mantle, seated upon the dark grey stone, her eyes anxiously turned to the spot where the form of her lover was wont to meet her straining gaze, and the night wind lifting her tresses from her cold cheek, would she await his coming; and if, alas, he came not, she would still linger, still hoping, until the first rays of light played over the mountain summits, then sad and weary regain her chamber to weep over her disappointment. And oh, how the heart of Malcolm loathed the bondage which restrained him from her lovely presence, so faithfully, as his own heart assured him, keeping her tryst in that lonely glen!—And he would have struck to the earth the faithful servants of his father, who dared thus to do the bidding of their lord against him—him, their future chief—only that, by seeming to yield a passive obedience, he might more easily obtain the accomplishment of his wishes.

In the mean time, it appears that Donald McDonald had committed some flagrant outrage upon the rights of one of the Earls of the Orkney Isles, and to indemnify himself against the threatened vengeance, had boldly offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage—a proposition which was at first met

with scorn and derision by the earl. That McDonald the petty chieftain of a small insignificant island, a ruler over a mere handful of savages, should presume upon such a treaty! Why the affront was deemed even beneath the anger of the proud Earl Ranald of Kirkwall!

Yet so loud was the chief of Eigg in extolling the exceeding loveliness of his daughter, which his followers, with many oaths also confirmed, that curious to behold one calling forth such extravagant praise, and somewhat sated, may he, with the tame beauty of the Kirkwall ladies, the earl agreed to suspend all hostilities until he should visit the castle of Duntulm and view for himself those lauded charms.

Upon an appointed day, accordingly, the numerous galleys of Earl Ranald, with their banners flying, and the shrill music of the pipes sweeping over the water, were seen standing across the sound of Rum, and anchoring within the little loch of Eigg, the only accessible harbour the island afforded. Here the Earl was received with rude hospitality by the chief of Eigg, and conducted with his kinsmen and followers to the castle.

Unsuspecting of her father's motives, Ulla arrayed herself at his bidding in her most becoming garments, and, with a sad heart, was led forth by the exulting chief as a lamb to the sacrifice to grace the feast prepared in honour of his guest.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, and the earl could not suppress an exclamation of wonder and pleasure as his eyes first rested on the fair young creature nestling like a dove so timidly by the side of her father, the gigantic McDonald. He found the praises to which he had listened disbelieving, but faint in comparison with the actual charms of the island maid. His heart exulted and his eyes turned passionately upon the blushing girl, whom his rude gaze affronted, when he reflected she was his by her father's vow—his by his own superior power to make her so.

And McDonald keenly eyeing the earl as he presented his daughter, saw at once that the victory was his, and that the charms of poor Ulla had not only secured him safety from his late aggressions, but gained, per-

haps, the future co-operation of the most powerful earl of the Orkneys in various schemes he had in prospect.

Gladly would Earl Ranald have made Ulla his bride that very hour, so captivated was he by her beauty. Summoning the chief to a private conference, he attested his readiness to accept the proffered hand of his daughter; and suspicious of treachery on the part of his host, he vowed he would not weigh anchor from Eigg without bearing away the beautiful Ulla as his bride.

Nothing loth, the chief assented, and the morrow was accordingly appointed for the nuptials.

It was in vain for the victim, the wretched Ulla, to weep or implore! It was in vain she bathed her father's feet with tears—vain she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not give her to one whom she could never love! But no mercy had that stern chieftain. What to him was love?—a bubble in the mouths of silly maidens! What were her tears?—any glittering bauble would turn them to smiles! What to him was her happiness?—what even her life when weighed against his plans—his ambitious schemes.

With an oath, he pushed his kneeling child away, and sternly bade her prepare to wed Ranald of Kirkwall on the morrow.—There was no alternative; she must be the bride of the earl or death!

“Of death rather!” thought the unfortunate maiden, as she left the presence of her cruel parent.

Once more the signal light, like a star, beamed from poor Ulla's turret. What must have been the feelings of the maiden, when with a trembling hand, for the last time she placed it there—that beacon of love and joy! For should Malcolm that night fail in his attempt to reach the island, then her fate, like that twinkling taper, whose rays had so often sent happiness to the heart of her lover, must be for ever lost in the silence and darkness of the grave! Waiting until the last sound of the mad revel below had ceased, and the inmates of the castle sunk in the turgor of inebriety, Ulla, pale and trembling, once more sought that little glen hallowed by the vows of pure and faithful love.

The night was gloomy. The clouds heavy with the threatened tempest, rolled their black shadows across the heavens, through which the moon faintly struggled to emit her light. No sound was heard save the chafing of the waves over their rocky bed, or, perhaps the dismal clang of the sea-fowl heralding the coming storm. The footsteps of Ulla faltered, and scarce could her trembling limbs sustain her as she drew near the spot, so great were her apprehensions lest Malcolm should not appear.

Yet happiness almost despaired of—joy, now that it is certain, more than her fainting heart can bear! He is already there; and as he catches the gleam of her white garments through the surrounding gloom, flies to meet her, and once more Ulla is pressed to the faithful heart of Malcolm!

Stern and silent in his despair, Malcolm listens while she reveals her sad fate—tells him in language broken by grief, that by the stern will of her father she will to-morrow be forced to the arms of Ranald, Earl of Kirkwall. Then almost fearful was the storm of passion in the soul of the young chieftain. What! Ulla, his own, his beautiful Ulla, the bride of another! No! sooner would he plunge with her from the summit of yon dizzy crag into the boiling sea below, and end at once their sorrows with their lives! Together they could welcome death, but not live to endure the agony of separation.

But there was yet an escape from a fate so dreadful—there was yet a way to secure their happiness, and that was in flight. True, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme; but what will not true love dare for the possession of its object?

In a short time Malcolm had revolved and matured a scheme, of the success of which his sanguine nature permitted no doubt.

PART III.

It was now the month of November.

Cold and cheerless dawned the marriage day. The sky was overcast with gloomy clouds, and the wild winds roared and shrieked dismally around the walls of Duntulm; but Earl Ranald aroused himself betimes, and hurried on board his galley to

THE CAVE OF EIGG.

prepare it for the reception of its beautiful freight.

The hour of noon was that appointed for the nuptials, as the priest who was sent for to perform the ceremony from Iona (one of the neighboring isles, celebrated for its religion and its learning even so early as the sixth century, when the rest of the kingdom was buried in barbarism) could not be expected to arrive sooner.

In the meantime, a scene of reckless hilarity was presented both within and without the castle. In the open area in front large fires were kindled, around which the Eiggmen and the merry Orkney sailors danced and shouted with noisy merriment, while in the rude stone hall were assembled the kinsmen and friends of the chief in their holiday garb, together with those of Earl Ranald, who had accompanied him from Kirkwall, while, above the roaring of the wind and the shout of the revellers without, sounded the shrill pibroch of the clan.

The board was spread—the entertainment intended to comprise both the morning meal and dinner.

According to the custom of the times at a marriage feast, Earl Ranald himself ascended the turret stair and craved admittance at the fair hands of his bride.

Radiant in her beauty, Ulla herself opened the door. There was an unusual brilliancy in her eyes, and a brighter glow on her cheeks than was wont to rest on her complexion, so dazzling fair; and as she stood there in her pure white garments, with her golden tresses floating loosely over her fair shoulders, the earl almost expected she would vanish like some beautiful spirit from his sight. Taking the hand she passively extended to him, the happy exulting bridegroom conducted her to the hall, where her presence was greeted by a loud murmur of applause.

As she entered, Ulla cast one quick, eager glance around, and then suffered the earl to seat her by his side, although she trembled violently, and the rich bloom on her cheek was fast yielding to a mortal paleness. Had Malcolm's plan then failed? Was she, indeed, doomed to become the bride of Earl Ranald? Was there, alas! no hope? Such

were the dreadful thoughts which agitated her bosom.

At this moment a little band of strangers craved shelter at the castle from the approaching storm, stating themselves to be voyagers from the main land of Scotland upon an expedition through the islands, and, having heard much of the famed caverns of Eigg, had come thither for the purpose of exploring them.

In unwonted good humour, the chief bade them welcome, and told them to sit down and make merry with the rest; for that his daughter, the fairest maiden of the isles, was that day to wed with the noble Earl of Kirkwall. At this announcement, one of the strangers, whose dress and bearing seemed somewhat superior to those of his companions, gracefully saluted Ulla, and lifting a flagon from the well-spread board, first quaffed to the health of the fair bride, and then courteously bowed around the assembly.

It was well that the attention, not only of the earl, but of the chief, was so much drawn to these unexpected guests for the moment, or the agitation of Ulla would certainly have led to suspicion, if not betrayal; and when at length Earl Ranald, in right of his situation, ventured somewhat familiarly to address the now blushing maiden, the hand of Malcolm (whom we must recognize in the gallant stranger) involuntary sought the hilt of his dagger, and but for a well-timed *ruse* on the part of his companions, would assuredly have rendered discovery unavoidable.

A shout without now announced the arrival of the priest. A quick glance was interchanged between the lovers; and then Ulla, in a low voice, addressing the earl, urged some necessary preparations as an apology for a short absence. The earl seemed greatly disposed to accompany her; but earnestly entreating him not to do so, she softly glided from the hall. In a few moments, Malcolm also disappeared, his exit unobserved in the general confusion, or, if noticed, not considered at all singular.

And now the noise and merriment increased, and none were louder in the revels than the stranger guests. Stories were

told, jests were passed, the music sounded its merriest notes, and laugh and song mingled in one wild scene of gaiety. Even the Earl was unconscious of the rapid flight of time. Nearly an hour had passed since Ulla left the hall, yet he could have sworn she had not been gone fifteen minutes, when suddenly a kinsman of the chieftain rushed in, breathless with speed, exclaiming—

“Haste, haste! Earl Ranald, your bride is stolen awa’! The bark of the ravishers is already passing the *Skerry-cohr!* Haste!”

“*Ha!* there is treachery here, then! Vile dog, I expected this!” exclaimed Earl Ranald, drawing his sword, and rushing upon the chief of Eigg.

With a blow from his heavy broad-sword, the enraged chieftain struck the weapon of the earl from his hand.

“Would you stop to bandy words with me, instead of pursuing your bride! Ho, men of Eigg! haste, man the boats, pursue, lose not a moment! You, Donald, sweep around the point of Mull; you, Alick, cross to Rum, steer for the eastern shore; and you, Earl Ranald, if you would win your bribe again, bear all sail for the main land. And *ah!* now I bethink me, where are our guests? Now, by St. Columba, we are betrayed!”

The range of the chief was terrible as, rushing from the hall, in tones of thunder, he bade his men pause and bring back the slaves alive or dead.

All was now confusion. While the men flew hither and thither, in obedience to the orders of McDonald, the women tossed their arms widely, uttering loud wails for the stolen bride. Some hastened to cast off the boats in pursuit of the fugitives, while foremost the galley of Earl Ranald, bending to the sweeping blast, the black seas rushing over her deck, dashed like a mad thing before the gale, which was now every moment increasing.

In the *mêlée*, the companions of Malcolm thought to secure their escape to their boat, rocking among the dangerous shoals of sunken rocks shelving down from the Scur-Eigg. Already they had scaled the precipitous ridge, and were rapidly making their dangerous descent, now hanging from some jutting

crag, now leaping over deep chasms, the spray of the billows almost blinding them, and the roar of the maddened waves thundering in the ears. The last descent was accomplished, and, breasting the boiling surf, they had nearly reached the boat, when their escape was suddenly cut off by a band of Eiggmen, who rushed upon them. They fought like lions; but, at length, ever-powered by numbers, stunned by brutal blows, the blood streaming from many wounds, they were bound hand and foot and conveyed to the castle, where they were thrown down into the corner of the courtyard like brute beasts packed for the butchers’ shambles, to wait the return of the chief.

Far out upon the raging sea, like a thing instinct with life, bearing the fate of two devoted beings, the little bark of Malcolm bore bravely on, now riding on the top of the mountain waves, now plunging down the huge black gulfs, as it were, into the very depths of the ocean; on, on, trembling, reeling, dashes the little boat. Once round the rocky headland, and they are safe; for there rides a stranger ship from England, waiting to bear the lovers to her own beautiful land.

Alas! that headland they were not destined to reach! For now the boats of the pursuers are fast gaining upon them; and first the galley of Earl Ranald plunges past them, half buried in the foaming waves, then quickly changing her course, bears down like some huge bird of prey upon the little bark; while the boats of the Eiggmen, with their chief standing bare-headed at the prow of the foremost, his gray locks sweeping to the wind, follow close behind. A wild shout, which echoes even above the roaring of the blast, proclaims the fate of the unhappy fugitives.

They are taken, and, loaded with curses and bitter taunts, borne back to the castle.

No language can do justice to the fury of McDonald, when, in the abducted of his daughter, he discovered the son of his bitterest foe, McLeod, of Skye. Even his kinsmen and followers shrank appalled as they listened to such terrible oaths, and witnessed the storm of passion.

No ray of pity shed its softening light o'er his savage soul, as, seizing the wretched Ulla, the paleness of death upon her marble brow, her garments wet with the spray of the ocean clinging to her delicate limbs, and her mournful gaze still fastened upon her lover, he dragged her to the side of Earl Ranald, and bade the priest perform his office. It was, indeed, a refinement of cruelty, even in the presence of Malcolm, thus to make his Ulla the bride of another! Fate could have nought in store to equal the bitter anguish of that moment; neither torture or death itself could now appal his soul.

No sooner was this unhallowed rite consummated, than, bearing off his insensible bride, Earl Ranald immediately set sail for the Orkneys. Then McDonald, bidding his myrmidons seize the young chieftain, they bore him with savage yells to immediate death. In a few moments, all that remained of that brave and noble youth was a lifeless, mutilated corse!

This done, the chief of Eigg hastened to complete his vengeance upon the unfortunate kinsmen of Malcolm, who, young and ardent like himself, had so generously volunteered to share in the adventure fraught with so much danger, and which was destined to terminate so fatally. First stripping them of their clothing, and shockingly maltreating their persons, their tongues were slit with red-hot knives, and then, chained to the dead body of the young chief, they were cast into a worthless boat and set adrift upon the stormy ocean.

"Go now," cried the chief—"go find your master, and bid him see how Skyemen are entertained by the chief of Eigg!"

As if guided by an unseen hand, the boat with its appealing freight kept steadily and safely on over the storm-tossed billows towards the coast of Skye. Some fishermen, overtaken by the storm, were just nearing the shore, when their attention was attracted by the drifting boat, and steering for it, they were struck with horror at the spectacle it presented. They recognized at once the body of their beloved young chieftain, and, although so cruelly mutilated, they also discovered in those other bleeding, helpless be-

ings, who still breathed, the near kinsmen of McLeod.

The dreadful tidings soon spread; and a long procession of the islanders, men, women, and children, with shrieks of woe and loud lamentations, bore the remains of their young chief to Dunvegan.

The grief of the aged McLeod at first stunned even the desire for vengeance on the murderers of his son. But the more terrible was the revulsion from this overwhelming sorrow. His own, his brave, his noble boy, the hope of his aged years, thus foully slain! With deep and bitter oaths, he vowed he would exterminate the race of McDonald, sparing neither sex nor age; and with a numerous force did the chief of Skye now bear down upon Eigg.

But McDonald had already anticipated the approach of the foe; and, knowing it was vain to compete with numbers more than double the whole population of the island, had recourse to stratagem.

Among the numerous caverns with which Eigg abounds, there was one which was known only to the chief himself, and this cavern he had long determined upon as a means of escape in an emergency like the present. It was situated about midway of the island, its mouth or entrance being hidden by an impetuous fall of water plunging down the overhanging mass of rocks. This entrance was so very narrow that but one person could at one time pass through; but this effected, it soon opened into an area of some two hundred feet.

To this cave, then, did the chief of Eigg, with every living soul upon the island, hastily betake himself. The boats of the enemy swiftly approached; and, like bloodhounds scenting their prey, did the Skyemen spring upon the shore, handed by McLeod.

But they found no one. Not a human being met their infuriated search. Again and again they explored every part of the island; but in vain. It was evident that, fearing the vengeance of McLeod, the inhabitants, with their chief, had left the island. Setting fire to the castle, therefore, and the surrounding dwellings, McLeod and his followers retreated to their boats. But it was now near night, and, in the mean time, so dense a fog

had arisen that it was impossible to steer with any safety from the shore, through the dangerous rocks and shoals with which they were surrounded. They, therefore, resolved to remain where they were until the morning.

During the night, there was a fall of snow, and, with the dawn of day, the island appeared shrouded as with a wedding-sheet, while the smoke of the smouldering ruins hung like a funeral-pall above it.

The chief of Skye, unwilling to lose his prey, resolved upon making another search through the island, and landed accordingly with his men. They had not proceeded far, when, upon the surface of the pure white snow, they found the fresh track of a man's foot! This discovery was hailed with a shout; for it proved the foe were yet upon the island. Eagerly now did they pursue the track until it was lost in the foam of the torrent.

The entrance to the cave was soon discovered, while the shouts of the invaders were answered by the yell of defiance from within.

To make egress through the narrow opening would be certain death, as but one person could at the same time pass through. McLeod, therefore, called upon the chief of Eigg to surrender himself and followers into his hands. This demand was met with shouts of derision. He then dared McDonald to an equal combat; this was also received with defiance.

Then did McLeod determine upon a horrible vengeance; although to effect it would require a labor Herculean. To turn that powerful stream from its natural channel was the first thing to be accomplished; and the chief himself, with his men, began eagerly the stupendous undertaking with such rude implements as they could procure, either from their boats or amid the ruins of the castle. Strengthened by revenge and hatred, in less time than could be deemed possible the work was accomplished, and the stream which for ages had leaped over that cavern's mouth, now spread itself out into a small lake, overflowing the

pleasant green holm, through which it had wound its way to the rocky precipice.

Once more did McLeod call upon McDonald to surrender. It was answered by the same burst of defiance, and such bitter, insulting taunts as well nigh maddened the chief of Skye. Then, bidding his men bring thither everything of a combustible nature which could be procured, he sat fire to them at the mouth of the cavern.

Unmoved by the shrieks of the females, or the cries of helpless infancy, the greedy flames were fast fed, until the deep silence of the grave assured McLeod the deed was done and his revenge completed!

Thus did the whole population of Eigg meet their dreadful fate within that dark cavern, which is still visited by the traveller.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Diary of a Voyage to the Hebrides and the Orkney Islands," says:—

"The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewn with the bones of men, women, and children, being the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, two hundred in number, who were slain on the following occasion." Sir Walter then relates a portion of the legend from which this sketch is drawn.

No further record seems to have been made of the fate of the unfortunate Ulla.

TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!

THE calm or disquiet of our temper depends not so much on affairs of moment as on the disposition of the trifles that daily occur.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY CAROLINE CHEESEBRO.

"To know another perfectly would cost the study of a life. What, then, is meant by knowledge of mankind? Governed, they may be, by each other, but understood by God alone."—MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE is in a certain gallery a painting that is a poem, a history, a world in itself. Unto how many has it been the occasion of a shudder, and a hasty turning away! how many-toned have been the voices that said, "*Thank God, I am not as these!*"—how many are the eyes that have turned, tear-filled away, to find rest and refreshment in the clear, holy landscapes near! The artist has embodied an idea, meet to haunt one in the loneliness of dreams, through dreary days of solitude, in,

THE LINEN WEAVERS OF SILESIA.

How has the heart of the philanthropist leaped within him as he gazed upon it! How wearily and sickened has the scholar turned away from this new revelation of the unmitigable sentence! All who have learned the "knowledge" that "by suffering entereth," have seen in the picture an embodied sentiment of universal signification and experience.

You do not see before you an able representation of the fainting and despairing weaver-woman only. You are not spell-bound there, limited to time, and place, an incident. Alas! were it but so! But the soul of the beholder hears the groan ascending from every people, and nation, and kindred, and tribe, and tongue; sees the universal heart swooning beneath the mandate of fate, the destiny, the doom—sees it fall back from the pitiless presence, as she before the supercilious judges of linen fabric—sees the starved soul, the baffled intellect, the thwarted, repulsed love, the mocked ambition, the taunted aspiration, lying helpless under the weight of the dreadful disappointment. There was, in another hemisphere, another gallery, wherein was placed the original of this picture.

There stood at the close of an autumnal day, before this painting, two persons rapt in thought, and an unterrified admiration. So deeply had the iron entered into the soul of the elder, so little had he yet to learn of the spirit

and significance of the piece, that he might well gaze upon it in critic mood with calm delight, occasioned by the fine display of artistic skill. The lady who stood near him was young, and it was touching to see these beings, one on the freemountain-top of youth, the other, a tenant of the vale of years, yielding this silent testimony to the touching symbol of an awful truth—for apparently the lady, too, had proved its reality. She was not a child, yet scarcely a woman; you saw, at a glance, that she was powerful through intellectual gifts, though in nature still undeveloped.

It seemed as though she had been drawn by some fascination to the painting, for twice, before, during the hour of her visit, she had paused before it, and gazed upon the several pictures long and earnestly, though without any visible sign of emotion: the expression of the scene had penetrated beyond the fountain of tears.

To a discerning third party these two had proved as much a study as the painting was to them. Overwhelming disappointment had doubtless fallen upon the man, and the lady was evidently conscious of the allegoric and wide significance of the drama before her. To the man it was experience—to the woman, she arrayed in those funeral garments who, standing in *this* presence had thrown aside her long veil, revealing thus the blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty that she wore, to her—to her—*what* was it? a vision merely, an improved revelation of the inmost recesses of reality?

"I will copy it," said the old man, half-turning towards her, yet speaking as to himself, "and I'll hang it where it shall be always in my sight. I will learn the lesson in such a way that it shall never escape my mind again."

"It is a dreadful lesson," said the lady; "once learned, I should not think it could be forgotten!"

"Why, then, do you look upon it so many times?"

"It fascinates me."

"You will shudder to think of such a fascination hereafter. I had rather see one like you passing before those radiant images

of life. You are so young, you should not be able to see the force of this."

Half-smiling, the lady replied, "I need to look upon it. I wish to accustom myself to its tone."

"Are you afraid that you shall cherish too bright views of life? Do you illuminate your own mind, fearing a forced, involuntary enlightening?"

"I am an artist," she said quietly.

"Oh—then you have been taking a critical survey of the work?"

"I have been studying it."

"And may I ask the conclusion—the judgment at which you have arrived?" said the old man, respectfully.

Without raising her eyes, gazing still steadfastly upon the picture, she said—

"I would never have suffered this to stand alone in evidence of *my* thought of life. I should have painted a companion-piece, in which the woman had aroused from the frenzy of despair, impassioned, strong, and bent on victory—and in that determination victorious, crowned with a fore-knowledge of honour."

"For that is your idea of life!"

"I am an artist. Should an artist live and cherish another belief? My creed is faith in aspiration—I believe it to be the prophet of success. I am strong: I know I am, because I have been weak, and I know too well what weakness is. I have said, 'I will triumph.' You, sir, are an artist? You said that long ago to yourself!"

She had been gazing full in his face during the latter part of the conversation, and had seen all the emotion of his soul speaking there in language unmistakable. He was a disappointed, grieved, distrustful man.

"You are young," was his reply; "I trust you will never learn another language than this. You will triumph! What you have to overcome?"

"A barrier of condition. The pride, and hate, and jealousy of those who should be friends and helpmates. Wounds which life, not death shall heal. Wrongs which have been inflicted falsely—which shall be fairly overcome."

"You are not a painter?"

"No."

"Nor a singer?"

"No."

"Nor yet an actress, perhaps?"

"Nor an actress."

"You are a Poet."

"I am, thank God!"

"With what do you contend?"

"Disappointment—failures."

"The common lot," said he, pointing to the painting.

"I have energy equal to Napoleon's."

"God grant you may never fight a battle of Waterloo."

"He who does is fit for exile."

"Are you always brave as now?"

"Am I brave now?"

"Yes, as a young lion—as brave and as noble. If I had met you in my youth!"

"Self-depreciation is a bugbear. You do not suffer it to torment you?"

"My path has been filled with stumbling-blocks."

"And you could not elevate yourself so as to walk on them? Is that so?"

"Child, what do you teach me?"

"Self-reliance."

It was growing dark in the gallery, and the shades that settled along the pictures first rendered the lady conscious of this; as she bowed, with a deal of reverence, before the grey head of the old man, and turned to go, he said—

"I begin this copy to-morrow; will you like to know my progress?"

"Yes," she replied, with confidence, looking on the serene, sad, beautiful face of the stranger; and he watching her closely, blessed her, for he thought he saw her eyes glisten as she turned away slowly, repeating the words of another, "When I read Beethoven's life I said, 'I will never repine;' when I heard his symphony, I said, 'I will triumph.'"

"You are happy to have found in anything above the human your consoler and your inspiration. That is, indeed, worthy of a poet, and most glorious. Who told you that you were a poet?"

"God."

"It was not He that told me I was an artist."

The young listener distinctly caught his words, though they were pronounced in so silent an undertone, and her heart beat fast. She could scarcely refrain from weeping. For a moment she walked rapidly on, and then suddenly turned looking back. The old man stood where she had left him, his hands crossed upon his breast, his face turned away; as she approached him, she heard him saying, "Not the first angel that has left me;" she touched his hand gently, and said—

"Who told you that were an artist?"

"My only friend; and my worst enemy could not have done me a greater hurt than he in this. I was deluded. The best picture I ever painted would not save me a month from starving. I have done saying 'I will triumph;' you are in utterance of the proud declaration, you have spoken too long, therefore. Good night, daughter; go home!"

Several days after these strangers had met thus as friends, and really and truly parted such, the same young figure stood again within the gallery, and after pausing a moment at the threshold, walked to a far corner, where the old man was seated. He seemed to know her step, and to be expecting her, for he gave her his hand without speaking, and she sat down near him silently to watch the progress of the work. Without looking up, he said—

"I thought of you this morning. The city seemed shrouded in fog. As I saw the smoke from a thousand chimneys trying to go upward, and checked in that aspiration by the heavy atmosphere, I groaned over my own fate, so like that baffled smoke in its striving to ascend. But before I came here the air was clear, and mild, and the pillars of white fire went up without hindrance or check heavenward. That is your genius, and its fate; you do well to say you will triumph. I know your fate,"

"Do you think it a happy one?"

The old man looked up hastily, he was so startled by the sorrowful tone of her voice.

"What is it?" he asked.

She made no reply to his words, but turning to his picture, gazed in surprise and admiration upon the bold and faithful copy.

"You equal the original!" was her exclamation.

With a sad smile he said only a copyist! He who made that picture was an artist. I've never got beyond the copying."

"Sit here," he continued, placing a chair for her; "I have only to make a few more touches, then I shall take the picture home and finish it there. I don't like to work here, though it's a glorious place; one is liable to so many interruptions."

She sat beside him as he wished, but her eyes wandered away to the peaceful landscapes near. He observed it, and said—

"You have seen enough of this picture. Well for you that you *can* go beyond it, that all life does not seem centred in its expression to you."

"I want to dream a little," she replied,

"Then this is to you the reality, and those are the dreams of life?"

"How they fill one with quiet!" she said, in answer.

"Spiritual force is in them. They do what can be done by no mere mechanic force. They overcome time as well as space. I remember looking, for the first time, up through the far recesses of that valley—that, where you see the sweet lake in the dim distance—it reminded me, more forcibly than I can tell, of the days when I was a boy. How I loved a solitude like that! I have not only grown old, and worn out, since then, I am every way changed. I am afraid to be alone. Oh, what a blessing to die before every beautiful hope has exploded! before one learns to look back with anguish to the days poets sing of, the merry days of childhood."

"Do you think they *are* so merry?" said the young girl, in a doubtful tone. "I think to the conscious and thoughtful child, the experiences of the present equal any after knowledge. His griefs are as overpowering, his disappointments are as keen as those of the grown man."

"I do not know; mine was a blessed childhood. Was not yours?"

"Yes; for all through it I was being prepared for what was to follow."

The old man laid aside his brushes and stood up to rest. His day's work was done;

for he was very feeble, and could not labour long at a time.

"I think I shall never visit this gallery again," he said; "will you give me your arm, and walk with me, that I may look at each one of the pictures, so dear to my eyes these many years?"

The lady stood quickly up, the old man took her arm, and they strolled along together, conversing as they went with sympathy and confidence. At last, according to his wish, they made a longer pause than usual. They stood gazing upon an artist's conception of the deluge; the horror had to his mind's eye been concentrated, and he presented that point with power. Crouching upon a rock that lifted its bald head from a pit of darkness, were a woman and a tiger. With clasped hands, and face raised heavenward, fraught with a supplication so fervent as revoked all the past unbelief, the woman prayed; the frightened child clung to her for protection, with a stronger hope than *she* dared to cherish, and silent as a statue, the paralysed beast remained before her. They had no fear then of each other, but of the angry flood that roared and raved about them, and descending fell upon them pitilessly. The "fountains of the great deep were broken up," and they heard the dreadful warning—they felt the horrid pressure. Down through the terrific darkness an eagle was descending, and the gazer heard its cry of fright! heard the moaning of the tiger, the shrieking of the child, the woman's prayer, and afar off was the ark floating in safety away!

"There," exclaimed the lady, as though forgetful of the old man's presence, wrought up by the application her own fancy presented of the scene, "I, too, see the ark move out of sight, and the tiger only remains."

"I," said the old man, "saw it vanish long ago, and the child fell from my arms into the abyss. I don't know if even the tiger stayed: the eagle deserted me with a yell."

"Had the tiger a human countenance?"

"The face of a woman. She was not older than you. Wait," he said eagerly, for she started at the tolling of the clock;

"wait, and I will tell you; the secret has almost worn me out. Let me tell it to you."

"Where do you live?"

"In the shadow of St. John's."

"Will you be at the chapel of St. John's after prayers in the morning?"

"I am always there."

"So am I; and if you will tell it me, I will listen to your story then, I must go now."

"Do not fail me, then."

Her sincere look was surety sufficient; and the childish old man, pleased and happy, began to count the hours that must pass before he heard her sweet voice, and looked upon her tranquil face again.

The next morning after prayers were over in the chapel of St. John's and the people had begun to disperse, the old artist went and sat down in the chancel; and at last, when the house was nearly deserted a youthful figure glided up the aisle, and stood gazing on the holy scenes pictured in the splendidly-colored windows. At last she put aside her veil entirely, and hastened towards the old man; and a warm glow was in his heart, and a smile of gladness in his face, as he welcomed the fair-haired, blue-eyed stranger.

She sat down beside him, and the old man speaking hastily, as though he feared the next tolling of the bell would call her away from him, began:

"I was a preacher once, but not in a splendid place like this. I had a little church under my charge. My people were rich, yet the money they gave for God's sake was not lavished in architectural display, but for the good of man. They were well content to see splendid temples erected around their little church; they did not call theirs a temple, it was merely a house of God.

"I did not like my profession: it did not seem to me to be that for which Nature designed me; but I had entered the ministry before I was aware of this; and then, as it was only a matter of taste that made my fancy turn in other directions, and as I had a real desire to do good, and to honour my calling, I did not feel justified in leaving the station. With the first and only people of my charge

I lived happily for fifteen years. What does that prove, my child?"

"That you were a good and able man, and a true pastor, father."

"Yes, one would think so. I loved them, and they all loved me; and never a wish, that I am aware of, rose among my people that I should leave them. I seldom thought of marrying in those years; I was engrossed in other thoughts—pastoral cares; but at last a temptation came before me; and when I was too old by twenty years—when I was forty years of age, I married. She was a beautiful girl, belonging to neither fashionable nor to low life; educated, and every way well calculated to fill and adorn the difficult position of a minister's wife. I made a mistake which I did not discover until the world had found it out. I had made the mistake in the choice, as far as my people were concerned; and when I saw that, I felt keenly for their disappointment; but I was made to feel still more keenly for my own.

"In the course of the second year of my marriage, a young lawyer became a member of my congregation. I did not wonder that Isidore liked him. I was glad to have her find such a friend. I was content to see them enjoying each other's society, for he was more cultivated than I—younger than I—had seen more of the world. I was willing that she should look upon him as a brother—that they should see very much of each other—that in their mutual pursuits they should sometimes be engrossed to an entire forgetfulness of me. I had strong confidence in Isidore; but not stronger than a man should have in his wife. I had no fear of such an association. It was always my belief, and it is still, that such sorts of friendship—love you may call them, if you will—are such as angels have, and such as God designed pure-minded mortals should enjoy, as foretastes of the heavenly communion. But neither she nor he were equal to this spiritual friendship. Isidore's manner did not change towards me, but it did towards him. Our union had been a sort of delightful friendship: we had never been one in the sense that man and wife often are: one to inflict wrong on yourself, that is

our partner, as the drunkard does on himself. We had a respect for each other, and I was very happy in that union until I knew it was not what I fancied it.

"You would think that a people with whom I had lived on the terms that a pastor must live with a people, whose spiritual guide he has been for fifteen years, you would think their opportunities good and sufficient for understanding my character in some degree. If I had been the victim of any vicious temptation, you would think their opportunity good for discovering it? They had not learned—as Madame de Stael says, we are understood by God alone. * * I had at times been troubled with a bodily affection, for which my physicians ordered at the time of attack a strong draught of wine. Twice since marriage I had been affected in this way, and had made use of the prescription. Immediately after the second attack, a rumour went through the village, high and low, and suddenly I was denounced at all hands—by some as a drunkard, and by others as a lunatic. A trial was appointed, an ecclesiastical court held, and nothing was proved against me! I had a triumphant acquittal; but, child," he said, grasping the listener's arm violently, and looking up into her face for a sympathy which he found there, "it broke my heart. Isidore did not rejoice with me—she was disappointed—she left me, and Frank Clement disappeared too!"

The listener's face was very pale; her tears flowed fast during the recital, and it was some minutes after his story was finished before she said—

"Did you make no search for poor Isidore?"

"Yes; oh, how I looked for her! it was the business of my life for years; though it was not for *my wife* that I looked."

"For whom? what were you going to do?"

"Give her a divorce, child, and leave her free as she was before that evil hour when we first met."

"Then you do not hate her? You did feel more of pity than anger?"

The face of the poor old man glowed with a perfect beauty, as he said with a pathos

which showed he had not outlived his sorrow—

"It has never been anything but a grief with me. I only blamed myself, and repented my folly in choosing for my wife one who must look upon me as an old creature who had no sympathy or thought in common with her. I would have suffered anything rather than have her fly from me in the way she did."

"And you left your people?"

"I had lost my heart and my voice. Yes, I was afflicted more than I was able to bear; I could preach no longer, though it was their wish that I should."

"Have you lived among them since?"

"No; I have been a wanderer. I have tried to work, but somehow I seem to have lost every manner of power. I thought I should like to be an artist. I don't think I should have altogether failed in that profession if I had entered it in my youth, when my heart was warm and I was energetic. But I am too old now; all I have to do is to die, and don't think that when I'm called I shall be sorry to go."

"Father, with whom do you live?"

"Said I not I am alone?"

"You must come and live with me."

"I am alone, child; I shall drop into the grave soon, and none but God will know it. I am old and worthless. There has long been one man too many on the earth. It is my daily wonder," he said, reverently looking up, "that our Father does not call me home. I'm tired and worn out."

As he spoke the city church bells began to toll, and the lady, starting up, took the old man's hand, and gently constrained him to follow her.

"I am going to hear a great man preach," she said: "you must go with me; we have plenty of time, and will walk slowly. See how the sun shines! the day will seem very short if you will come with me."

He suffered himself to be persuaded, and followed her.

The way they went was longer than the lady anticipated, and by the time they had reached the church, the crowd upon the steps and around them told her that there was an overflowing audience within. In-

deed, for some minutes new comers had desisted from making the least attempt to effect an entrance, the work seemed hopeless. But resolute in her determination to hear what the great orator would say of a death which had fallen recently with a great shock of an earthquake on the hearts of the people, and with the hope of diverting the thoughts of the lonely man, who had by his confession won for himself a right to all sympathies, she began to ascend the steps with her companion, and to work her way through the dense crowd. "We only wish to go within sound of his voice," she said, in explanation to those who seemed disposed to hinder her progress; and her mourning garments, her gentle, yet determined manner, and the aged companion of her effort appealed for her successfully.

The sermon was begun before they reached one of the aisles of the church. They found no seat, and could make no progress pulpit-ward: but the preacher's voice was a grand organ that filled the edifice—not a word that he uttered fell unheard. There was no tedious straining of the ear to hear every sentiment; and truth, that burst in its perfection from his heartlit brain ran through the great assembly, and told on every soul.

The sentence that the artist and his guide caught, was a daring assertion that leaped from the lips of the orator, and laid on the hearts of his hearers, vivifying and startling as a live coal from the altar. It was a daring declaration; for its source was not in reverence, nor in a pre-reception and admission of the idea, that "whatever is, is right," but in a knowledge of society, and of the laws of humanity, of necessity, and of well-being. The preacher paused as he thundered forth his declaration, "THERE IS NOT A SUPERFLUOUS MAN!" He looked calmly and scrutinizingly around upon the upturned faces, as if silently to repeat that assertion for the comfort of every individual soul there. He could have counted his congregation by the hundred, for the aisles, the galleries, the pulpit-stairs, and chancel, were crowded with listeners; and a cry of more intense meaning, loftier grandeur, mightier truth, he could not have rung in

the ear of the people than this. They were of every grade, and kind, and cultivation. Youth and age—the spiritual bond and freedom—sense and intellect were there, and it seemed a mighty thing for the preacher to say, even of that congregation, there is not *here* a superfluous man! But to say it of the world, of the whole world of mankind—of the utterly helpless and inefficient, of the physically weak, of the mentally and the morally worthless, to say it indiscriminately of *all*, it seemed an unpardonable explosion of transcendentalism, a misapprehension of the word superfluous.

There were few in the congregation but heard that attestation, to the high worth of human nature with a thrill, that, in some individual instances, amounted almost to convulsion. It was heard with a half-smile by some, and fond eyes looked into their companions' eyes, and gave endorsement to the preacher's words: the life so dear to them was not superfluous. It was a declaration that caused a gush of tears from other eyes: it opened a world of recollections, and a flood of bitter memories came forth; it caused a shuddering in others, whose thoughts went down into the caves of earth and ocean, where were buried some who had fulfilled strange destinies—whose use and worth had never been apparent to the sense of man. It caused confusion in the souls of many, who at that moment, in compliance with an irresistible force, thought upon themselves. Some there were, who, with their faith pinned to that of their ⁸⁶preacher, received his assurances, and stayed not to question it: his words were very potent to charm them to peace: the world could not do without them; they wakened thoroughly at that, and with complacent attention listened to the remainder of the discourse, so charming was this panacea offered to their oftentimes wounded pride. For these surface-bearers and reasoners it had been well if the preacher, remembering the weakness of the human nature he glorified, had given more lucid insight into the real grandeur of his meaning.

But among his hearers there were two, certainly, if there were no more, who eagerly caught the full significance of the words;

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they heard them in breathless attention, and treasured them in their inmost hearts—for there was a whole gospel in them for their souls—the truth of the words flashed on their minds with the resistlessness of conviction.

“You said a little while ago that *you* were of no use in the world. You made a great mistake: you are necessary; I shall not be at peace without you, and perhaps you will make my mother happy also. You must come home with me.”

There was an undercurrent of firmness the old man could scarcely withstand, as she spoke thus to him when they went out of the church together. He heard the words, and believed they were but the outbreaks of pity—perhaps impelled by a new conviction experienced by the lady on hearing this sermon of the preacher, that she must do good as far as she was able—but it was not a proud determination to live above and apart from the dolings of charity which made him say, almost peremptorily—

“You do not need me, nor does the world; let me go back to my shed and canvass.”

But she resolutely held his arm within hers, and argued—

“Is it because my name is Isidore that you refuse to come?”

He started as though a dread vision had appeared before his eyes; he looked down curiously into her face, but asked no question, though his pale face and eager glance told how tender and sensitive a chord had been struck within him.

“My name is truly Isidore, and my husband is dead; but we were faithful to each other, and this mourning I wear for him. I have no cause for wearing gay robes. I have had great sorrows. Come home with me, and I will repay your confidence by giving you mine, and we will see if there is not at least as much use of your living as there is of mine.”

The soft appealing cadence of her voice, the truthfulness implied in her looks and her petition were not to be withstood. In silence the old man signified his consent to go with her.

The house before which they paused, and which they entered, was a handsome dwell-

ing-place in a retired part of the town—it was a house for the rich, and the rich were there abiding. Leading the way into the parlour, the lady said—

“Remember, this is now your home; if you seek another, I am to seek it with you. To-night your canvass shall be brought here, and you shall paint—a likeness of myself, if you choose. There is a room just above this furnished with excellent light. We will have no terrible scene painting like THE FLOOD, nor even like THE WEAVERS; I will have you paint fairy-land for me. I have not often had my own way as yet; I am wilful now because I have an opportunity. You shall have your own way, too.”

“You said you were a poet?” said the old man, signifying, by his question, his desire to hear that confession she had promised. Without a word of preface she began, and uninterrupted by a word of comment, related her story to its close.

“My father died, and I was a spoiled child, a wonder, and a pet no longer. My mother was beautiful, and very gifted and young; she never suffered me to stand in awe of her authority; we love each other too well: we were sisters, playmates, friends, until my father’s death, when a dreadful, dreadful change came over her. When it was necessary for us to go to work—being in poverty—we did go, but my strength outlasted hers; she became ill, and sad, and faint-hearted, and she had sorrows greater than you have known, if one may judge by effect. When a friend invited me to come to this city, saying that here something might be found for me to do, I came, leaving mamma at home ill, but hopeful for me, if not for herself. She was with friends, and I was going to friends, so we were, perhaps, after all, to be considered fortunate. But my friend who had called me was also poor; she could herself do nothing for me but give me a shelter for a season under her roof. She had faith in me that I would make a great poet, and the praise of friends had made me self-confident. But though the powerful were most kind to me, and judged my doings with lenient eyes of criticism, it was plainly to be seen that I had not then reached a commanding position. With this discouraging

conviction I worked on, at the same time looking constantly about me, hoping to discover, if possible, some other way in which I might employ myself. But I was looking vainly—every avenue seemed closed against me—every vacancy I could fill seemed to be filled by a special Providence almost at the very hour I applied. It was at this time when I was most desponding, that a gentleman, who had befriended me in several ways, began to specially commiserate my situation. The winter was drawing to a close, and I had not, by any labor, managed to make enough to pay my way, and I was about to return again to my mother, and to compel myself at once to less aspiring occupations—to some business that would pay, however humble. This old gentleman friend of mine, commiserated my position thus:

“He had formed a most charitable design in his own mind. He had a friend, a widower, who had commissioned him to select for him a wife, and bearing in mind my poverty, and comparative friendlessness, he immediately conceived the idea of giving to me a lawful protector. His work was so skillfully done, that I had not the least suspicion of it until it was no longer progressive, but completed. The widower was childless, and older than I, but a good, and rather distinguished, and very wealthy man. We married five years ago, and since our wedding-day have lived in this place. You think my name unfortunate? It is not; for we lived happily together until he was taken away. Since then, my mother has been with me, and *her* name, too, is Isidore. You will love the name again when you know her, for she is truly angelic.”

“As are you.”

“No, no, not I. But her sorrows have been great and extraordinary, and she has borne them so patiently, that they have almost made an angel of her.”

“Tell me why is it that you have insisted upon my coming here? The whole performance is too wild! what does it mean? You and I have confided our secret story to each other, strangers a week ago! What has passed us? I think I had better go away; I’m either dreaming, or living when

I had better be dead, after I have got into my dotage."

"This is what it means: God has brought us to each other. Perhaps you'll think I'm dreaming now, when I tell you what I'm going to; but as truly as I have a soul to save, it all happened. When my father was dying, he said—and it makes no difference to you or me whether his mind was wandering at the time—'Daughter, if you ever find in this world an old man, lonely and poor, but good and great, love him, and do for him according as God has done for you.' And he made me swear that I would carry pity and love in my heart for all the living; but more especially for the old and lonely, and good man. Father you are he: I found you living under a weight of bitter recollections; henceforward, you must live without them; you shall find only peace and comfort here. Believe what I have told you; my father loved my mother with the most impassioned devotion, and perhaps he saw into the future as the dying can, I believe, and he knew how she would some time stand in need of all the consolations of the great and good; help me in my watching over my paralyzed mother. I fear—I know—that she has not long to stay with me, and she desires to go; believe that the work of your ministry is not yet finished; stay with me, at least—at least"—

"Daughter, say no more; I would fain go, even now, to your mother."

His voice had been faint, faltering, the voice of age, till now; but, when he expressed this wish, he had been gazing so long, and with such earnestness, upon young Isidore, that he seemed to have drawn within himself, from her presence, the spirit of life, and his voice had the clarion strength and clearness of early manhood.

Word was sent into the chamber of the invalid that the daughter and a friend were coming to pass the Sabbath twilight with her; and, a few minutes after, Isidore led her aged friend into the room where the faint daylight was struggling with the night. The place was very cheerfully, as the apartment of an invalid should be. Comfort and luxury were there; the fragrance of flowers, and the twittering of a bird—a carpet,

which gave back no echo to the footstep—couches, where one might sleep, and dream, of all things beautiful but—death. The old man paused as he stood within the door. Was it his miserable raiment that caused him to hesitate, fearful of appearing before the luxurious invalid in such a plight? It may have been this; but Isidore gave him no time for indulging in these, or in any reflections. She brought him to her mother's bedside, and said, "Here is my friend, mamma; do you feel equal to a little conversation, now?"

The lady bowed her head graciously to the new comer, tenderly to her child, and as much of curiosity as she was capable of feeling, in her then weak state, was very plainly revealed as her eyes turned towards the poor old man. She had been a handsome woman in her day; but her beauty was very different from the pure loveliness that lay as a consecration on the human nature of her widowed child. She had been a worldly woman, vain, and, perhaps, weak, but not after a common weakness; for the most of her life had been a furious combat, and she was never conquered until her idolized husband was laid in the grave. Then, her health began to fall, and a depression and a sorrow, such as death and loss never occasioned, sprang up into life, which had grown deeper and darker until this present hour—which was constantly growing deeper and darker, and undermining life, and insuring the easy victory of death.

Her face was haggard, and her eyes had the wild glare of a lunatic, as they wandered from the old man to her daughter: it was hard to engage her, or to interest her in conversation, though, almost from the moment of entering the room the stranger's lips had been unsealed, and he spoke as never man spoke in the hearing of those women before—of life and death, of experience, and change; at first, Isidore bore part in the conversation, but not long, for in the argument he conducted he needed no aid. For more than an hour that mighty strain of eloquence rolled from the soul of the old man through the sick chamber, and it was while in the full tide of thought and expression that the human voice suddenly broke,

and the strength of the speaker waned: then he arose, walking through the chamber, now quiet wrapt in shadows, he bowed at the sick woman's beside more lowly than courtesy demanded, for he bowed to pray! And, surely, never was a prayer like that breathed in the ear of Heaven! Was it for the life of her who was chained by the unconquerable power to that couch?—for the happiness of her whose name was breathed through every several petition? No; but it was her pardon that he whispered, and for her forgiveness that he besought high Heaven! And while he was dying of his emotion, dying because there was now really, as he had yesterday unwisely said—"No more use for him on earth," (God took him when he had breathed his pardon in the ears of the wretched woman, whom God's vengeance, through her own conscience, had overtaken in the last years of her life); the soul of the forgiven—the repentant, took also his departure.

And thus vengeance and mercy were satisfied, expiation and satisfaction gave in their holy verdict, and the young Isidore was left alone to ponder, in no dreaming mood of poesy, on the two lives, divided, united which had proved in themselves that even to the wretched and lonely come no superfluous years. At last comes always a revelation, which does away with mystery.

You will say this is a fantasy. What if I can show you the two graves, and the two monuments that rise above that husband and that wife? Will not the "other Book" which shall be opened, prove the Revelator of secrets such as the most daring of imaginations never conceived? Wait and see!

THE GREEN LANE.

THERE are no green lanes in the world equal to those of England. Italy has its skies, Greece its classic ruins, Egypt its pyramids, Switzerland its Alps, Germany its Rhine, America its Niagara, but none of these has a green lane such as we have thousands of in England. The green lane is essentially English, and is confined to England. There are green lanes neither in Scotland nor Ireland—we mean grassy roads

arrayed in greenery, shaded by lofty old hedges, beech-trees, alders, or willows, leading to some quiet cot or farmhouse, or range of pasture-lands; and often leading on merely to some other green lane, or series of lanes, branching off to right or left, which are there seemingly without any other purpose than that they *are* there, to feast the eyes of country strollers with the sight of their quiet green beauty.

The green lane is the delight of our poets and our artists, and of all who love rural scenery. Cowper, Hunt, and Wordsworth have painted them in words; and our living painters, Creswick, Lee, Witherington, and Redgrave, have painted them in colours. No pictures are more admired than theirs on the walls of the academy. But they can only give us charming "bits," whereas the pedestrian can range along miles of charming lanes, even in the very neighbourhood of this crowded metropolis. Leigh Hunt can point out a favourite route along green lanes in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, which takes a long day to visit. Wordsworth has sung that the fields and rural lanes were his "favourite schools." Indeed, his poetry is full of the sweet breath of the country.

Step out of the dusty highway into the green lane. How cool and quiet it is! Pleasantly it winds on among the farms and fields. A gentle breeze stirs the tree tops, on the summit of one of which the throstle is pouring out his sweet music. But for the feathered singers, the cloister-shade of the green lane were bathed in stillness. The sun, as it streams through the young fan-like foilage of the trees, turns them to green and gold—the bright livery of spring. The gentle wind kisses the leaves as it passes, by with a faint rustle and murmur, which still enables you to hear the brushing of your feet over the grassy path.

Flowers are peeping out from the hedge-bottoms. The violet is modestly lifting up its head, and shedding abroad its delicate odour even where unseen. The bees have already begun their year's work, and are grappling with the hawthorn blossoms and the wild roses of the hedgerows. The sward is covered with daisies; and fox-glove, prim-

roses, and blue-bells covered the banks by the lane side. An open space appears, covered with gorse, full of golden bloom. Nothing can be more gay and beautiful.

Sometimes the lane is quite overshadowed by tall trees, which make a green twilight, but through which the slanting sun's rays shoot down here and there, lighting up the patches of grass beneath. How bright the leaves through which the sun's light trembles. What variety of tints, from the cool green to the golden yellow, and the rich amber brown of the tree stems! With a pool of water in the foreground, or a bright cool stream leaping or trickling from the bank, and straggling irregularly across the path, you have before you one of those delicious "bits" of woodland or green-lane scenery which Creswick so loves to paint.

The green lane is generally quiet and lonely, but sometimes there is life about it—the life of the fields. H!st! 'Tis the lowing of the cow, strayed from the adjoining field, tempted by the sweet daisied sward of the lane. She has raised her head, and is lowing to her fellow across the adjoining hedge, who is standing udder-deep in the rich grass and golden butter-cups. Or, there is a flock of geese in the lane, watched by a little fellow with red cheeks and flaxen locks, who amuses himself by making whistles out of reeds, and occasional clay-pies and other dainties in the runnel that hustles along under the hedge side. Farther on, you overtake an old man leaning on his staff. He has crawled forth into the green lane to rejoice, as he still can rejoice, in its quiet life and beauty. He is not far from home; a rude style points out the path across a field, and there, within sight, is a little cluster of cottages, rose-embowered and suckle-wreathed, with bees about them; old women peep out from the doors, and the merry voices of children rise up from the grassy spaces near at hand, where they are at play. And here is the spring-well of the hamlet, close at hand, from which a cottage girl draws her can full of water, and shily tips over the style and away across the field, out of the stranger's sight. The well is nooked in a leafy, lush recess, fern-fringed and mossy to the bottom; its clear bubbling

waters tempting the stroller to uncoil the rusty chain and fetch up a bumper cool as the polar ice.

These cottages look really pleasant and rural; the cluster of lilacs nodding over mossy roofs, with those branching oaks, loftier still, through which the thin blue smoke slowly eddies upwards into the bluer sky. There is also an elder-tree growing by the wicket, near the entrance to the cottager's garden, and no cottage-garden would be complete without an elder. And there is a cottager at work, turning over the soil with his spade, which tinkles against the pebbles as he delves the dry earth, making it ready for some summer crop.

Move back into the lane again, and as you proceed, lo! a patient ass stands before you, listlessly mediating. No green lane without its ass! Does the ass love green lanes for their quiet, or for their sweet herbage? Either way the ass must be an animal of taste, much-reviled brute as it is. But this poor ass bears upon it the marks of hard work, of blows, of poor feeding. It is not a luxurious, idle, dissipated ass, but a common day-labouring ass, the servant of tinkers and gipsies. There they are, camped out in the green lane!

"Will you have your fortune read?" Then have it read here in the green lane, by that bold tawny girl, with blazing black eyes—a genuine gipsy, a true child of the East. Since Squire Western had his fortune to'd in the green lane, as related in *Tom Jones*, these same strollers have been haunting the lanes of England. The lanes are the camping ground of the gipsies; there they mend pots and manufacture brooms; there they cook, eat, marry, and bring up children. The gipsy child, brought up in the green lanes, is no more to be tied down to the plodding life of towns, than, is the American Indian to become a cotton planter for a Yankee slave-owner. The gipsy is the Indian of Europe—not to be civilised, any more than the green lane itself could flourish in the Strand.

The green lane is beautiful at all seasons. In spring it is youthful and fresh. In summer it is rich and luscious. In autumn its beauty is ripe and full. The fresh green of

the lane in the young spring is delicious; but yet, for richness of colour, for brilliant tints, deep browns, lit up with the scarlet and red berries with which the hedgerows are full in autumn, we have even a preference for the latter season. But always is the green lane beautiful. And in summer, when the delicious fragrance from the hay-fields fills the lane, and heavy-laden wains come swinging along the grass path, the scent filling the summer air, a walk in the lane is an inexpressible source of delight. There is a life among the fields at that season also, such as you rarely witness at other times. The mowers are at work, and the haymakers are busy in their wake, casting about the drying hay, amidst laughter, and jesting, and merry glee.

But the pleasures of the green lane at all seasons are endless. In the early morning, at glowing noon, or in the balmy eve, when the sun sets in gold, dimly seen through overarching trees, the lane is always delightful. It calls up the poetry of our nature, and quickens it to life; and we feel as if we could only enjoy it thoroughly to the accompaniment of volume of Keats, or Tennyson, or Wordsworth. This love of green lanes is a truly national attachment. It is a simple and delightful taste, and we are not ashamed of it. The love of country and of country life is rather our pride and our glory.

MURILLO.

MURILLO, perhaps the most pleasing painter Spain ever produced, was born at Pilas, near Seville, in the year 1613. At an early age he displayed such taste and aptitude for painting, that his uncle took him into his studio; but his principal knowledge was derived from the renowned painter, Velasquez, who directed his studies, and even frequently retouched his designs.

Many writers affirm that Murillo journeyed to Italy, and studied at Rome; but Velasco, a Spanish author, affirms that he never was in Italy, and that he attained his great perfection in the art by copying Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, at Madrid, and in the palace of the Escorial; and also by studying the

antique statues in the royal collections.—However, whether he studied at Rome or not, he became an excellent painter, and was employed by the King to execute several historical pictures, which raised his reputation throughout his own country, and these being afterwards sent to Rome as a present to the Pope, so pleased the Italians, that they called him a second Paul Veronese.

The style of painting adopted by Murillo was his own. He copied his objects from nature, but combined them ideally. He painted for most of the principal churches in Seville, Granada, Cadiz, and Cordova, and his smaller works were widely dispersed throughout Spain. His paintings in the churches of Seville are exceedingly large, some of them eighteen feet high, and containing an immense number of figures, as is required in such subjects as "Christ feeding the multitude," "St. John preaching," "St. Thomas giving alms to the poor," etc., etc. Although these pictures are skilfully wrought out, they are in many instances marred by an expression of mean character in the most dignified personages. However, in the amiable and tender sentiments which are expressed by the silent actions of the human features, he was eminently successful, and his pictures generally captivate the beholder by the gentleness of their color and the softness of their execution.

As an artist, he is generally considered to have most completely succeeded in his small pictures of familiar life. His favourite subjects were beggar-boys, taken from life in different actions and amusements.

Murillo enjoyed his great renown to the advanced age of 72, when he died, universally lamented by those who felt any interest in the art.

"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone that I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF LONDON BUSINESS.

I.—HER MAJESTY'S PRINTERS.

THERE exists not far from the spot made classic by the footsteps of Dr. Johnson, a great irregular black block of building, reticulated in a mazy network of close meshes, with blacker alleys and narrow lanes, from which issue all day long, and every day, still blacker streams of printer's ink. Like oak timber that has seen service, the spot is eaten with the torredo chambers of age—perforations which riddle it through and through, yet leave the heart of a harder and closer texture than before. Or it is a heart indeed: an old centre of civilisation. Its narrow, tortuous veins and arteries are the channels of light and life. At every pulsation, wisdom issues her precepts, genius distributes her gifts, intellect sends forth her fire, the comforts of religion flow. Rash people who picture royal roads and rosy paths to the seat of these blessings, learn the delusion they have cherished. If the printing craft be ancient enough to boast a tutelary saint, it is here he holds his court.

By special courtesy, we have been led through every devious way and curious cranny by the resident spirit, whose finger sways undisputed over the busy denizens. One moment traversing an open-air by-way, the next we were diving down in nether darkness, amongst steam-engines and workshops. Again, aloft, we alighted in large and airy rooms, sacred to compositors, machinists or pressmen; 'frames,' machines or presses. *Presto*, and we grew bewildered amongst a region of little rooms, and closets and 'prentice boys. Whether photographs of the busy scene will please our readers as much as the original did us, be it it yours to decide. We will, with your gracious leave, take you a tour, and present you with both positive and negative pictures.

Join us in heart—the heart of the square of which Fleet Street and Shoe Lane form two sides, and Fetter Lane a third. It matters not what house or block of houses you announce yourself, for every one, however far detached, has something or another to do with Her Majesty's Printers. Maybe you know the iron gate, with the royal

arms gilt at top, which you pass to reach the office where acts of parliament and proclamations are retailed to liege subjects of the queen,

Contiguous to this office, five hundred craftsmen aided by the power of steam, are ever engaged in putting into a cheap and portable form the bulky results of the six hundred and fifty at Westminster. Although parliamentary work is distributed amongst several great printers, yet so great a share come to the Messrs Spottiswoode, that they are known *par excellence*, as Printers to the Queen. Senatorial wisdom, heavy enough when dropt from the lip in debate, feels still heavier when done up into reams, and pressing the shoulders of some young canvas jacket of this establishment.

If we may judge the merit of a constitution by the bulkiness of its records, then assuredly one will be convinced of the excellences of ours, by the mere computation of paper and type consumed every year. It needs the economical working of an enormous business to admit of our laws being obtainable at a cheap rate. This fact removes the appearance of an unfair monopoly of the national work by one or two great firms. Without an assurance of long-continued patronage, no firm could undertake the vast and special arrangements the work requires. Government of course, takes a large supply of every act, or bill, or blue book. As the treasury, however, fixes the price at which all papers are sold, we should be apt to think that the largest customer might possibly become the worst. Private demand varies according to the popularity of the subject. Local acts, which interest but few, are charged a somewhat higher price than others. Under any circumstances the sale is barely remunerative.

We will make no critical survey of this department, but pass on to the more general work, where the printing of government papers only mingles with that of books and pamphlets. This branch is the speciality of Mr. George Spottiswoode, whose brother manages the other part of the business. Having, under the obliging auspices of the first, ascended a winding iron staircase, we enter a room where a little hundred of com-

positors are amusing themselves. To one unaccustomed to see them it is an interesting sight. It is interesting to witness a large number of men working together anywhere. Similarity of movement is pleasing to the eye. So here, dipping into their cases as rapidly as a fowl pecks up corn, or Hullah's classes beat time, or we awhile ago played tit-tat-toe at school, they arrest our interest.

A 'chase' is pointed out to us, filled with pages arranged so as to fall into their proper order when printed. The type is fresh from the foundry in all its silvery brightness. Pieces of metal or wood, which the compositors teach us to call 'furniture,' are placed round, to fix the matter in its proper position. It has also been 'locked up,' to keep every part tight. The 'form' is now properly 'imposed,' and ready for the press below.

Erudite now in these matters, our attention is called to some beautiful copper letter, which another man has in his case. By a process the inventor does not divulge—though possibly the electrotype has something to do with it—a copper letter is formed at the end of the usual type metal. Its advantage is in the greater durability of the copper, and the clean, sharp edge it retains long after the common type would be useless. To make the whole letter of copper would be much too costly.

A short stay in the compositors' room of a great printer has an interest peculiarly its own. We get a glance at the manuscript, or at the 'revise' of some of our greatest men. To tell the truth, many of them express thoughts far more beautiful than is the handwriting. One compositor heaped wholesale condemnation upon an eminent political writer of the present time, whose patrician scrawl and utter regardlessness of the printer's labour are the abomination of every one into whose hands his 'copy' has ever fallen. No outrageous manuscript was in the office just then, we are told, unless might be excepted some French writing, without stops or accents, and just so legible that in English it would be anathematised. Compositors of all classes will bear us out, that it is too bad to rob a working man of his time, which is his bread. Those writers who think it plebeian to write so as to be easily read

do so. It stands to reason that a compositor, paid by the number of letters he sets, loses money by bad copy; and, 'though,' as our informant at Spottiswoode's says, 'we do get a little allowance sometimes, it is very seldom, and never anything like what we lose by it.'

Outside the door of this room are the stores of type, cases of letter ready for use are placed in vertical 'racks,' ranged side by side, reaching from the floor to the ceiling extending round a spacious area, filling up several unimagined corners. Tons upon tons of type are stowed away, but ready and willing at the call of any of the caterers for the world's enlightenment, to come forth and give wings to thought.

Two or three 'forms' are going off to be stereotyped. It is advantageous to preserve the means of extra impressions of a work likely to have a continuous sale—such, particularly, as schoolbooks, which go through many editions without emendations or revision. Even more advantageous is it in the case of works which are printed and published simultaneously in the Northern Athina, the metropolis, and abroad—feats far from being rare. Both these purposes are gained by the thin stereotype metal plates, which may be conveniently packed away after use till wanted again, or multiplied in number, and transmitted any distance. The manager of this section of the works let us into these secrets, while he produced a few of the new shining plates—a whole form paged and arranged in one sheet, and waiting its turn in the machine-room. Other pleasant technicalities he also expounds. The racks contain every kind of letter and typographical sign used in printed composition. Less than five minutes makes us learned in the theory of 'spaces,' and 'hair spaces,' and 'leading'—names given to the metal divisions between words and lines, and a multitude of other terms, for which we now want to look in the manual.

Typo measures his work in true professional style. Instead of inches, it is how many 'pica m's.' His payments, on the other hand, are computed by the number of 'n's' of the type he may be using that would fill a page.

"Then this is the kind of work you like best," said we, and pointed to a page or two set up, but having about as many letters as the blank leaves in 'Tristram Shandy.'

"Yes," he returned; "we call that "fat." It's a sort of make-up for what we have to do at other times. We don't get enough of it, or we should do pretty well."

If the same rule obtains in the typography of the 'returns' ordered by the House of Commons, the 'bills,' 'acts,' and 'blue books,' there must be a pretty good slice of 'fat.'

'You would like all writers to have plenty of paragraphs, and all very short ones, eh?'

'Yes,' the man laughed; 'but we can't get them of our way of thinking.'

Typo says magazine work is very *lean*; so, promising him that we at least would make it as fat as possible, we appeal to our editor's journeymen to say that we keep our word.

Compositors' cases go out in pairs. A case, we calculate, would hold sufficient type for about three and a half pages of magazine matter, when the compositor would have to replenish his case by distributing printed-off matter. A Scottish case has deeper boxes, and holds more letter.

A heap of loose type, we are informed, is *pie*—a species of aliment which makes a juvenile smack his lips, but is the aversion of a compositor. Pie, in typography, is like 'squab' in Devonshire—a mixture of everything in general, and nothing in particular. Printers' pie is composed of the ruins of a 'form;' when perhaps the work was half accomplished, an unlucky accident has upset it, and mingled the letters, and spaces, and leads. A heap of pie is, on the whole, about as good a test of a printer's temper as any one could desire. If anything could ruffle him, it is that. Well the unfortunate wight knows the weary work he has before him, to separate the pieces one by one. It were hard to say which is most difficult, to compose the sheet again, or to compose himself.

Before the impression is struck off, very careful revision takes place. First, the 'reader' marks all mere 'literal' errors, and has them rectified. A 'proof' is then 'pulled,' and sent to the writer, who, if fastidious, as

most are, alters, and re-alter, and lets remain as at first, what has cost so much pains in putting together. Authors, if near when their revise is at the 'correcting-stone, would sometimes hear worse than blessings invoked upon them for their fastidiousness and indecision.

Low, monotonous humming and buzzing intimate that we approach the 'reading-boys.' Begging one to continue his duty, he proceeds to the following effect:—

'Though a variety of opinions exist as to the individual by whom the art of printing was discovered, yet all authorities concur in admitting PETER SCHOEFFER (three taps on the desk) to be the person who invented *cast* (one tap) *metal* (tap) *types* (tap), having learned the art of *cutting* (one tap) the letters from the Guttembergs. He is also supposed to have been the first who engraved on copper plates.'

This going on in a rapid manner, with no attention to pause, and in the most grave monotony, is very comical, the caps indicating italics, small capitals or large, as the case may be. The only approach to a rest is the lengthening out of an occasional vowel when an illegible or a hard word is coming, making a long 'the-eh' or a 'to-eh,' instead of 'the' or 'to.' For five minutes he buzzed Greek. Half an hour would have helped us less to interpret the strange sound, than the clandestine peep we took at the paper itself. In particular work, such as the Bible, when the pointing is important, commas and colons, and every other sign, are read off with the text. The introduction of 'com.,' 'col.,' 'quote,' &c., every half-dozen words, would be very edifying to an audience.

Leaving the 'sanctum' of the reader (who understands the boy better than we, for his corrections are marked in the margin as fast as the boy can read,) we pass a number of rooms in which embryo typos are learning their craft under the care of experienced men. They are apprenticed, as usual, for seven years, only they are not, as in most other offices, 'out-door,' but 'in-door' apprentices. Kept thus under the constant eye of the master, they grow up steady, intelligent, good men, although at the sacrifice of that liberty youths at times pine for, and which too often, with

their less-cared-for comrades, leads to dissipation and reckless irregularity. Out-door apprentices generally are paid half their earnings. At the Queen's Printers, being in-door, they receive their maintenance, and are encouraged to work well by a small bonus for pocket-money, upon every sovereign their work would amount to. The greater portion of their time they can be intrusted only with common work. Lengthened experience and cultivated tact alone make a good compositor.

The downward journey has located us at length in the midst of 'feeders,' and 'taker-off,' and 'machine-managers.' Presses and machines, all worked by steam power, fill another great room. Moving round from the simplest to the most complicated, we are struck with the wonderful economy of labour, and time, and space, brought about by improved machinery, and so requisite in a vast establishment like this. Evidences abound, that the progressive spirit of the age has visited this place as all others. The simple machines are made to strike off copies of two works, even of different sizes, at one movement of the press. Gigantic cylinders, placed opposite, are printing both sides of a large sheet at once. No one can see without admiration, the ingenious contrivances by means of which the great cylindrical engines are fed with paper, and then perform every other part of their duty in the most perfect manner without aid. Clutching the expanded sheets, one after another, as fast as the 'imp' can supply them, their greed is insatiable. Tapes wind round the paper, carrying it over and under, in and out, up and down, till the white surfaces present themselves to the 'taker-off,' both sides covered with printed wisdom. Most intelligently does the machanic adjust itself, and perform its duty. Most skillfully, too, do the 'composition' rollers feed the type with ink, each one of about half a dozen touching a next throughout its revolution, and thus laying the ink on the surfaces more evenly and thin, till the thick, black, shining treacle first from the reservoir becomes completely attenuated. Even then the last roller goes over a flat table, still further to distribute the ink, before rolling over the type. All

this is done at every to and fro movement. The *multum in parvo* excellence of modern mechanism is seen to perfection in the cylindrical printing engine.

Two boys, and a man to look after them, are required at each machine. The boys are true Londoners—rogues only happy when dabbling in dirt. Some of them are as black as the gentleman upon whom they are occasionally affiliated. To muck themselves from head to foot with ink, though quite needless, proves how hard they have been at work. They are all dressed uniformly in linen suits, some of which must provide poor old mothers at the end of the week work more troublesome than profitable. A few boys show a remarkable contrast to the others; as if with an innate sense of neatness, they keep white and clean in work that would make sweeps of their comrades. Every boy saves a penny a-week for his jacket, and is supplied with a new one twice a-year.

Similar interest attaches to the machine-room as to the workroom of the compositors. At one machine there is working off Chevalier Bunsen's new work on Egypt, the second volume, on which no profane eye has yet been permitted to look. Then the magazines and reviews for the forthcoming month or quarter are assuming their proper form, and we may in anticipation feast upon the literary repast in store for us. Here the people's edition of Macaulay is promising a treat speedily to many readers. At the next press, parliamentary papers are striking off a far less delectable diet. We recognize as an old friend our diamond edition of the Church Service. Bibles of every variety are at other presses multiplying in countless numbers.

There are two holes in each sheet that excite our notice. We are informed that pins pierce the paper when the first side is printed; these punctures guide the lad in fixing the paper for the second side. 'True register' is thus secured—a term which our readers will comprehend, by observing how exactly the letters on one page of a magazine are placed upon those back to back, on the other side of the leaf. Printing has so greatly improved of late years, that, unless these niceties are attended to, readers will grant a book little indulgence.

One great space is cleared away, and strong woodwork and rafters are being placed to accommodate a larger machine than any yet in the establishment. Visitors to any of the great London works are impressed with like sights wherever they go. The tendency of great places is still to grow. Messrs. Spottiswoode take in house after house, and cover with bricks every vacant space they can seize. Still the cry is, 'Room! room!' Vulcan roars and hisses with the force of twelve horses, in some Vesuvian abyss below. His grumbings are to be attended to immediately; he has been promised a big brother of twice his powers, for society and a help-mate.

'Doesn't the engine sometimes get out of order?' we ask.

'Yes, it does,' is the response

'How do you manage then? Does it stop the machines?'

'Oh no, we couldn't stop them; we force them to work till the engine gets in order. Still, it is for this reason, as well as the small one's inadequacy for the work in hand, that the new engine is wanted.'

Much of the collateral work is done on the premises. Several engineers, lathemen, and other artisans, are employed apart from the printers. Repairs of machines, and even in good part the construction of the steam-engines, are under their jurisdiction.

A great copper is parted off from the steam-boilers, but yet sufficiently near to boil at the same fire, to supply the men with water for breakfast and tea. Men, generally speaking, appreciate a little, better than they do great, attention in this respect. Where dining-rooms and culinary appurtenances have been prepared, they have been in a measure failures. Not improbably this arises from the sense of delicacy which prevents men from parading their humble dinners—a similar feeling to that which prevents the poor women from using the new 'wash-houses,' choosing rather their own close room, and waste of fire and laundry needfuls, to half cleanse their poor habiliments. For the apprentices, special arrangements are made, to which we shall have to allude.

Despite the extraordinary encroachments of steam-power, it has not yet entirely super-

seded the hand-press. Woodcuts, where there are many of them, are still best taken by the last. Even the illustrations of our ever-welcome friend, the 'Illustrated News,' beautiful as they are from their vertical machine, would be far more beautiful taken with the hand-press. This could not be accomplished, for the blocks themselves are, we believe, curved now to suit the printing-machine. We bestow only a glance, in passing, upon a dozen of these presses at work in an ante-room. Wonders of the age years ago, they are now immeasurably eclipsed by their leviathan progeny.

Multifold as are the operations we witness, it would be tiring to describe them all. The sheets are printed wet; it is necessary to dry them afterwards. A room well ventilated, and at the same time heated, is slung with a thousand lines, over which hang the sheets till they are dry enough for 'pressing.' Hydraulic presses are used for this purpose, being so simple in working yet so powerful in effect. Alternate sheets of mill-board and letter-press are piled up in columns, and submitted to pressure. After some hours they are flattened, and have received a gloss, or cold glaze. The operation is called cold-pressing.

In preparing the paper for pressing, the same economy of labour is seen as before. Two things are always done at once. One great column dwindles down as a workman removes the pressed sheets, and passes the boards towards his mate. Meanwhile another column is rising under the hands of the second man, whose duty consists in making literary sandwiches with the same boards, and fresh sheets from the drying-room.

There has been a cry lately of a scarcity of paper. Demand is grown so vastly, that rags cannot be procured to supply it. Those who fear a catastrophe should visit the Queen's Printers; they will come away with the full belief that paper enough is stored up in the warerooms to supply the world at least for ever. White, massive pillars of paper are the supports apparently to the ceiling. As an area for concealment, we would choose the spacious stowage-room; it would have served the 'Bonnie Prince' better than the Royal Oak. Like great vertical

shafts in a mine of rock-salt, the white pillars persuade us of their exhaustlessness. It is the supply of a few months!

Paper is not so good as formerly; really good paper cannot be obtained. Cotton is used in its manufacture, in the scarcity of linen. As a consequence, the toughness and durability of the old paper is not secured. Machine-made paper is not so good as that made by hand. For writing purposes in government offices, hand-made paper is still used. Paper for printing is almost invariably machine-made, as is also the general run of letter paper.

Now that the sheets have been struck off and pressed, they only await a few incidental operations before they are done up into books, stitched and bound, and sent off, some to their publishers, some to the retail office, some back again to illuminate our Legislature. Great heaps successively vanish through a wicket, and are received on the other side by one who counts them off, sixty to our six. We may meet with them again by and by, in a small room, where a troop of tiny 'gatherers' are at work. They are gathering, at the time we look in upon them, an edition of the 'Book of Common Prayer.' Ranged round the sides of a small room are four counters. Upon them are placed, in like-sized heaps, the sheets of the book. Each pile contains sheets distinguished by the letter which is seen at the bottom of the page of a book. Space enough is left in the middle of the room for half a dozen boys to run round one after another in an endless chase. A merry game of 'Catch who can' goes on. To prevent it being quite unprofitable, each boy catches up the sheets in their proper order as he passes rapidly round, and deposits the whole book ready for folding stitching in a pile with others, at the end of each circuit. Quickly the sheets sink lower and lower under their nimble hands and feet. Thousands upon thousands of volumes they will make ready for the binder in the course of a single day.

'We ought to be a very good people, with so many bibles printed for us,' we remarked to our obliging conductor.

'We ought,' is the reply, 'but it is grievous to think what becomes of most of them.'

Where one does good, there are too many bartered away for frivolities, or even evil purposes. The number that find their way to the pawnshop, especially of those given away in charity, stand in array like a national crime.

A 'collator' then receives the sheets properly arranged. By constant practice he is able so to detect a wrong placement, or a double sheet, in hardly any time, and with a jerk to eject it.

Description conveys but half a picture of Messrs. Spottiswoode's; there is a moral half. Bare enumeration of facts makes one feel that there is work going on here more than surface deep. The photograph on the mind of a visiter is vivid, deep, and pleasing. We have been impressed throughout our tour, with the quiet demeanour and orderliness, the activity and diligence, of every one engaged. They work not with the hurry of eye-service, detecting the approach of an employer, but with the steady attention that persuades us of a habit. Not less gratifying was it to see the respectful recognition which our guide met with at every turn, and the earnestness which now and then he was asked 'whether he had met with accident,' because he walked lamely, and with the help of a stick. Mr. Spottiswoode had, in fact, sprained his foot slightly, the pain and inconvenience of which he must have felt compensated for by the sincerity apparent in his men's sympathy.

The simple cause of all this is, that the proprietors of the Queen's Printing Office are gentlemen who feel deeply anxious for the welfare of the workers under their care. There are nearly 1000 men in all at work. In the general printing, 350; in the government department, as we have said, 500; and in an establishment a few miles out of the city, given up entirely to Bibles and Testaments, about 100. This little community is governed by a constitution of so great a liberality, that it makes the chief appear to have advanced even upon the many laws they print. The study of our legislative papers has peradventure enlightened their minds and enlarged their hearts.

Messrs. Spottiswoode may be taken as a type—to speak professionally—of a class of

masters quite modern in regard for *employes*. They are examples of what was once very rare—eminent master-men, who believe that their journeymen have thoughts and feelings capable of cultivation, and independent of their craft. Too few in their position are regardful of those they employ beyond working out of them what they can.

Here we may see, in one part a little room set off to contain a case of books for the use of the workmen and boys. A librarian is appointed, and a system of rules is carried out with regularity. The management is in the hands of the men themselves. Many of the books have been given by Murray: the whole of his 'Home and Colonial Library.' Longman also aided with the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.' Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the advantages offered by the library are appreciated, from the fact, that the present average number of books in circulation is considerably above a hundred. The great favorites are the weekly periodicals of the best class. Our arts and manufactures are well represented. History and biography, poetry and travels, have illustrations from the pens of the most eminent men. The popularity of the scheme is remarkably great, considering that novels are not amongst the books. Not that the managers are squeamish either. A better selection of books it would be hard to find. Every book is unobjectionable, although neither theology nor romance (and very properly) find a place. The peculiar propriety of the mottoes on the catalogue is worth a note. The title-page quotes Seneca very happily, that 'as the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.' Over leaf we are advised, 'to make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower—steal sweets from it, but not injure it.' Such sentences are books in themselves.

We enter afterwards a room arranged with forms and desks, and various appurtenances that appertain to a school-room.

'It is my brother's school-room,' we are told in the quietest manner. The boys in the office give up certain half hours of their spare time to be taught different subjects.

They willingly attend their classes, and profit considerably by them. Either one of the proprietors becomes schoolmaster for the time being, or their sister comes to town at stated times each week to officiate. Attendance is voluntary—as far as the term can be used with regard to boys who are *expected* to come. No better coercion can be used with a sixth boy than to persuade five before him to any particular course.

Another school-room, more completely fitted up with maps and requisites of the kind, provides room for eighty boys or more at once. Interest in the working of the classes must be very general, for many of the men volunteer to take certain subjects, and thus distribute the labour. It is the aim, as Mr. Spottiswoode incidentally says, to make every one feel an interest in the boy's welfare. Some of the men are very earnest in the matter. A system of rewards, the value of which is determined by tickets of merit gained, is adopted with good results. Examinations also at stated intervals occur where the boys 'pass' for their degrees, of which due record is kept. This feature has not been established longer than to get a few of them placed in the second list, but, as a very intelligent-looking young man, who seems to take especial delight in this work, remarks to us, 'We shall have some in the third list soon, sir, and they are sure to work hard to get into the fourth.'

It shows what satisfaction the boys have in their studies, that their *extra* classes are chiefly before working hours in the morning and after they leave off at night. To encourage them still more, they have in the summer time, instead of books, a run into the fields to enjoy a game at cricket, or they solace themselves with boating. Clubs for both these recreations are established. A field is rented in the neighbourhood of Highgate for their first method of enjoyment, and many a right hearty and merry match is coming off this summer. 'But how can they find time for these things?' we hear asked, very naturally. It was the enquiry that rose in our own mind. At the moment of asking, we were in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the proprietor, one of the private offices. Upon the table were heaped bags and towers

of silver coin. A reply to the question came in its appropriate place. On observing the cash, our conductor remarked, 'It is Friday, to-day, I see; we pay the men on Friday afternoon.'

'How do you find that answer? I was told by the chief of a firm the other day, that they had been obliged to go back to the old Saturday night's payments?'

The evidence of one in the position of the Queen's Printer, and master over so many men is very valuable. It was, 'We find it work admirably.'

'Don't the men take advantage of the Saturday, and make holiday: keeping St. Saturday instead of St. Monday?'

'No,' said Mr. Spottiswoode. When the plan was first tried, it was announced that any man who staid away on Saturday would be discharged; but that has been long ago forgotten; the men come now as an established thing, and don't think of stopping away.'

We have no doubt that such would be the invariable result of a fair trial of the plan. It is easy, by regardlessness of the men, to let it become a greater abuse than a Saturday payment. Wives, we doubt not, have felt the blessing of the new plan. Their partners, who could hardly be trusted with the prospect of a Sunday's leisure, dare not venture to break bounds with a Saturday's work in view. Homes have been a comfort at the end of the week, which once upon a time were the reverse. All the arrangements for the welfare of the employed must have a powerful, unseen, good influence.

Where men are disposed to teach the young by books, they will unconsciously be guarded also in example. Where real earnestness for good is evinced by employers, it must in the end be appreciated by their men.

Quite as incidentally, and as quietly as if it were no great thing, we are told, that during the summer the men are given Saturday afternoon for their boating and cricket. In winter, when they could not thus employ themselves, they work on till four o'clock, instead of leaving off at noon. Even in this way they gain several hours over their fellows in the trade generally.

Winter amusements are more domesticated. Some of the rooms give evidence even now of last Christmas gaieties. They are ingeniously hung with garlands of coloured paper, and with rosettes, the work of the young people, who spend a deal of time and labour upon them. Upon their school-room they had lavished all their constructive and decorative skill. It was, we are assured, a really beautiful sight.

During these festive times, one or two concerts have been got up. Everything was done in good style, we assure you, too. The library of Mr. Spottiswoode's private house, a fine large room was used for the hall of performance, programmes of songs printed off and everything as it ought to be. Orchestra and audience, both disposed to please, found—the one, kind critics; the other, performers in their very best. The concerts have, hitherto been vocal only.—Ambition reigns amongst the musicians to strengthen their next display with an imposing assortment of instruments. Half the last concert was a selection of our best old sacred pieces, half miscellaneous. Amongst madrigals of special antiquity, the choice of which displays much taste, we observed one eminently loyal and patriotic song, invoking destruction to the Russians, and victory to our own arms—clearly a new piece, from the very theme. Her Majesty's journeymen could hardly be other than loyal. Their programme evinces that they quite come up to the mark. In addition to the fierce chorus about Turkey and Russia, and our French alliance, there was a right English 'Health to the Queen and the Prince' sung in the course of the evening.

Attentively as we have been shown everything, we are requested now to glance at the accommodation for the apprentices.

'I am not very proud of this part of our establishment, but you had better see all.' So our conductor remarked, as he ushered us through his own private house. Whether he felt proud or not, we thought the youths *must* be proud of their master. After going through the innumerable rooms of an old English mansion, all of which seemed given up to the apprentices, we began to wonder where the private rooms

were. We believe that the master has retained very little space for himself. Twenty-six apprentices are in the house, and two or three are coming. Their instruction and supervision seems Mr. Spottiswoode's peculiar charge. The dining-hall of his house is arrayed at our entry with the preliminaries of the mid-day banquet. As the 'prentices are the aristocrats of the business, so also there is an aristocracy amongst themselves. The more honourable by length of service take an upper table with 'glass,' and overlook the lower with plebeian 'mugs.' Age as well as acquirements place them in advance of the machine boys. Social position, too, is generally very superior; some of them being from respectable well-to-do families. They don't, therefore, attend school, but receive all their teaching from their master.

At the top of the house, the rooms are parted off to make a range of dormitories. They are well ventilated, roomy, and clean: so much so as to surprise us, considering the densely-built neighbourhood. Contiguous to the dormitories, we push aside the hangings of a doorway, and enter a complete little sanctuary, Family worship is conducted here before business in the morning, and before retiring at night. The tiny church must impress a visitor very strongly. We dare not doubt that real good is effected by the daily meeting of master and apprentices for a holy purpose. The place of assembly is arranged with seats and books, the fac-simile of a church. The service is short, but from its very nature is impressive.

Our readers will recognise in some of these things similarity to Belmont Candle Works, a description of which, under the title of 'Enlightenment and Candles,' has been already given.

Mr. Wilson of Belmont acknowledges that he received the initiative of much that he has done from the merchant of Bristol, Mr. Bridgett, of whom a fervid life has been written by the Rev. Mr. Arthur, which is graphic, interesting, and fitted to do good. Mr. Bridgett, again, attributes all his endeavours after a Christian and a useful life, to over-hearing the prayers on his behalf of a pious mother. How little do we know where good may stop! The unconscious influence of a

good man is like the sunny atmosphere round the sun, from which philosophers say, proceed the bright, warm rays that illumine and cheer an indefinite distance all round.

We know that the example of those we have named, and others, is effecting a great moral change. Printers have been particularly open to the charge of neglecting their employed. Every concession of a master we have been informed, is registered by the trade, as an extra argument with other masters, to bring about a more general liberal treatment. We regard Messrs. Spottiswoode as partial witnesses with respect to the moral improvement of the craft. Their anxiety that improvement should evince itself, and their indefatigability in bringing it about, would tend sometimes, perhaps, to make them give too great importance to the signs. Yet we do not question that vast improvement has taken place. Printers have not always been models of sobriety. Even the remarkably intelligent body of compositors have not always claimed the character. Owing to the exertions and sympathy of good masters, in a great measure, we believe, working men of any craft are a different class to what they were. The great companies, as well as the great masters, are beginning to feel that capital has duties as well as immunities. Throughout our country the feeling is spreading, that the people ought to be educated. If it be really necessary to take the young to work, it then becomes the duty of the employer to see what they are taught. We hail with pleasure such masters as the Queen's Printers. They are the pioneers of a better state of things. In other respects than the appliances for the men's comfort, we observed in Mr. Spottiswoode a likeness to Mr. Wilson. To listen to his quiet remarks about his brother's doings what his sister does, what his men do, what his boys do, and the unconscious ignoring of all that he himself does, we are reminded strongly of the Belmont reports, where it is 'Brother George,' but primarily 'the boys and men themselves,' who do everything.

We most surely know that it is the directing hand, chiefly, that toils and never grows

flagged. There must be, in gentlemen whose position enables them, if they choose, to revel in luxury, a deep under-current of pure philanthropy, when we find them giving up comfort for a feeling of duty. It is *not* a light thing to live in town to look after apprentices, when one might indulge in the delights of a country house. There is no glory in it. All that can be got out of it is real hard work and constant anxiety. When we hear the present proprietor attribute much to the good feeling between his father and the men in his time, and when we find, above all, that an accomplished lady also enlists in the cause, it convinces us that the benevolent spirit of any *one* of them is hereditary and common to all.

We may well conclude by appropriating a motto from the biographical section of the catalogue, which section, in its turn, appropriated it from Plutarch. Altered to make it applicable to all masters, it would run—'We fill our mind with the images of good men, by observing their actions and life. If we have contracted any blemish, or followed ill custom, from the company in which we unavoidably engage, we correct and dispel it, by calmly turning our thought to these excellent examples.'

THE BED OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

The room is darkened; not a sound is heard
Save the clear, cheerful chirping of the bird
Which sings without the window; or the bell
Which sounds a mournful peal, a last farewell.
And she is there, or *was*; her spirit's home,
Lies far beyond this world of sin and gloom.
I heard the whispers of the parting breath,
And wiped her brow, and closed her eyes in
death.

Oh, she was beautiful in health's bright time!
Full of the radiance of her golden prime;
Eyes deep and full, and lips which spoke to bless,
And cheeks which blushed at their own loveliness,
And earnest, downcast glances part revealing
The thoughts which lay within, and part concealing.
She knew no guile, and she feared no wrong;
Who trust in innocence are greatly strong.
As some deep stream, reflecting in its course

The pure and limpid clearness of its source,
So her chaste spirit, formed in God's own light,
Pure as a southern sky, and not less bright,
A tender, loving ministrant was given
To raise the soul from earth, and lift to Heaven.
From week to week she faded; day by day
We watched her spirits droop, her strength
decay;

We scarce could deem that one so young and fair
Should pant for purer light—celestial air!
And still we dared to hope. The hectic hue
Which tinged her cheeks made ours brighten too.
We thought of death, but deemed the Reaper's
hand

Removed the weeds, and let the flow'rets stand.
And she the fairest! could he touch a form
Radiant with life—with hope's deep pulses
warm?

Vainly we dreamed, and bitter was our pain,
And griefs but vanished to recur again!

* * * * *

Come near, come silently; the room may tell
The simple tastes of her we loved so well—
The "Poet's corner," once so fondly styled;
The harp, which many an idle hour beguiled;
The old, old books of legendary lore,
O'er which, in summer hours, she loved to pore;
And all those thousand nameless charms which
skill,

Blended with fancy, fashions at its will.
And proofs of fond affection, too, are there,
And tender tokens of a mother's care—
That care to which the higher task was given,
Of pointing from earth's sunny dreams to Heaven.

* * * * *

Come near, come silently, ere yet the grave
Closes o'er one we fondly hoped to save.
How changed, and yet how lovely! meekly
there

Her small white hands are folded, as in prayer.
O! who that ever heard that dying strain
Could think to mingle in the world again!

* * * * *

He who would pass the latter part of his life
with honour and decency must, when he is
young, consider that he shall one day be old:
and remember when he is old, that he has
once been young. In youth he must lay up
knowledge for his support, when his powers
of action shall forsake him; and in age forbear
to animadvert with rigour on faults which
experience only can correct.

THE MAN WITH ONE IDEA AND THE MAN WITH MANY.

ENERGY is genius, some one has said. It is a quality that achieves so much when in a right direction, that it may well be identified with that principle of power. There are men you occasionally meet, whose brains are so stocked with ideas, and inventions, and attainments; so full of profound erudition and apprehensive intelligence, that it is difficult to believe their own admission that they have never "done" anything in the world. Others, by general acceptance, great men, and benefactors of their species, are, on the contrary, so devoid of all apparent vivacity of mind and power of imparting the commonest thought with any of the clearness which shows that it has previously passed through the smelting furnace of internal comprehension, that you are long sceptical as to their being indeed the authors of what the world gives them credit for.

They do not seem to have a single idea in their heads, you say.

If you had said, they do not seem to have two ideas in their heads, it would have been nearer the truth, probably.

Admitting them, then, to have one idea, which indeed they must have, we will for our better edification gain an entry to the tenement occupied by the solitary stranger.

Now there are many people who look upon ideas as intangible substances elusive to the grasp as quicksilver. Observe here: the chamber is full, as the ripened nut with its kernel. Put your hand upon this kernel. It is full, round, complete in every section. It is a living fruit. Mark, moreover, what firm hold the brain has of it; how closely it is embraced; how perfectly circled. You think to yourself it has a root, and must have grown here. So it has. So must every idea which is to come to anything. You see there would not be room for two. One fills the whole house; and for that reason you heard no sound betokening *emptiness* while you were conversing with the great man, notwithstanding the apparent absence of intellectual activity in his remarks. He spoke solidly. On subjects of which he was ignorant, spoke not at all. The crowd (meaning by this term those who pierce

not deeper than the surface) are, as you first were, sceptical as to his greatness. He is a clever adaptor of other men's ideas, according to them. He has not one himself, they say; but you know that he has.

Consider next what the great practical man does with his one idea, when he finds it in due season ripe, and his whole being, as it were, filled with it. He does not let it "ripen, and rot;" he does not hold it forth on the tip of the tongue, that mankind may hear and gape; neither does he disperse it bit by bit in pamphlets. What he does is to set to work vigorously, and give it a palpable shape; make it a thing of earth as soon as may be. All his art, all his experience, all his knowledge, all that he can learn from others or draw from himself, every faculty of his nature is employed in perfecting this colossal task. Then comes into action that gigantic energy, hitherto patiently looking on or asleep, but now, like a Titan taken back to grace by the sovereign of Olympus, and taught to assist in the work of construction instead of his old destroying game; fiery, irresistible in strength, perseveringly faithful, undaunted, never to be *checked*, holding the pledge of conquest in the determination not to succumb. Energy, so matched, is then genius. We have seen men of this sort. They have lived and passed away; they are living and at work. For your own sakes, O rulers! for your stability's sake, O governments! and all ye who cling to old forms of prejudice and custom, come not in the path of such men. You may as easily strive to stop an express engine at full speed. They, too, go upon one line of rail, are impelled by one motive power. They will as surely complete their business in hand as your offspring will rejoice that they did so. Such men are the makers of nations, and to them we are indebted for England's greatness: for they are peculiar more to the Anglo-Saxon race than to any other. That was the head of an Anglo-Saxon we paid a visit to just now. Who was it? We could point to many that it might have been.

The first Crystal Palace—eclipsed by the second, but its parent notwithstanding—sprang from the brain of an energetic Eng-

lishman, full-armed like Pallas. The penny-postage system, a yet grander scheme, was hatched in the same way by one patient sitter. So, among others, was the overland mail;—and speaking of that, we met lately with an interesting mention of Waghorn in a pleasant book, to wit, *Boner's Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria*. As it gives a very good notion of what the tremendous energy of this zealous Englishman was, and is, besides, of value from its picture of the impression amounting to awe produced by his unwearied perseverance and gigantic undertaking on the minds of some of the simple people who waited upon him on the way, helped to speed his flying steps, we will transcribe it.

Mr. Boner has entered upon Austrian territory and is at Leremoos, close on the borders of Tyrol, and through which Waghorn used to pass like a fiery comet, to the amazement of the villagers.

"The innkeeper at Leremoos, in answer to some question of mine, mentioned the distances of several places from the village—to Vienna so many miles, to Trieste so many.

"But Trieste," I said, "what makes you think of Trieste?"

"It interested me much once," he said, "when the Englishman, Herr Waghorn, used to be coming this way from India."

"What," I said, "you knew Mr. Waghorn?"

"Yes, he was here six times. Ah, that was an enterprising mind!" he exclaimed, with a dash of sorrow in his tone, as if the enthusiasm and genius of the man had not left even *his* old heart insensible, but had stirred it up and aroused it, and was not to be forgotten, though the stranger only came rushing by like a comet on its swift surprising course. How full he was of admiration at Waghorn's mighty energy and indomitable will! Indeed, it was this last which seemed to have left on the minds of all to whom I spoke something like a sense of irresistible power. And no wonder; he appears among them, and old difficulties and hindrances give way; he batters down every obstacle, and, hurrying past, shows them that by his will, solely by his strong will, he can annihilate the impossible.

"For nine days and nights," continued mine host, "through horses were kept ready; there were eight ordered, and three postillions. That last time—I remember it well—the one post cost, 116 florins; but it was the same to him, no matter what it cost; all he cared for was time—that was everything: nothing could be done quick enough. Ah, it put life into us all whenever we heard he was coming."

"And did he never stop to take any refreshment?" I asked.

"Perhaps he just had time to swallow a cup of coffee, but all in a trice,—he allowed himself scarcely a second; or he took something with him as he jumped into the carriage, and ate it as he went along. He must have been very strong to bear what he did, but sometimes he looked exceedingly tired: yet he was always full of life, and only cared about getting on."

"And what sort of a man was he?"

"Very friendly, but severe with the postillions. And he was right; he paid for the trouble, and well, too: there was no stint of money when he came."

"And how did he travel?"

"Always in a light carriage, sometimes quite alone, and in the others were the letters. They were crammed full; it was something wonderful, quite wonderful to see the number of boxes he had with him. Everything was ordered some time beforehand: and we were told, from a certain day, to be in readiness till he arrived. We were constantly on the watch, for there was no knowing when he would come. Sometimes when we least expected him he would all of a sudden be here—in the middle of the night perhaps,—tearing along, and in a moment—on again. When once he was announced, from that instant we had no rest, for we were obliged to have all ready at a moment's warning, or he would have been terribly angry. Yes, yes! that was, indeed an enterprising mind."

"Poor Waghorn!" adds Mr. Boner. "how he toiled on incessantly to achieve his great work, and what has been the reward? What, indeed!"

On the following morning, M. Boner took a seat in the diligence to the next post-town.

and presently, when we came to a hill, I got out of the carriage and talked with the postilion as he walked up. The conversation of the evening before was still in my thoughts.

"Did you ever drive the Englishman, Waghorn, when he passed through Lermoos?" I asked of my companion.

"No," he said, "for I was not at Lermoos then; but at Kempten I have seen him. How he drove! How he went along! Never was seen anything like it. Though I did not drive him, I have heard a great deal about him from my comrades. He paid them immensely, and they never could go fast enough for him: *he used to keep on scolding them, and telling them to drive faster and faster all the way.* Once he came from Trieste to Lermoos in thirty-two hours; but then, you know, he had not to wait a moment, for when it was known he was coming everybody flew."

"And did they like to have him come?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure! *And when they heard he was in sight the people used all to run out to see him arrive.* Further on, there is a hill—I'll show it to you as we pass. Well, when Herr Waghorn was expected, some one used to be posted there to wait for him; and directly he caught sight of his carriage dashing along, he fired a pistol, that the people below might know he was near, for Reutte, as I suppose you know, is just at the foot of the hill; but though it is a good way to the bottom, *he used to come down at such a rate, that we could hardly get out the horses before he was already there;* and then he wanted always to be on again, and in the same moment, too. I never saw such a man before!"

"And you never drove him?"

"No, I wish I had, for he always paid from the hour the horses were ordered; and when we waited four or five days for him, the whole time was reckoned, and some of my comrades got a fine sum. When once the orders had come, those amongst us, who were to drive him were not allowed to leave the horses night or day for a single minute. They used to lie down, ready dressed, in the hay, and on his arrival were up and off. Many and many a time I have heard them tell about Herr Waghorn."

"I wonder," said I, "the postmaster let their horses be driven so fast, for they will not do it generally."

"But he paid for it. You know he did not pay the usual sum, but double and treble; and then if a horse was hurt, it was made good at once. At Kempten, I remember, one horse fell dead, at such a tremendous rate did they drive along, and the price the postmaster asked was paid instantly, and without a word. You see the thing was, the horses had been waiting for more than a week, and had not been out of the stable all that time, and they were well fed, too; so that when they came out at last, after standing so long, that particular one could not bear it, and it killed him outright. If he had not been so long without exercise, it would not have hurt him. Look," said he, as we reached the hill-top, "this is the place. That is Route, you see, down below, and just here the man used to stand on the look-out. It is a good way to the town, is it not? Well, he was down the hill in a moment. And in a fair space of time, we were rumbling through the streets where Waghorn, anxious, longing, half-dead with fatigue, but not worn out—he was too enthusiastic for that—had dashed along on his way to London from India and the desert."

Truly there was no resisting such a man as this! Let us thank heaven that this boundless energy was always, is always among Englishmen, exerted for the benefit of their country and mankind; not in useless conspiracies and the propounding of ridiculous, unprofitable doctrines. The man with one idea bent to destroy and overthrow rather than build up and create, is, indeed, a species of infernal being much to be dreaded, greatly to be propitiated. The old French Revolution produced him, and the worshippers of power in any form manage to get up some amount of admiration for him. For ourselves, we would rather he were not, though he, doubtless, is also an instrument.

Waghorn is as fine a specimen of the energetic Englishman with one idea, as we know of; and a study of his character would show us the capacities of our race better than the most elaborate essay. In contrast to him

we will consider the man with many ideas ; and for that purpose, select any modern German or Germanized philosopher you will.

There is the noise of a confusion of tongues and rebellion against constituted authority here, you exclaim, while listening at the outside of the cranium you are about to be introduced to.

But on entering, what a sight presents itself !

A dim light, like that shed by the lamp suspended in the halls of Pandemonium, is observed casting an obfuscated glimmer on thousands of floating, filmy unintelligible shapes that sweep up and sink down as on a wind, and pursue each other, melting through each other's incorporeal essences, as do Milton's angels. As our eyes grow accustomed to the light, which they do when day would blind them, and they have lost their natural strength, we perceive that every shape has a separate employment, and is of a different character,—all agreeing, however, in one particular, that of being not human in their putting together. It is sad, but there seems to be no affinity amongst any of these shapes. The philosopher has just shaken his cranium to intimate that he wants to do something with his many ideas. At this suggestion the shapes ought surely to fall into order. But they do not. On the contrary, as if in opposition, a furious internecine war begins to rage. They close, grapple, coil together, tug this way and that, and tear each other to pieces limb by limb.

Sometimes "sides" are taken and then, the battle is frightful to behold. In the midst of this the light wanes more and more—flickers—threatens to become extinct—finally does become so ; and you are left gazing at a raging darkness so absolute that if these shapes continue to engage, it must be an exterminating contest. It generally is so, ending in the reign of total vacuity.

What has the philosopher been seeking to do with his many ideas, you ask, on emerging once more into daylight, and after considerable writhing ? Why, he has been trying to prove every negative in existence. He has been endeavouring to knock down old creeds, and build up new ones. He has been running

up brick mansions on foundations of vapour. In fine, he has been attempting to do whatever can serve nobody, and much that would be injurious to everybody. Our philosopher is the slave of his ideas, not their sovereign. His mind resembles a ship, of which the entire crew insist on being captain and pilot, and not one will do the duties of a common sailor. It is no wonder that the ship comes upon breakers.

We have now given the two extremes of the man with one idea and the man with many. In future, if you hear it stated that a man has only one idea, do not despise him, for he is one of the fates, one destined to overturn much that flourished heretofore, and to do the impossible. Intermediate minds—those who have *some* ideas—must serve him, whether they will or no.

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG IN JUNE.

The Summer is coming—I know its approach
By the breath of the opening flowers,
By the song of the blackbird, whose musical notes
Enliven the soft twilight hours ;
By the murmuring hum of the wandering bee,
By the touch of the leaves on the young maple tree,
And my brother's sweet voice as with infantile gloe
He wanders the daisies among.

The Summer is coming ! and gladness and joy
To my blighted young life will be given,
In its full cup of pleasure there is no alloy,
No cloud in the blue of its heaven ;
For the voices of those that are dearest on earth,
Are around me once more in their gladness and mirth.
And friendship is tested, and proved is its worth.
As we wander the daisies among.

The Summer is coming ! I welcome it back
With a joy I can scarcely express ;
It sheds a bright beam on my desolate track,
It meets me with love and caress.
In whispers a hope that when Time is grown old,
When my days shall have passed "as a tale that is told,"
In Elysian fields over herbage of gold,
We shall wander the daisies among.

LONDON REFORMATORY.

The conviction has at length seized hold of the public mind, that the treatment of the criminal population has hitherto been vicious, costly, and inhumane. Instead of diminishing the amount of crime, it is said to have a tendency in the opposite direction,—not only thoroughly hardening the heart of the unfortunate criminal, but cutting off all hope of redemption, by rendering it impossible for him to again mix with his fellow-men upon anything like terms of common toleration. Once out of the pale of society he could never hope to return, except in an assumed character, which was little more than a painful and ignominious repudiation of his preceding existence. But, if even the luckless victim of crime attempted thus to smuggle himself into the body of his fellow-men, the chances were greatly in favour of his being discovered, and hunted back to his hiding-place, like a wild beast to its lair. Humanity has certainly achieved a noble triumph in this direction, and has clearly shown that persuasion, in certain cases, is better than coercion, and that an appeal to the higher feelings of human nature, if judiciously directed, can even reach the sin-hardened heart of the outcast and criminal, the costly Ishmaelite of society.

Before the great truth, however, fully impressed itself upon the directing lights of society, that the moral disease, crime, ought to be treated like those which are incidental to our physical nature—namely, by a really searching yet soothing system, if anything like a sanitary amendment were to be looked for—a vast amount of prejudice had to be disposed of, as it were imperceptibly, and without injuring, to any sensible degree, the tender susceptibilities of those who are frequently its unconscious victims. The very idea of teaching a criminal to read or write, or instructing him beyond the mere routine of some handicraft, even half a century ago, would have been deemed an act of unsurpassed folly; and he who, in the simplicity of his heart and the singleness of his convictions, had ventured to attempt it, either upon anything like an extended or practical scale, would have been looked upon as the veriest

Utopian that the sun ever shone upon. Things, however, have since then undergone a singular change and the public mind has experienced a similar mutation.

It is now nearly a century and a-half since the first idea of treating the criminal with anything like discriminating kindness dawned upon the public mind. Mabillon, we believe, was the first to suggest the idea. "We place the penitent prisoners," he writes,* in several cells, similar to those of the Chartreuse, and have a workshop to employ them in useful labour." The *Proprio Motu* of Clement XI., in 1703, initiating a divisional regulation in the prison of St. Michael at Rome, to obviate the indiscriminate herding together which was commonly adopted, whatever might be the depth or shade of the crime committed,—the exertion of the Count Vilain, the benevolent founder of the *Institution* at Gand, which materially enlarged the basis upon which the *Proprio Motu* of Clement was founded, and which formed the model of Bentham's *Panopticon*, the Prison at Milbank, and the *Penitentiary* at Philadelphia,—the humane and indefatigable efforts of Howard, whose heart was the embodiment of Christian philanthropy, and who was the first to lay bare the foul and iniquitous conditions of prisons, the polluting atmosphere of which effectually prevented the slightest chance of returning health to the unfortunate inmates,—were the precursors of those enlarged aims and practical ends which characterise the criminal amenders of the present day. The classification of prisoners, however, according to their crimes, by condemning them to silence, labour, or isolation, was a step which enlightened theory would naturally suggest in contemplating a system of criminal reform; and the making a prison a place of penitance and even of education, where the only idea prevailing was the fear of punishment and the vengeance of the law, was the preparatory stage to the treatment of crime as a malady which might be alleviated, if not entirely eradicated, and to consider the criminal, not as an irretrievable

* "On renfermerait les penitents dans plusieurs cellules semblables à celles des Chartreux avec un laboratoire pour les exercer à chaque travail utile."—*Œuvres Posthumes*.

ble outcast whose destruction was inevitable, but rather as a "burning brand," whom a daring and dexterous hand might really "snatch from the fire."

But the benevolence of the present age, in the true spirit of improvement, has stolen a march upon that of its predecessor. Upon the conviction that *prevention is better than cure*, we do not say to the unfortunate who claims our care, "go out and qualify," as the *Magdalenes*, according to Horne Tooke, did fifty years ago, but we say, "come and receive instruction, in order that you may become useful, not hurtful members of society." We, in short, practically teach thieves and vagabonds that honesty is the best policy, and that the road to success in life, and to happiness hereafter, is simple and straight on, while that which they are just setting out upon, or have been traversing, is crooked, uneven, and, after all its spurious attractions, is alike painful, profitless, and wearisome.

Foremost among the few who have signally distinguished themselves for the reform of criminals, and for the rescue of the poor and destitute from the danger of being seduced into crime, stands the name of Nash. The efforts of this single mind completely demonstrate the almost immeasurable strength that exists in a determined will, whose direction is animated by a good and virtuous purpose, and whose aim is sanctified by the highest and noblest impulses of our nature. Mr. Nash is the true paladin of these days; not wasting his time in redressing the imaginary wrongs of "fair ladies," but devoting his heroic courage to release, from the captivity of crime and misery, the unfortunate, the outcast, and the condemned amongst society. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

The fruits of the labours of Mr. Nash may be seen at the London Reformatory, 9, Great Smith Street, Westminster, in which are gathered about one hundred youths and adults, many of whom have been what may be termed "bad" characters, and most of whom have been tainted, in one form or another, by criminal pursuits.

Of these hundred rescued criminals, nine had been thieves for one year, sixteen for two years, twenty for three years, twenty-seven from three to six years, twenty-two from six

to twelve years, two from twelve to thirteen years, one for seventeen years, and one for twenty years.

During their career of crime, these unfortunate outcasts of society were, according to their own confession, made acquainted with the interior of a prison in the following relations: Forty-six had been imprisoned from one to six times, thirty-seven from six to twelve times, fourteen from twelve to fifteen times, two from fifteen to twenty times, and one twenty times.

In answer to certain questions of the rev. chaplain, the following facts were elicited, which show that the mind of a criminal becomes hardened by degrees, and that redemption is not utterly hopeless, if it be attempted at an early stage of its career. The poet truly remarks—

"He that once sins, like him who slides on ice,
Runs swiftly down the slippery paths of vice.
Though conscience checks him, yet those rubs got o'er,
He glides on smoothly, and looks back no more."

On the first imprisonment, seventy-nine of the reformed entertained a great horror of prison; on the second, eighty-four of the hundred declared that they had become hardened; and after frequent imprisonments, they all declared that they were weary of life, and that they looked upon a prison more as a home than as a place of punishment.

It was the witnessing of this feeling so frequently that led the governor of one of our county gaols to declare that "the reformation must be made outside the prison walls,"—a declaration as important as it is true.

On further analysis of the character, condition, and early training of this *centum* of unfortunates, it would appear that the want of an honest pursuit may be reckoned as among the principal causes of crime in the poorer classes of the people. Of these, twelve had been gentlemen's servants, fifteen errand-boys, three shoemakers, two tailors, three light porters, twelve sailors, two carpenters, nine labourers, five clerks, seven shopmen; and thirty had never been employed in any lawful pursuit. Here we have only eight per cent. of the aggregate with anything like a useful occupation; consequently with every chance of stumbling,

whenever the path of life presented a rugged and slippery surface.

There was little hope for these *parias* of society, until the philanthropic spirit of such men as Mr. Nash set about, in right earnest, to devise a means of reformation. The *Reformatory* was the result; but how it grew up to its present highly useful proportions, must form the subject of the remainder of this paper, as it conveys as fine a moral, and furnishes as cheering a truth, as can well be conceived.

Mr. Nash was a simple linen-draper's assistant, or a humble clerk to a merchant, when he commenced the career of a criminal reformer. His means, moreover, were as limited as his views were large; but he soon proved that the best element of success in a good cause is simple energy and unflinching perseverance. Having passed through the gradations of Sunday-school teacher, and Ragged-school tutor, which brought him acquainted with some strange scholars, he felt himself qualified, as it were, for such a singular task. The *debut* of Mr. Nash was in the Pye Street Ragged School, whose attendants were about as picturesque and peculiar as rags, destitution, immorality, and poverty could possibly make them. They were human beings, however, with minds to be rescued from the contagion of crime, and that was sufficient to animate the heart of the reformer. Accordingly he went to work. Mr. Nash visited the houses—holes, we ought to say—and studied the character of these poor creatures, furnished them, from his narrow stores, with the means of appearing decent and cleanly; and even lived with them, in order that he might more effectually improve them. From one, our reformer gradually collected half-a-dozen neophytes; but as the number increased, so also did the difficulties of providing the means to carry out his plans. Letters, entreaties, petitions, and personal applications at length did a great deal,—for old coats, waistcoats, trousers, shirts, &c., poured in; but as to money, there was more difficulty about that. From house to house, however, and from street to street, our courageous reformer bent his way; and, although he met with an occasional rebuff or so, the result proved highly effective,

and even this element of success was not wanting at the appropriate time.

To follow Mr. Nash in his progressive steps of criminal reform, would, however, trespass too largely upon our limited space; otherwise, we should have much pleasure in detailing the whole, from the apparently hopeless commencement to the present singularly successful result. We must refer the reader to the highly interesting report of the institution.

Suffice it to state, that the Earl of Shaftesbury has largely interested himself in the success of the *Reformatory*, and that it was, in a great measure, through his instrumentality that it assumed its present prosperous shape.

The institution possesses a treasurer, secretary, and committee of management; and Mr. Nash is appointed governor and corresponding secretary. The balance-sheet of last year shows an income of £2500. The premises cover an area of 4522 square feet, and there are 100 inmates at the present time under the process of reformation. The inmates rise at six o'clock in the morning, and are engaged throughout the day in cleansing the dormitories, in singing, and in reading the Scriptures before breakfast; after this meal, comes exercise, industrial training, shoemaking, printing, carpentering, and tailoring; while the afternoon and evening are filled up with similar employments. The *Reformatory* is divided into workshops, a large hall, answering for the purpose of dining and school room; a well-ventilated dormitory, a library, and a printing office, in which about twenty persons are employed, and whose work is highly creditable, judging by the report to which we have called attention.

We shall conclude by observing, that several of the reformed criminals are settled in America, and are pursuing honest callings, by means of which they are enabled to acquire a position which renders them alike creditable to their friends, and respectable in their own esteem.

None of us stand alone in the world; none of us can sink into an abyss of misery without dragging others after us.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERBUNT XXVIII.

[*Major and Doctor.*]

DOCTOR.—What has become of our North British friend this evening? It is seldom that the echoes of the Shanty remain so long unawakened by his Doric tongue!

MAJOR.—His advent may be looked for every moment. By express invitation he went up to the infant village of Bell Ewart, on Lake Simcoe, this morning, in order to assist at the launch of a new steamer which the Northern Railway Company have been fabricating in that quarter of the globe.

DOCTOR.—I did not opine that the Thane of Bonnie Braes had been so largely inoculated with the furore of sight-seeing, as to be running after such *pleys* in ox-roasting weather like the present!

MAJOR.—Some hints dropped of, and concerning a *dejeunè*; together with a prophetic inkling of certain hampers of champaign, proved too seductive for the virtue of the agriculturist to resist. He set off in the excursion train, to which I conveyed him, anticipating a blow out commensurate with the importance of the corporation whose guest he was. With a wink he certiorated me that in order to keep an edge upon his appetite, he had not eaten more than some half a dozen eggs to breakfast!

DOCTOR.—What an intensely Lenten repast! Well, it is one consolation that Mrs. Grundy's larder will not be subject to much depletion from the pilgrim this night!

MAJOR.—Hark! There is the voice of our amicus!

LAIRD (*without*).—I say, Betty, my bonnie doo! tell your mistress that she maun send me something to eat, wi' a' possible speed! I havana' tasted a morsel o' meat since cock-crow!

[*Enter Laird.*]

MAJOR.—Bless my stars and garters, Bonnie Braes! how came you by that "lean and hungry look?" Cassius himself never could have exhibited a more cadaverous aspect!

LAIRD.—There's a reason for that, as for everything else, if I had only strength and patience to indoctrinate you therewith! May the muckle-horned deil flee awa' wi' the Northern Railroad—item, wi' the clachan o' Bell Ewart—item, wi' Joseph C. Morrison, I mean the steamboat o' that name—item— But here's

my guardian angel in the shape o' Betty, and so not another word will I speak till I hae filled up the vacuum in my wame! What hae ye got here, my braw lass? A cauld round o' beef! No sae bad! The better part o' a roasted turkey! There's something heartsome in the very sight o't! A can o' lobsters no less! Oh, Betty, ye deserve a guid husband! Champed patatoes, as I'm a ruling elder and a captain o' militia! Gout and corns no forbiddin', I'll dance at your weddin', my saucy queen!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—See how he pitches into the prog! One would suppose that the fellow had not seen food for a twelvemonth!

LAIRD.—Noo, Betty, awa' to the butcher as fast as ye can trail, and get ready the mutton chops ye spoke about in the lobby! I'll try and support fainting nature, in the meantime, wi' the vivers before me!

MAJOR.—Well, Laird, how did you enjoy your trip?

LAIRD.—For the next half hour, ye needna' direct ony o' your conversation to me! Wha can eat and speak at the same time? That's a prime bubbly jock, but I wish thae chops were ready!

MAJOR.—I say, Sangrado, we must e'en permit the Laird to take his own way! It's ill talking between a fou man and a fasting! Have you read Lady Bulwer Lytton's latest literary bantling, *Behind the Scenes*?

DOCTOR.—I have, and with the most nauseating and unmitigated disgust!

MAJOR.—These expressions savour slightly of harshness, when applied to the production of a lady!

DOCTOR.—Lady! Say *Fury*, and you will be nearer the mark! If ever there was a demon in a bustle and petticoats, it is this same blue stocking! Blue devil would be the more german appellation!

MAJOR.—Why, what is the subject of the work against which you direct so emphatically your comminations?

DOCTOR.—Neither more nor less than the vixen's own husband—the author of *Paul Clifford* and the *Lady of Lyons*!

MAJOR.—That same author is no special favourite of mine!

DOCTOR.—As little do I rank him amongst my cater cousins; but because a man is not

eligible for canonization, that is no reason why his wife should hold him up to the scandal-loving world as a fiend incarnate!

MAJOR.—Most thoroughly do I agree with you!

DOCTOR.—So rabid is the malignity which this savage (I can employ no milder term) displays towards her victim, and so gigantic are the crimes which she charges to his account, that the reader of her abominations rises from the perusal thereof with a strong feeling of sympathy towards the accused.

MAJOR.—Does she make out the baronet to be *so very bad*?

DOCTOR.—Bad! Don Juan—not Byron's hero, but the old Italian Giovanni—was a virtuous Quaker in comparison! Boil together the worthies of the Newgate Calendar, and serve them up as one concentrated jelly of sin, and it will present a less obnoxious mess, than Sir Bulwer Lytton, as drawn by his ill-conditioned helpmate! Passing base coin, fraud, measureless lying, seduction, nay, murder itself, are as familiar to the leading actor in this detestable fiction, as the air which he breathes!

MAJOR.—As you remark, such outrageous venom must needs carry its own antidote along with it! For many years Lytton has been the target at which a large section of the press have been aiming their most pungent darts, and if a small per-centage of what his spouse brings gainst him be true, we should have heard it long ere now!

[Enter Betty with a covered dish.]

LAIRD.—Weel, who will deny that there is sic a thing as a special providence? Just as I had pyket bare the last bone o' the turkey, in comes the mutton chops! Put me in mind, dawtie, to gie ye a kiss, and maybe, a York shilling to buy ribbons, when I hae got over my hurry!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—Faugh! I would as soon receive an osculation from a gorged boa constrictor!

LAIRD.—That's no' a bad amendment, only the weather is a thocht too warm for sic an article o' dress! If ever handmaiden deserved a *gorygous* boa, it is honest Betty, this blessed ghourmin!

MAJOR.—Our old friend, George Prince Regent James, is not suffering his grey goose quill to remain idle in Dollardom.

DOCTOR.—What is the title of his latest production?

MAJOR.—Thus it runs; *Ticonderoga*: or the

Black Eagle. A romance of days not far distant.

DOCTOR.—What is the era of the story?

MAJOR.—Sometime about the year 1757, when North America was the field of contest between Great Britain and France.

DOCTOR.—Then the affair has nothing to do with the revolution?

MAJOR.—Call it *rebellion*, Hall, an' thou lovest me! No! James wisely keeps clear of that wicked and most unjustifiable transaction! He is too much of a Christian patriot to sing Te Deums in honour of traitors: and residing as he does in the revolted land, it would be questionable taste to characterize the reprobates as they deserve!

DOCTOR.—Thou most unique of all fossils!

LAIRD.—If you had to exercise your grinders upon the bread I am eating, you might speak o' fossils! It's as hard as a lump o' whiustane! Sair against my will, I must bring my frugal cheek to a close, or I'll no hae a sound tooth left in my jaws!

DOCTOR.—I say, Bonnie Braes, do you mind the old proverb, "As the sow fills, the draff sours?"

LAIRD.—Nane o' your unceevil insinuations, you graceless land-louper! An' it werna' for spoiling my disgeestion, I would play the *Rogue's March* on your empty skull wi' the drumsticks o' my defunct friend, the turkey!

DOCTOR.—Returning to *Ticonderoga*, does it sustain the reputation of James as a tale-teller?

MAJOR.—I have no hesitation in saying that it does. The introduction of the *red men* gives a sprinkling of variety to the affair, it being the author's first attempt in that line of character.

DOCTOR.—And how does he work his Indian machinery?

MAJOR.—Why, pretty well, upon the whole. You are not *too often* reminded of Cooper, and that, you know, is saying something!

LAIRD.—Are there ony greeting bits in't? I hae got an injunction frae Girzy to bring her oot something in the affecting and sentimental line.

MAJOR.—Then the *Black Eagle* is the precise ticket for soup, which the moist-eyed Griselda desiderateth! The death of one brace of the heroes and heroines (for there are no less than four of them) would be sufficient to translate the

"————— Goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne."

into that whimpering spinster Niobe!

DOCTOR.—Right glad am I that you have put me up to this wrinkle! It will save me wading through the *Prince Regent's* yarn!

MAJOR.—What do you mean?

DOCTOR.—Simply what I say! There is so much real fag and misery in the world that I, for one, have no stomach to burden myself with ideal woes!

LAIRD.—I aye was of opinion that ye had nae mair sentiment than a frozen turnip!

DOCTOR.—Very judicious is the advice which my excellent gossip, M. A. Titmarsh, gives to his story-reading clients. He says—"In respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest oneself in a personage who you know must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death? What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?"

MAJOR.—Agreeing generally with what you say, I have still something to advance in arrest of judgment, so far the upshot of *Ticonderoga* is concerned.

DOCTOR.—The court is ready to hear you!

MAJOR.—Though one pair of lovers are knocked on the sconce, after a scurvy and most unnecessary fashion, another pair get spliced, and live as happy as the day is long!

LAIRD.—That's the very book for Girzy, as Crabtree very judiciously observed! What woman, especially an elderly maiden, could resist a story which contains baith a burial and a wedding? Why, it's a perfect bewilderment o' riches! Let me hae the book, Culpepper, and wha kens but Girzy will send you in return a can o' grozet jam?

MAJOR.—I was not aware that you cultivated at Bonnie Braes the grozet, *alias* grasett, *alias* gooseberry?

LAIRD.—Oo aye! It thrives no' that ill, wi' a little carefu' guidin'; but it never attains the flavour o' the hame fruit! Oh for an hour's eating o' the grozets—the plump, juicy grozets o' Jedburgh! You'll excuse me, my friends, but I never can keep the sent water frae run-

ning doon my cheeks, when I think upon the matchless and magnificent berries!

DOCTOR.—Pray be comforted, Laird! I verily believe (*aside*) that beer and brandy have rendered the old rascal maudlin!

MAJOR.—Weare forgetting, Bonnie Braes, all about your excursion. How chanced it that, setting out with lusty expectation of sustentation, you returned famished and mortified as a monk of La Trappe?

LAIRD.—Ye maun let me get the grozets o' Jedburgh out o' my head, before I am fit for the narration! Blessings on your rough and smooth coats—yellow, red, and green! What are a' the cockernuts and orangers o' the tropics compared wi' your unobtrusive but appetizing charms? Just think upon the noble mouths that ye hae refreshed in your day and generation! Wha can doubt that ye hae solaced Robin Bruce, Willie Wallace, Johnnie Knox, Andrew—

DOCTOR.—Fairservice, and George Buchanan, the King's fool! Why, man, at this rate you would infict upon us a string of names, long-winded as Dan Homer's catalogue of ships! With you the gooseberry is as prolific as were the mugs and bowls of the dreaming Arabian huxter!

MAJOR.—Whilst the Laird is re-emigrating from Jedburgh, let me introduce you to a very suggestive and instructive volume, intitled, *History of Cuba: or Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics*. The author is Maturin M. Ballou, and from his name I would gather that he is a native of the island of saints, butter-milk, and potatoes.

DOCTOR.—Such a work, if well executed, must be peculiarly interesting at the present juncture, when Jonathan is longing so incontinently to be the manufacturer of our Cuban cigars.

MAJOR.—M. Ballou's production is most comprehensive in its plan. Beginning at the beginning, it presents us with a history of this delicious island, from its discovery by our old friend Columbus down to the present day. The writer is unhesitatingly of opinion that it is the design of the Spanish government to emancipate the slaves, and to place the black and white population upon a platform of social equality.

DOCTOR.—I must read the book; but, by the way, is it readable?

MAJOR.—Very much so! Though containing

much *solid* matter, and abundant materials for grave reflection, it is replete with graphic sketches both of scenery and manners.

Doctor.—If your lungs are in good working order, perchance you will favour me with an extract in justification of your averments.

MAJOR.—Here is a narrative illustrative of the administration of the celebrated Tacon, which was related to M. Ballou in Havana. It is quite as romantic as any novel, and might easily have been amplified into one:—

During the first year of Tacon's governorship there was a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalcz, who kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderes, and whose shop was the resort of all the young men of the town who loved a choicely-made and superior cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without mother or father living, and earned an humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beauty, with a finely-rounded form, a lovely face, of soft, olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times, there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercaderes.— But she dispensed her favours without partiality; none of the rich and gay young exquisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgement from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of a Spanish song; but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine-looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite side of the harbour.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart, and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardent romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbour for reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of his comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbour since a boy, for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his fathers had done before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro; and when he came at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and securing the little stern awning over Miralda's head would steer out into the gulf and coast along the romantic shore.

There was a famous roudé, well known at this time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who had frequently visited Miralda's shop and conceived quite a passion for the girl, and, indeed he had grown to be one of her most liberal customers. With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Count besieged the heart of his intended victim without appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her, until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suspect the donor's intentions at once, and to promptly decline the offered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Count continued his profuse patronage in a way to which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint.

At last seizing upon what he considered a favourable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estates at Cerito, near the city, and offered all the promises of wealth, favour, and fortune; but in vain. The pure-minded girl scorned his offer and bade him never more to insult her by visiting her shop. Abashed but not confounded, the Count retired, but only to weave a new snare whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be so easily thwarted.

One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was setting over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar-shop, when a young man, wearing a Lieutenant's insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalcz, to which she timidly responded.

"Then you will please to come with me."

"By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"The order of the Governor-General."

"Then I must obey you," she answered; and prepared to follow him at once.

Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on; and, getting into a volante, told Miralda they would drive to the guard-house. But, to the surprise of the girl, she soon after discovered that they were passing the city gates, and immediately after were dashing off on the road to Cerito.— Then it was that she began to fear some trick had been played upon her; and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante's turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Counte Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now; she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officer and soldiers were his own people who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things, save her personal liberty; that he trusted, in time, to persuade her to look more favourably upon him, and that in all

things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders at all times to prevent her escape.

She knew very well that the power and will of Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart; and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had been used to wear one even in her storo against contingency; but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom!

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Count Almonte. First this was found out, then that circumstance, and these being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favourable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some certain plan for her delivery.—There was time to think *now*; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is, not in immediate danger,—and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise; he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the count, and his own liberty, by some means, be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself, he must be his own counsellor in this critical case.

At last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed to himself, "Why not go to head-quarters at once? why not see the Governor-General and tell him the whole truth? Ah! see him?—how is that to be effected?—And then this Count Almonte is a *nobleman*!—They say Tacon loves justice. We shall see. I *will* go to the Governor-General; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try." And Pedro did seek the Governor.—True, he did not at once get audience of him—not the first, nor the second, nor the third time: but he persevered, and was admitted at last.—Here he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisguisedly and open in all things, so that Tacon was pleased.

"And the girl?" asked the Governor-General, over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered. "Is she thy sister?"

"No Excelencia, she is dearer still, she is my betrothed."

The Governor bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him searchingly, said:

"Swear that what you have related to me is hope for heaven!"

"I swear!" said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to his table, wrote a few brief lines, and touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the captain of the guard to him.—Prompt as were all who had any connexion with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order, with directions to bring Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda immediately before him.—Pedro was sent to an anteroom, and the business of the day passed on as usual in the reception-hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miralda stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued to herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here."

"Excelencia, I fear that I have been indiscreet," was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes on this young girl, did you not?"

"Excelencia, I cannot deny it."

"Declare, upon your honour, Count Almonte, whether she is unharmed whom you have thus kept a prisoner."

"Excelencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof," was the truthful reply.

The Governor turned, and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the Count, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered the Governor General turned his back for one moment as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed in the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next, Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the Church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

"Holy Father," said Tacon, you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez together in the bonds of wedlock!"

"Excelencia," exclaimed the Count in amazement.

"Not a word, Senor, it is your part to obey!"

"My nobility, Excelencia!"

"Is forfeited!" said Tacon.

Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacon's mode of administering justice and of enforcing his own will, to dare to rebel, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had so long coveted thus about to be torn from him. In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart

the Governor's orders, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The captain of the guard was summoned, and despatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Count Almonte completely subdued and broken-spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse, and with a single attendant soon passed out of the city gates. But hardly had he passed the corner of the Paseo, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him and he fell a corpse upon the road!

His body was quietly removed, and the captain of the guard, who had witnessed the act made a minute upon his order as to the time and place, and mounting his horse, rode to the Governor's palace, entering the presence chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the Governor.

"Excelencia," said the officer, returning the order, "it is executed!"

"Is the Count dead?"

"Excelencia, yes."

"Proclaim, in the usual manner, the marriage of Count Almonte and Miralda Eztales, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estates. See that a proper officer attends her to the Count's estate, and enforces this decision." Then, turning to Pedro Mantanez, he said, "No man or woman in this island is so humble but they may claim justice of Tacon!

The story furnishes its own moral.

DOCTOR.—Though I cannot altogether approve of Governor Tacon's method of transacting business, candour constrains me to admit that he had very pretty ideas of poetical justice, and a fine eye for stage effect! No modern French manufacturer of melo-dramas could, by any possibility, have more artistically disposed of the raffish Count Almonte! Beyond all question, a crack play-wright was spoiled, when destiny made his Excelencia a mere viceroy!

LAIRD.—Here hae we been sitting for I dinna' ken hoo lang, without being refreshed wi' a single verse o' poetry! In my humble opinion, rhyme bears the same relation to prose, that yill or toddy does to ham and egg, or bread and cheese! It makes the solid sunkets o' literature gang kindly doon, and keeps them frae getting wersh and indigeestible!

DOCTOR.—Well, well; if that be not comparison run mad, then write me down an ass, and a soused garnet to boot!

MAJOR.—The Laird, let me crave leave to observe, exhibits a glimmering of common sense in his remark. To the fagged and jaded brain,

a sprightly lyric possesses all the invigorating qualities of a dram of some generous cordial!

DOCTOR.—By way of carrying out your metaphor, I would hazard the conjecture that the authorities of Parnassus have, of late years, passed a *Maine Law*! Right seldom is it that we, poor mundane mortals, can ever compass a fresh draught from the distillery of the Muses!

MAJOR.—There is much truth in what you say. Still, now and then, a genuine drop of the *creature* is sometimes smuggled to us through the prosaic medium of the press! For instance, here are some stanzas which I clipped from a recent number of the *New York Tribune*, which, though not of first-class excellence, may match with some of the effusions of our standard minor poets.

LAIRD.—Before ye begin, let me light my cutty! I could na' enjoy even the pipe o' Apollos without the accompaniment o' reek sauce! Blessings on the head o' Sir Walter Raleigh for making Christendom conversant wi' tabacca! Beyond a' controversy and contradiction, he was the greatest benefactor o' his race—the genius who discovered the virtues o' oysters only excepted!

DOCTOR.—Sill greater would be the friend of Adam's race, who should extend to your pumpkin the treatment which was meted to that of poor Sir Walter! What a *spate* (to use your own barbarous dialect) of bosh and bunkum would thus be cut off, and kept from deluging the wretches exposed to its malign influence!

LAIRD.—Puir body! His corns maun be fashing him sairly!

MAJOR.—Peace, children! The lines which I am about to read harmonize ill with jangling and strife! Thus they run—

CONTENTMENT.

Blest is the man of small desires,
With whatsoe'er he hath content;
Who to no greater thing aspires
Than Heaven hath lent.

Thrice happy he whose life is not
By fierce ambition's fire consumed;
'Neath Heaven's smile to cheer his lot,
Sweet flowers have bloomed.

I saw a man who, on Time's score
Had not yet reckoned thirty years!
And yet full thrice had lived them o'er,
In borrowed fears.

His frame was bony, gaunt, and bent;
His limbs were weak, his eyes were dim;
Earth's glorious seasons came and went,
But not for him.

Yet Heaven had blest him well at first,
With mind, and place, and ample store;
But still his heart in secret nursed
A wish for more.

He could not rest on middle step,
While others held a higher seat;
So envy to his heart's core crept,
To gnaw and eat.

Though fortune smiled along his way,
And home was eloquent with bliss;
He never kneeled aside to say,
"Thank God for this!"

I saw a man of eighty years,
Upon whose brow was lightly graved
The record of the cares and fears
Which he had braved.

His step was buoyant, and his eye
Was hopeful as the eye of youth;
His cheerful smile seemed to defy
Care's ruthless tooth.

"Father," I cried, "though full of years,
"Thy brow is smooth, thy smile is glad;
"A pilgrim through a vale of tears,
"Yet never sad;

"Pray tell me how thou hast passed through
"So scatheless, earth's continual strife?"

"At what sweet spring didst thou renew
"Thy waning life?"

"The tale is short," said he, "think not
"Life's sweets were mine, unmixed with
"But I, contented with my lot, [gall;
"Thanked God for all!"

LAIRD.—Thanks, Crabtree, for that mouthful
frae the spring o' Helicon! It is as soothing
to the fretted appetite as a docken leaf to the
skin that's been stung by a nettle!

DOCTOR.—To what nomon does the bard re-
spond?

MAJOR.—M. H. Cobb.

LAIRD.—Oh Jupiter and Jenny Nettles! what
a skipit, unheroic name for a minstrel to gang
to the kirk wi'.

MAJOR.—Somehow or another, Dollardom
abounds, more than any other region under the
sun, with mean and snobbish appellations. For
instance, who could associate military glory
with Generals, denominated Pillow and Wool?

DOCTOR.—Oh thou most facinorous of fusty
fossils! Overhawl your Shakespeare for what
is there said about "a rose," and when found
make a note of.

MAJOR.—Trasting, Bonnie Braes, that you
have gae over the fit of home-sickness induced
by the reminiscence of the *grasetts* of Jedburgh,
may I request to be favoured with your adven-
tures at Bell-Ewart?

LAIRD.—O, there's no' muckle to tell! We
got up to the clearing without accident, and

witnessed the half-launch o' the Joseph C. Mor-
rison.

MAJOR.—Half-launch! Pray expound!

LAIRD.—Why, the thrown, stiff-necked beggar
became *bawkie* when he had accomplished half
his pilgrimage to the Lake, and wouldna' budge
anither peg, either for blessing or banning!

DOCTOR.—What kind of a place is this same
Bell-Ewart?

LAIRD.—Rather should you ask, what kind
o' place is it ganging to be! Wi' the exception
o' three shanties and a change-house, it exists
as yet only on the plan o' my gossip, Stoughton
Dennis!

DOCTOR.—But touching its prospects?

LAIRD.—The prospects are very pleasing.
It stands in a bonnie bay, and commands a
heartsome view o' Lake Simcoe.

DOCTOR.—Tuts, man! I want to know what
chance it has of becoming a thriving settle-
ment?

LAIRD.—Like nine-tenths o' used up Irish
gentlemen, it has great expectations! A Yan-
kee company are about to big a monster steam
timber mill, wi' nae less than sixty saws, and a
steam grist mill will also contemporaneously
start into existence. When, in addition to this,
ye tak' into account that Bell-Ewart is the rail-
way terminus for the Lake, it has every chance
o' becoming, ere lang, a lusty village, if no' a
toon. Stoughton strongly advises me to buy a
lot or two, by way of investment, and if wheat
brings onything like a decent price, there's nae
saying what I may be tempted to do! The
nigger-like way, however, in which I was treated
this day at the location, has amaist given me a
scunner thereat!

MAJOR.—Was your pocket picked!

LAIRD.—Na! Catch me ganging into a crowd
wi' onything in my purse! especially when in-
vited, as I was, to mess and mell free *gratis*!
When I left Bonnie Braes, on Friday, I took
wi' me five dollars, which dollars I disbursed
to Tammas Maclear for Skelton Mackenzie's
braw new edition o' the *Noctes*. By the way,
that is a worthy contribution to the stores o'
literature! Nae library, deserving o' the name,
can possibly be without a copy thereof! It
would be a kittle task to name ony five volumes
containing mair wit, and humour, and pathos,
and poetry than the aforesaid *Noctes*!

MAJOR.—Granted! But returning to Bell-
Ewart.

LAIRD.—Weel, you see, nae sooner had I left

the steam carriage (I hate to use the Yankee word *car*!) than a wheen bonnie lassies frae Newmarket that had come up on a pic-nic excursion, and with whom I had the pleasure to be acquainted, invited me to join their party. In order to tempt me, the rosy-checked queens recited the catalogue o' their peripatetic pantry, which comprehended a' the delicacies o' the season. Sair aginist my will I had to refuse the offer, seeing that I was pre-engaged!

DOCTOR.—Foolish Laird! Could you not have called to mind the ancient adage which inculcates that one ornithological specimen in the hand is more valuable than two in the hedge?

LAIRD.—Bitter cause had I to remember that identical proverb, before sun-set!

MAJOR.—*Perge!*

LAIRD.—Are ye at Welsh again? If ye dinna' leave that sport, sorrow anither word you'll get frae me!

MAJOR.—*Peccavi!* I mean, I sit corrected.

LAIRD.—When the launch—such as it was—had been concluded, I began to be aware that my bread-basket was wanting replenishment. But whaur was that replenishment to come frae? The echoes o' barren Bell-Ewart answered *whaur!* A' the contractors and speculators who had an interest in the place, together wi' the magnates o' the railroad, disappeared frae the scene like magic, leaving me helpless and hungry as the babes in the wood! Nae doubt the selfish crew took guid care o' their ain corporations! May Mahoun flee awa' wi' the greedy pack o' them!

DOCTOR.—Unhappy agriculturist!

LAIRD.—On I tottered, frail wi' hunger, and crazy wi' thirst, till at last I cam' to a tent, presenting an ecstatic vision o' cauld meat, bottles o' porter, jars o' brandy, and sic like consolations for the forfochen brains o' fallen Adam!

MAJOR.—Of course, then, your troubles were at an end?

LAIRD.—Were they? Ye hao forgotten that I had neither plack nor bawbee in my spleuchan!

MAJOR.—Most miserable engenderer of bread stuffs!

LAIRD.—The smell o' the creature comforts was torturing, beyond the power of the most vivid imagination to conceive! In particular, there was a round o' beef, the sight and flavour of which drove me clean demented for a season! I sat on a stump, glowering at it wi' wolfish,

bloodshot een, and every noo and again breaking forth into a wild, demoniac laugh! The tantalizing fat and lean o' that infernally beautiful round will haunt me to my dying day! And then the excruciating drouth! I couldna' help exclaiming, wi' the ancient mariner,

“Gin and brandy everywhere,
But doll a drap to drink!”

MAJOR.—Your agony had indeed reached its climax!

LAIRD.—You are mistaken, Crabtree! It was destined to meet wi' an additional aggravation!

DOCTOR.—Why, I should imagine that the cup of your bitterness could not have held a single extra drop!

LAIRD.—Wheesht! As I was sitting on the stump, as aforesaid, wha should come up but the Newmarket pic-nic squad! Laughing and joking, and whistling and singing, they passed on, wi' light hearts and heavy stomachs, pitching bits o' cake and cabin biscuit at ane anither! “I hope you enjoyed your lunch, Bonnie Braes!” exclaimed a black-haired, dimpled, lusty lass o' eighteen. Ye may think me an ogre or a cannibal, but at that moment I could have throttled the gipsy, and scalped her wi' my gully-knife!

MAJOR.—Small wonder that you entered the Shanty, this evening, in such a carnivorous mood! However, all's well that ends well! The pious assiduity of Betty has set you on your legs again!

LAIRD.—I mustna' forget to gie the honest woman the kiss I promised her!

MAJOR.—Yes, and the ribbon!

LAIRD.—I did! say onything about a ribbon?

DOCTOR.—Oh, thou Judas! hast thou so soon become oblivious of the vows which thou madest under the pressure of famine? Men are deceivers ever!

LAIRD.—Ye needna' lift me up before I fa' doon! If I said a ribbon, a ribbon it shall be! At a' events the kiss shall be forthcoming wi' compound interest, for the chops were prime. and done to a hair!

DOCTOR.—I am very much mistaken if Betty will not very willingly excuse the kiss, provided the ribbon be forthcoming. I suppose that now you have “appeased the rage of hunger and thirst” you will be prepared to go on with the business of the evening. Have you any facts.

LAIRD.—A whole screed. and I have got them illustrated for the better understanding of some of them. Here they are, however,



MEAT MARKET SUPPLIES.

The raising of cattle, sheep and poultry for the supply of our village and city markets, is every day becoming a matter more deserving of the attention of the agricultural community. The demand is becoming more and more difficult to supply, as larger quantities and finer qualities are being continually sought after. As raising supplies of beef, mutton, veal, lamb, poultry, &c., attracts more and more of the attention, of farmers, in like proportion will all information be welcome which furnishes accurate and reliable details as to the most economical methods of fattening and getting for market any of the above products. The breed of animals most easily fattened, and the kind of feeding which is at once most effectual and most economical, are points upon which we may yet obtain considerable increase of reliable and useful information.

The following observations from *The Mark Lane Express*, in reference to the past and the future of the business of supplying the demands of the butcher and the meat market man, hold true of this country and the American population, as of those on the other side of the channel, and seem deserving the attention of graziers and others.

Amongst the many permanent improvements in agriculture which have taken place within the past fifty or sixty years, none deserves a more prominent place, or is of greater importance, than the production of meat; it has fully kept pace, if it has not exceeded, the production of grain. We fear not to assert that, taken separately, more grain, or more meal, is now produced by the agriculturists of this kingdom than was formerly produced by taking both collectively. The introduction of improved courses of husbandry has done very much to effect this, but the attention that has been latterly called forth to the adoption of every practicable improvement of which the business of a farmer is capable of sustaining, has done much more. The growth of the varieties of grain and of roots and vegetables, has done immense good; these assisted by improved culture and artificial manurings, have wrought astonishing alterations and great increase of produce on every intelligent man's farm; but we think these have been exceeded by the improvement made in the

breeding, feeding, and management of the live stock of the farm. Contrast for a moment, the cattle of sixty years since—the long, high, thin, lean-fleshed, large-boned, hard, unthrifty animals of that day, with the compact rotundity of shape, the soft, the mellow, thrifty animals of the present day; the former fed at six and seven years, the latter generally fattened the third year, often earlier. The same remark will apply to sheep and pigs, and not less to poultry; early maturity and quickness in fattening have been looked to as the deciding characteristics in every variety of meat-producing animal. In keeping with improvements that have arisen and the wonderful accession made to our supplies of animal food, has been the alteration in the tastes and habits of the community. The whole British people have become large meat consumers, so that consumption of animal food has gone on progressively with its increase, and now bids fair to outstrip it; and not only has its taste for animal food become general, but it has assumed a new shape or feature. Beef, mutton, bacon, are looked upon as too common dishes. Lamb, veal, small pork joints, and poultry must now be served up at every table; hence the amazing demand for lamb, calves, small porkers, and poultry; and this will go on and increase, as the habits of the people are becoming daily more refined, and perhaps it is not too much to add, more luxurious.

CULTURE OF BUCKWHEAT.

It is best to be sown by the 10th July—three pecks to the acre, on land well mellowed up—sandy soil suits best. It is a bad crop to continue to sow on the same land, without applying any manure. A dressing of plaster, and ashes suit best. It is a good crop to ameliorate newly drained land. Such ground can be got in better order for this crop than any other, and the yield is great. Sow grass seed with the buckwheat if wanted for pasture; or, as good a way is to sow oats in the spring, and seed down. Never leave the ground bare, as it impoverishes the soil. Never plant corn after buckwheat, if you expect a crop, and I prefer not to point it all; on good land, rye or wheat will do well, as it leaves the land very light and mellow, and clean, with the exception of lots of buckwheat that will come up. By sowing three crops in succession of buckwheat,

you will run out every particle of vegetation, and leave the land sour. Would it not be a good crop for Canada thistle ground?

WHEY FOR PIGS.

A neighbor, extensively engaged in the manufacture of cheese, uses the whey of his dairy, with an admixture of meal from corn, oats, and any grain that he has to spare, as feed for his pigs, and thinks that they thrive upon it very much indeed. The meal is sometimes stirred into the whey in the raw state; at other times it is boiled in the whey, making a thin pudding; and at other times still, the whey is heated and poured upon the meal, and then stirred. A little salt is used in the latter modes of preparing this food, about as much as would make pudding palatable to human beings. Do not many waste their whey? Might not those who make cheese on a large scale, make the raising and fattening of pigs an appropriate accompaniment to their dairy business?

FATTENING ANIMALS.

This is a subject not generally understood by the mass of farmers, throughout its various bearings. All know that they can fatten a hog or cow by feeding grain or vegetables enough; but as to the best, cheapest, and most profitable mode, among many people, little is known. As at this time of the year more attention is paid to the fattening of animals, than at any other time, a few hints with regard to it, will not be wholly lost.

Animals intended for the butcher should be kept quiet. They should have no more exercise than is necessary for their health, as more than this, calls for a greater amount of food, while the process of fattening is delayed. Animals should be fed regularly with a proper amount of proper food. Should they not be fed at regular intervals, it will tend to make them uneasy and discontented, and they will not thrive. When they are fed with apples or pumpkins, it should be in their season, and not when they have lost their goodness by decay or frost. This rule may always be observed, that the least nutritious articles should be fed first, and the most nutritive afterwards. Of the root crops, for fattening properties, potatoes stand first, carrots next, and ruta-bagas, mangel-wurtzels and flat turnips follow on in their order. Of grain, wheat is first, Indian corn, peas and barley are the next. Probably more corn is used than any other grain, especially for swine; it seems to be peculiarly adapted for the fattening of pork. There is a great gain in having it ground and cooked or scalded. No grain should be fed without one or both of these being done, as animals are more quiet and contented, and therefore gain flesh much faster. I am confident that food is as much better for swine and cattle, for being cooked, as it is for man. When animals are first put up for fattening, care should be taken that grain of great nutritive properties should be fed with caution, as the appetite is generally great, and over-feeding them with such grain

will hurt them. The best plan that I know of, is to mix lighter grains and have them all ground together. Corn-meal possesses great nutritive properties; and animals will fatten faster on it than almost any other grain; but it will not answer to feed them wholly on this for a great length of time. Animals, when full fed upon meal, sometimes become dyspeptic, a disease similar to that sometimes affecting our own species. Hence we see the propriety, and frequently the necessity, of having the corn ground, "cob and all." By this means the nutriment is diffused through a greater bulk, lays lighter in the stomach, and all is thoroughly digested. This consideration more particularly applies to cattle than to swine; for the reason that animals which do not ruminate, or chew the cud, are better adapted for taking their food in a concentrated form. But still I say "grind your corn and cob together, and cook it well, and you will be doubly repaid for all your trouble."

It is an excellent thing to give animals a variety of food, as health is promoted by it. I have found the following to be excellent: One part corn, one part barley, and one part peas, all ground together and mixed with boiled potatoes, pumpkins or apples. It is well to have this mixture slightly fermented, or soured by dairy slop.—Swine appear to like it better, and the pork will be as good. The health of swine is also promoted by an occasional supply of soap-suds mixed with their regular food but no brine in which there has been salt-petre, should ever be permitted to be given. Sweet whey also should be sourced before it is given to the swine. To sum it all up let animals have but little exercise; feed them regularly, the lightest food first, the strongest last; grind and cook all grain; also cook vegetable kinds, slightly fermented, &c. Lastly, animals should be kept warm in cold weather, and should have plenty of air in hot weather. Now, if these rules are followed, and these hints remembered and heeded, the object and aim of the writer will be accomplished.

FEEDING COWS.

The following experiments in feeding were made by Mr. Thompson, a German farmer, with two cows. The whole time occupied was three and a half months, and measures and weights were taken for five days' product, five days after a change of food. It will be seen that he used six different articles of food, with the following result:—

PRODUCT FOR FIVE DAYS.

<i>Fed on,</i>	<i>Milk.</i>	<i>Butter.</i>
Grass,.....	115 lbs.	8 lbs. 5 oz.
Barley,.....	107 lbs.	8 lbs. 2 oz.
Malt,.....	102 lbs.	8 lbs. 2 oz.
Barley and Malt,.....	106 lbs.	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Barley and Linseed,....	106 lbs.	8 lbs. 2 oz.
Beans,.....	108 lbs.	8 lbs. 7 oz.

The amount of each kind of food was equal in pounds. It will be seen that the grass pro-

duced the largest quantity of milk, but the beans surpassed in the amount of butter produced.

APPLES FOR MILCH COWS.—Five minutes ago a gentleman, who deals in facts and figures, as well as fine cattle, informed us that he had fed out last winter more than two hundred barrels of sweet apples to his milch cows, and that the increased quantity and richness in quality of the milk paid him better than any other use to which he could have applied them. He states that he is raising trees annually, for the purpose of raising apples for stock. Another important statement of his, is, that since he has fed apples to his cows, there has not been a case of milk fever among them.

HIGH CULTURE AND GOOD MANAGEMENT.

The farm of Sir John Conroy, near Reading, England, comprises 270 acres, all in one huge field, the only fence being the one that separates it from its neighbors. All the intervening hedges were removed by the present owner, when he came into possession, seven years ago, and the land was drained four feet deep, at distances varying from fifteen to thirty feet, which we should call very thorough work. It was then trenched with the spade to a depth of twenty-two inches. The whole cost of these improvements amounted to £3000, or nearly \$15,000—something over \$50 an acre. In this country subsoil and trench plows would much cheapen the trenching. Most of the subsoil appears to have been a sort of hard-pan gravel. As a proof of the necessity of draining, drains from some forty acres of the driest of the farm, lead out at a low place where water is seen running at the driest part of the year.

Prominent among the farm machinery, is a beautiful steam engine of 10-horse power, which drives a very complete thrashing machine, with two fanning mills attached, barley pummeler, &c. It also drives an oil cake crusher, turnip-outer, grain bruiser, and everything required in preparing food for stock. A passage in the building leads directly from the preparing room to the horses heads for feeding them. Their food consists, for each, for 24 hours, of eight pounds of cut hay and ten pounds of cut straw, five pounds of oats, and one pound of bean meal, moistened with one pound of bruised linseed, steeped forty-eight hours in fifteen pints of cold water. The oxen are fed on similar food, but less stimulating, the oats being replaced with plenty of turnips, and with a portion of oil cake. Large herds of oxen, sheep and swine are purchased and fattened every year, the stables and buildings being supplied in every part by means of pipes with an abundance of water. Nothing but one horse carts are used on the farm. The wheat yields from twenty to forty-eight bushels per acre. The grain stacks are to be built on trucks on a railway, so as to be run up to the thrashing machine as fast as wanted, a practice already adopted on some of the best English farms.

THE PEAR BLIGHT.

The Pear is now esteemed as one of the indispensable luxuries connected with a suburban or country residence. It is, therefore, not only important that the amateur and the novice should have information on the character and relative value of the fruit, its time of ripening in our climate, that he may select judiciously, but that he should be also informed on its adaptation to soil, and its cultivation, with the necessary care to protect the tree against the vicissitudes of climate, and the maladies to which it is subject.

The tree is not a native of our country. It is said to be of Europe and Asia, where it lives to great age, and grows to an immense size, with other native trees. In that condition, it is hardly recognizable as the parent of the present luscious and highly flavored fruit, but is small, austere, puckery, and unfit for the palate. It is to the skill of cultivators that we are indebted for this great change and improvement in its character; and to none so much as to the late VAN MOES, of Belgium, Chance or accident have not been idle in the work of adding many excellent varieties to the list; but the improvement of the fruit has (though not always), been at the expense of the hardiness and durability of the tree. This point has been too much overlooked by propagators; its tenderness being seen, scientific cultivators are giving more attention to correct it in their future additions.

The cultivation of the tree is very simple; it readily adapts itself to any soil or location, so that it be not a swamp or marsh. A deep, rich, clayey loam, with a porous subsoil, and a full exposure to light and air, is the best for its full development. The tendency of the tree is to throw down strong tap-roots; it is, therefore, important to know something of the nourishment it will find to feed on there. This tendency is overcome by growing it on the Quince, the natural disposition of which is to spread its roots, and luxurate on the surface soil; though the tree is dwarfed, and the duration of its life shortened, still it is better for shallow soils, and gardens where not much room can be afforded. The fine sorts, with few exceptions, succeed well and produce abundantly on the Quince. These are usually trained in pyramid form, branching from the ground up, making a very handsome and attractive object in the border. When grafted or budded on their own stocks, they require more room and are usually longer coming into bearing.

The cultivation of the tree has, however, its drawbacks. It is not hardy; or, if you do not like the term, it is subject to be cut off and destroyed by death at any time, when seeming in full vigor of health and growth. On the cause, there has been much speculation, without seeming to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

PLAN OF FARM BUILDINGS.

In answer to repeated inquiries, we furnish

the accompanying plan and elevation of a set of Farm Buildings, so arranged that those who have but limited means, may begin with a portion, and add from time to time as means and circumstances may warrant, these buildings when completed form nearly a hollow square, the main building or barn being in the centre of the further range. This forms a sheltered yard for the domestic animals, in the centre of which is the manure or compost heap, occupying a hollow to prevent the escape of the liquid manure. The cleaning of the stables are daily conveyed to this heap by wheelbarrows.

Fig. 3 is the plan of the whole when completed, as it lies on the level of the ground. Fig. 4, is that portion of the barn situated immediately over that part represented in fig. 3, which is banked up with earth, or dug in the ground, so that the further part of this ground plan shall constitute a cellar for roots, and a space for cutting roots, straw, &c., adjoining it. The curved dotted lines show the waggon-track on this embankment for entering the floor in fig. 3, lying directly over the cutting-room. The root cellar is furnished with two broad, hopper-like troughs, passing through the cellar windows, into which the cart loaded with roots, is "dumped," in filling the cellar.

By building wings for the horse and cow stables, (as the plan exhibits,) the central part or barn need not be so large as ordinary barns, saving much heavy timber in the frame, and assisting in forming the hollow square as a shelter.

On the second floor, Fig. 4, G is the granary, and C the corn crib, both of which are filled from the floor and may be unloaded directly into a waggon under them in the yard below, or drawn off through a chute for the horses in the stable. The bay for straw extends upwards as high as the top of these granaries, over which is a space for unthreshed grain. The horse power of the threshing machine, if a common movable one, is placed on the ground outside, and as soon as the grain is threshed, the straw is conveniently deposited into this bay, perfectly secure from injury by weather. The better way is for every farmer to have his own horse power and thresher, that he may employ his time whenever most convenient. The best two horse endless-chain power, will occupy but little room in "space for cutting roots, &c." from which a band may run up to the thresher on the floor above. This power may be used with perfect facility likewise in cutting straw, slicing roots, winnowing, sawing wood, turning grindstone, &c.

The roots lying on one side of this space, and the straw on the other, contribute greatly to the convenience of using them; and as soon as prepared by cutting, the feed is given to the animals on either side by means of the alley A A.

It will be perceived that the barn is occupied with grain and straw, while the spacious lofts over the stable are filled with hay, which is

thrown down to the animals below as wanted.

The building and its two wings, now described, may be built first; and the addition hereafter mentioned, may be added afterwards.

These additional buildings may be occupied by sheep-sheds at E E E, with an open sheep-yard, e; by piggery, F F and pig yard f; cooking room, G; house for seasoning stove wood, H; poultry-house, I; calf-houses, K K; workshop L; tool-house, for ploughs, harrows, rakes, &c., M; wagon-shed, N.

Every part of this range of buildings is entered from the lawn back of the house, by the dry and sheltered passages O O and A A, from which all the animals may be examined, instead of the more common way of wading through the mud or manure of the yard.

The floors of the hay loft, over the stables, should be made tight, to prevent the vapors from the stable tainting the hay; and ventilators, made of square board-tubes, placed over the stables and running up through the roof. Their openings are made to open and shut by sliding boards, according to the weather. The tops of these ventilators are shown in the elevation.

WIND-MILLS.

Some weeks ago, we published a figure and description of a wind mill for farm purposes, and promised as soon as practicable, to furnish another and cheaper contrivance. This we are now enabled to do by inserting two engraved figures with a description, from THOMAS' new work on Farm Implements:

The force of wind may be usefully applied by almost every farmer, as it is a universal agent, possessing in this respect great advantages over water power, of which very few farms enjoy the privilege.

Wind may be applied to various purposes, such as sawing wood by the aid of a circular saw, turning grindstones, and particularly in pumping water. One of the best contrivances for pumping is represented by Fig. 1, where A is the circular wind-mill, with a number of sails set obliquely to the direction of the wind, and always kept facing it by means of the vane, B. The crank of the wind-mill, during its revolutions, works the pump-rod, I, and raises the water from the well beneath: In whatever direction the wind may blow, the pump will continue working. The pump-rod, to work steadily, must be immediately under the iron rod on which the vane turns. If the diameter of the wind-mill is four feet, it will set the pump in motion even with a light breeze, and with a brisk wind will perform the labour of a man. Such a machine will pump the water needed by a large herd of cattle, and it may be placed on the top of a barn, with a covering, to which may be given the architectural effect of a tower or cupola, as shown in Fig 2.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Fig. 1st.—Dress is of very pale lilac silk,

the skirt with three deep flounces; the edges of the flounces are trimmed with Napoleon blue silk cut in points; the points turned up on the flounces are edged with a narrow *ruche* and each point is finished by bows of narrow ribbon: the basquine body opens *en demi cœur* and is trimmed to correspond. The sleeves of the pagoda form, are three quarters length; they are trimmed with blue silk turned back in points, edged with a narrow *ruche* and ornamented by small bows.

Fig. 2 is a superb mourning robe of white merino, designed by Mrs. CHAMBERS, and selected from among a host of beautiful things, at 287 Broadway. The back is plain; the front cut without division at the waist. A deep pattern of grape-leaves and tendrils graduate from the bottom of the robe to the waist. The stems and tendrils are of delicate round braid; The leaves are of blue silk appliqué, vined with delicate cord. This vine ascends up the front to the shoulders, where it meets a small round collar, overrun with a light braid pattern. The sleeves are formed by a deep cap overlapping two flounces, all edged with blue embroidery, like that on the skirt. The middle flounce is looped to the cap with a chord and tassel. The dress is fastened down the front with blue silk buttons, and girded to the waist by a long blue silk cord terminated by rich tassels.

THOUGHTS ON MOURNING.

We can scarcely admire that very deep mourning which admits of no white about the face and bosom. It has a hopeless look of gloom which chills the beholder with an idea of despair, rather than grief. It plunges too deep into the shadows of the grave for any of those tender and trustful associations that ought to mark all our efforts at respect for the dead.

When not carried to the extreme there is perhaps no dress more becoming, or that appeals more certainly to all that is pure in the imagination than deep mourning. We give below some descriptions of mourning just imported from Paris, that may prove interesting to some of our readers, though, for our part, we think all ornaments may well be cancelled in a dress that appeals to the heart, not to the fancy. All efforts to relieve the chaste solemnity of mourning with gimps, bugles and braids, but serve to prove that personal vanity is stronger than respect for the dead.

Bombazines, plain and edged with folds of crape, where that is necessary to a perfect finish, are certainly most appropriate for the first months of mourning.

Mantelets, of the same, the latter relieved by full ruches of illusion, that contrast delicately with the black, with neat gloves and slippers, and a deeply hemmed veil—not of English crape which is too full like, and gloomy—forms, in our estimation, a mourning dress at once simple and elegant. In the second stage of mourning, more ornament is admissible, but it strikes us as better taste to throw off black for the time altogether, than to appear in festive

circles in sable garments; there is evident unfitness in this dressing of joy in gloomy trappings, that every refined person must recognize.

We have always thought the perfection of ingenuity was necessary to the construction of an elegant mourning dress before every other arrangement of the toilet. So much perfectness is required, so much of subdued elegance that no ordinary dressmaker can get up mourning with the propriety which should characterize it.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The form of the mantelets, dresses, and bonnets in favor this season, in the best society, have been so fully described in our recent letters that our bulletins are somewhat necessarily sterile, as we have only to describe the graceful fancies every day brings forth in the shape of trimmings and ornaments for the said garments. Even in this minor department we have less than usual to occupy our attention, as in spite of the almanac, which tells us we are now in summer, the temperature is exceedingly low and the sky almost constantly covered, so that our ladies can hardly venture abroad except under the protection of an elegant India cashmere, or at least a handsome Chinese crape shawl.

This chilly state of the atmosphere has consequently given new vogue to the cashmères for the *Persan*, whose splendid long and square cashmères, are for beauty of fabric, elegance of design, and harmony of coloring, altogether indescribable.

Canezous of black lace covered with narrow figured galleons, arranged in lozenges, with ribbon butterfly-bows on the lappets and sleeves; others are made of insertions of black guipure and blue or violet ribbons. The lappet, as well as the pagoda sleeve is trimmed with a handsome guipure, at the head of which are placed at intervals bunches of loops of ribbon, matching the insertions. White bodies of Indian muslin with deep lappets. These bodies are ornamented with flat plaits about an inch and a half apart, and continued on the lappet which is not cut separate. In these plaits a ribbon is put, either sky-blue, pink, lilac, or spring-green. The sleeves have three plaits like those on the body, in which also a ribbon is laid flat. These plaits end at the bend of the arm, and the sleeves is terminated by a deep flounce. In the front of the body, on each plait, at the beginning of the lappet and on the sleeves where the plaits end, bows of ribbon are placed. The skirts worn with these bodies are either taffetas or barege, or poplin of large plaid pattern.

We must also describe a charming dress intended for the young Princess of S—. This dress is made of printed silk muslin, with flounces of a Pompadour pattern, consisting of a deep garland of roses mixed with all-flowers. The ground is covered with a sprinkling of little detached bouquets. The body open in front has slashed lappets. The front of th

body and the lappets are trimmed with No. 4 Pompadour ribbon plaited. Each opening of the lappets is connected by two bows of the same colored ribbon, the second of which has loose ends falling on the skirt. The pagoda sleeve is double; the under one is terminated by a deep flounce bordered with a plaited ribbon. On this under-sleeve comes the upper one, the end of which is ornamented with three openings, cut square and connected by bows like those on the lappets. The upper sleeve is also bordered with plaited Pompadour ribbon. Nothing can be fresher and more appropriate for the summer than this dress, which, from its elegance and grace, would suffice to make the reputation of a dressmaker.

In the country and at the Spas, a great many dishabilles are worn made of sprigged jaconet or unbleached cambric, with flounces and little vests terminated by a plaiting of the same, at the edge of which floats on each side a narrow Valenciennes. Others more elegant are made of white muslin ornamented with heavy embroidery, small plaits, and insertions with Valenciennes at the edge.

A great many linen articles are now made with richly embroidered medallions, surrounded by insertions of valenciennes. We also frequently see mixtures of Valenciennes insertions and satin-stitch embroidery and the effect is charming. To Chapron belongs the honor of this invention. His handkerchiefs present the first specimens of Valenciennes repeated in the middle of embroidery. Scarcely a day passes without Chapron's producing some beautiful new conception, which inferior houses immediately endeavour to imitate, though they never succeed in equaling the elegance of the model brought out by the *Sublime-Porte*. We therefore content ourselves with mentioning since we cannot describe the *Sultana* and *Amazon* handkerchiefs, the most recent productions of Chapron's fertile genius.

Ruches continue to be in favor for bonnets, especially for straw. Some Tuscans are ornamented at the edge of the front, with three rows of very narrow velvets. These same velvets also run across the front and the crown. On the curtain and the sides, are put either tufts of flowers or tips of feathers.

Straw bonnets mixed with blondes and ribbons, obtain great vogue at the Spas and the sea side. Nor must we forget the *Daumont* bonnet, a happy mixture of rows of Tuscan straw and Levantine crape. This crape is a new issue. The manner of placing the feathers and ribbons that form the ornaments of this bonnet require no little tact, as to be pretty and graceful, they must be in perfect harmony with the expression of the countenance, a point which tests the skill of an artist.

The flowers now in vogue are imitated from nature: roses, may-bloom, honeysuckle, and fieldflowers, arranged in tufts half-garlands, and court-bows, ready to be put on the bonnet. For *soirees dansantes* at the Spas delightful head-dresses have been prepared, composed of

St. Helena violets and rosebuds or hortensias Coiffures diapered with flowers and fruits are inimitable, and nothing can be imagined much lighter or more delicate than the thousand varieties of mixed with flowers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS OF FASHION AND DRESS.

The late uncertain state of the weather a strange admixture of sunshine and shower, has not prevented our *Artistes des modes* from producing many charming novelties.

For the promenade, white silks cloaks trimmed with deep white silks fringe are in great favor, they are of various styles; some of the short *Talma* form, the *mantelette Echarpe*, and the *Empress* style and extremely elegant: one of these is of muslin lined with *taffetas* and trimmed with lace; this mantle is well adapted for the sea side.

White muslin *Caraco* and jacket bodies are in great favor for young ladies. *Canezous* in black and white lace still retain their place.

Various sizes of *bouillon* sleeves are gradually superseding those of the pagoda form.

Skirts are worn exceedingly long and very full: flounces are in as great favor as ever, more particularly for the lighter materials, and thinner silks.

Bonnets are still worn small, and are much trimmed both on the outside and in the interior.

Notwithstanding the advanced period of the season, fashionable dressmakers are still busily employed in preparing ball dresses. Those most recently completed are rather elaborately trimmed with flowers, ribbon and lace; but they are somewhat less rich than those worn at the commencement of the season: and gold and silver embroidery, is, for the present, laid aside.—Silk of pale colours, crape, and embroidered muslin are the materials of which many of the newest ball dresses are composed. One, consisting of plane and white tarletane, worn over pink silk, may be noticed for the peculiarity in the flounces with which it is trimmed. There are three triple flounces on the skirt; that is to say, there are three flounces of tarletane, each covered with a flounce of pink crape. The tarletane flounces descend a little below the lace flounces, and are scalloped at the edge. The flounces of pink crape descend still lower: they fall beneath the edge of the tarletane flounces, and are bordered by a narrow ruche of pink gauze ribbon, and the corsage is ornamented with trimmings of Honiton lace, lined with pink ribbon.

Black lace, as a trimming for silk dresses, is always rich and elegant; but we have rarely seen it more tastefully employed than in a dress of silk, just completed, and intended for evening or dinner costume. The skirt of this dress is covered with flounces of Chantilly lace, each headed by a wreath of foliage in black velvet, intermingled with small red flowers. The corsage is low, pointed in front, and trimmed with Chantilly lace.

One of the prettiest of the evening dresses

made is composed of light-blue silk shaded with white. There are three flounces on the skirt, each trimmed with a broad row of white watered ribbon, having a very narrow wreath of blue-bells, fastened to the edge. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with the same small blue flowers.

As a variety in dresses, we may mention one or two composed of silk, which have been made with the skirts open in front, in the peignoir style. These dresses are worn over another dress or slip of white muslin, ornamented in front with needle work in the *tablier* form, and on each side of the *tablier* the silk shirt is fastened to the muslin by bows of ribbon. The high corsage and long sleeves of the silk dress display the front of the under-corsage and sleeves, consisting of muslin ornamented with needlework and Valenciennes lace. This style of dress is particularly elegant when the peignoir or upper dress is composed of rich figured silk or brocade.

Dresses of barege, white or printed muslin or other transparent textures, are frequently made with the corsage low and plain, and over them are worn a canezeu of muslin or of white or black lace.

The new barege shawls are among the best adapted for the summer season. The texture being light and possessing a slight degree of warmth, renders them available when the atmosphere has become chilled by successive falls of rain.—Many of these shawls are long, like the cashmere shawls, and when folded they form a comfortable covering for the shoulders, and chest. They are of various patterns and colours: some are striped and others are covered with a palm-leaf pattern in tints vieing with the most beautiful cashmeres. Those having a back ground and a border of palm leaves so deep as to leave very little of the ground plain, are most *recherche* for negligé costume. Among the most elegant patterns may be mentioned some covered with stripes, alternately blue, white, and fawn-color, the stripes being sprigged either with small palm-leaves or flowers, or covered with arabesque designs.

MOTHER OF PEARL.

Mother-of-Pearl is the hard, silvery, internal layer of several kinds of shells, especially oysters, the large varieties, which in the Indian Seas secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render the shells an object of manufacture. The genus of shell-fish, *Pentadina*, furnishes the finest pearls as well as mother-of-pearl. It is found round the coasts of Ceylon, near Ormus, in the Persian Gulf, at Cape Cormorin, and some of the Austrian seas. The dealers in pearl-shells considered the Chinese from Menilla to be the best; they are fine, large, and very brilliant. Fine large shells of a dead white are supplied by Singapore. Common varieties come from Bombay and Valparaiso, from the latter place with jet black edges. South Sea pearl-shells are common, with white edges. The beautiful dark green pearl-shells called ear-shells or sea-ears, are more concave than

the others, and have small holes round the margin; they are the coverings of the Haliotis, which occurs in the Dalifornian, South African, and East Indian Seas.

In the Indian collection of the great exhibition, specimens of the finest pearl-shells were shown.

The beautiful tints of mother-of-pearl depend upon its structure; the surface being covered with a multitude of minute grooves which decompose the reflected light. Sir David Brewster, who was the first to explain these chromatic effects, discovered, on examining the surface of mother-of-pearl with a microscope, "a grooved structure, like the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infants finger, or like the section of the annual growths of wood, as seen upon a dressed plank of fir. These may sometimes be seen by the naked eye: but they are often so minute that 3000 of them are contained in an inch." It is remarkable that these iridescent hues can be communicated to other surfaces as a seal imparts its impress to wax. The colors may be best seen by taking an impression of the mother-of-pearl in black wax; but a solution of gum arabic or isinglass, when allowed to indurate upon a surface of mother-of-pearl, take a most perfect impression from it, and exhibits all the communicable colors in the finest manner, when seen either by reflection or transmission. By placing the isinglass between two finely polished surfaces of mother-of-pearl, we obtain a film of artificial mother-of-pearl, which when seen by single lights, such as that of a candle, or by an aperture is the window, will shine with the brightest hues.

It is in consequence of this lamellar structure that pearl-shells admit of being split into laminae for the handles of knives for counters and for inlaying.

TRIMMINGS.

Ribbons and trimmings are now so important a portion of the female toilet, that we can hardly make them too conspicuous in our pages. Everywhere, on the skirt and bodice of a fashionable costume, where ribbons can be placed with elegance, they are now to be found, in rosettes, nauts, or ends, sometimes unharmonising with it.

Ball dresses are seldom considered complete now, without one of those superb sashes that seem literally interwoven with natural flowers. Sometimes a sash, white blue, or rose tinted, is perfectly plain taffetas with a rich corded edge, which has great simplicity, and is very becoming to young ladies in their first season, when the utmost simplicity should prevail in the toilet.

We know of few things that can be used with more tasteful advantage in a full or demi-toilet than the class of ribbons we have illustrated in this page. They serve to transform a plain toilet into full dress, or render full dress more superbly complete; in short, there is no making a perfect toilet without them, from the shepherdess to the queen of fashion.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

TRAO.—The first may be solved in three moves by 1. Kt to K B 4th : 2. B to Q 3d (ch); and then the other B mates. The second is better, and appears among our Enigmas.

QUERY, HAMILTON.—We think you are mistaken. Suppose Black were now to play 23. R to Q B 6th, what resource has White?

J. B.—You have again failed in Problem 9. You will find the solution below.

Solutions to Problem 9, and Enigma No. 30, by Emma, are correct.

Solutions to Problem 16, by J. B., Query, J. H. R., and Amy, are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last, by Henry B., J. B., Amy, and C. C., are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. IX.

White. *Black.*

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Q to R 3d (ch). | R takes Q (best). |
| 2. B to Q B 5th (ch). | K takes B (best). |
| 3. Kt to Q B 4th (ch). | K to Q 5th. |
| 4. Castles (ch). | R to Q 6th. |
| 5. P mates. | |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. X.

White. *Black.*

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to Q Kt 6th (ch). | K to his 3d. |
| 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch). | K moves. |
| 3. R to K 3d (ch). | K takes Kt. |
| 4. B mates. | |

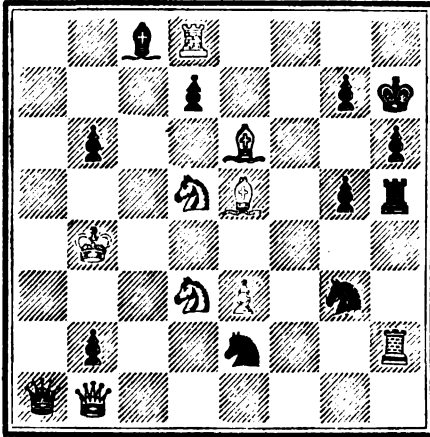
CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAY.

Some months ago a Chess Problem Tournament was proposed in England, but fell to the ground in consequence of the refusal of foreign composers to subscribe the entrance fee required from each competitor. Subsequently, however, a few of the leading problem-makers in England, determined not to be altogether disappointed of the object proposed, got up a little sweepstakes among themselves; the conditions being that each should subscribe a guinea, and send in eight Problems. The inventor of the three best to be entitled to a set of costly ivory chess-men; and of the three next best, to a handsome chess-board. After a long and patient examination of the competing diagrams, the judges have decided unanimously that Mr. Walter Grimshaw, of York, is entitled to the first, and Mr. Silas Angas, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the second prize. The following very beautiful End-game, which we give this month as our Problem, is one of the best of the winning positions, and among our enigmas will be found one of Mr. Angas's Problems which were entitled to the second premium:—

PROBLEM No. XI.

By Mr. W. Grimshaw.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 34. By Mr. Silas Angas. This fine Stratagem formed one of the Prize Problems alluded to above.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 2d; Rs at K 7th and Q Kt 4th; B at Q R 8d; Kt at Q R 5th; Ps at K 8d, Q B 8d, and Q Kt 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 4th; R at Q Kt sq; Bs at K 4th and Q R 7th; Kt at K 7th; Ps at Q 5th, Q B 8d, and Q Kt 2d.

White to play and mate in six moves.

No. 35. By Tyro. An End-game.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq; Rs at K R 7th and Q sq; Kts at K Kt 7th and K B 5th; Ps at K B 2d, K 6th, Q 4th, and Q R 2d.

BLACK.—K at K Kt sq; Rs at K B 6th and Q R sq; B at Q Kt 5th; Kt at Q R 8d; Ps at K B 3d, Q Kt 2d and 7th, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 36. By S. R.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 2d; Q at K B 3d; R at Q Kt 7th; Kt at Q 5th; P at Q R 2d.

BLACK.—K at Q R 5th; Q at Q B 8th; R at Q B 5th; Kt at Q Kt 4th; P at Q R 8d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following games, in which White gives the Queen to his opponent, were recently played between two amateurs, and are chiefly interesting for their remarkably pretty terminations,

and we thank our correspondent for placing them at our disposal:—

GAME I.

(Remove White's Queen.)

- | <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to K B 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d. | P to Q 4th. |
| 4. P to K 5th. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 5. P to Q B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 6. P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 7. P takes P. | Q to Q R 4th (ch). |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to his 5th. |
| 9. K to Q sq. | Q B to K B 4th. |
| 10. K B checks. | Kt to Q B 3d. |
| 11. Kt takes Q P. | Castles. |
| 12. B takes Kt. | P takes B. |
| 18. Kt to Q B 3d. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 14. P to Q 5th. | Q to Q Kt 5th. |
| 15. R to K sq. | B to K Kt 5th. |
| 16. R to K 4th. | P to Q B 5th. |
| 17. B to Q 2d. | Q takes Q Kt P. |
| 18. R to Q Kt sq. | Q to Q R 6th. |
| 19. K R takes P (ch). | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 20. Q B takes P. | R takes P (ch). |
| 21. B to Q 2d. | R to Q 6th. |
| 22. R to Q Kt 3d. | Q to Q R 4th. |
| 23. K to his 2d. | Q to her sq. |
| 24. R takes B (ch). | K to Q 2d. |
| 25. K takes R. | B checks. |
| 26. Q Kt to K 4th. | K to his sq (dis ch). |
| 27. K Kt to Q 4th. | Kt to K 2d. |
| 28. B to Q R 5th. | Q to Q R sq. |
| 29. Kt takes B. | Kt takes Kt. |
| 30. P to K Kt 4th. | Kt to K 2d. |
| 31. Kt to Q 6th (ch). | K to K B sq. |
| 32. R to Q Kt 7th. | P to K Kt 3d. |
| 33. P to K 6th. | P takes P. |
| 34. B to Q B 3d. | R to K Kt sq. |
| 35. R to Q B 8th (ch). | Kt takes R. |
| 36. Q R to K B 7th, checkmate. | |

GAME II.

(Remove White's Queen.)

- | <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d. | Q to K B 3d. |
| 4. P to K 5th. | Q to K B 4th. |
| 5. B to Q 3d. | Q to K 3d. |
| 6. Castles. | Kt to K R 3d. |
| 7. Q B to K B 4th. | Kt to his 5th. |
| 8. P to K R 3d. | Kt to K R 3d. |
| 9. R to K sq. | B to Q Kt 5th. |

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| 10. Kt takes P. | Q to her 4th. |
| 11. B to K 4th. | Q to Q B 5th. |
| 12. P to Q B 3d. | B to Q B 4th. |
| 13. Kt to Q 2d. | Q to Q R 3d. |
| 14. R to K 3d. | B takes Kt. |
| 15. P takes B. | P to K B 4th. |
| 16. P tks P, <i>en passant</i> . | Q takes P. |

White mated in two moves.

CHESS IN THE PROVINCES.

The following interesting little game* came off lately at Guelph between two amateurs:—

(Two Knights' Defence.)

- | <i>Black.</i> (Mr. G. P.—.) | <i>White.</i> (Mr. —.) |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 4. K Kt to his 5th. | P to Q 4th. |
| 5. P takes P. | K Kt takes P. |
| 6. Kt takes K B P. | K takes Kt. |
| 7. Q to K B 3d (ch). | K to his 3d. |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to his 5th (a). |
| 9. Q to K 4th. | P to Q B 3d. |
| 10. P to Q 4th. | K B to Q 3d (b). |
| 11. P to Q R 3d. | Kt takes Q B P (ch). |
| 12. Q takes Q Kt (c). | P takes Q P. |
| 13. Q to K 4th (ch). | B to K 4th. |
| 14. Castles. | P takes Kt. |
| 15. R to K sq. | Q to her 3d. |
| 16. P to K B 4th. | Q to Q B 4th (ch) (d). |
| 17. Q B to K 3d. | Q to her 3d. |
| 18. B to Q 4th. | K to Q 2d. |
| 19. B takes B. | Q to Q B 4th (ch). |
| 20. K to R sq. | K R to K sq. |
| 21. Q R to Q sq. | R takes B. |
| 22. Q takes R. | Q takes B. |
| 23. Q to K 7th, checkmate. | |

Notes.

(a) This is not the proper move. He should have played Q Kt to K 2d.

(b) It would seem better to play the Q. here.

(c) Had White retreated the Kt at his last move to Q B 3d, Black would have taken the K Kt with his Q Kt.

(d) This is a lost move.

* It is always a pleasure to be able to record games played in our country towns, as it shows that a deep-rooted love for the science of Chess is springing up amongst us. We hope that this may not be the only game thus recorded, but that the larger and more populous towns may follow the good example set by Guelph, and contribute once in a while a game or problem to the pages of our Magazine. Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, and St. Catherine's can, we believe, boast of Chess Clubs, but as yet we have not been favoured with a single game from either of the above Clubs.—CHESS ED. A. A. MAG.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.

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Fig. 1.

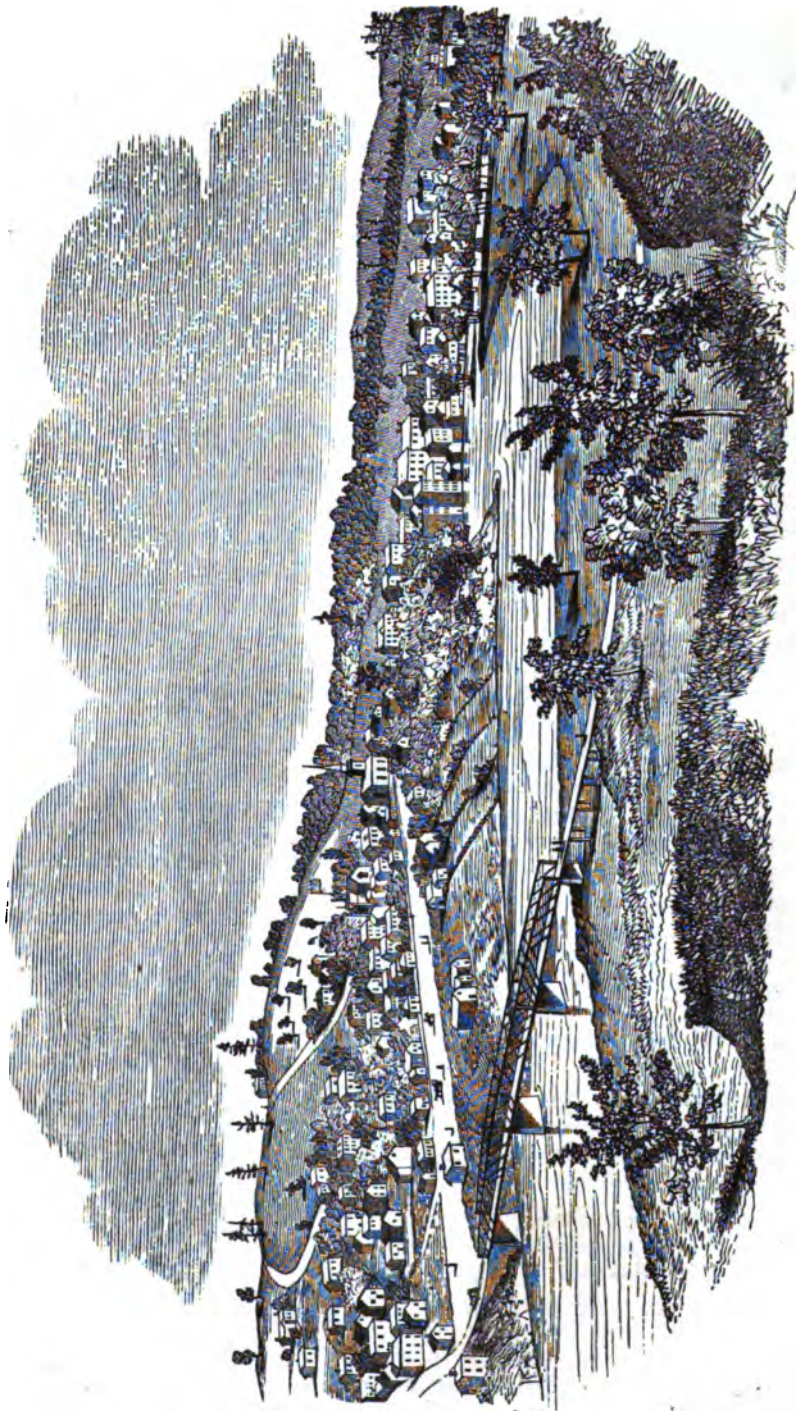


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.





P A R I S C . W .



THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: NOVEMBER, 1854.—NO. 5.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XXII.

Before giving Captain Barrie's letter and
New England feeling towards Great Britain. the articles of capitulation, which Capt. Parker found the inhabitants most ready to accede to, it will be well to adduce a few instances to prove how ready to break the connexion with the United States, were the very colonies which had set the example of rebellion in a former war, and by whose gallant and vigorous exertions the independence of a great country was secured.

A Boston Journal, the *Sentinel*, stated that "Major Putnam, Captains Fillebrown and Varnum, arrived under parole from Eastport, and speak highly of the good conduct of the British regiment there, *so abused by the Virginians for their reputed misconduct at Hampton*. The soldiers behave remarkably well there; yet this is the corps said to have committed such outrages at Hampton."

At Dorchester from Ingersol's own testimony we learn that "when the 4th of July, 1814, was celebrated at Dorchester, where Washington commanded in 1775, one of the sentiments drunk was "our country united to Britain, and happy till the *pestilence of democracy* poisoned and blighted it."

Again it was recommended by the *Salem*

VOL. V.—F F.

Gazette that all imposts, taxes, and proceeds of captures within the state, that might go into the national treasury, be retained; that the prisoners of war then in the state should be exchanged for such of her own citizens as were in the hands of the enemy, and, finally, that peace should be made with Great Britain, so as to leave the burden of the war on the more belligerent States, and by these means to free Massachusetts from the burdens which oppressed her.

After citing these instances of loyalty, Ingersol has the inconsistency and assurance on the very next page to assert, "that the hearts of the common people of New England remained American."

This was not all, however, for Timothy Pickering, Member of Congress, on the 16th March, 1814, publicly recommended that no one should give his vote "to redeem the paper money, exchequers, bills, or other loans to continue this unnecessary and iniquitous war."

The remaining incidents connected with the attacks on the American coast will be found embodied in Captain Barrie's despatch and the articles of capitulation signed.

After our expose of American feeling, we think it unnecessary to bring forward more testimony on two points. The first that, our assertion at the beginning of this history, as to the war being unpopular and forced on the country by the administration was correct; secondly, that the evidence as to the behaviour of the troops, taken from

American sources, goes far to disprove the accusations made against them as regarding their conduct at Havre de Grace and Georgetown.

The despatch of Captain Barrie and the articles of capitulation are all that are necessary to place the reader in full possession of every fact of importance connected with Captain Parker's and Pilkinton's expedition.

From Captain Barrie to Rear Admiral Griffith.

H.M. sloop Sylph, off Bangor, in the Penobscot, Sept. 3, 1814.

SIR.—Having received on board the ships named in the margin,* a detachment of 20 men of the royal artillery, with one 5½-inch howitzer, commanded by Lieutenant Garsen; a party of 80 marines, commanded by Captain Carter, of the Dragon; the flank companies of the 29th, 62d, and 98th regiments, under the command of Captains Gell and Caker; Majors Riddell, Keith, and Croasdaile, and Captain Macpherson; also, a rifle company of the 7th battalion of the 60th regiment, commanded by Capt. Ward; and the whole under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel John, of the 60th regiment; I proceeded, agreeably to your order, with the utmost despatch, up the Penobscot. Light variable winds, a most intricate channel, of which we were perfectly ignorant, and thick foggy weather, prevented my arriving off Frankfort before 2 P.M. of the 2d inst. Here Colonel John and myself thought it advisable to send a message to the inhabitants; and having received their answer, we pushed on towards Hampden, where we received intelligence that the enemy had strongly fortified himself. On our way up, several troops were observed on the east side of the river, making for Brewer; these were driven into the woods, without any loss on our side, by a party under the orders of Major Croasdaile, and the guns from the boats. The enemy had one killed and several wounded.

At 5 P.M. of the 2d inst., we arrived off Ball's-head Cove, distant three miles from Hampden. Colonel John and myself landed

* H.M.S. Peruvian and Sylph, Dragon tender, and the Harmony transport.

on the south side of the Cove to reconnoitre the ground, and obtain intelligence. Having gained the hills, we discovered the enemy's piquets advantageously posted near the highway leading to Hampden, on the north side of the cove.

We immediately determined to land 150 men, under Major Riddall, to drive in the piquets, and take up their ground. This object was obtained by 7 o'clock; and notwithstanding every difficulty, the whole of the troops were landed on the north side of the cove by ten o'clock; but it was found impossible to land the artillery at the same place. The troops bivouacked on the ground taken possession of by Major Riddall. It rained incessantly during the night. At day-break this morning, the fog cleared away for about a quarter of an hour, which enabled me to reconnoitre the enemy by water; and I found a landing-place for the artillery about two-thirds of a mile from Ball's-head. Off this place the troops halted till the artillery were mounted; and by six the whole advanced towards Hampden.

The boats under the immediate command of Lieutenant Pedler, the first of the Dragon, agreeably to a previous arrangement with Colonel John, advanced in line with the right flank of the army. The Peruvian, Sylph, Dragon's tender, and Harmony transport, were kept a little in arrear in reserve.

Our information stated the enemy's force at 1400 men, and he had chosen a most excellent position on a high hill. About a quarter of a mile to the southward of the Adams' frigate, he had mounted eight 18-pounders. This fort was calculated to command both the highway, by which our troops had to advance, and the river. On a wharf close to the Adams, he had mounted fifteen 18-pounders, which completely commanded the river, which at this place, is not above three cables' lengths wide, and the land on each side is high and well wooded.

A rocket-boat, under my immediate direction, but manœuvred by Mr. Ginton, gunner, and Mr. Small, midshipman, of the Dragon, was advanced about a quarter of a mile a-head of the line of boats.

So soon as the boats got within gun-shot, the enemy opened his fire upon them from the hill and wharf, which was warmly returned. Our rockets were generally well-directed, and evidently threw the enemy into confusion. Meantime, our troops stormed the hill with the utmost gallantry. Before the boats got within good grape-shot distance of the wharf-battery, the enemy set fire to the Adams, and he ran from his guns the moment our troops carried the hill.

I joined the army about ten minutes after this event. Colonel John and myself immediately determined to leave a sufficient force in possession of the hill, and to pursue the enemy, who was then in sight on the Bangor road, flying at full speed. The boats and ships pushed up the river, preserving their original position with the army. The enemy was too nimble for us, and most of them escaped into the woods on our left.

On approaching Bangor, the inhabitants, who had opposed us at Hampden, threw off their military character; and, as magistrates, select men, &c. made an unconditional surrender of the town. Here, the pursuit stopped. About two hours afterwards, brigadier-general Blake came into the town to deliver himself as a prisoner; the general, and other prisoners, amounting to 191, were admitted to their parole.

Enclosed, I have the honor to forward you lists of the vessels we have captured or destroyed, and other necessary reports. I am happy to inform you, our loss consists only of one seaman, belonging to the Dragon, killed; captain Gell, of the 29th, and seven privates wounded; one rank and file missing.

I cannot close my report, without expressing my highest admiration of the very gallant conduct of Colonel John, and the officers and soldiers under his command; for, exclusive of the battery before-mentioned, they had difficulties to contend with on their left, which did not fall under my observation, as the enemy's field-pieces in that direction were masked. The utmost cordiality existed between the two services; and I shall ever feel obliged to colonel John for his ready co-operation in every thing that was proposed.

The officer and men bore the privations, inseparable from our confined means of accommodation, with a cheerfulness that entitles them to my warmest thanks.

Though the enemy abandoned his batteries before the ships could be brought to act against them, yet I am not less obliged to captains Kippen and Dickens, of the Peruvian and Sylph; acting-lieutenant Pearson, who commanded the Dragon's tender; lieutenant Woodin, of the Dragon; and Mr. Barnett, master of the Harmony; their zeal and indefatigable exertions in bringing up their vessels, through the most intricate navigation, were eminently conspicuous. Colonel John speaks highly in praise of Captain Carter, and the detachment of royal marines under his orders; and also of the seamen attached to the artillery, under the command of lieutenants Simmonds, Motley, L. State and Mr. Sparling, master of the Bulwark.

I have, on other occasions of service, found it a pleasing part of my duty to commend the services of lieutenant Pedler, first of the Dragon; in this instance, he commanded the boat part of the expedition most fully to my satisfaction; he was ably seconded by lieutenants Perceval, of the Tenedos, and Ormond, of the Endymion; and Mr. Ansel, master's mate of the Dragon; this last gentleman has passed his examination nearly five years, and is an active officer well worthy of your patronage; but, in particularising him, I do not mean to detract from the other petty-officers and seamen employed in the boats; for they all most zealously performed their duty, and are equally entitled to my warmest acknowledgements. I am also most particularly indebted to the active and zealous exertions of lieutenant Carnegie, who was a volunteer on this occasion.

I can form no estimate of the enemy's absolute loss. From different stragglers I learn, that, exclusive of killed and missing, upwards of 30 lay wounded in the woods.

I have the honor to be, &c.

ROBERT BARRIE,
Capt. of H.M.S. Dragon.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

Article I. The officers and troops of the

United States, at present on Moose island, are to surrender themselves prisoners of war, and are to deliver up the forts, buildings, arms, ammunition, stores, and effects, with exact inventories thereof, belonging to the American government; and they are thereby transferred to his Britannic majesty, in the same manner and possession, as has been held heretofore by the American government.

Art. II. The garrison of the island shall be prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged; they will march out of the fort with the honors of war, and pile their arms at such place as will be appointed for that purpose; the officers will be permitted to proceed to the United States on their parole.

The next event of importance, in order of date, was the descent on Washington, and destruction of Public Buildings. This affair, which, although strictly a retaliation for excessive and manifold atrocities, was made the pretext for the utterance of the vilest slander by the Federalists, against not only the British army, but the entire nation. We trust, however, to bring forward such evidence, as to the conduct of the British in this affair, as will satisfy the impartial reader, both as to the falsehoods put forth by part of the American press, and the absurdities uttered in the British House of Commons, and which carried, until disproved, considerable weight with a large portion of the people.

Nor was this all; American writers have not scrupled to declare that peace was indefinitely postponed "in order that the British Government might by its military and naval instruments, deliberately commit so atrocious a violation of civilized warfare."

Says Ingersol, "The unknown caitiff who attempted to assassinate General Ross is much less detestable and unpardonable than the member of the Government, Ministry, Monarch, Regent, or whoever the miscreant may be, guilty of the infinitely greater outrage of postponing peace for several months, after the causes of war had ceased, in order to devastate the public edifices of an enemy's capital."

Without adducing one iota of proof, Ingersol makes this bold assertion, and, unsupported by evidence, he bases the whole of his reasoning on a fact so injurious to the character of the British nation. Fortunately, however, we have evidence, that the Americans had been warned of this descent being intended so far back as the 26th of June, and we know from Armstrong that even at that date preparations for the defence of the capital of the nation were commenced. That these preparations were not more complete and formidable, appears incomprehensible.

Jomini in his "summary of the art of war" when dwelling on this subject says "The English performed an enterprise which may be ranged amongst the most extraordinary:—that against the capital of the United States of America. To the great astonishment of the world, a handful of seven or eight thousand English were seen to descend in the midst of a state of ten millions of souls, penetrate a considerable distance, besiege the capital, and destroy the public establishments there; results which history may be searched in vain for another example of."

It will be well to remark that Jomini in his comments dwells not on the infraction of the recognized principles of civilized warfare, but upon the incomprehensible state in which the Americans must have been to permit a handful of men to commit such devastation in the presence of so vastly superior a force.

Before entering on the expedition, it will be as well to get rid of one charge that was made by many American journals against the commanding officers of the fleet then lying on the Chesapeake, but no proof of which has ever been attempted.

During the whole period that the English fleet were on the waters of the Chesapeake, the officers, who were sent on shore to procure provisions and water, were constantly beset by crowds of fugitive slaves, who implored to be rescued from a state of bondage. These appeals, were too piteous, always to be disregarded, and the consequence was that hundreds of them were taken on board the British vessels, from whence they were

mostly transported to Halifax, a few being landed at Jamaica. This circumstance it was that afforded an excuse for the assertion of the American Government, that "the British, after receiving the negroes, shipped the wretches to the West Indies, where they were sold as slaves, for the benefit of British officers."

One of their organs the "*Norfolk Herald*" even announced that "To take cattle or other stock, would be consistent with the usages of civilized warfare; but to take negroes, who are human beings; to tear them for ever from their kindred and connexions is what we should never expect from a Christian nation, especially one that has done so much to abolish the slave trade. There are negroes in Virginia, and, we believe, in all the Southern States, who have their interests and affections as strongly engrafted in their hearts, as the whites, and who feel the sacred ties of filial, parental, and conjugal affection, equally strong, and who are warmly attached to their owners and the scenes of their nativity."

James very correctly notices this as one of the most inadvertent but happiest pieces of satire extant; and so it must appear to all. Even at the present time, no later than two days back, a New Orleans journal, the "*Creole*" contained an advertisement offering to purchase slaves from any quarter, and it is impossible to take up a Southern paper without the eye being offended and the senses disgusted with the accounts of slave sales—the attractions of a young quadroon being dwelt on and puffed with as much minuteness as the points of a horse. The revelations of the horrors of American slavery are so patent, and have excited such universal horror, that it is almost unnecessary to dwell on the unparalleled impudence which could assert that the slaves were warmly attached to their masters—slave owners selling their children, and the mother of their children: but the bare thought of these things is sickening, yet the very journals containing these advertisements were the foremost to accuse the British of having violated "the dictates of christianity and civilization."

The question, too, may be put in an-

other form. It was submitted to the House of Representatives, by Mr. Fish of Vermont, and resolved, "That the committee on public lands be instructed to enquire into the expediency of giving to each deserter from the British army, during the present war, one hundred acres of the public lands, such deserter actually settling the same.

After this specimen of national honor, and considering what slavery was then in the United States, the position taken by the American press, appears the more extraordinary. The assertion that slaves were dragged away by force with the greatest cruelty is simply absurd; it was with the greatest difficulty that the British commander could virtual his fleet, lying as it did on an enemy's shore, and it was not very probable that he would suffer his difficulties in that respect to be increased by the addition of loads of negroes, whom, to make profit on it, it would be necessary to feed and keep in good condition. The only marvel is that the British Commander should have allowed his feelings of humanity to overstep the strict line of duty, inasmuch as by rescuing those unhappy victims from slavery he was seriously inconveniencing the crews of the vessels under his command, and so crowding his ships as to render them almost unfit for going into action. To return, however, to the expedition.

The President of the United States, informed officially since Preparations made by U. States Government. the 26th of June, of the approaching storm, lost no time in determining to prepare; accordingly the heads of departments and the Attorney General, were convened on the 1st July, and it was then decided, first, "that ten or twelve thousand draughts from the militia of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, should be held in reserve in their respective States, ready to march at a moment's warning.

Secondly. That not less than two, nor more than three thousand of the afore-mentioned draughts, should be assembled for immediate service, at some central point between the Potomac and Baltimore.

Thirdly. That the militia of the District of Columbia, (we omit detail) making an aggregate of three thousand combatants, should

constitute a corps at all times disposable, under the direction of the commanding General."

That these resolutions were not mere words, we have General Armstrong's testimony, who says: "Nor will it appear from the report made by the Congressional Committee of Inquiry, that any time was lost in giving effect to these measures, so far as their execution depended on the War Department. "On the 2nd July," says the Report, "the tenth military district was constituted, and the command given to General Winder. On the 4th, a requisition on the States for ninety-three thousand five hundred men was issued. On the 14th, the Governors of Pennsylvania and Virginia, acknowledged the receipt of the requisition, and promised promptitude. On the 10th, the Governor of Maryland was served with a copy of the requisition, and took measures to comply with it. On the 12th, General Winder was authorized, in case of either menaced or actual invasion, to call into service the whole of the Maryland quota (six thousand men), and on the 18th, five thousand from Pennsylvania and two thousand

from Virginia, making an aggregate (the regular infantry, cavalry, marines, flotilla men, and district militia included) of sixteen thousand six hundred men."

When we run over these great preparations Jomini's surprise, that a handful of men should have been permitted to execute what they did, is natural, and after the admissions made by Armstrong as to their force, it is perfectly absurd in American writers to pretend that, at Bladensburg, they were conquered by superior members, or that the descents on Alexandria and Washington were not made, literally as Jomini expresses it, by a handful of men, in the face of a body outnumbering them three-fold.

Many of these reports have been drawn from Winder's despatches, but it was only to be expected that a General in Winder's position would attempt to represent matters in the most favorable light.

The two despatches which follow will give the reader a clear insight into all the plans and details of the expedition, and General Winder's despatch, which will be found in a note* will furnish a very good instance of the truth of an American bulletin.

From Brigadier-General Winder to the Secretary at War.

SIR, Baltimore, Aug. 27, 1814.

When the enemy arrived at the mouth of the Potomac, of all the militia which I had been authorized to assemble, there were but about 1700 in the field, 18 to 1400 under General Stansbury near this place, and 250 at Bladensburg, under lieutenant-colonel Kramer; the slow progress of draft, and the imperfect organization, with the ineffectiveness of the laws to compel them to turn out, rendered it impossible to have procured more.

The militia of this state and of the contiguous parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania were called out *en masse*, but the former militia law of Pennsylvania had expired the 1st of June, or July, and the one adopted in its place is not to take effect in organizing the militia before October. No aid, therefore, had been received from that state.

After all the force that could be put at my disposal in that short time, and making such dispositions as I deemed best calculated to present the most respectable force at whatever point the enemy might strike, I was enabled (by the most active and harassing movements of the troops) to interpose before the enemy at Bladensburg, about 5000 men, including 350 regulars and commodore Barney's command. Much the largest portion of this force arrived

on the ground when the enemy were in sight, and were disposed to support, in the best manner, the position which General Stansbury had taken. They had barely reached the ground before the action commenced, which was about one o'clock P. M. of the 24th instant, and continued about an hour. The contest was not as obstinately maintained as could have been desired, but was, by parts of the troops, sustained with great spirit and with prodigious effect; and had the whole of our force been equally firm, I am induced to believe that the enemy would have been repulsed, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which we fought. The artillery from Baltimore supported by major Pinkney's rifle battalion, and a part of captain Doughty's from the navy-yard, were in advance to command the pass of the bridge at Bladensburg, and played upon the enemy, as I have since learned, with very destructive effect. But the rifle troops were obliged, after some time, to retire, and of course the artillery. Superior numbers, however, rushed upon them, and made their retreat necessary, not, however, without great loss on the part of the enemy. Major Pinkney received a severe wound in his right arm after he had retired to the left flank of Stansbury's brigade. The right and centre of Stansbury's brigade, consisting of lieutenant-colonel Ragan's and Shulers regiments, generally, gave way very soon afterwards, with the

From Major-general Ross to Earl Bathurst.
Tonnant, in the Patuxent,
Aug. 30, 1814.

My Lord,

I have the honor to communicate to your lordship, that on the 24th instant, after defeating the army of the United States on that day, the troops under my command entered and took possession of the city of Washington.

It was determined between Sir Alexander Cochrane and myself, to disembark the army at the village of Benedict, on the right bank of the Patuxent, with the intention of co-operating with rear-admiral Cockburn, in an attack upon a flotilla of the enemy's gun-boats, under the command of commodore Barney. On the 20th instant, the army commenced its march, having landed the previous day without opposition; on the 21st it reached Nottingham, and on the 22d moved on to Upper Marlborough, a few miles distant from Pig point, on the Patuxent, where admiral Cockburn fell in with,

exception of about 40 rallied by colonel Ragan, after having lost his horse, and the whole or a part of captain Shower's company, both of whom general Stansbury represents to have made, even thus deserted, a gallant stand. The fall which lieutenant-colonel Ragan received from his horse, together with his great efforts to maintain his position, rendered him unable to follow the retreat; we have therefore to lament that this gallant and excellent officer has been taken prisoner; he has, however, been paroled, and I met him here, recovering from the bruises occasioned by his fall. The loss of his services at this moment is serious.

The 5th Baltimore regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Sterrett, being the left of brigadier-general Stansbury's brigade, still, however, stood their ground, and except for a moment, when part of them recoiled a few steps, remained firm, and stood until ordered to retreat, with a view to prevent their being outflanked.

The reserve, under brigadier-general Smith, of the district of Columbia, with the militia of the city and Georgetown, with the regulars and some detachments of Maryland militia, flanked on their right by commodore Barney and his brave fellows, and lieutenant-colonel Beal, still were to the right on the hill, and maintained the contest for some time with great effect.

It is not with me to report the conduct of commodore Barney and his command, nor can I speak from observation, being too remote; but the concurrent testimony of all who did observe

and defeated the flotilla, taking and destroying the whole. Having advanced within 16 miles of Washington, and ascertained the force of the enemy to be such as might authorize an attempt at carrying his capital, I determined to make it, and accordingly put the troops in movement on the evening of the 23rd. A corps of about 1200 men appeared to oppose us, but retired after firing a few shots. On the 24th, the troops resumed their march, and reached Bladensburg, a village situate on the left bank of the eastern branch of the Potomac, about five miles from Washington.

On the opposite side of that river, the enemy was discovered strongly posted on very commanding heights, formed in two lines, his advance occupying a fortified house, which, with artillery, covered the bridge over the eastern branch, which the British had to pass. A broad and straight road leading from the bridge to Washington, ran through the enemy's position, which was carefully defended by artillery and riflemen.

them, does them the highest justice for their brave resistance, and destructive effect they produced on the enemy. Commodore Barney, after having lost his horse, took post near one of his guns, and there unfortunately received a severe wound in the thigh, and he also fell into the hands of the enemy. Captain Miller, of the marines, was wounded in the arm fighting bravely. From the best intelligence, there remains but little doubt that the enemy lost at least 400 killed and wounded, and of these a very unusual portion killed.

Our loss cannot, I think, be estimated at more than from 30 to 40 killed, and 50 to 60 wounded they took altogether about 120 prisoners.

You will readily understand that it is impossible for me to speak minutely of the merit or demerit of particular troops so little known to me from their recent and hasty assemblage. My subsequent movements for the purpose of preserving as much of my force as possible, gaining reinforcements, protecting this place, you already know.

I am, with very great respect, sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. WINDER,

Hon. J. Armstrong, Sec. of War. brig-gen.
10th mil. dist.

N.B. We have to lament that captain Sterrett, of the 5th Baltimore regiment, has also been wounded, but is doing well. Other officers, no doubt, deserve notice, but I am as yet unable to particularize.

The disposition for the attack being made, it was commenced with so much impetuosity by the light brigade, consisting of the 85th light infantry, and the light infantry companies of the army under the command of colonel Thornton, that the fortified house was shortly carried, the enemy retiring to the higher grounds.

In support of the light brigade, I ordered up a brigade under the command of colonel Brooke, who, with the 44th regiment, attacked the enemy's left, the 4th regiment pressing his right with such effect, as to cause him to abandon his guns. His first line giving way, was driven on the second, which, yielding to the irresistible attack of the bayonet, and the well-directed discharge of rockets, got into confusion and fled, leaving the British masters of the field. The rapid flight of the enemy, and his knowledge of the country, precluded the possibility of many prisoners being taken, more particularly as the troops had, during the day, undergone considerable fatigue.

The enemy's army, amounting to 8 or 9000 men, with 3 or 400 cavalry, was under the command of General Winder, being formed of troops drawn from Baltimore and Pennsylvania. His artillery, 10 pieces of which fell into our hands, was commanded by commodore Barney, who was wounded and taken prisoner. The artillery I directed to be destroyed.

Having halted the army for a short time, I determined to march upon Washington, and reached that city at eight o'clock that night, Judging it of consequence to complete the destruction of the public buildings with the least possible delay, so that the army might retire without loss of time, the following buildings were set fire to and consumed,—the capitol, including the Senate-house and House of Representatives, the Arsenal, the Dock-yard, Treasury, War-office, President's Palace, Ropewalk, and the great bridge across the Potomac; in the dock-yard a frigate nearly ready to be launched, and a sloop of war, were consumed. The two bridges leading to Washington over the eastern branch had been destroyed by the enemy, who apprehended an attack from that quar-

ter. The object of the expedition being accomplished, I determined, before any greater force of the enemy could be assembled, to withdraw the troops, and accordingly commenced retiring on the night of the 25th. On the evening of the 29th we reached Benedict, and re-embarked the following day. In the performance of the operation I have detailed, it is with the utmost satisfaction I observe to your lordship, that cheerfulness in undergoing fatigue, and anxiety for the accomplishment of the object, were conspicuous in all ranks.

To Sir A. Cochrane my thanks are due, for his ready compliance with every wish connected with the welfare of the troops and the success of the expedition. To rear-admiral Cockburn, who suggested the attack upon Washington, and who accompanied the army, I confess the greatest obligation for his cordial co-operation and advice.

Colonel Thornton, who led the attack, is entitled to every praise for the noble example he set, which was so well followed by lieutenant-colonel Wood and the 86th light infantry, and by major Jones, of the 4th foot, with the companies attached to the light brigade. I have to express my approbation of the spirited conduct of colonel Brooke, and of his brigade: the 44th regiment, which he led, distinguished itself under the command of lieutenant-colonel Mullens; the gallantry of the 4th foot, under the command of major France, being equally conspicuous.

The exertions of captain Mitchel, of the royal artillery, bringing the guns in to action, were unremitting; to him, and to the detachment under his command, including captain Deacon's rocket brigade, and the marine rocket corps, I feel every obligation, Captain Lempriere, of the royal artillery, mounted a small detachment of the artillery drivers, which proved of great utility. The assistance afforded by captain Blanchard, of the royal engineers, in the duties of his department, was of great advantage. To the zealous exertions of captain Wainwright, Palmer, and Money, of the royal navy, and to those of the officers and seamen who landed with them, the service is highly indebted,

the latter, captain Money, had charge of the seamen attached to marine artillery. To captain M'Dougall, of the 85th foot, who acted as my aide de camp, captain Falls, and to the officers of my staff, I feel much indebted.

I must beg leave to call your lordship's attention to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of lieutenant Evans, acting deputy quarter-master-general. The intelligence displayed by that officer, in circumstances of considerable difficulty, induces me to hope he will meet with some distinguished mark of approbation. I have reason to be satisfied with the arrangements of assistant-commissary-General Lawrence.

An attack upon an enemy so strongly posted, could not be effected without loss. I have to lament that the wounds received by colonel Thornton, and the other officers and soldiers left at Bladensburg, were such as prevented their removal. As many of the wounded as could be brought off were removed, the others being left with medical care and attendants. The arrangements made by staff surgeon Baxter for their accommodation, have been as satisfactory as circumstances would admit of. The agent for British prisoners of war very fortunately residing at Bladensburg, I have recommended the wounded officers and men to his particular attention, and trust to his being able to effect their exchange when sufficiently recovered.

* Killed 64; wounded 188.

Return of ordnance, ammunition, and ordnance-stores, taken from the enemy by the army under the command of Major-General Robert Ross, between the 19th and 25th of August, 1814.

August 19.—1 24-pound carronade.

August 22.—1 6-pound field-gun, with carriage complete; 156 stand of arms, with car-touches, &c. &c.

August 24, at *Bladensburg*.—2 18-pounders, 5 12-pounders, 3 6-pounders, with field-carriages; a quantity of ammunition for the above; 220 stand of arms.

August 25, at *Washington*.—Brass: 6 18-pounders, mounted on traversing platforms; 5 12-pounders, 4 4-pounders, 1 5½ inch howitzer, 1 5½ inch mortar. Iron: 26 32-pounders, 86 24-pounders, 34 18-pounders, 27 12-pounders, 2 18-pounders, mounted on traversing platforms; 19 12-pounders, on ship-carriages; 8 13-inch mortars, 2 8-inch howitzers, 1 24-pound

Captain Smith, assistant adjutant-general to the troops, who will have the honor to deliver this despatch, I beg leave to recommend to your lordship's protection, as an officer of much merit and great promise, and capable of affording any further information that may be requisite. Sanguine in hoping for the approbation of his royal highness the prince regent, and of his majesty's government, as to the conduct of the troops under my command, I have, &c.

R. ROSS, maj-gen.

I beg leave to enclose herewith a return of the killed,* wounded, and missing in the action of the 24th instant, together with a statement of the ordnance, ammunition, and ordnance stores taken from the enemy between the 19th and 25th of August and likewise sketches of the scene of action and of the line of march.

H. M. SLOOP MANLY, OFF NOTTINGHAM,
PATUXENT, Aug. 27, 1814.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that, agreeably to the intentions I notified to you in my letter of the 22d instant. I proceeded by land, on the morning of the 23d, to Upper Marlborough, to meet and confer with Major-general Ross, as to our further operations against the enemy; and we were not long in agreeing on the propriety of making an immediate attempt on the city of Washington.

gun, 5 32-pound carronades, 5 18-pound carronades, 18 12-pound guns, 2 9-pound guns, 2 6-pound guns.

Total amount of cannon taken—206; 500 barrels of powder; 100,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridges; 40 barrels of fine-grained powder; a large quantity of ammunition of different natures made up.

The navy-yard and arsenal having been set on fire by the enemy before they retired, an immense quantity of stores of every description was destroyed; of which no account could be taken. Seven or eight very heavy explosions during the night denoted that there had been large magazines of powder.

F. G. J. WILLIAMS,
lieutenant royal artillery, A. Q. M.
J. MICHELL,
captain commanding artillery.

N.B. The remains of near 2000 stand of arms were discovered which had been destroyed by the enemy.

In conformity, therefore, with the wishes of the general, I instantly sent orders for our marine and naval forces, at Pig-point, to be forthwith moved over to Mount Calvert, and for the marine-artillery, and a proportion of the seamen, to be there landed, and with the utmost possible expedition to join the army, which I at once readily agreed to accompany.

The major-general then made his dispositions, and arranged that Captain Robins, with the marines of the ships, should retain possession of Upper Marlborough, and that the marine-artillery and seamen should follow the army to the ground it was to occupy for the night. The army then moved on, and bivouacked before dark about five miles near Washington.

In the night, captain Palmer of the Hebrus, and captain Money of the Traave, joined us with the seamen and with the marine-artillery, under Captain Harrison. Captain Wainwright of the Tonnant, had accompanied me the day before, as had also lieutenant James Scott, acting first lieutenant of the Albion.

At daylight, on the morning of the 24th, the major-general again put the army in motion, directing his march upon Bladensburg; on reaching which place, with the advanced brigade, the enemy was observed drawn up in force on a rising ground beyond the town; and by the fire he soon opened on us as we entered the place, gave us to understand he was well protected by artillery. General Ross, however, did not hesitate in immediately advancing to attack him; although our troops were almost exhausted with the fatigue of the march they had just made, and but a small proportion of our little army had yet got up. This dashing measure was, however, I am happy to add, crowned with the success it merited; for, in spite of the galling fire of the enemy, our troops advanced steadily on both his flanks, and in his front; and, as soon as they arrived on even ground with him, he fled in every direction, leaving behind him 10 pieces of cannon, and a considerable number of killed and wounded; amongst the latter Commodore Barney, and several other

officers. Some other prisoners were also taken, though not many, owing to the swiftness with which the enemy went off, and the fatigue our army had previously undergone.

It would, sir, be deemed presumption in me to attempt to give you particular details respecting the nature of this battle; I shall, therefore, only remark generally, that the enemy, 8,000 strong, on ground he had chosen as best adapted for him to defend, where he had time to erect his batteries, and concert all his measures, was dislodged, as soon reached, and a victory gained over him, by a division of the British army, not amounting to more than 1500 men, headed by our gallant general, whose brilliant achievements it is beyond my power to do justice to, and indeed no possible comment could enhance.

The seamen, with the guns, were, to their great mortification, with the rear-division, during this short, but decisive action. Those, however, attached to the rocket-brigade were in the battle; and I remarked, with much pleasure, the precision with which the rockets were thrown by them, under the direction of first-lieutenant Lawrence, of the marine-artillery. Mr. Jeremiah M'Daniel, master's mate of the Tonnant, a very fine young man, who was attached to this party, being severely wounded, I beg permission to recommend him to your favourable consideration. The company of marines I have on many occasions had cause to mention to you, commanded by first-lieutenant Stephens, under the temporary command of captain Reed, of the 6th West India regiment, (these companies being attached to the light brigade), and they respectively behaved with their accustomed zeal and bravery. None other of the naval department were fortunate enough to arrive up in time to take their share in this battle, excepting captain Palmer, of the Hebrus, with his aid-de-camp, Mr. Arthur Wakefield, midshipman of that ship, and lieutenant James Scott, first of the Albion, who acted as my aide-de-camp, and remained with me during the whole time.

The contest being completely ended, and the enemy having retired from the field, the

general gave the army about two hours rest, when he again moved forward on Washington. It was, however dark before we reached that city; and, on the general, myself, and some officers advancing a short way past the first houses of the town, without being accompanied by the troops, the enemy opened upon us a heavy fire of musketry, from the capitol and two other houses; these were therefore, almost immediately stormed by our people, taken possession of, and set on fire; after which the town submitted without further resistance.

The enemy himself, on our entering the town, set fire to the navy-yard, (filled with naval stores), a frigate of the largest class almost ready for launching, and a sloop of war lying off it; as he did also the fort which protected the sea-approach to Washington.

On taking possession of the city, we also set fire to the president's palace, the treasury, and the war-office; and, in the morning, captain Wainwright went with a party to see that the destruction in the navy-yard was complete; when he destroyed whatever stores and buildings had escaped the flames of the preceding night. A large quantity of ammunition and ordnance stores were likewise destroyed by us in the arsenal; as were about 200 pieces of artillery of different calibres, as well as a vast quantity of small-arms. Two rope-walks of a very extensive nature, full of tar-rope, &c., situated at a considerable distance from the yard, were likewise set fire to and consumed. In short, sir, I do not believe a vestige of public property, or a store of any kind, which could be converted to the use of the government, escaped destruction: the bridges across the Eastern Branch and the Potomac were likewise destroyed.

This general devastation being completed during the day of the 25th, we marched again, at nine that night, on our return, by Bladensburg, to Upper Marlborough.

We arrived yesterday evening at the latter, without molestation of any sort, indeed without a single musket having been fired; and this morning we moved on to this place, where I have found his majesty's sloop

Manly, the tenders, and the boats, and I have hoisted my flag, *pro tempore*, in the former. The troops will probably march to-morrow, or the next day at farthest, to Benedict for re-embarkation, and this flotilla will of course join you at the same time.

In closing, sir, my statement to you, of the arduous and highly important operations of this last week, I have a most pleasing duty to perform, in assuring you of the good conduct of the officers and men who have been serving under me. I have been particularly indebted, whilst on this service, to captain Wainwright of the Tonnant, for the assistance he has invariably afforded me; and to captain Palmer and Money, for their exertions during the march to and from Washington. To captain Nourse, who has commanded the flotilla during my absence, my acknowledgments are also most justly due, as well as to captains Sullivan, Badcock, Somerville, Ramsay, and Bruce, who have acted in it under him.

Lieutenant James Scott, now first of the Albion, has, on this occasion, rendered me essential services; and as I have had reason so often of late to mention to you the gallant and meritorious conduct of this officer, I trust you will permit me to seize this opportunity of recommending him particularly to your favorable notice and consideration.

Captain Robins, (the senior officer of marines with the fleet,) who has had, during these operations, the marines of the ships united under his orders, has executed ably and zealously the several services with which he has been entrusted, and is entitled to my best acknowledgments accordingly; as is also captain Harrison of the marine-artillery, who, with the officers and men attached to him, accompanied the army to and from Washington.

Mr. Dobie, surgeon of the Melpomene, volunteered his professional services on this occasion, and rendered much assistance to the wounded on the field of battle, as well as to many of the men taken ill on the line of march.

One colonial marine killed, 1 master's mate, 2 serjeants, and 3 colonial marines wounded, are the casualties sustained by

the naval department; a general list of the killed and wounded of the whole army will, of course, accompany the report of the major-general.

I have the honour be, &c.

G. COCKBURN, rear-admiral.

Vice-admiral the hon.

Sir A. Cochrane, K. B. &c.

P.S.—Two long 6-pounders guns, intended for a battery at Nottingham, were taken off, and put on board the Brune, and one taken at Upper Marlborough was destroyed.

As usual, Messrs Thomson and Smith give in their accounts the most exaggerated estimates of the attacking force, reducing, in an inverse ratio, that of their countrymen. Fortunately, they contradict each other in such a manner, and Gen. Wilkinson's testimony is so positive, that the correctness of the two British despatches is established. Mr. Thomson, in the first place, states the British force at six thousand men, just one thousand more than Mr. O'Connor, and two thousand more than Dr. Smith. In the second place, he says, speaking of the American force—"These consisted of but five thousand men, and offered battle to the English troops, but General Ross turned to his right and took the road to Marlborough."

Here is a direct insinuation that a superior body of British troops were afraid to meet an inferior force. Surely Mr. Thomson should have reflected on the consequences of making this statement, and that its absurdity must strike every one who reads even his own history. Six thousand men are afraid to fight five thousand, yet, strange to say, they persevere in their march into the heart of an enemy's country, knowing that their enemy is every moment becoming stronger. Really Mr. Thomson might have perceived the inconsistency!

General Wilkinson puts the matter in another light, and, speaking of General Ross, says—"General Ross marched from Nottingham the same morning, by the chapel road leading to Marlborough; and, on discovering the American troops, sent a detachment to his left to meet them, which advanced to the foot of the hill near Oden's

house, when the American troops fall back, and the enemy resumed their march."

The real facts, independent of Wilkinson, are so notorious, that we cannot conceive how Thomson could have ventured to make his statement.

General Winder's dispatch is nearly as mendacious as Mr. Thompson's assertions.

The statement as to force contained in both General Ross and Admiral Cockburn's dispatches are fully borne out by General Armstrong,* and Winder himself admits that his force amounted to five thousand men, yet with a superiority of more than three to one he ascribes his defeat to the disadvantages under which he laboured.

Now we ask, in what did these disadvantages consist? was it that sufficient time for preparation had not been afforded? This could not be, as, from the 26th June, the Government had been apprised of the threatened visit. We have shown by Armstrong that it was not from inferiority of force. In what, then, did the disadvantages consist? We have no hesitation in answering—to the shameful conduct of his men, and the total want of precautions on the part of the General, in neglecting to avail himself of the military obstacles that might have been used advantageously to impede the enemy's approach. General Wilkinson writes, "Not a single bridge was broken, not a causeway destroyed, not an inundation attempted, not a tree fallen, not a rood of the road obstructed, nor a gun fired at the enemy, in a march of near forty miles, from Benedict to Upper Marlborough, by a route on which there are ten or a dozen difficult defiles; which, with a few hours' labour, six pieces of light artillery, three hundred infantry, two hundred riflemen, and sixty dragoons, might have been defended against any force that could approach them; such is the narrowness of the road, the profundity of the ravines, the steepness of the acclivities, and the sharpnets of the ridges."

We think the above extract will prove our assertion, as to Winder's capability of opposing

* Notices of the War, p. 130.

a young and dashing commander like Ross. Winder's statement as to his force is unhappily disproved by Dr. Smith, who gives a detailed list, which we subjoin :

"The army under General Winder," says doctor Smith, "consisted of:—

United States' dragoons	140	
Maryland ditto	240	
District of Columbia ditto	50	
Virginia ditto	100	
	—	580
Regular infantry	500	
Seamen and marines	600	
	—	1100
Stansbury's brigade of militia ...	1858	
Sterrett's regiment, ditto.....	500	
Baltimore artillery, ditto.....	150	
Pinkney's battalion, ditto	150	
	—	2158
Smith's brigade, ditto	1070	
Cramer's battalion, ditto.....	240	
Waring's detachment, ditto.....	150	
Maynard's ditto, ditto	150	
	—	1610
Beall's and Hood's regiment of do.	800	
Volunteer corps	350	
	—	1150
Total at Bladensburg	6548	
<i>At hand.</i>		
Young's brigade of militia	450	
Minor's Virginia corps	600	
	—	1050
Grand Total	7508	

General Wilkinson is very sarcastic in his account of Bladensburg. He says, "their President was in the field; every eye was turned upon the chief; every bosom throbbed with confidence, and every nerve was strung with valor. No doubts remained with the troops that in their chief magistrate they beheld their Commander-in-chief, who, like another Maurice, having, by his irresolution, exposed the country to the chances and accidents of a general engagement, had now come forward to repair the error by his activity in the field; determined to throw himself into the gap of danger, and not to survive the power of his country."

If General Wilkinson is severe on Mr. President Madison, he is equally plain

spoken with respect to the troops, and bears clear testimony as to the actual numbers of the British engaged. He says, "the American force they routed by about seven hundred and fifty rank and file of the 4th and 44th regiments."

The disparity of loss between the two armies is easily accounted for, as we find twenty-four pieces of artillery marked on General Wilkinson's diagram. These completely enfiladed the bridge, and were very destructive to the advancing columns. The American loss was trifling, as they seem, in common with the President, to have acted on the principle 'He that fights and runs away,' and so forth."

By the American estimate of public property destroyed at Washington, it would appear that full satisfaction was taken for the injuries committed at Newark and elsewhere. The estimate returned to Government was as follows:—

American estimate of public property destroyed at Washington.

The committee appointed by the American congress to inquire into the circumstances attending the capture of Washington, and the destruction consequent on that event, after giving a statement of the operations in the navy-yard, report the following estimate of the public property destroyed:—

	Dollars.
The capital, including all costs,	787,163
President's house,	234,334
Public offices,	93,613
	—
	1,115,110

But the committee remark, as the walls of the capital and president's house are good, they suppose that the sum of 460,000 dollars will be sufficient to place the buildings in the situation they were in previous to their destruction.

The losses sustained in the navy-yard are thus estimated:—

	Dollars.
In moveable property,	417,745
In buildings and fixtures	91,425
	—
	509,170

The committee then proceed to the recapitulation of the losses in the navy-yard, with an estimate of the real losses. After deducting the value recovered from the original value of the articles, the total amount is 417,745 dollars, 51 cents.

The original value of the articles destroyed was 678,219 dollars, 71 cents, of which 260,465 dollars and 20 cents value were recovered, in anchors, musket-barrels, locks copper, timber, &c.

The most important feature in the destruction in the Navy Yard, was the destruction of the new frigate, and the *Argus* sloop, as it inflicted a direct blow on a naval force still in its infancy.

Both Mr. Madison, in his proclamation, and Mr. Munroe, in his letter to Admiral Cochrane, have endeavoured to show that the British, by their attack on Washington, not only outraged the rules of war, in destroying the public buildings, but by again bringing forward the Hampton and Havre de Grace affairs, they leave it to be understood that the troops behaved in the same disorderly manner imputed to them on that occasion.

The American journals of that day prove however, the contrary of this. The *Columbian Centinel*, of August 31st, says, "The British officers pay inviolable respect to private property, and no peaceable citizen is molested." A Baltimore writer, under date, August 27, says, "The enemy treated the inhabitants of Washington with respect,"

From Mr. Monroe to Sir Alexander Cochrane.

Department of State, Sept. 6, 1814.

SIR,

I had the honour to receive your letter of the 18th of August, stating that having been called on by the governor-general of the Canadas, to aid him in carrying into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of the United States, for the wanton desolation committed by their army in Upper Canada, it has become your duty, conformably with the nature of the governor-general's application, to issue to the naval force under your command, an order to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable.

It is seen with the greatest surprise, that

and Mr. Gates, the month-piece of the Government, whose presses and type had been destroyed, was forced to acknowledge that any mischief done, was committed by "the knavish wretches about the town, who profited by the general distress."

Even Mr. Thompson was compelled to acknowledge that "the plunder of private property was prohibited, and soldiers transgressing the order were severely punished."

One more extract which we give from a Georgetown journal of September 8, will complete our list of proofs that both Mr. Munroe and Mr. Madison have foully wronged the British soldiers by their aspersions:

"The list of plunder and destruction, copied from a vile and libellous print of that city, is a gross and abominable fabrication, known to be such by every inhabitant. Most of the plunder was committed by rabble of the place, fostered among the citizens, and from whose villainy no place is free in times of peril and relaxation of the law. The British army, it is no more than justice to say, preserved a moderation and discipline, with respect to private persons and property, unexampled in the annals of war."

We think it unnecessary to cite further testimony in support of our assertion as to the behaviour of the British army, and now give the documents in which their character was assailed—Mr. Munroe's answer to a letter from Admiral Cochrane, and Mr. Madison's proclamation.* We also give Admiral

this system of devastation which has been practiced by the British forces, so manifestly contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, is placed by you on the ground of retaliation. No sooner were the United States compelled to resort to war against Great Britain, than they resolved to wage it in a manner most consonant to the principles of humanity, and to those friendly relations which it was desirable to preserve between the two nations, after the restoration of peace. They perceived, however, with the deepest regret, that a spirit alike just and humane was neither cherished nor acted on by your government. Such an assertion would not be hazarded, if it were not supported by facts, the proof of which has perhaps already carried the same conviction to other nations that it has to the people of these states.

Cochrane's letter, as some expressions in it were laid hold of as breathing a most sanguinary and ruthless spirit:—

From vice-admiral Cochrane to Mr. Monroe.

His Majesty's ship the *Tonnant*, in the Patuxent river, Aug. 18, 1814.

SIR,

Having been called on by the governor-general of the Canadas to aid him in carrying into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of the United States, for the

Without dwelling on the deplorable cruelties committed by the savages in the British ranks, and in British pay, on American prisoners, at the river Raisin, which to this day have never been disavowed, or atoned, I refer, as more immediately connected with the subject of your letter, to the wanton desolation that was committed at Havre-de-Grace, and at George town, early in the spring of 1813. These villages were burnt and ravaged by the naval forces of Great Britain, to the ruin of their unarmed inhabitants, who saw with astonishment they derived no protection to their property from the laws of war. During the same season, scenes of invasion and pillage, carried on under the same authority, were witnessed all along the waters of the Chesapeake, to an extent inflicting the most serious private distress, and under circumstances that justified the suspicion, that revenge and cupidity, rather than the manly motives that should dictate the hostility of a high-minded foe, led to their perpetration. The late destruction of the houses of government in this city, is another act which comes necessarily into view. In the wars of modern Europe, no examples of the kind, even among nations the most hostile to each other, can be traced. In the course of ten years past, the capitals of Europe have been conquered, and occupied alternately by the victorious armies of each other, and no instance of such wanton and justifiable destruction has been seen. We must go back to distant and barbarous ages to find a parallel for the acts of which I complain. Although these acts of desolation invited, if they did not impose on the government, the necessity of retaliation, yet in no instance has it been authorized. The burning of the village of Newark, in Upper Canada, posterior to the early outrages above enumerated, was not executed on that principle. The village of Newark adjoined Fort-George, and its destruction was justified by the officer who ordered it, on the ground that it became necessary in the military operations there. The act, however, was disavowed by the government. The burning which took place at Long-point

wanton destruction committed by their army in Upper Canada, it has become imperiously my duty, conformably with the nature of the governor-general's application, to issue to the naval force under my command, an order to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable.

I had hoped that this contest would have terminated, without my being obliged to resort to severities which are contrary to the usages of civilised warfare; and as it has

was unauthorized by the government, and the conduct of the officer subjected to the investigation of a military tribunal. For the burning of St. David's, committed by stragglers, the officer who commanded in that quarter was dismissed without a trial, for not preventing it.

I am commanded by the president distinctly to state, that it as little comports with any orders issued to the military and naval commanders of the United States, as it does with the established and known humanity of the American nation, to pursue a system which it appears you have adopted. The government owes to itself, and to the principle which it has ever held sacred, to disavow, as justly chargeable to it, any such wanton, cruel, and unjustifiable warfare.

Whatever unauthorized irregularity may have been committed by any of its troops, it would have been ready, acting on these principles of sacred and eternal obligation, to disavow, and as far as might be practicable, to repair. But in the plan of desolating warfare which your letter so explicitly makes known, and which is attempted to be excused on a plea so utterly groundless, the president perceives a spirit of deep-rooted hostility, which, without the evidence of such facts, he could not have believed existed, or would have been carried to such an extremity.

For the reparation of injuries, of whatever nature they may be, not sanctioned by the law of nations, which the naval or military forces of either power may have committed against the other, this government will always be ready to enter into reciprocal arrangements. It is presumed that your government will neither expect or propose any which are not reciprocal.

Should your government adhere to a system of desolation so contrary to the views and practice of the United States, so revolting to humanity and repugnant to the sentiments and usages of the civilized world, whilst it will be seen with the deepest regret, it must and will be met with a determination and constancy becoming a free

been with extreme reluctance and concern that I have found myself compelled to adopt this system of devastation, I shall be equally gratified if the conduct of the executive of the United States will authorise my staying such proceedings, by making reparation to the suffering inhabitants of Upper Canada; thereby manifesting that if the destructive measures pursued by their army were ever sanctioned, they will no longer be permitted by the government.

people, contending in a just cause for their essential rights and their dearest interests.

I have the honour to be, with great consideration, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

Vice-admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane,
commander in chief of his Britannic
majesty's ships and vessels.

JAMES MUNROE.

Mr. Madison's Proclamation.

Whereas, the enemy, by sudden incursion, have succeeded in invading the capital of the nation, defended at the moment by troops less numerous than their own, and almost entirely of the militia; during their possession of which, though for a single day only, they wantonly destroyed the public edifices, having no relation in their structure to operations of war, nor used at the time for military annoyance; some of these edifices being also costly monuments of state, and of arts; and the others, depositories of the public archives, not only precious to the nation, as the memorials of its origin and its early transactions, but interesting to all nations, as contributions to the general stock of historical instruction and political science.

And, whereas, advantage has been taken of the loss of a fort, more immediately guarding the neighbouring town of Alexandria, to place the town within a range of a naval force, too long and too much in the habit of abusing its superiority, wherever it can be applied, to require, as the alternative of a general conflagration, an undisturbed plunder of private property, which has been executed in a manner peculiarly distressing to the inhabitants, who had inconsiderately cast themselves on the justice and generosity of the victor.

And, whereas, it now appears, by a direct communication from the British naval commander on the American station, to be his avowed purpose to employ the force under his direction, in destroying and laying waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable; adding to this declaration the insulting pretext, that it is in retaliation for a wanton destruction committed by the army of the United States in Upper Canada; when it is notorious, that no destruction has been committed, which, notwithstanding the multiplied outrages previously committed by the enemy,

I have the honour to be, sir, with much consideration, your most obedient humble servant.

ALEXANDER COCHRANE,

Vice-admiral and commander in chief of his Britannic majesty's ships and vessels upon the North American station.

The hon. James Monroe,
Secretary of State, &c.
Washington.

was not unauthorised, and promptly shewn to be so, and that the United States have been as constant in their endeavours to reclaim the enemy from such outrages, by the contrast of their own example, as they have been ready to terminate, on reasonable condition, the war itself.

And, whereas, these proceedings and declared purposes, which exhibit a deliberate disregard of the principles of humanity, and the rules of civilised warfare, and which must give to the existing war a character of extended devastation and barbarism, at the very moment of negotiation for peace, invited by the enemy himself, leave no prospect of safety to anything within the reach of his predatory and incendiary operations, but in a manly and universal determination to chastise and expel the invader.

Now, therefore, I, James Madison, President of the United States, do issue this my proclamation, exhorting all the good people, therefore, to unite their hearts and hands in giving effect to the ample means possessed for that purpose. I enjoin it on all officers, civil and military, to exert themselves in executing the duties with which they are respectively charged. And, more especially, I require the officers, commanding the respective military districts, to be vigilant and alert in providing for the defence thereof; for the more effectual accomplishment of which, they are authorised to call to the defence of exposed and threatened places, proportions of the militia, most convenient thereto, whether they be, or be not, parts of the quotas detached for the service of the United States, under requisitions of the general government.

On an occasion which appeals so forcibly to the proud feelings and patriotic devotion of the American people, none will forget what they owe to themselves; what they owe to their country; and the high destinies which await it; what to the glory acquired now, and to be maintained by their sons, with the augmented strength and resources with which time and Heaven have blessed them. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents. Done at Washington, Sept. 1, 1814.

By the President.

JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MUNROE, Secretary of State.

THOUGHTS FOR NOVEMBER.

"He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? - He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work."

Like the sleep of man, and as naturally as the brightness and glory of the beautiful day are succeeded by night, so winter approaches and nature exchanges the gorgeous livery of her October tints for the more subdued shades of russet and dark brown, sometimes even casting aside this sombre dress for a robe of snowy whiteness. The donning this robe, however, is most jealously regarded by the retiring season, and even as the first gray hairs which appear on the forehead of advancing manhood are hastily removed, so do the lingering rays of the sun strive ever and anon to wash away the first symptoms of their declining power.

Powerful, however, as the exertions of old mother Earth may be to keep off the wintry sleep of nature, still winter, sooner or later, asserts its power during the month, and every object begins to assume a sober sedate look. The flowers that had previously formed the gardener's pride, have all disappeared, and nothing remains to enliven the scene but the beautiful and pendant clusters of the snow-berry, perhaps, the red clusters on the wild rose, the conical fruit-like blossoms of the sumach, and the red berries of the black alder.

In the fields, the long brown tufts of grass wave their heads mournfully, as if to bid adieu to the recollections of the soft airs which had swept over them, and the little streamlet that ordinarily rolled peacefully along, now dashes on with a sort of defiant air, as if to prevent the icy chains of winter from fettering its wavelets and binding it, too, in the universal sleep.

November is not always thus, however, in Canada. A cold, dreary, and foggy month in the Mother Country, in our more favoured clime, it often wears, to the very end, a smiling aspect, and it is in this month too that the beautiful phenomenon, the Indian summer, usually occurs, when it would almost appear as if nature threw a gauze veil over the face of nature, partially to conceal, and partly to renovate the fading beauties of the year.

Again, November must not be regarded as a type of decay, a season of sadness; to the reflective mind its approach brings solemn and purifying thoughts. The first flakes of snow "dropped on the face of nature, like the downy coverlet

spread by its mother over the cradle of the sleeping babe," are most suggestive, as in these are discernable the wisdom and power of the Creator, in providing a protection for the soil and its included plants, against the approaching intensity of cold.

The very fettering of the brooks in icy chains must be regarded too as a wonderful evidence of the working of nature, as it is precisely when "The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen," the most remarkable chemical phenomena of winter are silently going on.

In the same manner it can be shown, that the soil, saturated with moisture, late in the autumn, is heaved up and pulverized by the alternate expansion and contraction of frost and thaw, a work which may be indeed styled "nature's ploughing."

Then it is that vital functions of the most important character are in operation, and that results are being perfected on which the future year depends, when the quickening influence of the returning spring shall again rouse from their slumber the animal and vegetable kingdom.

The Anglo-Saxons termed the month, says Verstigan, *wind-monath*, to wit, *wind-month*, "whereby we may see," adds Howitt, "that our ancestors were made acquainted with blustering Boreas, and it was the ancient custom for shipmen then to shroud themselves at home, and to give over sea-faring (notwithstanding the littleness of their usual voyages,) until blustering March had bidden them farewell."

According to Dr. Sayers, it was also called *blot-monath*, or *blood-month*, on account of the abundance of cattle killed for the winter store or for sacrifice.

When speaking of the uncertainty of an English November, and hew the morning, after a fine day, may show a landscape of frost and snow, Howitt introduces some beautiful lines from Cowper, with which we can appropriately close our present notice.

"I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the peaceful share.
I saw, far off, the weedy fallow small
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.

To-morrow brings a change, a total change,
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls the fleecy shower; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil."

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN V.

WHEREIN THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A
VERY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

After landing at Darlington the "notions" entrusted to my care, I lost no time in directing my attention to the fair Newlove and her idealic aunt.

Verily, and beyond all dubitation, the circumstances in which I found the brace of spinsters demonstrated that the junior one, at least, cleverly desiderated the supervision of an Argus.

Miss Applegarth was seated alone in the upper saloon, busily employed in masticating the contents of a yellow-coated fiction. The title of this production, which I had small difficulty in expiscating at a glance, was peculiarly appetizing, being "HORROR UPON HORROR; OR THE QUADRUPLICATE QUAKER AND THE MANICHEAN MONK!" If one could interpret aright the expression of wrapt terror which reigned in the staring grey eyes of the virtuous student, the legend in question must have belonged to the raw-head and bloody-bone school of literature. Ever and anon she uplifted her skinny hand, as if deprecating some act of super-infernal turpitude which fell under her cognizance; and an occasional groan, extorted, most probably, by the goings on of the unorthodox ecclesiastic, testified how profound was the interest which she took in disembowelling the mysteries of the plot!

Fanny was occupied in a manner somewhat different from her aunt, but apparently no less engrossing.

And here, before proceeding further, it is fitting to state, that I had made sure of the identity of the fair pilgrims by interrogating them touching their names. Of course, in my capacity of Purser, I could do so without laying myself open to the charge of irregular or impertinent curiosity. Gentlemen of my cloth,

like the "black brigade," have the privilege of catechizing the lieges at pleasure.

Returning to the pulchritudinous Fanny Newlove, she was reclining on a settee, listening with all her ears, to the "out pourings" of a personage, whose appearance at once apprehended my attention, as indicative of anything except the clean potato.

So far as person went, he was passable enough, being well built, and of goodly stature. His countenance, moreover, might have been unexceptionable, had it not been shrouded by the densest, and most impenetrable thicket of hair which ever grew upon mortal face. I speak within bounds, and with all sobriety, when I affirm, that it was impossible to define, with any approximation to accuracy, the character of one of his features. His mouth was a matter of pure speculation and hypothesis; it might have been large or small—melancholic or hilarious—loving or ogreistic—profane or devotional, so far as a beholder could make out! That botheration of quidnuncs, the "man in the iron mask," did not exhibit a greater amount of physiognomic mystery! Even a London detective would have given up the perusal of that mouth as an utterly hopeless job!

This hirsute unknown was dressed after a pestilently exaggerated and theatrical fashion. The braiding which smothered his "pardessus"—as surtouts are now poetically named—fell to be computed by the mile, instead of the yard. Regarded as a whole, his *costume* presented a counterpart of that usually worn by the chivalrous gent who officiates as master of ceremonies to the arena of a circus. Such of my readers as may have been blessed with the vision of the glorious and immortal Widdiecomb, that perennial flower of Astley's, will have no difficulty in twigging and realizing my meaning.

With a volubility which the most *glabber* tongued auctioneer, who can enunciate "two and six" fifty times in a couple of seconds might have envied, this youth was holding forth to Miss Newlove, as I entered the apartment.

Very obvious was it that the narrative he was emitting possessed a special interest in the damsel's estimation. She kept her eye intently fixed upon the narrator, and her colour came and went, like the hues of an expiring dolphin, in unison, apparently, with the vicissitudes and fluctuations of the story.

Under ordinary circumstances I should never

have dreamed of making more than a passing inquisition of the pair. Not oblivious, however, of my plighted promise to the honest Squire, I determined to find out, if possible, how the land was lying. Accordingly, having watched my opportunity, I managed to slip, unobserved, into the state room, in front of which Fanny and her new acquaintance were seated, and was thus enabled to play the part of a not dishonourable eaves-dropper, with the most perfect impunity.

Count Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein, (for so did the profusely be-whiskered incognito designate himself,) was detailing some appetizing incidents connected with his struggles on behalf of Hungary, whereof, as it would appear, he was a native.

"And so, fairest lady," quoth he, "I was overpowered by overwhelming numbers, and constrained to render up the trusty sword, which in the course of that bloody and disastrous day, had sent thousands of my detested foemen to Purgatory, or perchance a stage farther!

"When the haughty and diabolical Austrian, Clootzmahoun, had got me fairly in his power, the vindictive malice of the monster knew no bounds. He dragged me, barefooted, at the tail of his steed, for eight wearisome miles, to his castle, and having loaded me with a ton weight of chains, more or less, threw me into a dark and pestilential dungeon, two hundred and thirty-nine feet beneath the level of the indignant ocean.

"For six long days, divinest of thy sex, and as many longer nights, I tasted neither food nor drink,—*progst* and *lusht* we call these necessaries in beloved Hungary! Regularly, at noon, the truculent vagabond used to enter my cell, followed by a long train of mercenary minions, to whom his slightest word was law. These white-livered serfs bore upon their unkempt heads chargers replete with the most savoury, and tooth-watering viands, such as Caledonian collops, Cambrian rabbits, Anglican sirloins, and Hibernian stews, all piping hot, from gridiron, spit, pot, and pan! Other slaves were laden with massive tankards, foaming, like the tempest-vexed main, with lakes of porter, ale, half-and-half, and cider, freshly drawn from the tap!

"These delicacies were ranged upon the floor, about two feet—or it may be two feet and a half, for I cannot be accurate to an inch—

beyond the reach of my chain. That being done, proclamation was made, that this wilderness of gustatorial wealth was all at my command and devotion, if I would only consent to brand the adorable Kossuth as a thimble-rigger and cheat-the-gallows!"

"Did you—oh, did you give way?" exclaimed the enthusiastic and fearful Fanny Newlove, grasping the Count's hand, in the overwhelming ardour of her interest.

"How can you ask such a derogatory question?"—returned the Hungarian Widdicomb, with something like indignant reproach in his accent—"No! I spurned the savoury bribe, as a lawyer would spurn a fee-less brief, preferring starvation and wershness (what you would call *sixpence spitting* to dishonour!)"

"Noblest of noble men!"—faltered forth the much-sobbing Fanny—"Hasten hither dearest aunt, and listen to a recital of sufferings, equal, if not greater, to what were endured by good Earl Lackaday, in that deliciously pathetic novel, *The Castle of De Greetandgirn!*"

Thus strenuously abjured, Miss Laura Matilda took a seat alongside of her impulsive niece, and having laid aside the *Quadrupartite Quaker* for a season, prepared to hearken to a story of real life.

I could discover with, literally, half an eye, through the key-hole of my lurking den, that the gallant Count Blitzen did not relish, over much, this addition to the sederunt. There was no help for it; however, and accordingly he continued his tragic narration with the best grace which he could command.

"Where was I?" said the hero, tapping his forehead, "since my misfortunes, this memory of mine is not worth a counterfeit copper!"

"I think," gently suggested the more juvenile spinster, "that you were at the collops and porter!"

"In other words," cried Von Hoaxenstein, "I was wishing that I was at them!"

"For five horrid, ghastly, fevering days did this gustatorial torture continue, but my agony though Titanic, was doomed to be still more exquisitely aggravated!"

Here the weeping Newlove remarked, as she unfolded her handkerchief, that she could not conceive how one additional stone could be added to the already altitudinous cairn of the Count's misery?

"Listen, lady," continued the warrior, "and your pardonable scepticism shall vanish, like a

nimble-footed debtor at the advent of a bum-bailiff!

"Just as the strong-lunged warder, on the climax of the dungeon keep, proclaimed that the sixth day of my misery had reached its meridian, the door of the dungeon flew open as usual, and in marched the misbegotten Clootzmahoun, with his wonted train of ministering demons.

"This time the trial assumed a new aspect, The dishes which the sneering scoundrels bore, contained a fresh aliment! Oysters formed the staple of the temptation!

"There were raw oysters—scalloped oysters—fried oysters—pickled oysters—stewed oysters—oyster soup—and oyster patés! Oysters in every shape, phase, and form, which the diabolical ingenuity of fallen man could by any possibility devise! I verily believe that if Ancient Plunder (now vulgarly styled Old Booty) had officiated, for that day only, as cook to my jailor, he could not have added a single additional item to this felonious bill of fare!

"Now, noble ladies, you must know, that the above mentioned variety of shell-fish had ever been one of my fondest and most cherished solacements. Since the days of my sunny childhood, I could have lived on oysters from the *alpha* of the year to the *omega* thereof, without once seeking or sighing for change,

"This weakness I had unconsciously betrayed in the ravings of a troubled slumber, to a lurking spy of a turnkey, who failed not to enlighten his chief on the subject. Being thus put up to the dodge, the viper invented this gigantic trial, to which the faith and firmness of your humble obedient servant was now exposed.

"Oh, my Sultanas, words the most vivid are all too feeble to adumbrate the crushing misery which I endured in the course of this terrific ordeal! To a wretch squirming under a six days' fast, North British collops were madness, but oysters constituted a cento of the horrors of Tartarus itself!

"There lay the maddening messes, ranged, like the far famed two dozen violinists, *all in a row!* Every one of them appeared gifted, *pro re nata*, with speech, and to intone,—*come eat me! come eat me!* To this blessed hour, I marvel hugely, that confirmed demeritation did not immigrate into my horifically anguished brain! And there stood the Austrian oppressor—the incarnate son of perdition, repeating his thrice infamous propositions, and, between hands,

singing forth the praises of the too, too captivating natives! Jupiter Tonans! where then slumbered thy thunderbolts, that they did not smite the malevolent monster into merited perdition?"

Here, aunt and niece simultaneously exclaimed, in sympathetic chorus,—“Where, indeed?”

“For a season,” the Count went on to say, “I managed to preserve my self-command, but at length, the trial became too tremendous for poor flesh and blood to bear!”

“What!” exclaimed the much alarmed Fanny, “did you consent to heap odium on the honoured head of your country’s idol for the sake of a paltry shell-fish?”

“No beloved!” was Widdicomb’s response, “Heaven be praised I was preserved from such an abyss of turpitude! As I said before, however, I could no longer bear up against the test to which my frenzied appetite was subjected! With a shriek that might have caused the ears of deaf Burke to tingle, I started to my feet, and by a mighty, spasmodic effort, burst my fetters as if they had been threads of a spider’s manufacture!

“Ha! ha! ha! how I laughed, and yelled, and shouted, as I darted pell mell, slap dash, at the congregated oysters! At one absorbing gulp I drained off the soup, though it was hot as the molten lava of Mount Etna, or the limb of an intensely devilled turkey! Ere you could invoke the time-honoured name of Saint John Robinson, I was pegging away at the balance of the dishes, and in the twinkling of an optic they were clean, as if they had been subjected to the manipulation of a scullion! Speedy as the levin bolt, I next tackled a hoary headed poculum of double X, and before the world was a minute more ancient, the bottom thereof was as dry as a long winded essay on political economy! I did not even take time to ejaculate the customary orison of ‘*Heri’s luck!*’”

“But pray, Sir Count,” interjected Laura Matilda, “what was the odious Clootzmahoun doing all this time?”

“He and his myrmidons,” answered Blitzem, “were fairly palsied with astonishment and surprise. So soon, however, as their presence of mind was restored, the biped scorpions rushed upon your unfortunate servitor *en masse*, and bearing me to the earth once more, fixed the cramping gyves upon my limbs!”

"And now, ladies, I am arrived at the most marvellous portion of my strange, eventful history. If you harbour the slightest suspicion of my veracity, please say so at once, and I shall remain eternally silent! A million times rather would I be torn to vulgar fractions by wild horses, than be deemed capable of drawing that warlike but immoral weapon, the long bow!"

With many passionate protestations, the gentle auditors certiorated their knight that he enjoyed their entire and unbroken confidence. Indeed, Fanny declared, with something approximating to a zephyr-like oath, that she believed the passages under narration quite as implicitly as if she had beheld them enacted!

Whereupon the bearded Hungarian ventured to osculate the not unwilling hand of the maiden, in token of his approbation of her flattering faith, and then proceeded to unwind the clew of his discourse.

"That very night," he said, "as I was reclining in a delicious and ecstatic snooze, induced by the generous and unwonted meal which I had bagged, a bright and gracious apparition was vouchsafed to me.

"Lo and behold! a lady, young in years, and beautiful exceedingly, stood at the side of my couch of sordid straw, and asked me, in tones more dulcet than the bagpipes of Fingal, whether I longed to behold once more the green earth and the blue sky?"

"Need I say that I jumped at the offer which the interrogation evidently enshrouded—jumped at it even as the male domestic fowl jumpeth to ravish the charms of a ripe and luscious gooseberry? Surely, oh surely, it is altogether unnecessary for me to say any such thing!

"The lovely vision then informed me, that on one condition she would put me in the way of giving limb security to my cruel and sanguinary oppressor. It was to the effect that I would never wed any daughter of our common ancestress Eve, except herself. Without one moment's hesitation I pledged myself as required, and the phantom, after pointing to a particular quarter of my bed, vanished in a flood of liquid fire!"

At this epoch of the story, Miss Newlove was overcome by a sudden attack of all-overishness, and it required the administration of a modicum of sherry and water, to enable her to regain her equanimity.

"Starting up from my slumber," continued

the Count, "I made diligent search amongst the straw indicated by the vision, and found—"

"What?" eagerly interjected both the ladies.

"A bunch of keys," replied the narrator, "which evidently had been dropped by one of the vassals, in the confusion consequent upon my oyster onslaught.

"With the aid of these friends in need, I managed not merely to free myself from the darbies which decorated me, but to gain the exterior of my grewsome bastille. Most providentially a railway train was puffing and snorting past, at that identical moment, and securing a first-class passage to Paris I was soon far beyond the reach of all pursuit.

"Not long afterwards, I had the satisfaction of reading in the public prints, that the rascal at whose hands I had suffered so much, had met with his most righteous deserts. Enraged beyond measure at my escape, Clootzmahoun cut the throats of all his retainers with one of Mechi's razors, and then expired in a fit of indigestion, induced by supping upon sixteen maturely grown lobsters. I could not but admire the aptness of the retribution, which made crustaceous fish the mediums of this matchless wretch's punishment. Never was there a more admirable instance of pure poetical justice!"

"And pray, noble Count," queried Squire Newlove's daughter; "pray, if it be not an indelicate and impertinent question, did you ever chance to fall in with the reality of the damsel, who visited you when in the embrace of Somnus?"

"Never," returned the hairy man, "till this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day! Oh most peerless and transcendental of maidens!" cried he, convulsively laying hold of the agitated Fanny's hand, and looking round to see that there were no obtrusive onlookers, "it was thy thrice-blessed form which illumined the gloom of my Austrian dungeon! Behold, I lay myself, my title, and my fortune at thy feet, beseeching thee to make thy devoted knight the most felicitous of living men!"

Poor Fanny, as might be easily conceived, was struck dumb by a host of conflicting emotions, but her aunt was not backward in responding on behalf of the damsel. She roundly asserted that even a blind man could see the fringe of fate in the affair, and that it would be the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness and reprobation to fight against the developed decrees of destiny!

Emboldened by this hearty backing, Von Hoaxenstein ventured to suggest, that to guard

against accidents the nuptials should be celebrated "right away," as the Yankees translate *quam primum*, and in the primary parson-containing town which the steam vessel might touch at.

"My father," faltered forth the sore perplexed and dizzied girl, "will never, never give his consent!"

"Of course he won't!" struck in the prompt and energetic Applegarth; "of course he won't, and therefore there is no use in trifling and shilly-shallying about the matter! My brother-in-law, if truth must be told, is an old, obstinate, pig-headed fool, who would sooner see you wedded to Michael Daddy, the tailor, than behold you the lady of any foreigner, however noble in birth or chivalric in deed. The illustrious count is perfectly right, as heroes invariably are where affairs of the heart are concerned, and you cannot do better than act upon his suggestion. In a short time we shall be at Cobourg, when, by playing our cards prudently, we may land unperceived by the Squire, and then all shall be plain sailing!"

"Yes," continued the eager and enamoured Blitzen, "and I have reason to know that we can procure a license this very evening, and so the ceremony—"

Here the party broke up their confabulation, for the purpose, as I opined, of getting their traps together, and I was left to chew the cud of reflection upon what I had seen and heard.

Of course I had no option but to inform Mr. Newlove of how matters stood, and that without delay. To my apprehension it was plain as a pike-staff, that the so-called Count was an impudent, unscrupulous adventurer, ready at a moment's notice to speculate in anything, from contraband tobacco up to clandestine matrimony. Beyond doubt he had become acquainted with the leading weakness of the squire's daughter; and the wealth of her sire, and made his calculations accordingly. He evidently deemed that if he could only contrive to wed the silly maiden, the old gentleman, though probably enraged at first, would in the end come to terms, and, making the best of a bad bargain, receive the pair into favor. I the more readily drew these deductions, because I had known a cognate game played before.

Next month I shall wind up this strange, eventful, and most veritable history.

Superficial people are very happy; cork never drowns.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Professors Lillie and Williamson have both most ably in their writings proved the vast prosperity of Canada, her rapid increase in population and wealth, and have demonstrated that no country in the world has improved in the same ratio. Convincing, however, as their statistics may be, they fall far short of the impressions produced in the minds of those who visited the Forest City during the late Exhibition.

Five-and-twenty years ago, a forest, the City of London could only be compared, on the late occasion, to those creations of the gold diggings, Melbourne or Sacramento, with the difference, however, that whereas these places have been the product of feverish and unhealthy excitement, the Forest City has grown gradually and surely through the persevering industry and energy of the stalwart arms of a healthy class of settlers, and we may all bless that Providence, which, in shaping the foundation of our prosperity, infused into the minds of our early settlers the principles of justice and truth to temper somewhat the natural desire for prosperity and riches.

Strangers must not suppose, however, that at the late Exhibition the tithe of the actual products of Canada was exhibited; on the contrary we noticed with regret that many of the very sources by which we may most certainly expect vastly to increase our wealth were totally unrepresented.

It was evident that neither pains nor expense had been spared in the detail of the Exhibition, and the effect produced was most wonderful. We will, however, proceed to notice the articles which were exhibited, and then to state the deficiencies.

By far the greatest show was that of animals; horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep having been sent in very great numbers. This part of the Exhibition was very gratifying, especially when taken in connexion with the vast increase in the number of stock which we briefly quote from Williamson:—

"It is, therefore, a symptom which augurs well for the future, that the live stock of the Province is being increased in a greater and greater ratio every year, notwithstanding all the demands for domestic consumption, and the large numbers annually exported. In 1862, the number of neat cattle, in Upper Canada

was 504,963, in 1848, 654,845, being an increase of 10 per cent. in 6 years. In 1851, they amounted to 745,594, being an increase of 32 per cent. in 3 years, or 64 per cent. in 6 years. In 1842 the number of horses was 113,675; in 1848, 151,889, or 33 per cent. more in 6 years. In 1851, their number was 203,800, being upwards of 83 per cent. increase in 3, or 66 per cent. in 6 years. In 1842, the number of sheep was 575,780, in 1848, 883,807, being 45 per cent. more in 6 years. In 1851, their number was 959,222, or at the rate of 32 per cent. increase in 6 years. In 1842, the number of hogs was 394,366; in 1848, 484,241, or an excess over that in 1842 by 23 per cent. In 1851, their numbers were 570,237, being at the rate of 36 per cent. increase in 6 years. The total of live stock in Upper Canada, in 1851, was, therefore, 2,488,653, or nearly 3 to 1 of the population. In 1844, the whole number in Lower Canada was somewhat less than that of Upper Canada in 1842, but it also has greatly increased, and in 1851, amounted to 1,654,773, or about two-thirds of that in the Upper Province. The total estimated value of the live stock in the whole of Canada, in the same year, was £10,947,587."

Large as this statement proves the riches of Canada to have then been in amount of stock, both the quantity and quality have been vastly increased. In quality especially throughout the country the greatest pains have been taken to improve the breeds of the various animals, and this was well demonstrated by the specimens exhibited. The only drawback to this part of the Exhibition was the quality of the wool, which showed that Canadians have yet to pay more attention to improvement in this department. A very great inducement to this, too, should be the recollection that in 1852, 169,913 lbs. of wool was imported, of which fully two-thirds came from the United States.

Another deficiency perceptible was in the quality of the cheese; of the size of some of those exhibited no one could complain, and the author of the one weighing twelve hundred weight deserved the premium which he gained; but still there is a lack in our country of such cheeses as the Gruyere, Stilton, Roquefort, and Parmesan, for which consideration the only consolation is that, far behind some countries of Europe as we are in this respect, we still excel the United States, where such a thing as really good cheese is unknown.

In nothing was the extreme fertility of the Province shown so much as in the vegetables; in this department it was impossible for any country to have excelled the magnificent display, and although for unforeseen causes the prize was not awarded for the best quality of wheat, the following statistics will show the vast increase in the production of this and other articles of grain:—

"The whole estimated value of the vegetable productions of agriculture, in 1851, was of grain £5,624,268, and of other vegetable products of the farm £3,564,521, in all £9,188,789. The total amount of these various products exported in 1852 was £1,181,363. In 1851, the wheat crop of Canada West was 12,692,852 bushels, or 18.33 for every inhabitant, while it was only 3.46 in Lower Canada, and, in 1850 only 4.33 in the United States to each of the population. The amount of wheat raised in Upper Canada has been nearly quadrupled within the last ten years. About an equal number of bushels of oats is reaped every year, and next to wheat and oats, peas, Indian corn, potatoes, and turnips are most extensively cultivated. The amount of the crops of these, in 1851, displays the same astonishing increase as that of wheat. It is worthy of remark, however, that while the produce of wheat was four times greater in 1851, than in 1841, the proportion to each inhabitant was only doubled, thus showing, that the population had been growing during the interval with wonderful rapidity. The home consumption is further shewn to require a much larger portion of the wheat crop to meet its demands by the fact, that the exports of wheat and flour, are not being augmented to the degree in which they would have been, if the rate of increase of the population had been of an ordinary kind. Out of a crop of about 16,000,000 bushels, including the crops of Canada East and West, only about 5½ millions were exported in 1852, about 10½ millions, or at the rate of 5½ bushels for every inhabitant, being consumed in the country. The value, however, of this exported surplus was upwards of £1,000,000, and the amount is being annually increased. And it is farther to be remarked, that the exports of wheat, as well as of other vegetable food, might be double, and even treble what they now are, if a system of more perfect farming, such as exists in Britain, were more generally pursued. In some counties of Canada West the average yield of wheat per

acre is from 19 to 20 bushels, or even more, but the general average is only 16½, and in Lower Canada only 7."

The show of grain of all kinds, and vegetables, proved most clearly that to Canada the mother country will ere long look for the supplies now drawn from Poland and the Black Sea; and it is a cheering thought that "from the rich flats on the south side of the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, and those to the south of Montreal, to the fertile regions of the west" Anglo-Saxon energy, in an adapted land, is each day diminishing the dread chance of a famine in the land of their forefathers.

A glance at the display of needle work suggested the recollection of another branch of manufacture, which only requires to be followed up to enable us to produce a fabric, which, although not equal to Lyons silk, may yet be most useful in connection with other materials.

This subject, "the production of silk in Canada" has, we think, been already brought before the public by an eminent naturalist in the Upper Province, and from the specimens he produced, there cannot be the slightest doubt but that this branch of manufacture is capable of being brought, if not to perfection, at least to a very high degree of excellence.

It is deeply to be regretted, considering the number of strangers who visited London, that the real capabilities of the country were not developed. Many a visitor must have returned ignorant that, in her grain, crops, and flocks Canada contains not the only elements of success. The productiveness of the forests, the mines, and the vast inland seas, were altogether inadequately represented.

A few statistics will serve to show the importance of each of these divisions, and that, as in agriculture, this country is prepared to lay claim to possessing all the three sources of wealth, to an unlimited extent.

1. *First*, in the order now mentioned, of its natural products are those of the Forest, which as yet far exceed in value those of the Mine, and of the Seas, and even somewhat exceed those of Agriculture, and all other exports put together. The value of the wood of the white pine alone exported by the last returns of 1852 is upwards of £1,000,000, the next in value of the timber exports being those of Red Pine, Oak, and Elm. In 1853, 1145 vessels were loaded with timber at Quebec, against 1008 in 1852, shewing that the trade must have greatly increased

during the past year. The exports of wood to Europe, and the lower provinces, are chiefly from Quebec in the forms of round, and square timber, deals, and planks, West Indian and other staves, together with masts and spars. The imports to the United States are generally in the form of planks and boards. By far the largest portion of the trade is with Liverpool, but the best kinds of timber, particularly of deals, go to the London market. Besides these products of the forest, the wood which is burnt off the ground in the new clearings, and for the purpose of fuel, yields large quantities of Pot and Pearl Ash, of which the value of £232,004 was exported in 1852 for bleaching, glass making, and other purposes. Furs and skins may also be reckoned as other productions of the forests of Canada, and were supplied by them in the same year to Great Britain, the United States, and other countries to the amount of £25,547.

In 1852, the total exports being £3,513,993 the whole exports of the produce of the forest amounted to £1,907,183, including £262,600, as the value of the ships built at Quebec, of which £1,436,637 were sent to Britain, and £460,049 to the United States.

It is not, however, only in Quebec or the lower ports that ship-building will form an important business; already some fine vessels have been built near Cobourg, and even now, any one passing along our Front street may see a thousand tons vessel nearly ready for launching, while the same firm to whom Toronto is indebted for giving an impetus to this branch, have at Coldwater on Lake Huron another vessel nearly ready for launching. With respect to the capabilities for ship-building possessed by Canada West, it may be observed, that Lloyd's inspector declared his admiration of the timber in these vessels, and pronounced it superior to anything he had ever seen put in a vessel.

Considering then, the vast productions of her forests, it was to be regretted that Canada was not represented in this department. Had there even been a display of the beautiful furniture wood, it would have shewn that Canadians are quite prepared, as far as materials, to compete with any nation in the excellence and quality of good furniture. The importance of this source of prosperity to the country may be imagined when it is stated that, home consumption exceeds considerably the amount exported.—The rapid growth of the country may be very significantly deduced from this last fact.

2. The next great deficiency was the imperfect representation of the products of the mines and quarries.

Respecting this, Williamson observes:—

“Although yet very imperfectly developed, its mineral wealth was very great. The only productions of the mine exported in 1852 were copper and copper ore to the value of £8,105 from the Bruce Mines, and a small quantity of pig iron. But various other minerals already add to the riches of the country, and supply materials for useful application within its own limits. Mining for gold, on a small scale, is carried on with profit by skilful hands on the branches of the Chaudiere. The white Potsdam sandstone is quarried at Vaudreuil for the manufacture of fine glass. Salt is procured from the brine springs of St. Catherines. Plaster of Paris is prepared in large quantities from native gypsum in the western part of Upper Canada, and deposits of shellmarl, which are abundant throughout the Province, are used, in like manner as the plaster, for manuring the soil. The lithographic stone of Marmora has been already quarried, and applied, to some extent, for prints and maps, and millstones of excellent quality have been made from the millstone rock of the Eastern Townships, and from the granite of the Chaudiere. Some of the marbles have also been partially worked, and the clays are wrought in various places into bricks and tiles, and articles of common pottery ware.”

Many other natural productions of the mine, however, will ere long contribute to add greatly to the increase of the wealth of Canada. In every direction, it is possessed of vast beds of iron ore of the finest quality, from the bog iron of the St. Maurice forges to the specular iron of Lake Huron. Marmora and Madoc, South Sherbrooke, Hull, the Wallace Mine, and McNab, themselves contain iron enough for the supply of a continent for ages. The mines of copper on Lakes Huron and Superior admit of being worked with profit to a much greater extent. Chromic iron, a very valuable material for the manufacture of the chromates of potass, and of lead, for dye and painters colours, and for glass staining, is found in large quantities in the Eastern Townships. Besides these, iron ochre, in the forms of yellow ochre, Spanish brown, &c., abounds in various localities, equal to the best imported from France into Britain, and there are inexhaustible supplies of white quart-

zose sandstone, as at Vaudreuil, admirably adapted as a material for flint glass. Sulphuret of zinc is found at Maimansee, Lake Superior, sulphuret of nickel on Lake Huron, and manganese in the Eastern Townships. Sulphate of baryta for permanent white paint, soapstone and plumbago for earthen and crucibles, and phosphate of lime for manure, and materials for roofing slates, wait only the growth of capital and enterprise to render them available for the supply of the country and for export. Marbles of various colours from the coarsest to the finest quality, white, black, mottled, variegated white and green, verd antique, and serpentine of the most beautiful description are found in various localities. And here we must particularly notice a most beautifully executed white Canadian marble chimney-piece from Sandwich.

3. A third great omission was the want of a proper display of those fish with which our lakes teem.

The furs and fisheries, particularly of the western lakes, form a branch of commerce of considerable and increasing value, especially the latter. White fish, lake trout, and sturgeon of great size abound in Lake Superior and Huron. White fish are also caught in large quantities in Lakes Erie and Ontario. 3590 barrels of fish were exported from Lake Erie alone in 1851, valued at 5 dollars a barrel, and this is but a small portion of a traffic which is yearly increasing in all the lakes.

With these facts before them it is marvellous how the Western Canadians should have let pass the opportunity of bringing so many sources of the wealth of the country prominently forward.

We have, however, said enough of what was and what ought to have been exhibited, and the statistics quoted will amply suffice to prove that in natural and industrial productions this country need fear competition with no other in the world, and that it only requires a continuance of the same vigorous steps that have been, and are now, taking to promote education and intelligence to make this much favoured country one of the most prosperous that the sun shines on.

A YOUNG LADY, at an examination of grammar was asked why the noun *bachelor* was singular. She replied immediately, with much *naivete*, “because its very singular they don’t get married.”

YEZID, THE WOODMAN OF THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

SOME eight or nine hundred years ago, an emperor named Soliman ruled over a large district in central Asia. He was gallant and brave in war, and in peace a munificent patron of the liberal arts; he was also hospitable to his nobles, kind and generous to the lower orders, fair and impartial in the administration of justice, and as such was deservedly beloved by all his people. But the best kings and emperors are not always the best served by their officials; and (as our story will show) we must not be too ready to believe the old proverb which says, "Like master, like man."

The emperor had been seated on his throne about four years, when, as he was riding one morning, attended by his suite, near a forest which lay along the banks of the river Ulza, he met a poor man whose face was wan and hollow, while his threadbare and tattered clothes, and his shrunk limbs which protruded here and there from beneath them, showed clearly that, however just and good the Emperor Soliman might be, still *one* of his people somehow or other, had not shared in the general prosperity. The emperor observed the man, and, touched with pity, stopped him just as he was about to fall down and do him homage in the true Eastern fashion, and asked him his name and occupation, and from what part of the country he had come. The poor man replied that his name was Haroun Osman, that he had seen better days, having formerly been clerk to a merchant at Bagdad; but that illness and misfortune had combined to render him penniless and homeless.

"Well, my friend," said the emperor, with a smile, "do you think that you could repair your broken fortunes, if I were to give you some work?"

"Merciful Allah!" cried the poor man, making another low prostration as he spoke, "your imperial majesty is too good to your servant of servants."

"If I thought that I could trust you, I would at once make you vizier over the district of Castolada, for news has just reached me that the viziership is vacant, and I am anxious as the people of the town are almost all poor, to set over them a man who knows what poverty is, as such a one, I think, could relieve them most effectually. Do you understand me?"

"Gracious Allah! whatever pleases your majesty is best. Your humble servant will gladly take upon himself any office to which your imperial pleasures may appoint my unworthiness. And if I do not act faithfully and justly as vizier of Castolada, I pray your majesty to take away the life which I hold only by your imperial permission." And he ended his speech with another prostration as low as before.

That same evening the imperial mandate went out in due form, the signet-ring was brought forth, and Haroun Osman, who got up that day in rags and poverty, went to bed vizier of Castolada.

But no sooner was Haroun raised to his high post than he began to show the stuff he was made of, by oppressing the poor, defrauding the weak and resistless, preventing justice, and selling his decisions. His insolence, too, towards his inferior officers and the captains of his guard knew no bounds, so that it soon came to be said in his own city (and it was whispered too, by a little bird into the ears of the emperor himself) that the vizier, Haroun Osman, though the lowest in birth, was far the proudest and most odious of all the viziers in the emperor's dominions.

One day, not long after his promotion, he was riding through the adjoining forest, when a sudden freak took him, and he ordered his foresters to dig a number of deep pits in the long glades of the wood, and to cover them over with green leaves and herbs, so that the wild beasts, as they prowled about at night, might fall into them and be captured to fill the menagery which he had ordered to be added to the stables of the vizier's residence.

But the story of Phalaris the Agrigentine, in ancient times, is not wholly false (our fair readers will find it at full length in their *Lemprières*); and in modern days the inventor of the guillotine we know was the first to suffer by his invention. And so it was with our friend, the vizier Haroun Osman; for a few weeks later he was riding in a remote part of this same forest, and was indulging in the thoughts of his proud position as vizier of so fair a district, his horse accidentally trod upon the edge of one of these pitfalls, and stumbling down threw his rider. In a moment the grand vizier had tumbled through the covering of loose leaves and herbs which was strewed lightly on

the surface, and found himself safely landed, without a bone broken, at the bottom of a pit about twelve feet in depth. The vizier's horse, by some accident or other, had saved himself from tumbling into the hole along with his master, and ran off neighing and snorting in the direction of the city; but before he had gone far, he was seen by a woodman, who, conjecturing that some accident had befallen the grand vizier, went into the forest to look for his dismounted rider, and to assist in case of any accident having occurred. But for many hours his search was all in vain.

In the meantime, it so happened that, to add to the vizier's troubles, a young lion came near the pit, and missing his footing, tumbled in. A few minutes later an ape came rolling down into the pit in like manner, and last of all came a large fierce-looking serpent, and each of these unwelcome visitors, finding that all attempts to escape were useless, amused himself with fixing his glaring eyes on the unhappy vizier, as he sat shivering with fear in one corner of the pit, expecting every minute to be eaten up for their dinner.

But it was not the will of Allah that it should be so. The Grand Vizier of Castolada was not destined by him to end his life in a forest pit, by the sting of a serpent or the jaws of a lion. He was preserved to give a lesson to posterity, as our readers will see.

It so happened that when some four or five hours of the afternoon were gone by, the woodman of whom we have already spoken, came near to the spot on his way home to his humble cottage in the forest, having given up all serious thought of finding the vizier after so many hours had elapsed. No sooner, however, did the vizier hear him come whistling along, than he began to cry out lustily for help, and fortunately his cries were heard.

The woodman lost not a moment in running in the direction from which the cries seemed to come, and quick as thought was at the mouth of the pit.

"Help, help! whoever you are," cried the vizier.

"Who is that crying out for help?" he said.

"It is I who have fallen into this pit by accident this morning, and there is a lion down here, too, and an ape, and a serpent, and I only wonder than I am now alive. Pray lend me a helping hand, throw down a rope, do something, do anything, pray, rather than leave me here

with these savage creatures, who sit eyeing me as if they would eat me up. Pray get a rope and let it down, my good friend, as quick as possible.

"But I am so poor that I have not got a rope, and my wife and children are hungry at home, and I cannot leave my work for such as you, though, by Allah, it goes to my heart to see a poor man left to die in a pit with a lion and serpent. But it won't be the first poor man that's died by unfair means, I guess, since our new vizier came to us, by a good many," he added, pretending not to know who the individual might be.

"O, my good friend, I am the Vizier of Castolada, and I swear by Allah and by the beard of his Most Sacred Majesty the Emperor of all the Asias (emperors even then had rather extensive titles), that if you will only get a rope and lift me out of this horrible pit, I will give you half the treasures in my coffer for your pains before the sun sets to-morrow."

The woodman ran off and soon returned with a rope in his hand, and let down one end of it into the pit.

"Now, then, your highness, make one end fast round your middle, and I'll pull as hard as I can at the other. Now then, is all right?"

"Yes, all right," said the lion, springing forward and seizing the rope in his claws, and he allowed himself to be drawn gently up. No sooner, however, had he reached (we were going to say *terra firma*, but we will content ourselves with a more humble phrase) the surface of the ground, than he turned to the frightened woodman, and thanking him for his politeness with a most royal bow, begged him to make himself quite easy, for that neither he, nor the ape, nor the serpent would injure one hair of his head and implored him to let down the rope again.

When the rope was lowered a second time, the ape came forward, and said,—“Pardon me, Mr. Vizier, I must go up first,” and seizing the rope, was drawn up by the side of the lion, when he immediately began to address the woodman in terms of gratitude. A third time the rope was lowered, when the serpent coiled his slimy folds around it and was landed on the grass, and outdid the lion and ape in professions of the same kind.

The fourth time that the rope was lowered, the vizier ascended, and as he had heard the ad-

dresses of the lion and his other acquaintances, he felt he could not do less than tell the poor woodman to call next morning at the palace, when he should be richly rewarded for his trouble. And so saying, the grand vizier set off on foot for the city.

"Mark my word," said the lion, solemnly, "he will not keep his promise; and if he does not, both you and he shall see me again."

"And me, too," added the ape.

"And me, too," said the serpent, as with another bow they each took their leave of the woodman and retreated into the wood.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, at an early hour, the poor woodman repaired to the residence of the vizier, and, presenting himself to the porter at the gate, told him his business with the vizier, and begged that he would ask him to grant him an interview. The porter took his message in, but the vizier pretended to know nothing of the affair, and told his porter to send the idle fellow away, for that he was only a beggar, and had come to get assistance under false pretences. So the woodman returned home; but resolving to persevere in his suit until he obtained from the vizier the performance of his promise, he went, a few weeks afterwards to the Grand Palace again, and repeated his request. But this time the vizier was so angry that he came out himself to the woodman in the greatest fury, knocked him down at the gate, and beat him in a truly Oriental fashion, until he had scarcely a limb in his whole body which was not black with bruises.

It was several days—perhaps a week or more—before the woodman was able to go out again to his work in the forest, so severe were his contusions. But it so happened on the very first day that he went out, while he was loading his donkey with wood, in a very retired part of the forest, he looked up and saw coming towards him a lion, followed by ten camels laden with merchandize. In fear and trembling, he led his donkey homewards, but the lion and the camels still followed him till they came up to the door of his cottage. The lion then advanced a few steps, and, with a graceful bow, exclaimed, as he pointed to the treasures, "Sir, these are all yours!" and then withdrew in a most gracious and royal manner.

The woodman immediately perceived that his visitor was the same lion which he had drawn up out of the pit a few weeks previously, and

proceeded, without delay, to unload the camels and unpack the bales with the assistance of his wife. On opening them, he was astonished to see the richness and variety of the shawls, satins, and velvets which they contained; then, after publishing a notice to the effect that if any one had lost such property he might claim it within a reasonable time, and finding that no one came forward to own it, he sold it in open bazaar in the neighbouring city, and realized by it a handsome competency.

The next day, he went, as usual, to his work in the forest again, for he was resolved not to part with his habits of industry on account of any sudden accession of good fortune; when he had no sooner set to work than the ape which he had liberated suddenly leaped out from among the trees, and placing in his hands a purse full of gold, said, "Sir, I thank you for your kindness, and am sorry that I have nothing better to offer you!" and immediately disappeared in the forest.

Again, the following morning, he was early at his work, when another old acquaintance, the serpent, came to him, bringing in his mouth a brilliant stone of three colours, which he laid at the woodman's feet, and saying, "See, I do not forget," glided gracefully away beneath the long grass.

The woodman, overcome with his run of good luck, told the whole story to his wife that evening as they sat at supper in their little cottage. By her advice, next morning, he took the stone to the emperor's jeweller, who as soon as he saw it, told him that the three colors of the stone had each a separate meaning.

"The purple," he said, "signifies that the fortunate possessor of this stone shall have joy without grief; the green, that he shall be rich and never want again; while the yellow denotes that he will have perfect health of mind and body as long as he lives. I will also give you another secret," he added. "If you sell it for less than its real value, it will deceive the purchaser, and come back into your own hands as often as you part with it."

The woodman soon grew very rich; indeed, so much so, that his good-luck became the common talk of all the city and country round, and reached the ears even of the emperor. It was not long before Soliman resolved to send for the poor woodman to his court, and to bid him bring with him the wonderful stone, to which such extraordinary virtue was attached.

No sooner did Yezid appear in the presence of the emperor, than he was questioned as to the virtues of the wonderful stone; and when he had recounted them at length, the emperor offered to give him 10,000 pagodas in gold for it. It was in vain that he pointed out to the emperor that, unless the sum paid was a full equivalent, the stone would not stay a single night in the imperial coffers, but would travel back to him at his cottage in the forest. The emperor, however, was resolved to have it, whatever it might cost, so he placed it securely in his strongest jewel-box, paid the woodman his 10,000 pagodas, and sent him home.

Next day what was the astonishment of the emperor and empress on opening the royal jewel-box to find the precious stone of three colours gone. A messenger was about to be immediately despatched in search of the woodman, when the latter was announced to be in waiting at the palace gates, and desirous of seeing the emperor forthwith. On being ushered into the imperial presence he made the usual prostrations, and after many protestations of innocence, related that on waking early in the morning he and his wife had found the same three-coloured stone lying on the table in their chamber, which the woodman had seen his majesty look carefully away yesterday among the imperial treasures. Having said thus much, he produced the stone and placed it once more in the emperor's hands, and prayed his mercy and forgiveness.

This the emperor cheerfully accorded to his request upon condition that the woodman related to him how he had become possessed of the wondrous treasure. Yezid at once told the whole story before the Emperor Soliman and all the court, who were struck with no less indignation as they listened to his account of the vizier Haroun Osman's base ingratitude than they were astonished at the grateful behaviour of the wild animals towards the woodman. A proclamation was immediately made that the vizier of Castolada, Haroun Osman, should appear before his majesty in his imperial court, and have an opportunity of making answer to the story of the fortunate woodman. The next day but one the vizier came, and when he was confronted with the woodman he could not speak. The story of the pitfalls and of the vizier's own detention in the pit, of the promises which he had made in distress but had afterwards forgotten, while the lion, the ape, and

the serpent had rewarded their benefactor, though bound by no promises so to do, and lastly the injuries which he had inflicted on the poor defenceless woodman when he came to claim his promised reward, were listened to by the emperor and his court and the whole body of nobles present with breathless attention, and there was not a voice that refused its applause when the emperor spoke as follows: "Haroun Osman, vizier of Castolada, I raised you from a humble state and made you what you are, because I thought that having tasted the bitters of poverty you would be able to take better care of my poorer subjects in the province of Castolada; but you are proved to be worse than the very beasts of the field in selfishness, ingratitude, and tyranny; you are reported on every side to be the oppressor of the poor and friendless, and to be ungovernable in your fury and rage; the story of Yezid proves this to be true. Now therefore, proud man, I strip you of all your rank, wealth, and honours; I degrade you again to be what you were before I raised you to the viziership, and your office and place I now confer upon Yezid the woodman, and your riches I entrust to the new vizier to distribute in charity among the poor of Castolada."

"Allah be praised!" "Allah is good!" shouted every one that was present, till there was scarcely a dry eye to be seen; and there was not a voice in the hall that did not congratulate the humble woodman on his high promotion.

The good news very soon spread to the city of Castolada, where Yezid was already well known; and our readers may feel sure that the tidings caused universal joy. Haroun Osman spent the remainder of his days in poverty without a friend and without a home; and probably he would have been left without food to support existence, if it had not been for the new vizier, who sent him food daily from his palace to keep him from starvation. But the city prospered, and the people were happy and contented; and whenever the new vizier appeared in public, the people cried out, "Long live the mighty and good Yezid, vizier of Castolada!"

We had almost forgotten to add, that as the ex-vizier and Yezid left the emperor's palace, the first object that met their eyes were the lion, the ape, and the serpent, and that the lion, as spokesman for the rest, said slowly, in a very solemn tone, "Yezid and Haroun, we have kept our word: you will remember us!"

EXTRAORDINARY ANGLING ADVENTURE.

A few summers ago, I was pursuing my favourite amusement, when I met with the following ludicrous incident, over the recital of which I have since had many a hearty laugh, in which, I have no doubt, my readers will join. The scene of my adventure was a small lake in Perthshire, beautifully situated at the head of a richly wooded glen, and the undulating hills, which slope down to the water's edge, are clothed with noble specimens of the Scotch fir; the reflection of the lofty trees, the grey rock, and the purple heather, upon the quiet deep water, gives the picture the cast of the most intense solitude, and the spirits gradually sink into a state of melancholy pleasure. It is the recollection of wandering amid such scenes as this which produces a sort of mania for fishing which we often see in some anglers, and surely it is an excusable one where the imagination can revel on the wonderful and stupendous works of our Creator. I was diligently working the little silvery trout, with which my hook was baited, when my reflections were disturbed by a low muttering from the wood behind me. I had not listened long before a loud crashing among the branches warned me that it was time to out; and, as a bull is an ugly customer at all times, I seized my rod, and dashed for the nearest tree, but a pike at this moment, not aware of my alarm, followed my example in dashing after my bait! There was no time to spare; so letting my reel run, with the aid of a little gymnastics, I established myself firmly on the first stock of a stout pine, and viewed, with great satisfaction, my savage, blear-eyed foe just in time to be too late; he seemed determined, however, on a blockade, and kept tearing up the turf, and butting his broad forehead against my house of refuge, giving me a good sample of his bloody intentions. My attention was quickly recalled to my aquatic friend, who was making most woeful depositions on my line, which, fortunately, could boast of nearly three score yards and ten; he had nearly run it out, and it was with joy that I saw him throw his huge carcase a couple of feet out of water, with the view of breaking his bonds by the weight of his fall.

I was prepared for this; and, after a few wild and unruly runs, he became much more tractable. It was out of my power to come to terms so long as old horney stood sentry below; so I sat very comfortably playing my fish. At this part of the lake the water covers a shallow bank to the depth of a few inches. It was here, after in vain seeking to ease himself of my steel, he made his last and grand struggle for liberty. He took a furious dash, sprung and rolled about, and, at length, run himself aground, producing an infernal commotion in the water, which he lashed into foam around him. It was not long before the bull's fancy was tickled; and, possibly, reasoning from my earnest attention to the motion of the pike, that there existed some connection between us, made furiously at his new acquaintance. Here commenced one of the rarest combats that was ever fought, but the knight of the water proved himself more than a match for his more lordly antagonist. However skilful I may be in playing my fish, I could not pretend to have any power over the motions of the assailants, but sat, almost splitting with laughter, whilst my line, which was immediately broken, was twisted round the horns and legs of the bull, who was goring right and left into the stranded fish, who was, notwithstanding, scarcely hurt, as nothing very effectual could be done against his shiny sides, whilst every now and then he would turn to pin his enemy. An opportunity was not long in occurring, and his long jaws and hooked teeth were firmly fixed in the nether lip of the enraged and terrified animal, who, bounding along the shore, tossing his head, and using every effort to get rid of his tormentor; but it was all in vain, his roaring and his rage were equally useless.

I was quickly on terra firma; leaving my rod, dashed on in pursuit, in which I was joined by two herdsmen, with their dogs, who had come up on hearing the noise. What is coursing, what is fox-hunting, what is any chase that can be named, in comparison with the sport we were now engaged in? There was the bull tearing on, tail erect, and bellowing with pain, and three dogs keeping up with him, and every now and then venturing a spring at his nostrils, or at

the dead and torn fish which still appended to him, his grasp in death as deadly as in life. This however, could not last long, and the poor bull, completely exhausted, stunk down vanquished by a *dead fish*! The dogs were taken off him, as likewise the remains of my pike, which could have been but little short of twenty pounds, and it was so torn as to be fit only for the dogs, who did not however seem to relish it. The herdsmen were much amused with the recital of my adventure, and assured me the bull would quickly recover from the effects of his spree; and such another, I hardly think, he would wish to be engaged in

L I N E S .

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

How oft, while wandering through some desert place,
I've met a poor, pale, thirsty little flower
Looking t'wards heaven, with its patient face,
In dying expectation of a shower.

And when the sweet compassion of the skies
Fell, like a charm, upon its sickly bloom,
Oh! what a grateful stream gushed from its eyes,
T'wards Him who car'd to snatch it from the tomb.

And, oh! when all its leaves seemed folding up
Into the tender bud of other days,
What clouds of incense, from the deep'ning cup,
Rolled upwards with the burden of its praise.

And, then I thought,—in this dry land of ours,
How few, that feel affliction's chastening rod,
Are like the poor, pale, thirsty little flowers,
With their meek faces turned towards their God.

How few, when angry clouds and storms depart,
And all the light of heaven re-appears,
Are found, with incense rising from a heart
Dissolved, before His throne, in grateful tears.

WAR.

War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!
A murderer's fiend, by fiends adored
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty, rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

THE TOWN OF PARIS.

Paris is beautifully and advantageously situated at the junction of the Grand River with Smith's Creek, in the township of South Dumfries, in the county of Brant, and is distant 25 miles from Hamilton. It was first located, some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, by Hiram Capron, Esq., who purchased a large tract of land, and he wisely foresaw that the locality on which Paris now stands must one day become an important place. The town derives its name from the immense bed of gypsum (or plaster of Paris) which exist in the hills on the banks of the Grand River, in its immediate vicinity. In the year 1850 Paris contained a population of 1810 persons, but her inhabitants now number nearly 8000 souls, and was set apart as an Incorporated Village during that year. In 1851 the assessment roll was only £7502, but so rapid has been the increase, that in 1854 it amounted to £12,895, which will be greatly augmented next year, as its boundaries have been considerably enlarged by an order of the Governor in Council.

There is very extensive water facilities, derived from Smith's Creek and the Grand River; that on Smith's Creek amounting to about 87 horse-power, has been in operation for some years, driving two flouring mills, two plaster mills, two foundries, a woollen factory, a saw-mill, a tannery, and several mechanic shops. The power on the Grand River has hitherto been idle, but is now, happily, being called into use. Last year, the Paris Hydraulic Company obtained a charter to raise £3000, to enable them to open up a fall at the south end of the town, which will afford 200 horse-power. The race is already cut, and the dam will be built next year. But another and still greater water-power has been brought into operation this year, owned by Messrs. Kerr and Whitlaw, and situated close to the centre of the town. The mill-race is open, a splendid dam has just been completed, and is now ready to be occupied, which will give a power of 600 horses. Three of the mill-sites have been taken up, and there is every probability that a flax and oil mill connected with it will be erected next year. From the very central position of Paris, and the easy access to it from all parts, no better location can be found in Upper Canada for the erection of manufactories, such as cotton mills, paper mills, agricultural implement factories, or the like.

Its exports are considerable. The two flouring mills turn out some 40,000 barrels annually, while 20,000 more are brought into Paris from the neighbouring mills for exportation. The plaster mills grind about 8000 tons of plaster per annum, which amount is fast increasing, as carriage is so ready by the rail. There is also a large saw-mill, which cuts and exports some 1,000,000 feet of lumber annually. There is brought into Paris 250,000 bushels of wheat every year, which are either manufactured into flour or bought for exportation. The hills on the Grand River, near the town, abound with plaster of the first quality. There are five plaster beds now in operation, but the supply is considered to be inexhaustible. This is a great internal source of wealth, which but few places in the Province possess.

As is well known, the Great Western Railway has a large station here, which is considered as the third in importance on that flourishing line. During the first six months of this railway being in operation, no less than 18,000 passengers left Paris by it. The Buffalo, Brantford, and Goderich Company have also a station, and joins the Great Western, at Paris. These two railways afford great facilities for travel and the conveyance of merchandise to and from this town.

The general appearance of Paris is highly attractive. It possesses an excellent town-hall and market, erected last year at a cost of nearly £4000. It has seven churches, belonging to the Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, United Presbyterian, Free Church, and Roman Catholic bodies. Some of them are elegant brick structures. There is a large number of stores, many of which would do credit to a city, and the merchants of Paris are amongst the most prosperous in the Province. Several brick and stone stores are also in process of erection, which are rented as fast as finished. A large first-class hotel is also now being built, in order to afford accommodation to the greatly increasing number of travellers who resort to, or pass through Paris. There are extensive nurseries on the high land above the town, which ere long will rank with the first in the Province.

Two newspapers also hail from Paris. They are both large and well-printed journals, and bear the stamp of prosperity. The "Star," which commenced some five years ago, and has a very wide circulation, is liberal in its politics;

and the "Maple Leaf," which has been in existence six weeks, is in connection with the Conservative party.

The high bridge, which forms a conspicuous object in our view of Paris, is the bridge of the Buffalo, Brantford, and Goderich Railway, over the Grand River. It was built in 1853 by Messrs. Mellish, Morrell, & Russell. It is 100 feet high, and 788 feet long, and is of the how-truss principle, built of wood and iron, and supported by solid stone piers, costing £25,000. It is a very beautiful structure.

The scenery of Paris and its immediate neighbourhood is highly beautiful and romantic. The noble and rapid river running through it between its lofty and luxuriant banks, covered with rich foliage, immediately arrests the attention of the stranger, who is at once impressed with the beautiful situation of the town. Paris, built on a gravelly soil, is some 500 feet above Lake Ontario, and is exceedingly healthy. The country around Paris cannot be surpassed for beauty of scenery or fertility of the soil. It is inhabited by an industrious and wealthy population, and the land produces the finest wheat. Indeed the far-famed Genessee Valley cannot surpass the quality of grain raised in old Dumfries. As an instance of which, it may be stated that on the farm of D. Christie, Esq., was raised the wheat to which was awarded the first prize at the World's Fair at London, in 1851. It is the general remark of Americans who pass through this section of the Province, that they never saw a finer or better tilled land in their lives.

Taken altogether the inhabitants of Paris have much to be thankful for. They are situated in a splendid locality. Excellent gravel roads lead into Paris in all directions, her streets sound with the busy hum of industry on every side, her citizens are enterprising, industrious, and prosperous, and ere long, by their exertions, and the right use of the great natural facilities that Providence has given her, she must become a large manufacturing town—the Lowell of Canada.

Or all the actions of life our marriage least concerns other people, yet of all the actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.

Many who, in our days of wealth we deemed but heartless churls, have in our distress shown themselves friends.

THE MAN WHO WAS BLESSED WITH A COMPETENCY.

EVERY boy in Dr. Laahem's school envied Tom Heaviside, the parlor-boarder, for Tom was the richest and best-tempered fellow of us all. But besides being rich and good-tempered, he possessed a natural aptitude for learning which would have been a fortune to him had he ever required to exert it. Unfortunately for Tom, he was born to a competence. His school-days were passed for the most part in luxurious idleness. Though he was ready enough at times to assist a class-mate with his theme or translation, he was seldom perfect himself. "And after all," he would say, "where was the use of his bothering himself about learning, he hadn't to get a living by it." And so, in due time, after sauntering away four or five years upon the threshold of knowledge, and knowing a deal more about how to tickle trouts as they slept under the stones in the doctor's fishpond, or the "points" of dogs and horses, which latter knowledge he had acquired from his father's groom, than of Horace or Virgil, Tom Heaviside left school, to the great grief of us all.

As became a gentleman's son, of course Tom went to college. The vicar recommended Cambridge, as most likely, he said, to bring that out of him which he was sure Tom had in him—the capacity of distinguishing himself. But the vicar's advice was not taken, and Tom went to Oxford, because that was the gentleman's college, and as his father observed, he would be sure to get amongst the "best set" there. Brazenose was the college selected, because Tom's father's friend's son, Sir Richard, was there already. At college Tom did *not* distinguish himself as a scholar, though everybody said he might have done so had he chosen. Indeed the undergraduates to a man declared that he had the "stuff in him," and if he only cared to exert himself he might have gained honours. But then being blessed with a competency, Tom contented himself with driving the best four-in-hand, being the best-mounted red-coat of his college when they took the field after the hounds, and being esteemed an indifferently good coxswain when he could be persuaded to sufficiently exert himself to make one in a boating-party on the Isis. His abilities were undeniable, everybody acknowledged that; but then, having no need to exert them, he made no

figure beyond that of a fashionable idler, and left college, after three or four terms, without a degree, and in good favour with the tradesmen, as a very easy and safe customer.

In the course of years, Tom's father died—you may see the scutcheon and marble slab recording his virtues in the chancel of the village church any day—and Tom succeeded to the estate. He did not attempt any improvements on the land or in the village; and so, though he was generally considered a pretty good landlord, he was never very popular with his neighbours or his tenantry. He was invited to stand for the county, but he was getting corpulent and lazy, and declined the offer. To be sure, he went to London now and then, but he made no figure in politics or the world, and was considered "nothing particular," even by the waiters at his club.

His doctor advised travel as an antidote to his increasing corpulency, and so Tom made the grand tour in a lazy fashion—sauntering about Paris for a while, visiting Berlin, going up the Rhine in a steam-boat, playing in a *nonchalant* manner at the gambling-houses in the little towns on its banks, and coming back no wiser and no slimmer than he went.

Tom remained in London after his return from the continent, because, as he said, "it was dull down at his place in Berkshire, with only the old lady, his mother, and the servants." But he did not enter into many of the dissipations of town life—he was too lazy for that; and his chief occupations appeared to consist of smoking, newspaper reading, and billiard playing, which latter game he played in a careless fashion of his own, which everybody said might be greatly improved if he tried. In fact, as Tom got older, his idleness grew into a habit. He would get up about ten in the morning, sit for a long time over his breakfast, at which meal he would read any book that came to hand; smoke a cigar directly afterwards; dress for a walk or a ride by about two; *take* his walk or ride, during which he would smoke several more cigars; dine at his club about six, take a nap for half an hour or so, with the newspaper in his hand, in the smoking-room, saunter up stairs to the billiard-room, and get home sober to his hotel, in George Street, about twelve. And in this way day after day would be spent.

He was not by any means blind to his own failings, nevertheless. He knew that his neglect of his estate was daily injuring it, both morally

and pecuniarily. He knew that his idle life in London was a morally bad and useless one, because it was productive of no good results to himself or others. He knew that he had neglected opportunities which few possessed, and wasted talents on trifles, which might have made him, under different circumstances, a useful man in his generation. Well, he would mend all this; he would go home and take the management of the estate into his own hands, and gladden the eyes of his old mother once more; he would marry and reform. And then, in the excitement of these good resolutions, he would write hasty letters to his mother, and his steward, and his land agent, and his lawyer, and for a day or two would be quite busy making preparations for leaving London.

But in a day or two the heat of the reform fever would go off, and he would resume his old idle, uneventful, useless life: and so year succeeded year. If ever he went down to "his place in Berkshire," it was only for a few weeks in the shooting-season; and as he got older and stouter, he grew yet more disinclined to exert himself. But at last, when his mother died, he took up a permanent residence in the old house. The man however, had not changed so fast as his place. The farms were ill-let and the tenements out of repair, and the villagers hardly cared to acknowledge the squire when he came to reside in their midst, and everything bespoke an absent proprietor. There was ruin everywhere; and though Tom was blessed with a competency, it was *only* a competency. He had lived, such a life as it was, fully up to his income, and nothing now remained but to make the best of it, and take things as he found them. At least that was Tom's notion of the matter; and thus, instead of looking his affairs boldly in the face, he sat himself lazily down in his library, and dreamed his life away with a cigar in his mouth and a book in his hand. The best years of his life had passed fruitlessly away, and it was scarcely to be expected that now he had attained the steady side of fifty he could retrench or reform. He remembered, sadly enough sometimes, how all the bright promises of his youth had one by one proved failures. He might have been a good landlord, he felt, but that he had neglected his estate till its final ruin was irretrievable; he might have proved a useful member of Parliament, but he had let the opportunity slip through his hands without a struggle; he might have been a re-

spectable man, with children's faces round his hearth, but he had failed to cultivate society so long that society had almost forgotten his existence; he might have been a respectable poet, for he bethought him of some good translations of Juvenal's satires he had once executed for a college friend, but that he had neglected his studies; he might have been respected and respectable, but that he *was blessed with a competency*, which fact had crushed the natural ambition which teaches men to rise in the world, and make for themselves names and reputations among their fellows.

He never married, he never reformed, he never retrenched; but with a cigar in his mouth he went lazily about his grounds or sat in his library, till death came at last and found him unprepared to die.

His heir, some fiftieth cousin, came to his funeral with the rest of his scattered family, and took possession of the estate. Not having been blessed with a competency, he speedily set about putting things to rights. He sold one-half the estate, paid off the incumbrances upon it, had the grass cleared out of the gravel walks of the lawn, rebuilt the farms, got rid of non-paying tenants, and in less than half a dozen years afterwards sat in the House of Commons as member for the county, and was acknowledged on all hands to be a most promising young man and an ornament to his county.

Does this little sketch need to be enforced by a moral? We think not.

COTTON, SLAVES, AND SLAVERY.

A cursory glance at the history of the world, from those distant ages of antiquity, whose only memorials are the ruins of Babylon, or the palace-mounds of ancient Nineveh, to the busy commercial present of A.D. 1854, would lead to the supposition that slavery was either a political or an economic necessity—an hereditary evil, so to speak, among the nations of the earth, only extinguished amid the crash of fallen empires in the Old World, to re-appear in a future epoch, and in another form, in the more recently discovered territories of the New. Of its universality among the ancient nations, there can be no doubt. Almost every great city, every great work of antique civilisation, the pyramids of Egypt, the rampart walls of Babylon, the temple of Jerusalem, and the city of ancient Rome,

were all built by the forced labour of slaves; while we may consider the state of serfdom in the feudal system of the middle ages in Europe to be the connecting link between slavery in ancient and modern times, existing, as that system unquestionably did, at the time of the discovery of America in the fifteenth century. And, when feudality was extinguished in Europe by the combined influences of advancing civilization, and commerce, and increasing population, we have only to cast our eyes on the map of the New World, to behold the seeds of the same dire evil germinating in the Spanish colonies of the southern main, to eventually take even deeper root in those settlements of the north, which were the nucleus of the present United States. Widely, however, as slavery may have differed, in these successive epochs, in form as in practice, yet, to our thinking, the original cause, the corner-stone on which it has reared its hideous front among mankind, has been always the same—it is less a political than an economic and social necessity, originating in the scarcity of labour. For, although there is reason to suppose that the ancient empires of the East were numerous, though, probably, not densely peopled, yet the want of mechanical skill, which caused all their stupendous public works to be done by the labour of men's hands, necessitated the employment of immense bodies of workmen. Slavery, in the remote times of which we speak, existed in the patriarchal form, as described in the Old Testament. The more odious features of the system, the legalised traffic in human flesh, the forcible abduction of thousands of innocent families from their native continent to the shores of the New World, are atrocities which have been engrafted on it in comparatively modern times. That labour, the great desideratum of every colony and new country, should have been, as it still is, the want of America, whose trackless solitudes offer to every man the prize of independence, is neither matter of novelty nor doubt; and that, misled, as we firmly believe, by erroneous notions of the greater cheapness of slave labour compared with free, the slave owners still cling to their 'peculiar institution,' in days like the present, when that scarcity, from the tide of emigration and other causes, is admitted to be rapidly on the decrease, is another fact too well known to need repetition at our hands. But, against this prejudice, strengthened by long-established custom, we believe that the exertions of the abolitionists in America, and of honest, though not always

rightly judging sympathisers at home, have but small chance of success. That, however, which the will of man is sometimes most resolute to maintain, the slow, though not imperceptible effects of circumstances often tend to abrogate. Of all changes which have distinguished this nineteenth century from its predecessors, none is more remarkable for the rapidity of its progress in the present, or more pregnant with important results for the future, than the alteration which is taking place in the condition of that great class of our countrymen whose daily bread is won by their daily labour. Steam, the miracle work of modern times, which began by curtailing their modes of employment at home, has ended by opening up to them more extensive and lucrative markets for their labour abroad. While the political convulsions of our day explode in air, like the loud but profitless explosions of a volcano, productive of no permanent result, this far mightier social revolution, which is gradually upheaving the masses in the social scale, resembles the rising of those fair islands of the Pacific from the deep, which are the slow but sure work of time. It is a process which is developing the Australian bush and the Canadian forest into the republics and empires of a future age. And, though irrelevant to the subject of our essay, we may remark, that this silent revolution, as it has been aptly termed, will be as productive of change in the condition of the working man who remains at home, as in that of him who emigrates abroad. Already it bids fair materially to alter, if not eventually to reverse, the present relations of employer or employed, and to derange with new and embarrassing fluctuations the *statu quo* in the market of labour. Without participating in the fears of those who foretell that famine, lawlessness, and disorder, will be rife among the heterogeneous community assembled at the diggings, or that ruin, and a state of collapse in the money market, will be the result of the gold mania, we may safely draw the inference, that considerable numbers of their daily increasing population will eventually weary of a toilsome, and frequently unsuccessful, search for a metal, the very abundance of which must ultimately cause it to deteriorate in value, and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture. It would seem, indeed, the design of Providence that the glittering metal should be found in the rivers of Australia, or imbedded in its rocks, in order that the toiling millions of England should be lured to cross the wastes of ocean in its pursuit

and be thereby the means of converting this magnificent country into another seat of empire for the Anglo-Saxon race. Of the mildness and salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the variety of produce it is found capable of growing, no traveller or colonist has ever yet returned, without speaking in terms of unqualified, and often enthusiastic admiration. Australia appears, indeed, the paradise of the working man, where, for the first time in the history of the world, the Eastern metaphor seems likely to be realised, which depicts every man as sitting under his own fig-tree. We could not, if we would, stay the torrent of emigration which is flowing from all parts to its golden shores; but it is well worth our while to consider, how, as population increases, and the gold mania wears off, to be succeeded by a desire to embark in other speculations, or more settled employments, we may direct that labour into channels profitable to those at home as well as abroad. It is the natural characteristic of this vast and fertile continent, that it will grow the productions of the tropics, as well as those of the temperate zone. Wheat, maize, and almost every description of grain—coffee, sugar, flax, and tobacco, with several varieties of the grape, are said to thrive. According to the testimony of the well-informed, though somewhat eccentric, Dr. Laing, who has devoted the labours of a lifetime to the colony, Australia also contains the future cotton field of the British Empire. In his elaborate and well-written History of New South Wales, Dr. Laing describes the eastern coast of Australia, for about six hundred miles of latitude, to be suitable in every respect of soil and climate for the cultivation of the cotton plant; and further informs us, that the district in question possesses the advantage of ten or twelve rivers, all navigable for steam vessels, by which its produce could be conveyed to the coast. He procured nine different samples of cotton, grown at his instigation in various localities on the eastern coast, which were pronounced by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to fully equal the American cotton. One of the cultivators of the samples, a Mr. Douglas, calculated the cost and profit of the experiment, which was only attended with one difficulty, that of getting the seed separated from the cotton. The produce was 920 lbs. of rough cotton, or of cotton in the seed, to the acre, a quantity which, at the usual rate, would yield one-fourth, or 230 lbs. of clean cotton, which at 2s. per pound, would amount to £28 per acre. Dr. Laing considered that,

deducting even 25 per cent. from this amount, there would still remain a handsome return to the cultivator for his capital and labour. He also suggests that the mechanical difficulty of getting the cotton cleaned might be removed, by having that process performed in a single ginning establishment, worked, perhaps, by steam-power, for the whole cotton-growing district, and superintended by persons accustomed to the business. The doctor also informs us, that four acres under cotton were calculated by one of the cultivators to be sufficient to maintain an English labourer and his family. For the correctness of this calculation we cannot, of course, vouch, but other travellers and colonists confirm Dr. Laing's statements as to the facilities afforded by the soil and climate of Australia for its growth. Mr. Sidney, in his History of the Three Australian Colonies, includes cotton among their indigenous products, but adds, that, under existing circumstances, it does not pay for cultivation. We have seen, however, how the chief obstacle to its being remunerative, that of getting the cotton cleaned, might be obviated. Among other evidence, Dr. Laing gives that of a magistrate stationed in the future cotton-growing district, who describes the land to be amazingly fertile, and of such an extent, that the valley of the Richmond river, by which it is traversed, would contain the whole surplus population of Great Britain, without infringing on the rights of the squatter. But all who have read Dr. Laing's works are familiar with the evidence he brings forward, from ministers of the gospel, officials of the crown, and settlers in the colonies, of the capabilities of the soil and climate of Australia for growing cotton.

That free labour costs less than that of slaves, is an economical truth which few now will be hardy enough to dispute; but how far the calculations of Dr. Laing, though framed, we observe, since the discovery of the gold fields, will apply to the present state of things, we cannot undertake to say. But recent advices from Melbourne, we may remark, make known a fall both in the wages of labour and the price of provisions; and there are other indications to show that the present is an unexceptional state of things in the colony not likely to last, and which, indeed, the lapse of a very few years will, we confidently predict, see materially modified. It may be assumed that the state of transition so much dreaded by a recent writer (Mr. Stirling) will be far less felt in the colonies than at home. As a necessary result of the coming re-

action, real property will increase in value in the colonies as at home, and the possession of land be more eagerly sought after, from the probable depreciation in value of the precious metals, and the fluctuations of the money market in less tangible securities. Agriculture in Australia will then regain its former popularity. When that already not distant epoch arrives, we believe that the then numerous population of the three colonies, combined with the unrivalled variety of their produce, and the salubrity of their climate, will present a field of speculation to the capitalist at home, as well as the colonist at the antipodes, unprecedented for its extent, variety, and security. And what article of its multifarious produce will be more certain to find a profitable market at home, than the one which employs two millions of our population, and the capital and industry of the second city in the British Empire? Manchester, we doubt not, would return an affirmative answer to our question.

Turning now to another portion of that mighty empire, we find the cotton plant a naturalised inhabitant of the vast plains of Hindostan, and wanting only greater facilities of carriage from the interior to the coast, to become probably the most profitable article of export from British India to England. It is calculated that the expense of cultivating the cotton plant there would not amount to one-sixth of the cost of employing slaves; nor is it the least inducement to adopt this plan, that it could be grown by Europeans. Desirable, however, as this might be, we confess we should be mere rejoiced to see a profitable source of employment, like the cultivation of cotton, opened more freely to the depressed and poverty-stricken native population. A heavy responsibility devolves upon us with regard to them. We only express our honest conviction, when we affirm that no class of Her Majesty's subjects deserve more consideration at the present crisis. If we looked for a parallel case to the condition of the ryot, or native cultivator, we should, we fear, only find it in that of the Irish corn-acre tenant, before the tide of emigration and recent legislation had contributed to develop some elements of improvement in his lot. It would be diverging from the object of our brief essay to discuss the condition-of-India question, which of late has been so prominently before the public; but we cannot but express our conviction, that, unless the government of India is administered on a different system, the resources of that country will con-

tinue to be insufficiently developed, and its export trade with us, consequently, not increase in a ratio proportioned to its capabilities. We have seen it stated on authority, that the importation of East India cotton exceeded, in the year 1819, that from America in the same year. It is needless to lay before the intelligent reader the figures which prove the immense difference now exhibited in the quantity of cotton imported from these countries, the balance being, as is well known, enormously in favour of America.

But approaching events in India warrant us in anticipating an improved state of things. The time draws near of the expiration of that most gigantic monopoly of modern times, the East India Company; for although many powerful influences combine to retain it in a modified form, still it is impossible that it should long brave the force of public opinion, that bears so strongly down upon it. Come what time it may, the change will give an immense impetus to the trade which this country carries on with India. Without speculating on details, it can scarcely, we think, be a matter of doubt, that the modern principles of economical science will form a principal element in any scheme of government that may be formed for British India. An increase of our East India trade, proportioned to that which has been the result of their adoption here, may then be confidently anticipated. But, for these increased facilities in trade, especially the conveyance of merchandise, roads and railroads from the interior to the coast are imperatively necessary. Although a considerable number of lines are now projected, some of which are in process of formation, the great cotton field of India is as yet unmarked by the engineer. In these districts, the cotton plant is a drug, for want of a cheap and expeditious mode of transit to the coast for shipment. It is calculated that a line eastward from Bombay to Oosurawuttee, in the centre of the cotton-growing tract of country, would effect this greatly-to-be-desired object, much expense, delay, and consequent injury to the cotton in its removal to the coast, would be thus avoided. Secure of a market, from the improved mode of transit, the cultivation of cotton by the natives would receive such an impetus as would probably soon double the quantity at present exported. We do not, however, disguise our conviction, that for these great undertakings a more lavish display of enterprise would be probably required, and possibly a different mode of procedure, to that now applied to some of the

railways in course of formation It would be perhaps unreasonable to expect that degree of energy and enterprise to be exhibited during the rule of a bureaucracy, perhaps anticipating dissolution, or at least the certainty of change. Meanwhile the problem of who shall govern India stands like the Egyptian sphinx of old by the wayside, challenging inquiry and a speedy solution of the enigma; and we commend the question to the earnest consideration of all; for on the answer, which shall be returned, depends the future of British India, and the increase of an important branch of our commerce with its wide territories. But, whatever the precise nature of that answer may be, we doubt not, that, under sound principles of political economy, we may see our Indian empire, like our other colonies, thrown open to that English enterprise, capital, and engineering skill, which have constructed so many miles of railway, and astonishing public works at home and abroad. We shall then have no fear that India will not send us ample supplies of cotton.

If we glance aside to another smaller and less known dependency of the British crown, we find that cotton of the finest and best quality is now grown at the settlement of Natal. Mr. Barter, who lately published a book of travels in that colony, entitled, 'The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months in Natal,' represents the cotton plant there to be perennial, though an annual elsewhere, and further informs his readers that it can be grown to any extent, the climate being as well suited to its growth as that of Georgia. It ripens throughout the year, but the principal harvest is from January to the end of March. Several companies have been formed for its cultivation on a large scale, in order the better to enable the growers to meet the expenses of shipment; and it is also in contemplation to introduce coolies from India, that they may get a more certain supply of labour. We may, therefore, rank Natal among the cotton-growing colonies of Great Britain; and from the systematic way in which the cultivators conduct their experiments, there appears every chance of their proving successful.

One more instance of the practicability of procuring ample supply of cotton from our own colonies and we have done. In those islands, the gorgeous luxuriance of whose tropical vegetation inspired with such wonder and admiration the philanthropic Patterson, and the earlier discoverers of the Western World, where the hideous institutions of slavery once

reigned supreme, and traces of its baleful influence still remain, the productiveness of a neglected and imperfectly cultivated soil is a fact admitted by every colonist and traveller.— There are symptoms now to show that a portion at least of the colonists of these islands, ceasing to repine after the privileges of the past, are accepting the greater responsibilities of their present position, desirous of improving the advantages still left to them in the bountiful gifts of nature. Recent communications from Trinidad make known the cheering fact, that the experiment of growing cotton has been lately tried there with complete success, and it is believed that with adequate capital for the remuneration of skilled labour, the plant could be cultivated there as cheaply as elsewhere. It has also been ascertained that the free coloured inhabitants of the United States would be very willing to emigrate to Trinidad, to engage in the task of its cultivation, provided they were insured a permanent and profitable settlement on the island. No doubt can be entertained of their fitness for the employment. If we have placed Trinidad last on the list of our colonies whose climate and soil have been found favourable to the growth of cotton, it is not because we think the less of its capability for furnishing us with it. On the contrary, from the tropical climate, the great advantage held out of obtaining the labour of practised hands for its cultivation, and the facilities afforded by our rapid steam communication with the West Indies, we are disposed to believe that Trinidad may prove one of our finest cotton fields. We end with that beautiful island our survey of the colonies which, we believe, that enterprise and perseverance on the part of our colonists, combined with some judicious and liberal encouragement from those who, having embarked their capital in the cotton manufacture, are so deeply interested in procuring ample and certain supplies of the raw material, may convert into the future cotton fields of Great Britain.* On this latter subject, we may be allowed to offer a few suggestions. The principle of co-operative associations is all-powerful in our times. When there are Australian, New Zealand, and a variety of other colonization companies afloat,

*We cannot consider the attempts recently made to grow cotton in Ireland, as sufficiently decisive and satisfactory to warrant us in ranking that country among the future cotton fields of the British Empire.

why should there not be any for the cultivation of colonial cotton, if practicable, formed on the principle of growing the plant under the American prices? If the existing scarcity and high wages of labour in Australia offer at present a bar to the scheme, or the transition-state of India in political matters render immediate action there unadvisable at this juncture, there remains Natal and Trinidad. In the latter spot land is cheap, and the class of persons said to be so peculiarly well fitted for the cultivation of the cotton plant are near at hand, ready to emigrate from the neighbouring continent.—Another. Where the plant is already grown, why should not the manufacturing body encourage its cultivation by giving prizes for the best samples of colonial cotton, like the agricultural ones, who yearly reward the best producers of their staple commodities, cattle, poultry, vegetables? No great risk would be incurred by the latter plan, which would at all events excite competition.

That the foregoing remarks are not altogether uncalled for, will be admitted by all who are acquainted with the risk and uncertainty of obtaining the whole of the immense supply now required by our mills from America. It is said that the quantity at present consumed probably amounts to as much as forty thousand bales per week; and that, since the passing of the free-trade measures in 1846, it has been increasing at the rate of little short of ten thousand bales per week. Of this immense amount there is seldom more than two months' supply on hand, and from natural causes, such as any failure in the crop, it is obvious that America cannot always be relied upon to entirely satisfy the present enormous demand. Nor can it be for a moment supposed that this amount, large as it is, will remain stationary; on the contrary, it is evident from its rapid increase since the working of the free-trade system, that under favourable circumstances for the supply of the raw material, it is susceptible of augmentation to even an indefinite extent.

Our suggestions of the many different modes in which we believe that supply may be increased have, as will be at once evident to the reader, a twofold object; viz., the practical abolition of slavery by a process which will develop the resources of the most extensive colonies ever possessed by a nation. Our remedy for the hideous evils of the system, now newly baptised as "involuntary servitude," lies in half a dozen words—*Make Slavery unprofit-*

able, and it will cease to exist. Obtain our supplies, or even only a large proportion of them, from other quarters, and the value of the slave to his owner on the cotton plantations is at once reduced. It is, we consider, in the power of England, and, excepting America, of England alone, to give a death-blow to this atrocious system, for she is the principal consumer of the produce of the plant which is reared and watered by the groans and tears of the slave, the American factories at Lowell and other places absorbing a comparatively small amount of the crop. Three ingredients go to the composition of the remedy—time, energy, and some facilities given on the part of government with regard to waste lands in the colonies, and more especially the public works of India.

Having indicated what we honestly believe to be the only practicable means of extirpating slavery by any third party—that is, neither by the slave owners or the slaves themselves—we come next to the consideration of what may be the end of slavery, if the holding of slaves, from the lack of competition in the principle article they are employed to cultivate, continues profitable to owners, traders, and all concerned in the nefarious traffic. The qualities of the negro character form necessarily an important item in taking this view of the subject. Very little discrepancy, on the whole, may be observed in the descriptions given us of it by those who are unbiassed in their judgment.—Seldom gifted with any great powers of intellect, though it is more than probable that these, if developed by culture for successive generations, might ultimately reach the European standard, he is distinguished by simplicity, docility, the quality of passive obedience, or rather, we might say, that of long-suffering; while the absence of the impetuosity and fiery passion of the Celt, and the sturdy self-reliance or self-governing principle of the Anglo-Saxon, would seem to mark him out as likely to become subject to some dominant and domineering race, wherever he may be. To these qualities, it cannot be surprising that long years of tyranny and ruthless coercion should have added, in some few cases, the ingredients of craft and treachery. But who, we ask, will deny that craft and treachery are not peculiar to any race or nation, but are the offspring of cruelty and oppression wherever exhibited on the face of the globe? But no other race on that wide surface have endured such protracted woe, such unmitigated oppression, as that of the negro.—

The discovery of the New World, which brought power and riches to Europe, inflicted upon Africa the doom of slavery and exile upon generations of her children yet unborn. It has been endured for the most part with an unresisting submission, which never yet won a single concession from their enslavers; and when in some few instances tyranny has aroused rebellion, it has been punished with a severity which owed its origin not to justice, but to a spirit of fiendish revenge. Who has not read (we are not speaking of works of fiction) accounts which have found their way into American newspapers, of tortures inflicted in punishment on the negro which have made one's blood run cold? We have observed such instances within a very recent date. Whether the slave of pure negro blood will ever originate a rebellion against his yoke, is with many a matter of doubt, though the name of the brave but unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture has found a niche in history with the martyred patriots of Europe, and rarely, indeed, has it happened that, strong and mighty in the consciousness of a righteous cause, there has not stepped forth a leader from the ranks of the oppressed. But if, disregarding special instances, and taking our ground on more matter-of-fact considerations of race and national character, we decide that the negro is *not* formed by nature to lead on his fellow slaves to deeds of daring and of desperate resistance against their oppressors, we must not forget in our calculations the existence of another large and increasing portion, *not* of pure negro blood—the mulattoes, quadroons, and other mixed races, in whose veins run an Anglo-Saxon current, too often that of those who hold them in degrading subjection. Here, indeed, is a fact often slurred over as of little importance by the upholders of slavery, but pregnant, we believe, with momentous results for its future. For, looking back on the world's history, what influence, not excepting that of government or religion, has been so powerful as that of race? We are told, it is true, by some writers, that these people, considering themselves from the accident of colour superior to those of undiluted negro blood, treat them with contempt; and that, on this account, it is improbable that they will ever make common cause with them against their owners. The gradations of this aristocracy of colour, say they, from the pale olive hue of the handsome quadroon, to the deepest tint of nature's plebeian black, represent castes almost as strongly

marked as are the differences of rank in England.

That feelings of this kind do exist, we are far from disputing, but, though the maxim, *divide et impera*, may be sometimes acted upon by their masters, and the prejudice and encouragement from society, we entertain, for our own part, a conviction that it will give way before a perception that their interests are the same, and be merged in a yet deeper feeling of hatred against their common oppressors. Herein lies, we believe, the chief danger with which slavery is threatened from within. Akin in blood, temperament, and character, the half-breed quadroon has seen and felt in his father's house the galling insults and unjust distinctions made between him and his more fortunate legitimate white brothers. He is treated like a tame puppy, alternately petted and kicked—allowed a certain amount of personal liberty, yet denied in all things to have a voice in the settlement of his own fate. Soon, probably, the day comes when even the few privileges of boyhood he is deprived of. Indifferent in life to the fate of his hapless illegitimate offspring, his father dies without emancipating him; the lawful heir succeeds to his possessions, and with no legal claim on a brother's affections, or even his sense of justice, he is sold by him into slavery, with as little compunction as the other slaves on the estate. Yet he is, in blood, in sensibility of disposition and capacity of mind, one of those who thus arbitrarily dispose of his fate, and he carries with him into slavery the same scorn and bitter detestation of it which they in his place would do, with the proud and bitter consciousness that in name alone he is a slave, and that he is as much entitled to freedom as are those who deprive him of it. Is it probable that he will always pursue the short-sighted policy of holding aloof from his companions in misfortune, and never join with them in striking a blow for their common freedom? Does the infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins render him callous to the woes of his mother's race? or the tinge of African, on the other hand, deprive him of the feelings of his father's free-born ancestors on the subject of slavery? And what reason have we to conclude, because the darkest of the children of Africa are commonly found submissive to their lot, that they have no wish to reverse it—no pinings after liberty, after lost families and friends?—Oppressed nations in Europe have appeared as passive, till the fated hour struck which gave

them opportunity, leaders, perhaps defeat, or only a short-lived triumph. The impulsive Neapolitans stirred not till aroused by the fisherman Massaniello, and even the stern indomitable Romans submitted to patrician tyranny till they found a Rienzi.

The natural ability and aptitude for education possessed by the mixed races is admitted even by their enemies. Although nature is said by naturalists to abhor a hybrid, it is nevertheless a fact, that the mixed races not only largely increase, but that they are often gifted with personal as well as mental advantages of no common order. The effect of the amalgamation would certainly appear in some cases to bear a greater resemblance to the engrafting of the warmer temperament, and livelier, more susceptible organization of Spain or Italy, on the colder and more stolid Anglo-Saxon character and constitution, than what we should expect from the mingling of the two distinct types of the Negro and European races. But, without further speculating on the often disputed question of the traits of their idiosyncrasy, we may state our belief, that the existence of such races under a different mode of treatment, might be made a powerful means of civilizing the whole black population, and be a bond of union and peace between the two races. Born of the two extremes of society—the unprotected slave and the powerful owner of the soil—they would appear to constitute the natural link between them. Yet this, we fear, we must admit to be a Utopian dream, in the present relations of the black and white population of the United States; and so long as the institution of slavery continues to spread corruption like a festering sore in the moral character of the white and to keep the minds of the black in a state of either brutish ignorance or childish imbecility, it will remain the same. We resume, instead, our considerations of what may be the part played by the mixed races, in the future history of their native land. It cannot be expected that, with their mental and bodily qualifications, it will always be a passive one. Of the side to which their sympathies will ultimately incline, we have already expressed our opinion; and no one, we think, will differ from us, who are cognizant of the oppressions under which they labour, in common with those of a deeper tint, and which are felt as more galling by them, from the greater sensibility and intelligence they are found to possess. No one can deny also, that, from their increasing numbers, they

form a formidable element in the population of the United States. They appear chosen, indeed, by nature to act as leaders to the negroes, in any attempt to cast aside the chains of slavery, destined to give to mere brute force a directing intelligence, and to rouse into action the *vis inertiae* of their less sensitive negro brethren.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that we belong to those who believe in the probability of a revolt on the part of the slaves, and of one or more attempts made by them to gain their liberty. We admit it. It cannot be otherwise, in the ordinary course of things.—Every nation, every government carrying within its bosom so gigantic an evil, so monstrous an injustice, will be brought to a terrible reckoning. Everywhere history shows the oppressed class taking some fearful, though perhaps tardy revenge. The power and splendour of the monarchy of France, in the time of Louis le Grand were the foundation of the debt, discontent, and anarchy, which laid it low in that of Louis XVI. The text may be thought a stale one, but history furnishes us with a dozen more, could we find space to quote them. Popular vengeance resembles the gathering of a Swiss avalanche, slow, gradual, in the beginning imperceptible, but certain, terrible, and overwhelming.—Instead of crowns and kings to be immolated, there is in America the Moloch of the cotton trade to be laid low. Because Manchester wants 40,000 bales per week, and Lowell also some, how many human souls, souls immortal, though cased in ebony, a mere fraction, it is true, to the said 40,000 bales—how many immortal souls, repeat we, have appeared from time to time at the bar of heaven since the hideous iniquity first existed, to protest against the forced labour which destroyed them body and mind, that they might be produced? If the comparison were not too trite and hackneyed for our pen, we might say that the social condition of the southern states, undermined by slavery, resembled the thin superficial crust of a volcano, of which no man can say when the flame and ashes may not burst forth. Yet it is highly probable, we think, that such an outbreak would not assume any formidable shape at the beginning, and that it would, with facility be subdued. Want of skill and combination, perhaps, of the implements of warfare and of leadership, with the advantage which the civilized white man always has in war over the ignorant demi-savage, will probably contribute to give the slaveowner an easy victory. But

the 'snake which is scotched is not killed.' For once the miserable despised slave will have tasted the sweets of revenge, and like the tiger cub after its first draught of human blood, he and his fellows will stealthily watch their opportunity to slake their thirst for it. Feelings will only become more embittered on both sides. The recollection of long years of cruelty and injustice, of a childhood of neglect torn away from the maternal bosom, and of a manhood, crushed by oppression and toil passing the powers of nature—all these things, we say, will be branded too deeply in the hearts and brains of the suffering slaves, to be banished by fear, or forgotten in the lapse of time. Lynch law may reign. The enraged masters may hang, torture, or hunt and shoot like wild animals, all they can find, for the quality of mercy would indeed seem on these occasions unknown to the generality of American slaveowners; but, in very desperation and despair, attempts of a similar nature will be repeated; and may probably become more formidable. Our apprehensions (for what well-wisher to the United States would not prefer seeing this vexed question settled in a peaceable though just way)—our apprehensions, we repeat, are not of a well-organized or successful revolt on the part of the slaves, but of an intestine war between the two races—of extermination on the part of the whites, without mercy on that of the blacks; a long, deadly, harassing, guerilla warfare, resembling that of the *Jacquerie* in France, where, secure in the wild fastnesses of their country, the serfs waged war against the feudal lords of the soil. Nor do we think, in such a revolt, that the whole of the slaves would take part. The aged, infirm, and cowardly, with the greater part of the women, would probably remain passive with their masters, but the number of those in a state of outlawry and rebellion would receive constant accessions from the courageous and disaffected, which, supplying the place of those taken or killed, would prolong the contest. The consequences of any outbreak of this kind to the cotton trade would be manifestly unfavourable to the sending of the large supplies now required by England.—It would be obviously impossible to rely with any certainty on securing the whole of the crop, when a considerable part of the employers and employed were at open feud, and engaged in deadly warfare. We doubt, in such a case, whether a sufficiently large number of able-bodied slaves could be imported from the two

northern slave states, Kentucky or Virginia, to supply the deficiency; for the ripening and getting in of the cotton crop is simultaneous, and the labour at those times almost without cessation. The partial but disastrous disorganization of the slave states which would thus ensue, our readers may form some idea of.—Should the refractory slaves be not brought into subjection, some of the plantations might be thrown out of cultivation. Whether, indeed, the planters, overseers, with the rest of the scanty white population, would be able, unassisted, to subdue the slaves, and keep them down, under the circumstances we have predicted, we think a grave matter of doubt. It is probable that they would find themselves compelled to apply to Congress, not only for additional powers, but also for some regular force. The freest country in the world would thus eventually come to resemble the most despotic—Austria and Russia—having itself an Italy or a Poland within its boundaries, in the shape of an irregular horde of outlawed slaves in perpetual revolt against all constituted authority. Of the dangers which would menace popular institutions we need not speak. Perhaps the most serious result of the establishment of any regular military force would be the great increase in the expenses of a government, the wise economy and simplicity of whose pecuniary arrangements is not the least of the blessings now enjoyed by the inhabitants of the United States. Nor is it probable, we think, that the numerous section of its inhabitants living in the north would submit to this and other evils resulting from the continual denial of emancipation. Will they, in such a juncture, come forward to demand freedom for the negro, or the separation of the north from the south? We should be thought perhaps too presumptuous a prophet, did we carry our hypothesis farther, and speculate what might be the answer to such a question. Perhaps in that day it will be found that in the New World as in the Old, the true interests of employers and employed whether black, yellow, or white, are the same. Anticipating, therefore, that much social disorganization, and disturbance of the relations of commerce must ensue, if the institution of slavery, in all its native hideousness, is long maintained, we believe that England would do wisely, if she followed our advice to literally sow the seeds of future cotton harvests elsewhere. Every state in the Union, whether it be a slaveholding one or the reverse, we hold to

be implicated in the moral guilt of slavery, if it tolerates the enormities of that infamous system among the rest; and warning them of the result, we would earnestly exhort them to be 'up and doing,' to check the frightful growth of the evil.

Especially have we no words strong enough to express our abhorrence of the principles of those American clergymen, who, with the words of Christ upon their lips, but his spirit afar from their hearts, attempt to justify and defend it.

STANZAS.

Art thou not lovely, oh beautiful earth?
With thy pine-crested mountains, thy voices of mirth;

In thy greenest recesses the violet is born,
The lily's scent floats on the gales of the morn;
And the glance of the dawn sweepeth down
through the vines,
Like arrows of gold in thy emerald shrines.

Art thou not lovely, oh star-lighted sky?
With thy cross of the south flashing proudly on high;

The belted Orion looks out from his shroud,
Like a turret of gold on a temple of cloud,
And the glory that shines in the bright morning light
floats up to the zenith in the calm winter's night.

Art thou not lovely, oh silvery sea?
The foam on thy waters sweeps chainless and free;

The scream of the sea-bird, the dash of the oar,
Are blent with the voices that ring from the shore,
And the chaunt of the free winds as wildly they rave,

With the song of the surges, the roll of the wave.

Star of the Infinite! ever to thee
Rises the music of planet and sea,
The blush of the flower and the flash of the gem
Reveal but thy beauty o'er shadowing them,
The reflex of glories that sweep from thy throne,
Where thou in thy holiness dwellest alone.

The tempests arise at the rush of thy wings,
God of the universe! Monarch of kings!
Mortality never hath gazed on thy form;
But we know thy revealings in sunlight and storm,

Enthroned on the winds and enshrined in the wave
Is thy Spirit for ever, O Light of the grave!

Lake Simcoe, Sept., 1854. S. K. B.

SECRETARY'S TOUR FROM OHIO TO
NEW BRUNSWICK.

It may be necessary to state that the authoress of the following is a native of England, has been a resident in the United States four years, making her home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Dayton, Ohio, a description of which places may be hereafter given if thought expedient. Having accepted the office of private Secretary to Paul Pry, Esq., S. G., B. N. A., she was induced to leave the stars and stripes, return to her allegiance under the Union Jack, and assist the S. G. in his exploring operations in British North America. Thinking that a description of the country from the Buck-eye State to Blue-nose Land might be interesting to the readers of the *Anglo-American* she ventures to record some of the incidents and scenes met with on the way.

Left Dayton about 5 a.m., on the 31st of March: took the railroad for Cleveland: met with nothing very interesting or beautiful on the way, for Ohio is so low and flat that there is little change of scene. The thousands of swine, however, travelling from one part to another on the railroad gave us some music of a superior description. If those animals are needed for food the people show great wisdom in keeping them in Ohio, and not spoiling any of the spots where beauty makes her home. I was a little amused by an argument that arose between two gentlemen—an Englishman and Yankee—on Napoleon. The latter declared Napoleon was a noble man, and that justice had never been done him until Abbott wrote his life. The Englishman said, with great warmth, that hanging would have been too good for him—that he was a cruel ambitious scoundrel.

Arrived in Cleveland about 8 p.m., and was delighted with the surrounding country. The rough craggy, hilly and picturesque, are strewn o'er and around the city which is indeed pretty. It really did one's eyes good to look upon something beautiful again. Lake Erie adds to its many other natural attractions. The Lake Shore Railroad, thence to Dunkirk, passes along the lake shore, from which circumstance it takes its name. As we rode along, the lake to our left lay like some fair dreams of hope's imagining. On our right, high hills, lovely houses, scattered here and there, which were

built something in the English cottage style, and gardens, sloping gently to the shore, reminded me of dear England and her ten thousand charms, and I once more felt a something of the bliss I used to feel in looking on her scenes. The flowery meadow—the daisies and butter-cups, that looked like stars in the green-sward, and the happy, tasty home which those beauties bless. The country, as seen from the cars, was pleasing. The green pine gave a cheerful aspect to the woods, and almost made one forget it was not summer. Dunkirk I did not see, for it was dark: had only time to change cars, and then, “ride away, fly away,” I must take my eyes from the outer world and look for company and amusement in the cars only. A gentleman sat opposite, with whom I conversed freely, on a variety of subjects. Like all Yankees, he was mighty inquisitive. “Where are you going?” “Where do you come from?” “What is your business?” are specimens of his questions. I told him my business, the situation I had accepted as Secretary to the Honourable Paul Pry. Oh, how wide he opened his mouth and eyes, and brought out his “aint’s” and “heard’s”. I declare his face would have been a good picture for *Punch*. “You women are getting a-head too fast,” was his concluding sentence. He got out a little way from Dunkirk, and I left alone, laid down on the seat and tried to make believe I was in bed. The cars leaped, danced and rocked as if they were practising a few steps; the engine puffed and roared in applause at the wonderful and graceful moves which everybody knows are vastly superior to anything England could produce. (?) “England never saw nothin’ like it.” (?) Slept very well, except when the train stopped at the stations, I then took a peep round; all were laid down, and reminded me of the sleeping beauty in Madame Tussaud’s exhibition.

“Corning!” cried out the conductor, about 4 a.m. One gentleman stopped there, looked after my luggage, and saw me safely housed in the Railroad Hotel. Some extracts from my diary may be interesting.

“April 1st. Corning is small, but has every appearance of becoming a large place. It is nestled snugly in the valley, and gently stretches up one hill, which is kindly covered with the evergreen and loving pine. The Chemung river steals along gracefully among the trees and villages that adorn its banks and form the

back-ground of the picture, as viewed from the hills which rise proudly above each other, and shelter the country, which has a southern aspect, from the cold north winds. How I love this wild rough scene; here, indeed are God’s first temples; here I feel like worship and adoration. I have danced and leaped from rock to rock, wandered among the fallen trees, with all the zest I felt when a child in my own loved English home.”

As the Honourable Paul Pry has given you a sketch of the country between Corning and New York, I will omit mine and introduce my readers at once to the great city—New York. “Monday 3rd. Arrived in New York this morning. When landing from the steamer that conveys passengers from the train, in New Jersey, to the city side, we were attacked by a number of animals of the shark species—“cab sir,”—“cab sir,”—“cab sir,” was the peculiar sound emitted by those animals when in a state of excitement. I felt greatly relieved when I saw a thick rope between them and us, otherwise I was apprehensive they would pounce upon us, and devour our purses, for which they have a voracious appetite.

What a busy bustling city! people seem to live on the flavour of the almighty dollar only. Where is the greatest amount of happiness, ye plodding toiling multitudes? Think you it is to be found in scraping together dollars and cents, and neglecting the God-Head within you, or is it to be found in the harmonious working of the whole man? verily, in the latter. Man should not despise labour; no! labour is essential; we cannot be perfectly happy without it. Is a large and crowded city the place for the development of man’s true nature? Go unto the green woods; study the great book of nature; make thyself acquainted with its laws, and square thy life accordingly; then wilt thou sip the sweets of life, weave for thyself exalted wreaths of spiritual garlands, and beautifully enrole life with flowers.

Visited the Crystal Palace—the great Yankee glory, but though the building was pretty enough, oh, what an apish-looking fit-out! Certainly there were some good-looking dry goods, suitable for dresses, coats, &c.; cutlery, a good assortment of knives, spoons, &c.; a few pictures, stuffed fishes and animals, graced by the only article really valuable—statues. A good Jew’s shop. I could fancy some speculating London Jew had emigrated to this coun-

try, to try his luck among the Yankees. Verily, all could be put in one corner of the British Museum, and no person would think there was an accession of curiosities. I was highly delighted with the cheapness of city travelling in railroad omnibusses. Each is drawn by two horses, on rails, which are laid in the street, and will accommodate between thirty and forty persons. Starting from the centre of the city they extend about five miles to the northward, all, or any part, of which can be travelled for five cents.

"Wednesday 5th. Left New York yesterday; passed through a charming country of hill and dale, flowing rivulets, lovely cottages, and peaceful looking mansions, homes of the sweet and tranquil. Spring is gently tripping along, and touching the grass and plants with her magic wand, and they are silly peeping to see if they may venture out. They are a little more cautious than their relatives in Cincinnati, Ohio. The cherry trees had put on their bridal robes a week ago, and the crocuses were lifting up their heads and smiling on their beauty. The Honourable Paul Pry, by some mistake, is not here as I expected; I fancy he has gone on, thinking to hasten the meeting, so I must content myself by looking round the city, until his Honour makes his face visible. If those rappers could call up the spirits in the body it would be very convenient just now."

Boston is a fine large city, certainly, but the streets are crooked and shapeless. Boston Common is delightful. Hundreds of men and boys were playing at cricket, while vast numbers of ladies and gentlemen were promenading or reclining on seats scattered here and there. Every city ought to have such a spot or spots where the inhabitants may enjoy themselves; surely, where land is so cheap and plentiful this might be done.

Visited Woburn, a little town about ten miles from Boston. The train stopped on the way about twelve or fourteen times, wherever there was any person waiting. Residences speaking of refinement and taste were scattered or clustered in groups, surrounded by gardens, which must be lovely in summer. These are principally occupied by merchants and others doing business in the city. As the railroad company issues season tickets, they are enabled to do their business in the city, and enjoy their happy country homes with very little addition of cost, on account of the reduction of rent and saving of doctors' bills.

At length Paul Pry made his appearance, and together we visited the far-famed and wonderful Bunker Hill Monument. A pile of rough stones; I thought it a high chimney. The most ugly and unsightly thing in creation—without the least beauty about it. It is singular what three grand mistakes these United States men have made with regard to the monument. 1st. The defeat of the United States Army, which it was built to commemorate, took place, not on the spot where the monument is erected, but on another, some distance off. 2nd. Monuments are usually erected to commemorate victories and not defeats. 3rd. The monument itself, instead of being a thing of beauty, is ugliness personified, much in the style of a lanky down-easter, and the only thing I can see that it commemorates, is the stupidity of the builders and those who supplied the cash for its erection. An English gentleman in the company, full of wit and fun, lavished a little of it on a Yankee. "What is that, sir?" (pointing to the Monument).

"That! that! don't know what that is?"

"No, sir."

"No! don't know what that is! why, sir, that's Bunker Hill Monument. We licked the British in that place."

"Ain't you mistaken?" (Acting their phraseology.)

"Why, no, ain't you heerd how that we knocked the British into cocked hats?"

"No, sir, ain't heerd on't."

"Did you ever read the History of England? or, perhaps, as you never heerd of Bunker Hill, you have read the history of the war of 1812, when we licked the British?"

"I have read the History of England, but it don't say 'nothin' about neither. The English know 'nothin' about it. Perhaps the Yankees stole a few oyster boats, in the vicinity of She-diac, New Brunswick."

"Where were you born, sir, to know nothin' about these wars?"

"I was born down East, and brought up all long shore."

"Have you read Timothy Anthony Higgin's History of America?"

"No, sir."

"Why, sir, then you ain't read nothin'. Where have you been all your life?"

"I have been in the British Navy, sir."

(In a grumbling tone.) "Oh, oh, ah, ah."

This joke was rich, and enabled us to climb the 260 steps conducting us to the top of the

Monument, very merrily. The only light a small lamp, given to us by the man who has the care of it, and receives 12½ cents from each visitor. From the top we had a pleasing and magnificent view; Long Island and numerous others slumbering on the bosom of the ocean, and Boston, looking like a scroll of parchment spread out on the sunny waters.

Took our passage on board the Admiral, and left Boston for St. John, New Brunswick, on the 18th of April. The snow was six inches deep, hoary headed winter, I suppose, was bidding us good bye, before his return to his home in the stormy north. Hill and dale were covered with snow, and fearing sea-sickness I went to my state-room, and only ventured out to look at the coast when there was anything worth looking at, and thus cheated the sea of its dues.

The snow gradually disappeared, and the craggy hills of New Brunswick presented themselves, with small white skull caps on, so that a fair view of their charms could be obtained. Two nights and one day brought us to St. John. It was morning; Paul Pry very kindly told me I would be repaid by going on deck and taking a view of the scene. Oh, how lovely it was! Nova Scotia gracing the horizon on the south-east; St. John lying in the distance; the proud spires and lofty masts of the vessels, from which I could distinguish the Union Jack fluttering in the breeze; the ships wafted to and fro; the shore on our left, with little cots like sunny islets in the stormy sea; all filled my soul with joy and love.

Some persons have said that God made New Brunswick last, when tired of his work, but if he did he gave it enough of the beautiful. The leaping waves responded to my feelings and hugged to their bosoms the beams of the sun, and bore them to the shore, or lifted them to the clouds in joy and praise. God's earth is beautiful! Passed Partridge Island, situated at the mouth of the St. John river, and which gives it quite a picturesque appearance.

St. John has the appearance of a beautiful English city. I could fancy I was in England once again—people, style of dress, of buildings, stores, and goods, all are English, or very like it. I am busily occupied in my new vocation, as Secretary to Paul Pry, for he finds enough for us both to do.

Winter is leaving us rather reluctantly, the ice has burst its chains, and is coming from the

upper part of the river, apparently very glad to scamper off to a warmer clime; sometimes, in its hurry to escape it, comes in contact with the steamers ploughing the waves, and is pushed into the dock, or cruelly knocked on the head.

Much variety of food cannot be procured. The market affords nothing but potatoes, carrots, meal, and butter. The supply, however, is in accordance with the demand, for the people have no idea of gastronomic matters, in proof of which, potatoes sell readily at 6s. per bushel, while carrots are a drug at 3s. Fruit, at this season, cannot be obtained for love or money; diabetics are little thought of, and do not desire it. The air is pure, the locality healthy, the people retain all the freshness of our Island home, and look quite as well as they did in the mother's nest.

THE HORSE.

The horse! the brave, the gallant horse,
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame,
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
I'll turn to the road or course,
And find a beauteous rival there,
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth,
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand;
And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might;
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His barb before all gold;
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
More generous, fast, or bold?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh! grant him a leaf of bay;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse!

MOUSTACHES AND LADIES' BONNETS.

Amongst the social follies of the day the moustache movement is extending to all ranks and conditions of men, to which no inconsiderable number add beards, some actually covering three-fourths of their face with hair. Mechanics are nearly all adopting the moustache, and it is spreading to cabmen, cads of omnibuses, carmen, and all the *omnium gatherum* of the lower class of society. It seems that the clerks of the Bank of England caught the infection, whereon each young gentleman so affected received a circular from head-quarters, politely intiming that unless he appeared next morning with the objectionable appendage removed, he would be kind enough to send in his resignation. There was some grumbling, but of course, every upper lip appeared next day as clean as a lady's. The differences between the different styles of adorning the upper-lip is striking: some gentlemen curl up the end, some curl them down, and some who are in the happy possession of good whiskers unite them with the upper lip. Others go to the extent of a beard, some are short and bristly, some are long, and cultivated with much care; but the most miserable things are the downy and hardly distinguishable emanations issuing from the upper lips of gentlemen with excessively light hair. These belong to the class of the strivers after the impossible. Scarcely less curious is it to see the condition of the ladies' bonnets not much bigger than tidy little caps, which the Parisian grisettes wear on the back of their heads. The neat little net, or perchance lace border, just coming over the crown, was introduced by the Empress of France. In a week they were all over Paris: in a month all over France. Of course, they crossed the Channel in about twenty-four hours after their first *début* in the windows of the Boulevard modistes; and at this moment there is only, say, one woman in fifty through all London who have bonnets on their heads, that has not rushed to the bonnetmaker's, and imperatively demanded bonnets to be perched on the back of them. Vain as all the satire—vain are all the jokes vain even are the labors of *Punch*—the mania,

seems spreading day by day, and the bonnets getting smaller than ever. There may be, perhaps, some light shadow of an excuse for young ladies who possess beautiful black or fair locks, but there is none for old maids whose locks are beginning to exhibit a palpable tinge of grey; and there is no excuse for respectable married ladies from thirty to forty-five setting a bad example to their daughters. But every lady and every woman in London will have the tiny bonnet, and servants slip out on the sly with them, and the veriest carrot-headed damsels will insist on exposing the beauty of their locks to mankind.

IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

"CAN'T be helped" is one of the thousand convenient phrases with which men cheat and deceive themselves. It is one in which the helpless and the idle take refuge as their last and only comfort—it can't be helped!

Your energetic man is for helping everything. If he sees an evil, and clearly discerns its cause, he is for taking steps forthwith to remove it. He busies himself with ways and means, devises practical plans and methods, and will not let the world rest till it has done something in a remedial way. The indolent man spares himself all this trouble. He will not budge. He sits with his arms folded, and is ready with his unvarying observation, "It can't be helped!" as much as to say, "If it is, it ought to be, it will be, and we need not bestir ourselves to alter it."

Wash your face, you dirty little social boy; you are vile, and repulsive, and vicious, by reason of your neglect of cleanliness. "It can't be helped."

Clear away your refuse, sweep your streets, cleanse your drains and gutters, purify your atmosphere, you indolent corporations, for the cholera is coming. "It can't be helped!" Educate your children, train them up in virtuous habits, teach them to be industrious, obedient, frugal, and thoughtful, you thoughtless communities, for they are now growing up vicious, ignorant, and careless, a source of future peril to the nation. "It can't be helped!"

But it can be helped. Every evil can be

abated, every nuisance got rid of, every abomination swept away; though this will never be done by the "can't be helped" people.

Man is not helpless, but can both help himself and help others. He can act individually and unitedly against wrong and evil. He has the power to abate and eventually uproot them. But, alas! the greatest obstacle of all in the way of such beneficent action, is the feeling and disposition out of which arises the miserable, puling, and idle ejaculation of "It can't be helped!"

A PEEP AT SECRETS.

As the setting sun throws a hue of beauty and sublimity over clouds that would otherwise be but dull, heavy, unattractive masses, so poetry by a similar effect lends lustre to thoughts and feelings that would under any other auspices be even repulsive. Grumbling is excessively unpleasant when coming from an ordinary individual in ordinary language; and if persisted in is apt to cause him to be dubbed a bore; but hear Byron grumble—all *Childe Harold* is one long growl, and yet how enchanting it is. "But," cries some unhappy lover who has just been sighing over sad remembrances, "Byron's is melancholy sentiment—it is *that* which charms us so much." Exactly so, but are they not synonymous terms? however much the fact may argue against the old saying, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." When Byron declares his weariness of life, how different the effect produced by that declaration and the common grunt, "I wish I was dead." But grumbling is far from being the only mortal frailty canonised by poetry. Anger has been equally fortunate; how differently is it treated in fairy-land life and in commonplace life; one can hardly imagine that he was witnessing the same passion when "Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye," and when Jack called Bill a clumsy fool, and told him he would like to punch his head; and yet in both cases the impulsive agent was essentially the same. There are numerous other examples of the same fact, so apparent that any one may, with a moment's consideration, detect them. When the poet leaves his native shore he breathes

a fond adieu, which delights us because arrayed under the Muse's banner; but under other circumstances the unfeeling world terms him home-sick. A tear has a most tender effect in poetry, but how we hate to witness blubbering in reality.

WOMAN.

Oh! man, how different is thy heart,
From hers, the partner of thy lot;
Who in thy feelings hath no part,
When love's wild charm is once forgot.
What, th' awakening spell shall be,
Thy heart to melt, thy soul to warm,
Or who shall dare appeal to thee
To whom "old days" convey no charm?
When Adam turned from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musings slept—
He brooded o'er his future fate,
While Eve, poor Eve, looked back and wept.
So man, even while his eager arms
Support some trembling fair one's charms,
Looks forward to vague days beyond,
When other eyes shall beam as fond,
And other lips his own shall press,
And meet his smile with mute caress;
And still as o'er life's path he goes,
Plucks first the lily—then the rose.
And half forgets that e'er his heart
Owned for another sigh or smart;
Or deems while bound in passion's thrall
The last, the dearest loved of all—
But woman, even while she bows
Her veiled head to altar vows;
Along life's slow and devious track,
For ever gazes fondly back.
And woman, even while her eye
Is turned to give its meek reply
To murmured words of praise,
Deep in her heart, remembers still
The tones that made her bosom thrill
In unforgetton days.
Yea, even when on her lover's breast
She sinks, and leaves her hand to rest
Within his clasping hold,
The sigh she gives is not so much
To prove the empire of that touch,
As for those days of old;
For long remembered hours, when first
Love on her dawning senses burst—
For all the wild impassioned truth
That blest the visions of her youth!

THE HON. MRS. NORRIS.

ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

A FRIGHTFUL accident, which occurred a few weeks since to some of the workmen employed in the Halshaw Moor Tunnel, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, reminds us of an adventure in a tunnel, as related to us not long ago by a person in the employment of the Telegraph Company. He had been engaged in the inspection and repair of the telegraph wires, and their fixings, which are subject to many accidents, and require constant looking after to ensure their integrity and efficiency. Even when carried through tunnels, in gutta percha casings, embedded in leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents—from passing waggons, or, in winter, from lumps of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and damaging the tubes. It appears that one day, the door of a coal-waggon had got loose in the long tunnel of the—— railway, and dashing back against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, and even cut across the wires in many places. The telegraph was, therefore broken; it could not be worked, and several workmen were sent into the tunnel to execute the necessary repairs. The person who related the following adventure, acted in the capacity of inspector, and it was necessary for him to visit the workmen, ascertain the nature of the damage that had been done, and give directions on the spot, as to the repairs, the necessity for completing which was of the greatest urgency.

“I knew very well,” said he, “that the tunnel was of great length—rather more than two miles long,—and that the workmen, who had set out in the morning from the station nearest to the tunnel, had entered it by its south end; so I determined to follow them, and overtake them, which I would doubtless be able to do somewhere in the tunnel, where they would be at work. I was accompanied by a little dog, which trotted behind at my feet. After walking about a mile, I reached the tunnel entrance, over which frowned the effigy of a grim lion’s head, out in stone.

“There were, as usual, two lines of rails—the up line and the down line, and I determined to walk along the former, that I might

see before the approaching lights on any advancing train, which I would take care to avoid by stepping on to the opposite line of rails; at the same time that I should thus avoid being run over by any train coming up behind from the opposite direction, and which I might not see in time to avoid. I had, however, taken the precaution to ascertain that no train was expected to pass along the *up* line over which I was proceeding, for about two hours; but I was aware that that could not be depended upon, and therefore I resolved to keep a good look-out ahead. Along the opposite *down* line, I knew that a passenger-train was shortly to pass; indeed, it was even now due,—but by keeping the opposite line, of rails, I felt I was safe so far as that was concerned.

“I had never been in a tunnel of such length as this before, and confess I felt somewhat dismayed when the light which accompanied me so far into the tunnel entrance, began to grow fainter and fainter. After walking for a short distance, I proceeded on in almost total darkness. Behind me there was the distant light streaming in at the tunnel mouth; before me almost impenetrable darkness. But, by walking on in a straight line, I knew that I could not miss my way, and the rails between which I walked, and which I occasionally touched with my feet, served as to keep me in the road. In a short time, I was able to discern a seeming spot of light, which gradually swelled into a broader gleam, though still at a great distance before me; and I knew it to be the opening of the nearest shaft—it was a mere glimmer amid the thick and almost palpable darkness which enveloped me. As I walked on, I heard my little dog panting at my heels, and the sound of my tread re-echoed from the vaulted roof of the tunnel. Save these sounds, perfect silence reigned. When I stood still to listen, I heard distinctly the loud beating of my heart.

“A startling thought suddenly occurred to me! What if a goods train should suddenly shoot through the tunnel, along the line on which I was proceeding, while the passenger train, now due, came on in the opposite direction. I had not thought of this before. And yet I was aware that the number of casual trains on a well-frequented railway, is

very considerable at particular seasons. Should I turn back? reach the mouth of the tunnel again, and wait until the passenger train had passed, when I could then follow along the *down* line of rails,—knowing that no other train was likely to follow it for at least a full quarter of an hour?

“But the shaft, down which the light now faintly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of the tunnel, and I resolved, therefore, to make for that point, where there was I knew, ample room outside of both lines of rail, to enable me to stand in safety until the down-train had passed. So I strode on. But a low hollow murmur, as if of remote thunder, and then a distant scream, which seemed to reverberate along the tunnel, fell upon my ears,—doubtless, the passenger-train which I had been expecting, entering the tunnel mouth. But looking ahead at the same time, I discerned through the gleam of daylight, at the bottom of the shaft toward which I was approaching, what seemed a spark of fire. It moved—could it be one of the labourers of whom I was in search?—it increased! For an instant I lost it. Again! This time it looked brighter. A moaning, tinkling noise crept along the floor of the vault. I stood still with fear, for the noise of the train behind me was rapidly increasing: and turning for an instant in that direction, I observed that it was full in sight. I could no longer disguise from myself that I stood full in the way of another train, advancing from the opposite direction. The light before me was the engine lamp; it was now brilliant as a glowing star,—and the roar of the wheels of the train was now fully heard amidst the gloom: it came on with a velocity which seemed to me terrific.

“A thousand thoughts coursed through my brain on the instant. I was in the way of the monster, and the next moment might be crashed into bleeding fragments. The engine was almost upon me! I saw the gleaming face of the driver, and the glow of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the lower edge of the dense volumes of steam blown from the engine-chimney. In an instant I prostrated myself on my face, and lay there without the power of breathing, as I felt the engine and train thundering over me.

The low-hung ash-box swept across my back; I felt the heat of the furnace as it flashed over me, and a glowing cinder was dropped near my hand. But I durst not move. I felt as if the train was crushing over me. The earth vibrated and shook, and the roar of the waggon-wheels smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. I clutched the earth, and would have cowered and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre of my body that did not feel the horrors of the moment, and the dreadfulness of the situation. But it passed. With a swoop and a roar the break-van, the last in the train, flew over me. The noise of the train was still in my ears, and the awful terror of the situation lay still heavy on me. When I raised my head and looked behind, the red light at the tail of the train was already far in the distance. As for the meeting passenger-train, it had also passed, but I had not heeded it, though it had doubtless added to the terrific noise which for some time stunned me.

“I rose up, and walked on, calling upon my dog. But no answer—not so much as a whine I remembered its sudden howl. It must have been crushed under the wheels of some part of the train. It was no use searching for my little companion, so I proceeded,—anxious to escape from the perils of my situation. I shortly reached the shaft, which I had before observed. There was ample room, at either side of the rails, to enable me to rest there in safety. But the place was cold and damp, and streams of water trickled down the sides of the shaft. I resolved, therefore, to go on, upon the *down* line, but the tunnel being now almost filled with the smoke and steam of the two engines which had just passed, I deemed it prudent to wait for a short time, until the road had become more cleared, in case of any other train encountering me in my further progress. The smoke slowly eddied up the shaft, and the steam gradually condensed, until I considered the road sufficiently clear to enable me to proceed in comparative safety. I once more, therefore, plunged into the darkness.

“I walked on for nearly half an hour, groping my way: my head had become confused, and my limbs trembled under me.—

I passed two other shafts, but the light which they admitted was so slight, that they scarcely seemed to do more than make the 'darkness visible.' I now supposed that I must have walked nearly the whole length of the tunnel; and yet it appeared afterwards that I was only about half-way through it. It looked like a long day since I had entered. But by and by a faint glimmer of lights danced before my eyes; and as I advanced I saw it was the torches of the workmen, and soon I heard their voices. Never were sight and sound more welcome. In a few minutes more I had joined the party. But I felt quite unmanned for the moment; and I believe that sitting down on one of the workmen's tool boxes, I put my hands over my eyes, and—I really could not help it—burst into tears.

"I never ventured into a tunnel again without an involuntary thrill of terror coming over me."

The accident which occurred to the workman in the Halshaw Moor Tunnel, was of a similar nature to that above recited. The men employed were plate layers engaged in the repair of the permanent way. In long tunnels, there are men belonging to some "gangs" who are almost constantly employed there, and who see little of daylight except from what passes down the shafts. Sometimes, when busy at their work, and their ears are deafened by the noise made by the hammers, picks, and spades of the "gang" engaged in driving in a spike, or tightening a key, or packing the ballast under a sleeper, a train suddenly comes upon them; and if close at hand, the men sometimes are only able to escape by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, and letting the train pass over them. The two men in the Halshaw Tunnel were engaged at their work when two trains entered at the same time, one from each direction. One of the men threw himself down by the side of the tunnel, and called upon his fellow workman to do the same. But it had been too late. The trains had come upon the unfortunate workman with such velocity, that he had not even time to prostrate himself: or perhaps his self-possession was for the moment suspended by the sight of the two trains shooting towards

him from opposite directions; and when search was made, after the trains had passed through the tunnel, it was found that one of the trains had passed over the poor workman and cut him into pieces.

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT.

CHAPTER I.

It would have been obvious to the most ordinary observer, had such a person been seated in the breakfast parlour of Honiton Lodge, Canonbury, that Mrs. Goodall, when she entered that apartment on a fine morning in August, was in a frame of mind of a rather seriously reflective character; and that, as she turned her eyes towards the window and beheld in the garden, alert among the shrubs, one of the most pleasant-looking elderly gentlemen that ever carried health and happiness in his countenance, the object was before her who had been the cause of her anxious meditations.

"A nosegay for you, my dear," said Mr. Goodall, as he came into the room, "selected and arranged with a taste which one person only in the world could have infused into me;" and he handed the offering to his wife with a low bow, and then began to wonder how the hot rolls had suffered themselves to be distanced by the new-laid eggs.

Mrs. Goodall put aside the nosegay, and pouring out a cup of tea, observed, as she presented it to her husband—

"I do really wish, Herbert, that you had not taken that ticket for the anniversary dinner of the Samaritan Society. Not that the expense is great—certainly not; but our dear Herbert, now that he is gone to Cambridge, will be such a serious source of expense to us, that we positively ought to look twice at every shilling before we let it out of our hands."

"But I think you told me, my dear, that you had tied him to the apron-string of prudence when he left us," said Mr. Goodall. "No boasting on the Cam; no betting at Newmarket; no champagne suppers; 'no tradesmen's bills,' as the man says in the advertisements."

"Yes, but," urged Mrs. Goodall, "the ordinary scale of expenditure at the Univer-

sity is quite astounding. he informs me in his letters ; and we ought to pinch ourselves that he may be launched into the world creditably."

"Herbert would not mind, and will never miss, the guinea I have thrown away upon this dinner," remarked Mr. Goodall, with a cheerful smile. (He knew very well that his boy would cheerfully go without his own dinner to purchase him a bundle of early asparagus.)

"I hope it may be so," returned the lady. "But you know I hate these public dinners."

"Quite without cause, I would have you to recollect, at the same time," said Mr. Goodall. "Besides," he added, with dexterous quickness, perceiving that his wife was about to enter upon a reminiscence of flushed faces and bottles of soda water of former years, when they resided in Milk Street ; "besides, consider, these dinners are to be regarded, not as feasts whose only results are headache and indigestion, but as sacrifices of their own personal comfort, which a certain number of people consent to make for the worthy purpose of doing good to others. The Samaritans eat that others may do so after us ; and if we don't teach them the way, we provide them with the means of doing so. Now, for instance, that fine brother of yours, Peregrine, who went abroad more than thirty years ago, and of whom you never afterwards heard—if there had been any such society as this at any port he might have reached, would probably have been saved to his friends and family, and might long ere this have returned to England a prosperous man."

Mrs. Goodall did not answer to this appeal of her husband, but she sighed deeply—an utterance of the heart which her companion very widely mistook. He could not help thinking that the guinea ticket still rankled in the breast of his wife, and accordingly began once more to felicitate himself upon his prudence in withholding from her the fact that he had some days previously forwarded a cheque for five guineas, as his subscription to the Samaritan Society ; a fact, indeed, which, had he communicated it to his wife, would most seriously have discomposed that good lady. But her thoughts had taken another direction. The mention of

her brother's name had, with vivid distinctness, recalled to her memory the handsome, high-spirited lad, whom a little more considerate kindness, or even a more easily intelligible and consistent discipline on the part of his parents, might have kept in check, and prevented from an untimely, and, perhaps, a cruel death ; and she inwardly resolved that her son Herbert should never have any just cause to reproach either Goodall or herself with any want of affectionate and judicious indulgence. From the son to the father—from one Herbert to another—was an easy mental transition, and the really kind and amiable Mrs. Goodall began to tax herself rather severely with her querulous selfishness (even though it was partly in behalf of "his boy,") in seeking to debar her husband from enjoying so rare a festive luxury as an anniversary dinner at the London Tavern. All his disinterestedness, all his generosity, all his genuine worth, now magnified themselves before her mind's eye in inordinate proportions, so that he appeared a highly idealized sort of cartoon figure of the congregated virtues of humanity. Had not Goodall sought her hand when he first entered life on his own account, and been roughly repulsed by her father with a plain intimation that his pretensions were as imprudent as they were extravagant? Had he not renewed his addresses when his prospects ought not to have been condemned, but with no better success ; and, when disgrace fell upon her father and ruin upon the family, did he not endeavour to trace out her mother and herself in their humble lodgings in the suburbs, and did he not at length find the once proud and petulant girl, but by that time the humbled and spiritless ten years' governess, and make her his wife? Why, to be sure he did. And was she to deny him so cheap a relaxation as a city charity dinner might afford? Not to be thought of! And Mrs. Goodall arose to attend to her household duties. I am not sure whether, while these reminiscences were in full play, if Mr. Goodall had imparted to her the circumstance of the five guinea check, she would not have good-humouredly owned that "it was just like him," however she might afterwards have warned him against repeating the offence for the time to come. As it was, when the hour drew nigh

to be thinking of his departure by the omnibus, Mrs. Goodall, in laying out his apparel, did not forget his most attractive and imposing waistcoat, neither did she omit placing upon it that curiously elegant silver snuff-box, which he prized so highly, because she had presented it to him shortly after their marriage.

Meanwhile, Mr. Goodall did not ransack his memory in search of materials for vexatious and self-accusing reflections. He seldom troubled the past except for handy reminiscences that were sure to come at his bidding, and cheerfully show a light to the future. In accordance, therefore, with the dictates of this principle, or rather practice, he turned over in his mind, in well pleased succession, the many public dinners at which he had assisted, taking note of the distinguishing points that gave an agreeable character to each. But there were important, exalting, and impressive circumstances, connected with these festivities, which were common to all. It is a privilege (so thought Mr. Goodall) acquired at a low price, when a guinea will obtain it for you, to sit at a magnificent table glittering with a profusion of glass and plate, with hundreds of well dressed gentlemen, all in good humour and high spirits, and all apparently, and many really, as benevolent as ourselves. Then the band above, who incite you with martial music to the dismemberment of a boiled fowl, and the vocalists afterwards, whose warblings seem to thrill through and cause to tremble the very bees' wing in your wine glass! And then the exhilarating and irresistible entreaty?—no, exhortation?—hardly, command?—yes, that's the word, from the predominant toast-master, bidding gentlemen to "charge their glasses!" "That predecessor of Mr. Harker—what was the gentleman's name?" mused Goodall, "whenever he commanded us to charge our glasses, always gave me a vivid conception of the heroic tone in which the great Duke vociferated 'Up Guards, and at 'em;' and the manner in which we used to obey (here he chuckled), showed, no doubt, as much promptness as did those great battalions."

Anticipating a treat, to be recalled to memory hereafter: and made to act as a sti-

mulus to future enjoyment, Mr. Goodall, after dressing himself with more than common care, suffered himself to be scrutinized from top to toe by his wife, received her admonitions, more than once repeated, to take every care of himself, with a benevolent but superior smile, indicating that it would be rather odd if he did'nt know pretty well how to do *that*, and stepped into the omnibus, which conveyed him to the Bank. Everybody knows what a short walk it is from that favourite resort of the public creditor, when the books are open for the dividend, to the London Tavern; and thither, for he feared he might be rather late, Mr. Goodall made the best of his way. A courteous waiter, when he entered the hall of that establishment, alertly put himself into a position to learn the pleasure of the new comer.

"The Samaritan Society's Dinner," said Mr. Goodall, presenting his ticket, with a smile of recognition.

"Postponed," said the waiter, with a bland curtness, jerking his head on one side, and his right eye verging in that direction, asking by that motion, as plainly as speech could have done, "how on earth came you not to know that, sir?"

"Postponed!" exclaimed Mr. Goodall, "What! put off!"

"Till the twenty-fourth, sir. Did you not see the advertisement in the *Times*?"

"I am sorry to say I did not. God bless me, very awkward!"

"Here," cried the waiter, and vanished, but presently returned, bringing with him a printed list of the chairmen and stewards and other particulars, with the substitution of the later date, which he handed to Mr. Goodall.

But zephyr-like as was the swiftness of the etherealized waiter, as he did this last spiriting of his, our friend had had time to realize the unpleasant circumstances attending the attitude in which he stood, considered as a physical structure furnished with digestive organs, which had remained long enough unemployed. He knew not where to dine. Should he betake himself to one of the taverns which abound in the courts and alleys off Cornhill? Out of the question. He had

never been a solitary consumer of chops and steaks at the "Woolpack," "Joe's," or the "Fleece." Should he incontinently return home? It must even be so, although hopeless was the chance of any dinner to-day in that quarter; for he well knew that, whenever he dined out, Mrs. Goodall took the opportunity of having something of which she was particularly fond, and which he could not bear,

As he stood at the door of the tavern, debating this matter in his mind, with his lacklustre eye fixed upon the printed paper which had just been given to him by the waiter; who should suddenly accost him but his old friend, Worthington, of Wood Street, with whom he had been acquainted pretty nearly as long as he remembered the tree which stands at the Cheapside corner of that populous thoroughfare.

"Ha, Goodall, glad to see you," said his friend. "But what has lured you from your sylvan retreat to this busy part of the city, where there is nothing to remind you of the country but the "Flower Pot" hard by? But you look as though the spectre of the late Joseph Ady had just appeared to you, and presented you with a letter, informing you that he knows of something that concerned your welfare, which he should be happy to communicate on the payment of a sovereign."

"With satisfactory references to the Lord Mayor for the time being, and the persecuted Sir Peter," returned Goodall, with a faint smile. "No, my old friend, I'll tell you what it is, and all about it;" and hereupon he made an unreserved confession to Worthington of his present perplexity.

"Well, 'as luck would have it,' you were not to dine to-day at the London Tavern," remarked Worthington, with a genial briskness, that the other could not but consider rather ill-timed. "I say, 'as luck would have it,'" he continued, "because you shall dine with me. No denial, I won't stand it. I'm going to Blackwall to join a parcel of fellows at a white-bait dinner. Why, you know several of them; they'll be all delighted to see you. Now, no struggling and fighting in the street. The city police is a very active and efficient force by this time. Come, no

nonsense." And Worthington thrust his arm under that of his almost reluctantly resisting friend, and walking him up Gracechurch Street, took a short cut through the market, listened to a few pathetic remonstrances on the part of Goodall in Fenchurch Street, which he made contemptuously light of, and had his victim on the platform of the Blackwall railway in no time.

"Now I have you, my old boy," said Worthington, as he thrust him gently into one of the carriages.

"Yes, you have me," mused Goodall, as he placidly took a seat, and nodded assentingly. "But what will Harriet think of this, I wonder? Stuff, ridiculous! For who could resist under the circumstances? I must tell her so, I must make that quite plain to her. Harriett is a woman of sense; indeed, I don't think it would be easy to find a woman who can more readily be induced to listen to reason than Mrs. Goodall! An excellent creature—bless her!" And after this mental soliloquy, Mr. Goodall faced his friend with something very like composure.

Now, I would not for the world it should be supposed by the reader that our hero—so to call him—by making the above flattering allusions to his wife's understanding and amiability, even though by so doing he sought (as many greater men have done) to forestal her lenient construction of his present act, when he came up for judgment—I say, I would not, because he did this, have it signified that he was, what is commonly called, "hen-pecked." The truth is, Mr. Goodall had accustomed himself to defer to his wife in all things; and as his name had long ago taught him that she never complained *altogether* without cause; and as, moreover, her displeasure was always mild, and never prolonged over five minutes; and further still, as he knew full well that it was caused by her affection for him and concern about him, he was well content to be the butt of shafts, whose feathers were plucked from the halcyon's wing, and whose points were tipped with a balsam that healed every wound as soon as it was made. Therefore it was that Mr. Goodall began to think it extremely likely that he should spend a very pleasant evening.

And how could it well be otherwise, he

felt, as soon as he was ushered by Worthington into the room where all the guests were assembled? Sure enough, there were several there whom he knew very well, and who were as delighted to meet him as he was to see them; and the strangers of the party all looked like people with whom he should be happy to be better acquainted. The dinner, too, was of the first quality, and served in the best style. What champagne could be finer than this, which he was tempted to make rather too free with? Every joyous laugh testified to its exhilarating qualities; nor was his laughter unheard amidst the rest. He "must certainly bring Harriet to dine at Blackwall." "She must come; and Herbert, too, the young dog! Would'nt he twist off the wires, ha! ha! He must'nt go the whole hog, though."

CHAPTER II.

DURING the evening, Mr. Goodall, feeling a little heated, took a seat at one of the windows to enjoy the fresh breeze from the river. In the chair opposite sat a gentleman who had been introduced to him, and whose singular melancholy at such a board, and in such company, had awakened his sympathy. His present taciturnity encouraged in Goodall a well-meant desire to draw him out.

"This is a glorious prospect, Mr. L'Estrange," said he; "and one of which we Britons may well be proud."

"Of what are we Britons *not* proud?" remarked the melancholy man, with a smile that interested Goodall. "I should not be surprised to hear that even the Isle of Dogs has its champions."

"Ha, ha, very good! But, my dear sir, those vessels that represent the commerce of the world—the bustle, the activity, the signs everywhere about us, that denote a vast metropolis at hand—"

"Which in a few days I shall behold no more," interrupted Mr. L'Estrange. "To scenes familiar to me in my infancy and boyhood, I bid an eternal adieu on Friday."

"In the Company's service, I presume?" asked Goodall; "your leave of absence expired?"

"No, sir. My friend yonder, Captain

Alexander, brought me over with him from India, and I return thither in his vessel. I had hoped to have ended my days here; but, unsuccessful in discovering one or two very near and dear to me, I must e'en go back to Delhi and resume old habits, since I am not permitted to renew old affections."

"Dear me! very unpleasant, though, very distressing that," observed Goodall, taking a pinch of snuff; and he sat with his box open, gazing upon L'Estrange, who was now looking out abstractedly upon the water.

"I am very rude; pray pardon me," said the melancholy man at length, turning round suddenly. "I was in one of my sad moods again. A pinch of your snuff may, perhaps, enliven me."

Goodall handed him the box. He was about to return it, after taking a pinch, when something within the lid appeared strongly to attract his attention. There was yet light enough to examine it. Meanwhile, Goodall watched him smilingly.

"How strange!"

"Yes, rather so," thought Goodall, nodding his head.

"How lovely!"

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Goodall, highly flattered; "a miniature of my wife."

"Your wife! so young!"

"Not so very young. It was taken many years ago, long before we were married. I'll tell you all about it. You must know, I had acquired the habit of snuff-taking, and I really could not break myself of it, even though the woman I loved objected to the practice. Finding that, and being a dear girl—as she is still—she made me a present of this box, with her likeness on it, saying, that if I saw her looking at me every time I was about to take a pinch, I should, perhaps, make less frequent applications to my rappee.

"Ah! a good idea," sighed L'Estrange, and again sank into silence; but he was no longer in a state of abstraction. Several times he looked intently at Goodall, and was about to speak; but upon each occasion checked himself, apparently with a strong effort. Unluckily (so he appeared to consider it), just as he was about to offer some remark, or to make some communication,

Goodall was beckoned by Worthington from the other side of the room, that he might pass his well-approved judgment on something "very curious and particular, indeed," which he was at that moment carefully, and with a face of well-pleased anticipation, decanting.

A little before the company broke up, however, L'Estrange seized an opportunity which presented itself, and drew Goodall aside.

"My dear sir," he said earnestly, "it has occurred to me very forcibly, that you could render me a most essential service. I feel that it is of the utmost importance to me that I should have some private conversation with you."

"By all means, my dear sir," answered Goodall; "let us have a little conversation. But it must be a little one though," he added, "for the boat is expected every minute."

"This is neither the time nor the place for any communication," answered L'Estrange; "least of all, should the consequence ensue which I most fervently hope from it. Will you do me the favour of dining with me at the 'the George and Vulture,' in Cornhill, to-morrow, at five precisely.

"My dear L'Estrange," cried Goodall, patting the other gently and familiarly on the shoulder, for the "very curious and particular" was beginning to dispose him to look upon every man in the world as a friend and a brother; "that is quite out of the question. Here, I was to have dined at the London Tavern to-day; but friend Worthington brought me by force to this miserable place, where I've had a dinner not worth eating, and wine not worth speaking of. No, sir, I was once a laceman in Mill Street, but I am now a country gentleman, and I never come into the city except when I can't help it, that is, twice a year, to see an old lady—the old lady, I may say, who still keeps her sitting, and long may she continue to sit!—in Threadneedle Street. No, two days' dissipation running, my dear L'Estrange, would never do. Harriet—yes, you may look—that's my wife's name—would not allow that. I'll tell you what—you shall dine with me. Sharp four, recollect! and we can have a friendly talk," and out he flourished his card case, bidding L'Estrange select one of the

blackest amongst them; "for the man who did them is a shocking printer," said he; "and in half my cards makes me look like a gentleman who doesn't wish his name to be known, living at a place he wishes nobody to find out."

The quickness with which L'Estrange availed himself of this offer, and the eagerness with which he made himself acquainted with the address on the card, together with the uncommon care he showed that it should be safely lodged in his pocket-book, gave Goodall suddenly to understand that he was "in for it" now. But he was in no mood to encourage evil forebodings as to the morrow, and he took leave of L'Estrange (who was the guest that night of his friend the Captain) in the highest conceivable spirits, repeating almost continually his "Don't forget, now," "Sharp four, remember," "Omnibus starts from the Bank at three," &c. Wafted in what seemed to be no time to London Bridge, he was placed without delay by that "excellent fellow, and jolly dear old friend of mine," Worthington, into a cab; and a slight shaking, followed by a grating sound (the lowering of the cab steps), and a sharp click (the recoil of the gate-bell), assured him that he was *not* at the London Tavern, making along and eloquent speech on the culinary and vinous virtues of the Messrs, Lovegrove; but that he was really and truly about to be set down at Honiton Lodge, Canonbury.

Mrs. Goodall, whose imagination, ever since half-past ten o'clock, had been diving into the cells of station houses, rambling through the wards of hospitals, and making itself a spectator of a few garrotte robberies, under varying but equally awful circumstances, felt greatly relieved on beholding her husband enter the room perfectly safe; and she greeted him with a smile of welcome, which he acknowledged with hilarious cordiality. But she could not, for the life of her, make anything of the worthy man's bit by bit, disjointed narratives, which became more attenuated and incoherent every successive minute, and had no bearing whatever on the doings at the Samaritan Society's dinner. She wisely counselled him, therefore, to go to bed, adjourning him, as it were, for a more strict examination on the following morning.

Mr. Goodall entered the breakfast parlour a very different person from the lively little gentleman who had skipped into it two hours earlier on the preceding day; but he applied himself to his broiled ham with a tolerable appetite, and begged by anticipation for a cup of tea more than ordinary, and then entered, unasked, upon a true and faithful account of the events of yesterday. This, he was glad to find, as he proceeded, was received far more favourably than he had expected; so much so, that his wife had positively inquired whether "white bait was really so delicious?" Nothing now remained to tell but the invitation to L'Estrange, and this required something by way of preface.

"My dear, it would seem that I am to dine out a good deal just now."

"What do you mean? Ah, that horrid dinner at the London Tavern has still to be eaten."

"Yes, so it has. But one of the party yesterday—a gentleman just returned from India—told me he thought I might be of especial service to him, and particularly wanted my advice on some matter. He invited me to dine with him to-day at the 'George and Vulture.'"

"But you did not accept—you are not going?" exclaimed Mrs. Goodall in dismay.

"Who could refuse? but I did; so don't be angry. I invited him to dine with me."

"Well, upon my word, Goodall," said his wife, considerably relieved, although she did not choose to appear so, "you are one of the most foolish, easy men I ever was acquainted with. How do you know this person is a gentleman? He may be,"—she paused.

"Well?"

"One of the," another pause.

"One of the what?" asked Goodall.

"One of the mob we read of in the newspapers—which," added Mrs. Goodall, prudishly, "is called by a vulgar name, signifying inflation."

"The swell mob! ha, ha!" roared Goodall, although he had a terrible headache. "Signifying inflation" mimicking her. "There spoke the governess of former years, Harriet. Don't blush and be offended with me."

His wife gave him a playful pinch of the ear, and left him, and his mind was now perfectly set at ease. It was with no small satisfaction that he heard various orders issued during the morning, which assured him (although he had not doubted the fact) that Mrs. Goodall's hospitality, on which she prided herself, and for which she was celebrated by his friends, was not likely to be wanting on this occasion.

The bell at the gate gave notice of the approach of a visitor, just at the moment when Mr. Goodall's watch was telling him that such an event ought to happen, and he took what, on like occasions, was his accustomed place—at the parlour window, and scrutinized L'Estrange as he walked up the short path.

"Rather a fine style of man," said he, returning his eye-glass to his waistcoat. "I had not the best opportunity of observing him yesterday. Not one of the inflationists, I fancy."

"Mr. Goodall!"

But the door was opened, and the stranger was duly introduced and welcomed.

"God bless my soul! dear me! how extraordinary!" Where *could* Mrs. Goodall have met that tall dark man, with the large black earnest eyes, before? There was that Captain Hamilton, when she had the tuition of the three Misses Lackland. But no, that could not be. He died, poor man! of the liver complaint before they left Cheltenham. Then, again, when she was at Milan, with Lady Ramble. Didn't she well remember that night at the ball given by the Countess Dolce Farniente, when that tiresome Count Scampini so persecuted her? But "oh, absurd!" was not the Count at that time of the same age as this man now—and it was twenty-two years ago? And was not this gentleman's name L'Estrange? Well, it was very odd! She could not tell what to make of it. Why did the man persist in gazing at her so very, very earnestly? It was almost rude. And yet she could not but admit no rudeness was intended.

The dinner passed off quietly. The mind of Mr. L'Estrange was, doubtless, full of the communication he intended to make. And yet he had praised highly the currie, which had been prepared under Mrs. Goodall's su-

pervision. He addressed his remarks chiefly to that lady—a circumstance which was very pleasing to Mr. Goodall, not because such a mark of politeness was uncommon, but for a totally opposite reason. It was ever so. Mrs. Goodall was a very superior woman, and people were apt to find *that* out. Mr. Goodall was not altogether under a delusion; but if he had been, let the happy and honest love of the man plead his excuse.

“Yet be the soft triumvir’s fault forgiven,” entreats Byron, in a case which demands far more leniency from us.

When, after a glass or two of wine, Mrs. Goodall was about to retire, Mr. L’Estrange sprang to the door, and, as she passed out, said, in a low voice, “I could wish very much to see you for one minute alone.”

“What can this extraordinary person mean by asking such a thing? I *have* seen him before. What will Mr. Goodall think? But he shall be told all.”

Such were the hurried thoughts of Mrs. Goodall, hastening up stairs, and terrified at the rustling of her dress, till she found refuge in the drawing-room, where she sat during the next half-hour puzzled and frightened, and wrought herself into a state of highly nervous excitement.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen sipped their wine below. Goodall, spite of the interest he took in some of the Indian adventures told him by L’Estrange, was anxious to know what that gentleman could possibly have to say to him in relation to affairs in which his advice could prove of any assistance. He hinted as much, and was rather surprised to be told by his guest that his object was already gained, and that he need not trouble his kind host with the communication he desired to make.

It was with evident joy that, shortly after rejoining the lady in the drawing-room, L’Estrange heard the servant desire her master to step out for a moment, for that he was wanted. Mrs. Goodall, oblivious of etiquette, was about to follow, but she could not move from her seat. There was that man’s dark eye fixed upon her, and she was unable to withdraw her own from his gaze. At length, leaning forward his elbow on his knee, he

said with a smile that made her heart leap in her bosom, and in a voice which almost assured her what was coming—

“Am I so entirely changed, then? What, Harry, don’t you remember Perry?”

Mr. Goodall heard his wife’s scream as he was coming up-stairs: and hastening into the room was so excessively astonished to see Mrs. Goodall caressing and uttering words of the most affectionate endearment to Mr. L’Estrange, and Mr. L’Estrange kissing alternately the cheek and forehead of Mrs. Goodall, that he was quite unprepared indignantly to order his green-eyed monster to be saddled immediately, that he might run full tilt at the delinquent.

“Ha, Herbert!” exclaimed Mrs. Goodall, when she perceived her husband, “here is our dear Peregrine back to us at last.” And so saying, she released herself from her brother, and flinging herself into Goodall’s arms, gave way to a flood of the sweetest tears she had shed since, twenty years ago, he had made the poor governess promise to become his wife.

“Peregrine, my boy,” cried Goodall, somewhat bewildered, “we are delighted to see you again” (he had never seen him before). “My dear fellow, give us your hand. But see, I must hold her. Ah! that’s it—shake my elbow—that’s right. Let us lead her to the sofa. Come—well; that’s it—she’s better now!”

All was soon explained. Peregrine was shocked to hear, on his return to England, of his father’s failure under disgraceful circumstances, and that he had soon after destroyed himself. Concerning his mother, an old lady, once intimate with the family, told him that “Mrs. Wareham was dead, and that Miss Harriet had become a governess, and gone abroad.” She had altogether lost sight of her. Of himself, L’Estrange had many things which need not here be set down. On the death of his partner at Delhi, who had left him his fortune, he had taken his name; and having found his sister, he was now resolved on settling in his native country.

And he did so, taking a house not many hundred yards from that of his brother-in-law. The two are very good friends, holding, however, different opinions on many

important points. Mrs. Goodall usually sides with her brother when both are present, and with Mr. Goodall when she is alone with him. She does not forget—"though Mr. Goodall sometimes seems to do so"—that she has a son, and that Peregrine is the boy's uncle; and it is observable, when she walks out or goes to church with her brother, that she is always rather fidgetty and nervous. "The unmarried ladies of the present day are such very forward creatures." As yet, however, Mr. L'Estrange has not been—caught, "as luck would have it!"

THE TOMBS OF SAINT DENIS.

"And the story which you have been telling us, Doctor, pray what does that prove?" asked M. Ledru.

"It proves that the organs, whose function it is to transmit to the brain the impressions they receive, are liable to be deranged in their action by some unknown cause, so as to present an unfaithful image to the mind; and that, in such cases, objects are seen and sounds are heard which, in point of fact, have no real existence. It proves nothing more than that."

"Nevertheless," said the Chevalier Lenoir, with the timidity of a sincere and earnest philosopher, "nevertheless, there do happen certain things which leave a trace, certain prophecies which come to pass. What explanation, Doctor, can you give of the fact that blows dealt by mere spectres have caused black bruises on the person who have received them? How will you explain revelations of the future made by visions, ten, twenty, and thirty years before the events predicted have taken place? Can that which has absolutely no existence inflict a wound, or announce beforehand what will occur hereafter?"

"Ah!" said the Doctor "you allude to the vision of the King of Sweden."

"No; I allude to what I witnessed myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"And where?"

"At Saint Denis."

"And when?"

"In 1794, when the profanation of the royal tombs took place."

"Ah, yes! Attend to that, Doctor," said M. Ledru.

"Did you really see anything? Tell us all about it."

"The facts were these. In 1793, I was appointed director of the Museum of French Antiquities, and in that capacity was present at the disinterment of the bodies in the Abbey of Saint Denis, whose name had been changed into 'Franciade' by the enlightened patriots who then had the upper hand. After the lapse of forty years, I can tell you some strange particulars which occurred during the course of that desecration.

"The bitter hatred against Louis XVI., which had been instilled into the people, and which was not abated by the bloody sacrifice on the scaffold of the 21st of January, flowed backwards towards the kings who had preceded him. The mob panted to obliterate the monarchy to its very source, to destroy the monarchs even in their tombs, and to cast to the winds the accumulated ashes of a long line of sixty kings. Perhaps, also, they were further instigated by an inquisitive desire to see whether the great treasures which were stated to be inclosed in some of the tombs remained as completely undisturbed as they were reported to be. The people, therefore, rushed in a body to Saint Denis. From the 6th to the 8th of August they destroyed fifty-one tombs, the history of twelve centuries. The government then resolved to put a little method into all this disorder, to make search for its own profit, and to constitute itself the heir of the monarchy which it had just smitten down in the person of Louis XVI., its last representative. Theirs object, too, was to annihilate the name, the memory, and even the mortal remains of the dynasty—to erase utterly from the annals of the country fourteen centuries of regal government. Poor fools! They could not comprehend that man may, perchance, influence the future, but can never change the past. A vast common grave had been prepared in the cemetery, after the model of the graves of the lowest of the people. Into this large grave and on a bed of quicklime, as if they

were a mass of the vilest offal, were to be cast the remains of those who had made France one of the greatest nations in the world, from Dagobert to Louis XV.

"The people were highly satisfied with this unseemly act of violence; but it gave a still greater measure of delight to those envious legislators, advocates, and journalists—those revolutionary birds of prey—whose eyes are offended by every form of splendour, exactly, as the eyes of their brethren, the birds of night, are painfully impressed by each bright ray which falls upon them. Those who feel themselves incompetent to build, take a malicious pleasure in destruction.

"I was a appointed inspector of the excavations. It afforded me an opportunity of saving a multitude of precious relics, and I accepted the office. On Saturday the 12th of October, whilst the Queen's trial was going on, I opened the vault of the Bourbons, on the subterranean chapels, and I first removed the coffin of Henry the IV., who was assassinated on the 14th of May, 1610, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His bronze statue on the Pont-Neuf, a master-piece by John of Bologna and his pupil, had been melted down into two-sous pieces. The body of Henry the IV. was in wonderful preservation. His features perfectly recognizable, were the same that we know to have been consecrated by the love of the people and the pencil of Rubens. When he was dragged out of his grave, the first, and appeared in broad daylight in his winding-sheet, which was equally well-preserved, it caused a great sensation; and the cry, 'Long live Henry IV.!' once so popular in France, was very near being instinctively shouted beneath the vault of the desecrated church. When I observed these marks of respect,—indeed, I may almost say of affection,—I caused the body to be set up right against one of the pillars of the choir, so that all who choose might go and look at it.

"He was dressed exactly as during his lifetime, in his black velvet doublet, set off by his white ruff and wristbands; in velvet breeches to match the doublet, with silk stockings of the same colour, and velvet

shoes. His grisly locks still formed a sort of halo around his head, and his handsome white beard still fell upon his bosom. An immense procession immediately took place, as if they were visting the shrine of a saint. Women approached to touch the hands of the good king; some kissed the hem of his mantle, others made their children kneel before him, as they murmured in an undertone, 'Ah! if he were only now alive the people would not be so wretched!' They might have added, 'nor so ferocious;' for want and misery are the great causes of all national ferocity. This procession lasted during the whole of Saturday the 12th of October, of Sunday the 13th, and Monday 14th. On Monday the search was recommenced after the workmen's dinner, namely, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"The first body brought to light after that of Henry IV. was the corpse of his son, Louis XIII. It was in good preservation; and though the whole countenance was fallen, it could still be recognized by the moustache. Then came that of Louis XIV.; recognizable by the large features, which have caused his face to stand for the typical mask of the Bourbon race; only he was as black as ink. Then came successively those of Mary de Medici, the second wife of Henry IV.; of Ann of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII.; of Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain and wife of Louis XIV.; and that of the Grand Dauphin. All these bodies were putrified. That of the Grand Dauphin alone was in a state of liquid putrefaction. On Tuesday, the 15th of October, the disinterments still continued. The body of Henry IV. remained all the while leaning against the pillar, an impassible spectator of the enormous sacrilege which was being perpetrated simultaneously on his predecessors and his descendants.

"On Wednesday the 16th, exactly at the moment when the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was beheaded in the Place de la Revolution, namely, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the coffin of Louis XV. was in turn dragged from the vault of the Bourbons. He lay, according to the ancient ceremonial of France, at the entrance of the vault, awaiting his successor, who was not destined

to follow him there. They took him, carried him out, and did not open the coffin till they reached the cemetery, on the very verge of the common grave. At first, the body, when removed from the lead coffin, and still wrapped in its linen and its bandages, appeared to be entire and in good preservation; but the instant it was disincumbered of its swathing, it offered a most hideous spectacle of decomposition. The stench that came from it was so insupportable that every one near escaped to a distance; and they were obliged to burn several pounds of gunpowder in order to purify the air. In the greatest haste, they tossed into the grave all that remained of the hero of the *Paro-aux-Cerfs*, of the lover of *Madame de Cheâtearoux*, *Madame de Pompadour*, and *Madame du Barry*. As soon as the unclean relics fell upon their bed of quicklime, another heap of quicklime covered them I remained to the very last burning squibs to fumigate the spot, and shovelling on quicklime, when I heard a great uproar within the church. I entered hastily, and perceived a workman struggling with his comrades, while the women shook their fists at him, and threatened him with their vengeance.

“The wretch had quitted his sad employment to witness a spectacle that was sadder still—the execution of *Marie Antoinette*. Afterwards, excited by the cries which he had uttered himself, and which he heard around him, and maddened by the sight of blood, he had returned to *Saint Denis*, and then, going up to *Henry IV.*, who still remained leaning against the pillar, surrounded by inquisitive visitors I might almost say by devotees, he shouted out, ‘What right have you to be standing here when kings have been beheaded in the *Place de la Revolution*?’ At the same time, seizing the beard with his left hand, he tore it off, and with his right hand gave a blow to the royal body.

“It fell to the ground with a dry sounding noise, as if a bag of bones had tumbled down. A loud shout instantly arose in all directions. To any other king whatever a similar outrage might have been offered with impunity; but to *Henry IV.*, the popular king, it was almost an insult to the

people themselves. At the moment when I ran to his assistance, the sacrilegious labourer stood in considerable danger of being torn to pieces. As soon as he found that I was able to shield him from harm, he put himself completely under my protection. But although I did consent to protect him, I chose to leave him to bear the whole burden of the infamous action which he had just committed.

“‘My friends,’ I said to the workpeople, ‘let this wretched fellow go. *Henry IV.*, whom he has thus insulted, is sufficiently in favour with Heaven to obtain from God his chastisement.’

“Then, taking from him the beard which he had torn away, and which he still retained in his left hand, I turned him out of the church, telling him that he should never have any further employment from me. The yells and the menaces of his comrades pursued him down the street as he made his escape.

“Fearing some fresh outrage to *Henry IV.*, I ordered him to be carried into the common grave; but, to the last, the body was accompanied with marks of respect. Instead of being tossed, like the others, into the royal charnel-place, he was carried down, gently deposited, and carefully laid at one of the corners; and then, a stratum of earth, instead of a layer of quicklime, was piously spread over his remains.

“When the day’s work was done the labourers departed, and the keeper remained there alone by himself. He was a worthy fellow, and I placed him there to prevent any one from entering the church at night and perpetrating fresh mutilations and additional thefts. This keeper slept during the day; he watched from seven in the evening till seven in the morning. He passed the night without lying down, and either walked about to warm himself, or seated himself by a fire that was lighted against the pillar nearest to the gate. The whole basilica presented one complete image of death, which was rendered still more terrible by the devastation which had taken place. The vaults were opened, and the flagstones were set up against the walls; broken statues were scattered over the pavement; here and

there violated coffins had yielded up their dead, of which they expected to render no account before the last day of judgment. The whole scene invited the mind of man to meditation, if that mind were of an elevated order; a weak intellect would have been overwhelmed with terror.

"Happily, the keeper had no intellect at all; he was merely a mass of organised matter. He regarded all these wrecks in the same light as he would have looked upon a forest that was being thinned, or a cornfield that was under the reaper's hands. His only thought was to count the strokes of the clock, whose monotonous voice was the sole surviving living thing that sounded in the desolate basilica.

"At the moment when the clock struck midnight, and while the last stroke of the hammer was still vibrating through the sombre recesses of the church, he heard loud cries proceeding from the direction of the cemetery. Those cries were shouts for help, long wailings, and lamentations of sorrow. After the first instant of surprise, he armed himself with a pickaxe and advanced to the door which communicated from the church to the cemetery; but as soon as he had opened the door, he felt perfectly certain that the cries came from the grave of the kings. He was afraid to advance any further, so he closed the door and ran to awake me at the hotel where I was stopping.

"At first I refused to believe in the reality of the sounds which, he said, appeared to issue from the royal grave; but, as my room was exactly opposite to the church, the keeper opened the window to convince me, and in the midst of the silence of night, which was disturbed only by the rustling of the autumnal breeze, I felt quite assured that I did hear noises which were something more than the wailing of the wind. I dressed myself, and accompanied the keeper to the church. After we had arrived within, and had closed the porch door after us, we heard much more distinctly than before the wailings which he had described to me. It was all the easier to distinguish the spot whence the sounds proceeded, because the door of the cemetery, which the keeper had neglected to close properly after him, had blown open

again. No doubt could be entertained that the wailings actually came from the cemetery.

"We lighted a couple of torches and proceeded to the spot; but thrice, as we drew near the door, the current of air which rushed in extinguished them. I perceived that our situation resembled that of mariners wind-bound in a narrow strait, and that once in the cemetery we should no longer have the same struggle to maintain. Besides our torches, I made him light a lantern. The torches were blown out once more, but the lantern defied the force of the blast. We passed the strait, and as soon as we were in the cemetery we relighted our torches, and the wind spared them in the open air.

"Meanwhile as we drew near to the spot, the cries became gradually fainter, seeming to retire to a greater distance; and at the moment we reached the edge of the grave they were scarcely audible. We waved our flambeaux over the vast pit; and, in the midst of the remains, upon the stratum of lime and earth in which they were imbedded, we saw a shapeless something writhing and struggling upon the ground. That something resembled a man.

"What is the matter with you, and what do you want?' I asked of the seeming spectre.

"Alas!' he murmured, 'I am the wretched labourer who gave the blow to Henry IV.'

"But how is it that you are here?' I asked.

"First help me out of this place, Monsieur Lenoir, for I am dying; afterwards I will tell you all about it.'

"As soon as the guardian of the dead was convinced that he had to do with a living creature, the terror which at first had seized him instantly vanished. He raised a ladder which was lying on the grass, supported it in an upright position, and awaited my orders.

"I told him to let down the ladder into the pit, and urged the unfortunate wretch to mount it. He managed to drag himself to the foot of the ladder; but when he tried to rise and to mount the steps, he discovered

that he had one arm and one leg broken. We lowered him a rope with a running noose. He slipped it over his shoulders. I held the other end in my hands; the keeper descended several steps to meet him, and thanks to this double support, we contrived to rescue the living man from the fearful company of the dead. He fainted as soon as he was drawn out of the pit. We carried him close to the fire, laid him on a bed of straw, and I then sent the keeper to fetch a surgeon. He returned with a doctor before the wounded man had regained his consciousness, and it was only during the operation of setting his limbs that he opened his eyes.

"As soon as all was finished I dismissed the surgeon, and as I was anxious to know through what strange circumstance the profaner of departed royalty had fallen into their grave, I also sent the watchman home. He, for his part, desired nothing better than to go to bed after passing such a night, and I was left alone with the maimed labourer. I sat down on a stone close to the straw on which he was lying, and before the fire, whose trembling flame illumined the part of the church we occupied, leaving the distant portions of the edifice in darkness, which seemed all the thicker from our being within the circle of light. I then interrogated the wounded man, and the answer he gave me ran as follows:—

"His dismissal had caused him but very little anxiety. He had money in his pocket; and up to that day he had always found that, with money, he need want for nothing. Consequently, he entered a public-house. There he sat down to drink a bottle of wine; but as he was pouring out the third glass the landlord entered.

"'Will you make haste and finish?' the host inquired.

"'Why so?' answered the labourer.

"'Because I am told that you are the fellow who gave a blow to Henry IV.'

"'To be sure, yes; it *was* I!' said the labourer, insolently. 'What then?'

"'What then? I don't choose that a blackguard like you should drink in my

house. It is enough to bring down a curse upon it.'

"'Your house! Your house is anybody's house. Where I pay my money I make myself at home.'

"'Yes; but this time you have nothing to pay.'

"'How so?'

"'Because I won't finger money that comes from such a scamp. And, as you have nothing to pay, you have no right to make yourself at home; and, as I am master of the house, I shall take the liberty of turning you out of doors.'

"'Yes, if you happen to be the stronger of the two.'

"'If I am not, I will call my men to come and help me.'

"The landlord did call; and three young men, who had had a hint beforehand, entered at the sound of his voice, each with a stout cudgel in his hand; and, however much he might wish to stop, the intruder was compelled to retire, without uttering another syllable. He wandered for some time about the town; and, as the dinner-hour drew near, he entered an eating-house, which was frequented entirely by persons of his own class. He had just finished his soup, when some labourers, who had left off work, came in. As soon as they saw him, they stopped short on the threshold, and calling the landlord, told him that if that fellow was allowed to use his house, they would all leave it, from the first to the last. The eating-house keeper asked what the man had done, so make him an object of such universal execration. The answer was, that that was the fellow who had given a blow to Henry IV.

"'Take yourself off,' said the landlord, striding up to him. 'May what you have eaten here poison you.'

"It was even more impossible to make any resistance now than it was at the public house. The culprit rose and went out, vowing vengeance on his comrades, who shrank away from him, not because of his threats, but on account of the profanation which he had committed. He departed in a rage, spent part of the evening in strolling through

the streets of St. Denis, swearing and blaspheming; and at last, about ten o'clock at night, directed his steps to the lodgings where he slept. Contrary to the usual custom of the house, the doors were shut. He knocked. The lodging-house keeper appeared at a window. As it was quite dark, he could not see who it was that wanted to be let in.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"The man told him his name.

"Ah!" said the master of the house; 'you are the person who gave a blow to Henry IV. Wait a minute.'

"What should I wait for?" said the workman impatiently.

"The next moment a bundle fell at his feet.

"What's this?" he asked.

"That's everything belonging to you here.'

"What do you mean by everything belonging to me?"

"You may go and find a lodging wherever you like. I have no mind to have my house tumble about my ears to-night.'

"The workman, in a fury, took up a paving-stone, and threw it at the door.

"Stop awhile," said the lodging-house keeper, 'I will go and wake up some of your friends, and then we'll try and settle the business.'

"The fellow had an idea that he had nothing very agreeable to expect. He retired; and having found a door open a hundred paces off, he entered, and laid himself down in a shed. In the shed there was a quantity of straw, and upon the straw he fell asleep. A quarter before midnight it seemed as if some one touched him on the shoulder. he woke up, and saw before him a white form, which had the aspect of a woman, and which made signs to him to follow it. He believed it to be one of those unhappy females who have always a lodging and entertainment to offer to those who have the means of paying for both; and as he then had money in his purse, and preferred passing the night under a roof and in bed, to spending it in a shed on a bunch of straw, he

arose and followed her. For a moment she passed close to the houses on the left side of the Grand Rue, then she crossed the street, and turned up a lane to the right, still beckoning him to follow her. He made no difficulty about the matter; for he was only too well experienced in these nocturnal adventures, and acquainted with the lanes inhabited by those pitiable creatures. The lane led to the open fields; he imagined that the female occupied some lone house close by, and went on following her. A hundred paces further they passed through a breach in a wall; but suddenly raising his eyes, he saw before him the old Abbey of St. Denis, with its gigantic steeple, and its windows slightly tinged by the fire within it, close by which the watchman was keeping guard. He looked to see where the woman was—she had disappeared. He found himself in the cemetery. He tried to return by the breach in the wall; but in the opening, gloomy and menacing, with one arm stretched towards him, there appeared to stand the spectre of Henry IV. The phantom made a step in advance, and the wretch who had insulted him retreated a step. At the fourth or fifth step the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he fell backwards into the pit. It then seemed to him that all the kings, the predecessors and descendants of Henry IV., rose from their grave and stood around him; that some raised their sceptres over him, and others their hands of justice, shouting vengeance on the sacrilegious criminal; that at the touch of those hands of justice and those sceptres, which weighed as heavy as lead, and burnt like fire, he felt his limbs broken one after the other. At that very moment the clock struck twelve, and the watchman first heard the sounds of wailing.

"I did all that lay in my power to restore and re-assure the guilty sufferer; but his mind kept wandering; and after a delirium of three days' duration, he died, shouting, 'Mercy! mercy!'"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, "but I do not exactly understand what inference you mean to draw from your story. The accident which happened to your labourer proves that, his mind being pre-occupied with what had occurred to him in

the course of the day, he wandered about during the night, no matter whether really awake or in a state of somnambulism; that in the course of his perigrinations he entered the cemetery, and that, whilst he was looking in the air instead of minding his feet, he fell into a deep pit, where he very naturally broke a leg and an arm. But you mentioned a prediction which has come to pass; now, in all this, I cannot discover the least shadow of a prediction."

"Be patient, doctor," said the chevalier. "The story which I have just been telling, and which you are right in designating as a mere matter of fact, brings me to the prediction I am about to relate, and which is a mystery. The prediction is this:—

"About the 20th of January, 1794, after the demolition of the tomb of Francis I., the sepulchre of the Countess of Flanders, daughter of Phillip the Long, was opened. These two tombs were the last which remained to ransack; all the vaults were broken open, all the sepulchres were empty all the bones were in the charnel pit. One final place of burial remained undiscovered, namely, that of Cardinal de Retz, who, it was said, had been interred at St. Denis. All the vaults had been closed again, or nearly so; the vault of the Valois, and the vault of the Charleuses. There only remained the vault of the Bourbons, and that was to be shut the following day. The watchman was passing his last night in this church where there no longer remained anything to guard; permission was therefore given him to sleep, and he profitted by the permission. At midnight he was awoke by the sound of the organ, and other sacred music. He roused himself, rubbed his eyes, and turned his head towards the choir—that is, in the direction whence the psalmody proceeded. He then beheld, to his great surprise, that the stalls of the choir were filled by the priests of St. Denis; he beheld an archbishop officiating at the altar; he beheld the *Chapelle ardente* lighted, and beneath the lighted *Chapelle ardente*, the grand mortuary cloth of gold, which served exclusively to cover departed kings. At the moment when he awoke the mass was ended, and the ceremony of interment began. The sceptre, the

crown, and the hand of justice, lying on a cushion of crimson velvet, were delivered to the heralds, who presented them to the three princes, by whom they were respectively received. The gentlemen of the bed-chamber immediately advanced, gliding forwards rather than walking; and without the sound of their footsteps awakening the slightest echo, they took the body and carried it to the vault of the Bourbons, the only one that still remained open. Then the king-at-arms descended; and when he had descended, he shouted to the other heralds to come to him to do their office. The king-at-arms and the heralds were altogether six in number. From the bottom of the vault he called the first herald, who descended, carrying the spurs; then the second, who descended, carrying the gauntlets; then the third, who descended, carrying the shield; then the fourth, who descended, carrying the crested helmet; then the fifth, who descended carrying the coat of arms. Next he called the king's head carver, who carried the banner; the captains of the Swiss, the archers of the guard, and the two hundred gentlemen of the household; the grand esquire, who carried the royal sword; the first chamberlain, who carried the banner of France; and the high steward, before whom all the other stewards passed, casting their white wands into the vault, and saluting, as they filed away, the three princes who carried the crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice. Then the king-at-arms thrice shouted in a loud voice, —'The king is dead—long live the king. The king is dead—long live the king. The king is dead—long live the king.' Another herald, who remained in the choir, repeated after him the triple cry. Finally, the high steward broke his wand, in token that the royal household was broken up, and that the king's officers were now at liberty to look out for a fresh commission. Instantly the trumpets sounded, and the organ pealed. Then, while the voice of the trumpets grew fainter and fainter, and the notes of the organ died away, the lights of the tapers gradually faded, the forms of the company melted into air, and at the last audible tone of the music, all had utterly vanished away.

"Next day the watchman, weeping with emotion, described the royal interment he

had witnessed, and at which he, poor man, was the only person present, prophesying that the mutilated tombs would be restored, and that, in spite of the decrees of the Convention, and the murders of the guillotine, France would behold a new monarchy, and St. Denis would receive fresh kings.

"This prophecy cost the poor devil an imprisonment, and very nearly cost him his life. Thirty years afterwards, namely, on the 20th of September, 1824, behind the same column where he had beheld the vision he pulled me by the skirt of my coat, and said:—

"Well, Monsieur Lenoir, when I told you that our poor kings would one day return to St. Denis, was I mistaken?"

"In fact, on that very day Louis XVIII. was buried with exactly the same ceremonial as the guardian of the tombs had seen performed thirty years ago.

"Explain that if you can, Doctor."

A WINTER HOUR.

Comes there no joy in a winter hour,
When the blast hews by with strength and
power,

When flowers are withered and leaves are shrunk,
And Autumn hath bared the maple's trunk,
When Summer is flown; no more is heard
The mellifluous strain of the wild-wood bird,
When Winter hath saddened the season of bloom,
And death stalks over the silent tomb?

Is there no mirth in the joyous dance
At the banquet board, where bright eyes glance?
Doth not the song inspire our souls
Amid the libations of nectared bowls?
Have we a tear the eye to annoy,
A grief to shadow its light of joy?
Doth the heart return where shadows fall
On the cypress tree, or ruined wall?

'T were vain to conjecture thus on earth,
Where mirth and sorrow alike have birth;
The clouds that hang o'er the soul to-day,
By the sun of to-morrow may vanish away;
Let us seek our homes 'mid realms above,
Where strife comes not—blest land of love.
Let us flock round the hearth while burning
bright,

And bless the hour on a Winter's night!

GEO. BAYLEY.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

"Well, it's all very nice, certainly, and very complete; there doesn't seem a single thing wanting. It does credit to your taste, my dear; and I'm sure I'm heartily obliged to you for taking the trouble off my hands," said Mrs. Johnson to her husband, a prosperous city grocer, as they stood together in a drawing-room of a pretty house at Streat-ham, which he had just furnished for his eldest daughter's wedding. "Mary will be delighted; it is just her fancy. It must have cost you a great deal of money."

"Pretty well. Setting Tom up in his farm, and buying John that living, and now starting Mary, has made my balance at Masterman's look rather blue. However, now that I've got a little breathing time again, I must hunt up some of my debts; for, what with one thing and another, I've let 'em run on sadly; and I've one or two customers who won't be the worse for looking after. But what are you starting at, Madge? I know by your face that you're not quite satisfied that this room does not want something yet?"

"Well, it certainly does; it struck me at first. I shouldn't have mentioned it, only you asked me; and the more I look, the more convinced I am. In fact, the room isn't complete without it."

"Why, I thought just now you said it was complete—not a single thing wanting?"

"Did I? Well, I certainly was very wrong then; for the principal thing of all, in a room like this, is missing?"

"Confound it, what is that?"

"A handsome looking-glass, to fit that recess and reflect those beautiful hills."

"A looking-glass; Why, one to fit that place would cost fifty or sixty pounds."

"Would it? Ah! very Ekeley. I don't ask you to buy one, of course; only when poor Mary has one of her very bad attacks, and keeps the house for weeks, it would be so nice for her while lying on the sofa here to be able to see the country without moving."

"She could do that, if she sat near the window."

"Yes; but then she must go so far from

the fire, and you know how chilly she is. Certainly every thing is very nice and comfortable, and I am quite delighted; and if there was a table and clock, or something of that sort, put in the recess, the glass would n't be so much missed——”

“Why the plague won't it do as it is? I'm sure I see nothing the matter with the recess.”

“Oh, no; it's a beautiful recess, and that is what makes it so provoking not to have the proper thing to put in it. But never mind; Mary won't be vexed about it, I'm sure; she's a dutiful girl, and knows what a great deal she and her brothers have cost you lately. Besides, if she was to speak to Mr. Ingram, he'd give it her in a minute.”

“If she does, I'll ——. No, Madge; I promised Mary to furnish her house from top to bottom for a wedding present; and if she or you asks her husband that is to be for a stick or stone, I shall consider it an offence. I certainly did think there was everything here that mortal could desire; but it seems men are not up to everything. It would have been better, perhaps, if I'd let you do the furnishing yourself, only I had a fancy to surprise you, and so it seems I have—only in the wrong way.”

“Oh, I'm sure, John, I meant nothing——”

“No, no, I dare say not,” interrupted Mr. Johnson, irritably; “nobody ever does. But what I am going to say is this. Since you've found out this hole in the cloth, there'll be no peace till it's mended, I know; and you'll put so many plans to do it into Mary's head, that she'll be dissatisfied, too; and, like all the world, she'll be discontented with what she has, in pining for what she has n't. Now, I don't want this; I've promised that every thing shall be complete, and so it shall, looking-glass and all. There, don't look so delighted, Madge, as if I was taking the girl out of the workhouse, instead of putting her on the road to it; but listen to the rest. She shall have the glass; but when, I can't justly say. I haven't got so much spare cash by me at present, and I won't run in debt. Now, don't turn glumpy; she *shall* have the thing, though how soon, must depend on other people. If I can get in one or two bills that

are promised, you shall buy the article at once; if not, you must wait.”

“Oh yes, of course, nothing can be fairer. I wouldn't hurry you for the world. Mary won't be up from Derbyshire for perhaps six weeks yet; so there's plenty of time. Only I should very much like to know, dear, if you don't mind telling me, whose money you depend upon. I should have a better idea then, perhaps, of how soon you'd get it.”

“Oh, it's no secret; but you'll not be much wiser for knowing. It's Matthews I look to principally just now for ready cash. He owes me about a hundred pounds; and if he pays to-day, as he promised, you shall have the glass at once.”

Oh, thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll call in with me at that shop in Oxford Street and choose one. It'll spare you the trouble of having to go another time; and, as we're sure to want it some day soon, the people won't mind keeping it for us, of course, till we're ready. We needn't say why we can't have it now; they may think the house isn't finished, or fifty things; and really I shouldn't like to choose such an important article without your opinion, you have such taste.

“Stuff, Madge! I'm too old for blarney, and I'm not going under false colours to any man's shop. You'd better wait till I can give you the money, and then go and take the goods with one hand, and pay for them with the other; but if you can't wait—and no woman that ever I knew could—I'll go with you, and tell the man straight out that I want the article, and when I'm ready to pay I'll have it.”

And with this, knowing that when her husband spoke in the tone he now used he was immovable, Mrs. Johnson was obliged to be content.

And thus it came about, that, two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson stood in Mr. Porter's splendid show-room in Oxford Street, admiring their own full lengths, as shown in about a hundred different mirrors. Bewildered with the brilliancy of the scene, it was some time before the lady could make up her mind which to choose; but at last she fixed upon a beautiful oblong, framed in the most costly manner. The price of it was

fifty-five guineas—a price which, after much demurring, and reducing from guineas to pounds, her husband agreed to pay.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. Johnson went to his customer, Mr. Matthews—a young retail tradesman, in South Audley Street—to claim the performance of his promise.

“I can’t pay the money to-day, Johnson,” said Matthews, “because I’ve been disappointed in a remittance from the country, and I’ve been refurnishing my little place at Hornsey; but I’ll give you a bill at a month, which will be as good to you.”

“Yes, if you’re sure to be ready to meet it. Don’t give it if you’re not. I’d rather wait a few days; for I make it a point never to take up another man’s bill.”

“Of course; I never do it myself. I shall be ready, never fear. Your taking my bill would be an accommodation to me just now; for, as I said before, I’ve been refurnishing my house, and that runs off with a man’s spare cash amazingly.”

“Yes, as I know to my cost. But how comes your house to want new furniture so soon? You haven’t been married above five years, have you? and I haven’t had so much as a new chair in mine since I went into housekeeping forty years ago, though I’ve had seven children to break and wear things out more than thirty of the time.”

“Ah, but we can’t all manage so well as you and Mrs. Johnson. Young wives have n’t the care and experience of older ladies, and we must bear with them, and give them their way sometimes. Besides, the world goes on differently now to what it did when you began business. Then it was the question who could save most and spend least; and if things answered the purpose, nobody cared if they were shabby or not. Now, if a man would get on, he must cut a dash, keep up an appearance, which is n’t to be done for nothing; and, by the bye, talking of that, I’m going to have a warming soon, and shall hope to see you and Mrs. Johnson—with as many of my young friends as will honour us with their company. Your eldest is settled in the country, I think?”

“Yes, and the second is going to be mar-

ried to Robert Ingram. You know the Ingrams; don’t you deal with them?”

“Yes, a little,” said Matthews, rather hastily, and changing the subject. “When the day is fixed for the house warming, you shall have a card. And now, take a glass of sherry while I send out for a stamp.”

“No, thank you; it’s near tea-time, and I never drink just upon that; besides, I’ve had my allowance of grog, and though I don’t approve of the teetotal system, I think it does a man no good taking more than his regular quantity.”

“Oh no, certainly, but I like a glass of wine myself; I think it does me good.”

“May be; but too much wine drinking is an expensive habit.”

“So it is; but, like the ladies, we young fellows have n’t got the wisdom of our elders, and fall into bad habits, which we can’t readily leave off.”

With a shake of the head, Mr. Johnston listened, took his customer’s bill for one hundred pounds at a month, and went homewards.

A few days afterwards his intended son-in-law called, and in the course of conversation Mr. Matthews’ name was mentioned.

“He’s an expensive fellow, I think,” said Mr. Johnson. “I don’t quite like the way he is going on. He has been new furnishing his house again, and talks of giving a grand party there soon. I suppose you’ll go, Ingram?”

“I don’t know; perhaps I may, for I want to see how the land lies. He’s rather deep in our books; and, like you, I don’t quite like the way he’s going on. He may be all right, but I should like to feel safe. We’ve got his paper to the tune of about two hundred and fifty pounds; and that’s a smartish sum, you know.”

“Yes, I didn’t think you gave such long credit.”

“We don’t generally; but he was well introduced.”

“When’s his bill due?”

“Oh, somewhere about three weeks off.”

“Does he owe much, do you think?”

“Well, no, I should think not; and he’s

doing a good trade. But where's Mrs. Johnson? I want to talk to her about a letter I've had from Mary."

A week after this conversation an envelope, addressed to "John Johnson, Esq., Bucklersbury," having Mrs. Johnson's name in the left-hand corner, was delivered by the postman. It contained a handsomely engraved card, stating that Mr. and Mrs. Matthews presented their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Family, and requested the honour of their company to an evening party on the ensuing Tuesday week. That there would be dancing, was notified by the addition of the word "quadrilles" in a corner. A similar card was dispatched to Mr. Robert Ingram, who called the same evening upon the parents of his betrothed, and mentioned the circumstance.

"It'll be a dashing turn out, I hear," said he. "I met Wingfield just now, and he tells me there are above seventy invitations, and only five refusals yet. I hope Mary will be up in time."

"Oh, no fear," answered Mrs. Johnson; "but what a large house the Matthews' must have to be able to give such a party."

"Ay, and what a lot of money it'll cost them," said Johnson—"more than any of the folks that go will do them good."

"That's certain; but if every body thought like you, John," replied his wife, "there would be no society or merry-makings at all; it would be a sad dull world for young folks."

"No, it wouldn't; only I would make them *get* the money first, and spend it afterwards, which I don't think William Matthews does. However, I suppose you'll go; what's the date?"

"The tenth."

"Hum!" thought the old man, as he turned away, "that's two days before his bill to me falls due; these parties won't help him to pay it, I'm thinking."

Pending the engagement to the Matthews', Mary Johnson came home, and her mother renewed her attack upon her husband for the glass; while he, having discounted Matthews' bill, and received the money, felt that he had no excuse to offer for delaying the purchase.

Without a cheque, therefore, in her pocket,

Mrs. Johnson posted off to Oxford Street, marched with an air of authority, such as became the purchaser of a fifty-five pounds mirror, into Mr. Porter's show-room, and glancing to the well-remembered spot, found it empty.

As might be expected, she was in what ladies call a "state of mind," and quickly cried out—

"Where's my glass? Who has taken my glass? I chose it three weeks ago, and Mr. Porter promised to keep it till I called. It is an abominable thing to behave in this way; but——"

"It was quite an oversight, madam," said the foreman; "Mr. Porter went out of town in a hurry, and forgot to tell me that the article had been chosen. I therefore have sent it elsewhere; but if you can wait till after the tenth, you shall be certain to have it, unless you will make choice of some other instead."

"No, indeed, I can't; there's none here to be compared with it; there's not a frame in the room like it."

"Certainly not, madam; I must say you are quite right on that point; the frame is truly exquisite, worth the whole of the price; there's not another of the pattern in London."

"Then, of course, there is all the greater reason for my having it. I want something quite out of the common, and that is why I chose that particular glass."

"Certainly, madam; but I am sorry to say, that unless you will be good enough to select another from the stock, we shall not be able to send you this article until after the tenth."

"That is nearly a week, and I want it at once. It is really too bad—I have a great mind to go somewhere else."

"I do not think any house in London could show you a larger or better assortment than we can, madam; and you could not obtain the pattern you want elsewhere, because it was designed expressly for us, and is registered. No other house in the trade has it."

"How tiresome! Well, if I do consent to wait, can I be sure of having it? You will not deceive me again?"

"Oh, no, assuredly not. I am very sorry.

there should have been any misunderstanding at all; but in the press of business I suppose Mr. Porter overlooked the matter, which I'm certain he will regret extremely; however, if you kindly determine to wait until the eleventh, or say the twelfth, to make quite certain. I will guarantee your having the article delivered at your house."

"Very well; then this is my address, and this is where the glass is to go to. I gave the direction to Mr. Porter; but I dare say it all went out of his head together. Now, remember, I shall depend on you."

In due course, Tuesday, the tenth, came, and by about nine o'clock the reception-rooms of Mrs. Matthews were crowded.—They were good rooms, and by a clever but expensive arrangement the principal chambers were connected for the evening, by means of a temporary passage, fluted and draped tent-fashion; and at the end of the suite, an elegant card-room, "run up," as Mr. Matthews said, at "a mere trifle of expense," attracted the attention and admiration of all the guests except Mrs. Johnson, who, to her inexpressible indignation and surprise, recognised her chosen and favorite mirror at the upper end! At first, she could scarcely credit the evidence of her senses, and for a long time refused to believe them; but at length, a closer inspection confirmed her first impression, and then her wrath was boundless.

Vain were all the blandishments of her hostess—the civilities of her host—the strains of Mary's voice singing from an outer room. She could attend to nothing—think of nothing but the glass, and Mr. Porter's unexampled treachery. For a time her displeasure was exclusively confined to the faithless dealer, and his wicked ally the shopman, who had so shamelessly deceived her by making a promise, which, at the very moment of making, he must have known it would be impossible for him to perform; and for a space she comforted herself by nursing her wrath against them, and repeating over and over again, *sotta voce*, the terrible storm of reproach with which she would overwhelm the delinquents on the morrow. But ere long this exasperating consolation failed; others began to share in the angry lady's

indignation; and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and even poor innocent Mary became, almost equally with Mr. Porter, the objects of her displeasure.

In this mood she remained nearly the whole evening, replying to the affectionate speeches of Mary, the civilities of the Matthews', and the attentions of her husband, as shortly and snappishly as possible; so that Mr. Matthews (who for reasons best known to himself, was particularly anxious to stand well with his guest) and Mr. Johnson (who besides feeling thoroughly out of his element, and dissatisfied with the extravagance of his customer, was suffering from the misery attendant upon the wearing of a new pair of tight dress boots) heartily wished the festival over. But wishes and their accomplishment are generally far apart; and, notwithstanding the mortification of the host, and annoyance of his fellow sufferer, some weary time had yet to pass before either could be released from their thralldom.

At last poor Mrs. Johnson (who had been too closely attended upon by her entertainers to allow her the opportunity of speaking a single word in private to her husband, and whose rage against him and every one was all the more furious, since she could not expend it in words) took advantage of a rush from the supper-room to seize her husband's arm, and draw him angrily towards the tent.

"What is the matter? What on earth has put you out to-night, Madge?" growled Mr. Johnson, as, almost panting with suppressed indignation, his wife stopped suddenly before a large mirror, which reflected their not very graceful figures from head to foot; "what with these confounded boots, and your snappishness, I'm almost savage.—Catch me coming to such fooleries as these again."

"I shall never ask you. Not that it would matter much if I did, seeing what attention you pay to my wishes," replied the lady, in an injured tone.

"Why, what the plague would you have? Don't I do everything on earth you wish, and what——"

"Do you? Look at that!"

"Look at what? I don't see anything to

look at, except two cross faces in a looking-glass."

"Oh, of course not! and nothing particular in the glass, I dare say?"

"No, except that it's very smart—too smart for a wise man's pocket, I should think."

"Well, really! But it is just what one might have expected, though it's very hurtful to one's feelings, for all that."

"What's hurtful, Madge? and what's just what might have been expected? If anything's wrong, why the deuce don't you speak out, and not keep on beating about the bush in this way? You've gone on enough to-night to make a man say what he shouldn't."

"Have I?"

"Yes; but now do let's have an end of it, and speak straight out. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, if you don't think so."

"Very well; then there's no occasion to hear any more about it; there's been enough said about nothing, in all conscience."

"I dare say you think so," replied the angry lady; "but I don't suppose Mary will."

"Mary? Why what has Mary got to do with it?"

"Only that your friend, Mr. Matthews, has bought the looking-glass you promised her, and she has lost it—that's all."

"How do you know?—'tisn't likely.—Fifty-five pounds! The man would never be such an idiot!"

"Idiot? A very lucky one, I think. Why the shopman told me himself there was not such another glass in London; and to think of poor Mary losing it, all because you wouldn't let me buy it at once? I declare I could cry with vexation."

"Don't you be an idiot, too, Mrs. Johnson, like this hand-over-head fellow here. If that glass is gone, there are plenty more as good to be had in London for the paying for. And if there are not, folks who haven't their pockets always running over with money must look for disappointments sometimes. Fifty-five pounds for a glass! muttered the old man to himself; "and the spoons and gimcracks at supper *plated!* The man's a fool! A 'dash' indeed—he shan't dash with my money though, after this account is closed, I can tell him."

Discontentedly enough, though from very different causes, the Johnsons left the gay scene; which, whatever it might have been to others, had been to them one of unmitigated annoyance and vexation; and Mr. Matthews, returning to the supper-room after handing Mrs. Johnson to her seat in the fly, uttered an exclamation of most heartfelt relief.

All the evening through the presence of the whole family had oppressed him like an incubus; and now that they were fairly gone, he breathed freely, as if relieved from an intolerable weight.

The next morning Robert Ingram, who had observed the night before that something was wrong with his papa and mama-in-law elect, but without, of course, having the faintest idea of what it was, called upon them to make all dutiful inquiries. By the gentleman he was received more briefly than courteously; for he and his wife had been tormenting each other all the morning with a most unamiable perseverance; and two or three hours' incessant recrimination seldom operates pacifically upon the blindest temper.

"And so you stayed after we came away, I suppose, muttered Mr. Johnson to his visitor. "You had'n't had enough of the sham!"

"Oh there was some capital fun after you left, and some desperate mischief too. About a dozen fellows got speechifying in that card-room; and in the very thick of it, old Benson—you know 'Bachelor Ben', that rich old screw in Cornhill?—went in to fetch his nephew, who was kicking up a furious row, when, somehow or other, he pushed his way rather too authoritatively through the crowd, who, in return, gently turned him round and round like a teetotum, until, unluckily, he or they made one twist too many, and turned him through the looking-glass at the end of the room.

"No! What, through that spicy fifty-five pound glass!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, now thoroughly restored to good humour by the news.

"Yes; and a thorough smash they made of it. It was a desperately provoking thing for Matthews, I must say; for I don't suppose

any of the men who helped in the row could afford to pay for the damage; and Benson made it pretty well understood that he wouldn't."

"Oh, but he must, surely," cried Mary.—
"Mr. Matthews will make him, if he is mean enough not to offer to do so of his own accord."

"I don't think he will even if he could, which I am not quite so certain about."

"Why! Is he to be at the loss of other people's rioting?"

"I don't know, unless he's under any obligation to the old fellow; and a few words that were said in the clamour sounded very much like it. At any rate, Matthews was wonderfully careful to assure him how perfectly he exonerated him from all blame."

"Hum!" said the grocer suspiciously; "when you have done talking to the ladies, Ingram, I want a word with you in the counting-house."

Half an hour after, while passing the door of the sanctum, which happened to stand ajar, the sandal of Mrs. Johnson's shoe fell down; and, while retying it, she heard the following scraps of a conversation between her husband and his visitor.

"Well, that's all right; and now, perhaps, you won't mind telling me if Matthews took up his acceptance regularly?"

"No, not exactly. He paid the odd fifty, and talked over the Governor into renewing for the rest at six weeks."

There was a gloomy look upon Mr. Johnson's countenance the whole of that afternoon; and when, towards the evening, a messenger brought him a letter, which he read with every mark of displeasure, his wife was not surprised to hear from the foreman that his master was gone out on business, and that she was not to wait tea for him.

Glancing over the letter which thus cost Mr. Johnson his favourite meal, we read, as well as the jolting of the omnibus will allow, the following words:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I regret to say that a sudden and most unexpected loss will prevent my taking up my bill to-morrow, as I had fully expected to do. I shall, however, be prepared to meet it in three weeks or a month. Will you, therefore, oblige me so far as either to

hold it over for that time, or renew it in due form? With best compliments to the belles of last night, believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
"W. MATTHEWS."

The writer of this very nonchalant epistle was out when his creditor arrived to answer it in person; but returned earlier than he had perhaps intended, since the first glimpse of that gentleman's countenance assured the debtor that the present was anything but one of Mr. Johnson's "soft moments."

For a long time the young man persisted in talking on matters unconnected with the subject of his letter, overpowering his visitor with inquiries and compliments; but at last, finding his creditor sullen and impracticable, he dashed boldly into the matter, saying, with an air of candour—

"I'm afraid you're very angry with me about this business, Johnson; though 'pon my life you can't be half so much annoyed as I am. But there's no foreseeing everything, you know. Yesterday I was as sure of meeting the bill as I am sure of being alive at this moment; and now to-day—"

"Well, and what to-day?" said Mr. Johnson coldly, seeing that he paused. "You know I told you when I received the bill that I never took up any man's acceptance; and I—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Matthews, hastily; "that's all right; I know that; but circumstances alter cases sometimes. And this affair last night—I suppose you heard of it? Infernally provoking—was it not?"

"What, the party?"

"Oh, no, no; not that, my dear Johnson. How could you think of such a thing? I was delighted to see my friends. Society is my delight—my existence."

"And a pretty expensive one you must find it, if you always exist at such a rate as you did yesterday."

"Yes; it does cost one something certainly; but then, besides the pleasure, there's the advantage to one's connexion. It's quite necessary, in these go-a-head times, to keep up appearances like one's neighbours."

"Hum! Well, every man to his taste. But keeping up appearances isn't mine. Yet this has not much to do with my business, I suppose; for as you're not a ready-money

customer, I find, I don't suppose yesterday touched your pocket much. That's a delight to come."

"Ha! ha! you're a wit, Johnson. But didn't you hear of the accident which happened after you and the steady-going folks took their departure?"

"What, the looking-glass smash!"

"Yes: a pretty thing wasn't it? A hundred-guinea mirror broken by a set of fellows that I can't ask to pay a farthing."

"A hundred guineas! Why it was but fifty-five three weeks ago; and dear enough I thought it then. But prices rise wonderfully sometimes."

"Fifty-five, was it? Well, perhaps so; all the better for me," replied Matthews, somewhat disconcerted by the speech, "though that's bad enough."

"Quite. Well, you must do without a glass for the future. Look enough at your face up stairs in the morning to last all day."

"Ha, ha, so I must, so I must. Indeed I do not think, all things considered, that I should have kept the mirror after all. It wasn't quite to my taste, handsome as it was. The frame was rather too wide; and I didn't altogether like that cupid at the top—rather out of proportion, I fancy—but it did very well for the occasion."

"Very. And as you don't mean to have another, I can't see what the breakage has to do with my bill."

"But it has—everything. I shall be obliged to pay for the glass to-morrow; for the man said he had a customer, and ——"

"A customer for your glass?"

"It wasn't exactly mine; at least I hadn't bought it out and out. I only hired it for the evening."

"Hired it! Why man, is this the way you spend your money? No wonder you can't meet your bills, and want 'em renewed. This is keeping up appearances, with a vengeance."

"But, my dear sir, you look at the matter in a wrong light. Everybody who lives in the world is compelled to do things in a certain way—to have recourse occasionally to such means of ——"

"Humbugging. Well, thank goodness! I don't live in the world. And as it don't

seem to me that I shall get on very well with those who do, I think the sooner you and I close this bill affair the better. I paid your acceptance away more than a fortnight ago to Mr. Edward Benson, tea-broker, of Cornhill; and he will, of course, present it at Masterman's to-morrow. If they're obliged to answer, 'no effects,' you know the consequence. I'm sorry for it; but I can't help you."

And taking up his hat without further parley, Mr. Johnson walked out of the west end counting house.

Three months after there might have been seen in the *London Gazette*, amongst the bankrupts, the following lines:—"William Matthews, grocer and tea-dealer, South Audley Street," &c., &c.

On tracing back events to their source, it was easily found that the broken mirror, involving, as it did, the dishonouring of Mr. Johnson's bill, and consequent exposure of Matthews' affairs to the holder (a very large creditor), had been the active, if not actually the primary, cause of his ruin. His favorite maxim of "keeping up appearances" had cost him credit, business, and reputation.

The last time Matthews was heard of he was keeping a handy-store at the "Diggins;" and, judging from appearances, not thriving much better than in England.

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.

Nor far from the straggling village of Nethan Foot, in Clydesdale, stood, many years ago, a small cottage inhabited by a widow and her two daughters. Their poverty and misfortunes secured for them a certain degree of interest among their neighbours: but the peculiarities of the widow prevented much intercourse between the family and the inhabitants of the district.

In her youth "daft Jeanie," as she was styled in the village, had been the belle of Nethan Foot; but by her coquetry and love of admiration, she had excited great jealousy among the girls of the country side; and her success in securing the handsomest lad in the place as her husband had not tended to

increase her popularity. Those days, however, had long passed away. A terrible calamity had befallen her; and one single night had deprived her at once of home and husband. A sudden flood, or "spate," of the river had inundated their cottage; and, in their endeavours to save the wreck of their furniture from destruction, her husband had lost his life, and her eldest daughter received such injuries as to leave her a helpless cripple for the rest of her days.

Jeanie, never very strong-minded, broke down completely under these accumulated misfortunes; and though her bodily health was restored after the fever which followed, she rose up from her sick-bed an idiot, or rather what is called in Scotland "daft"—that peculiar state of mind between idiocy and mania.

The charity of a neighboring proprietor gave her a cottage rent free, and the Nethan Foot people gave what help they could in furnishing it, but they were themselves too poor to do more, so that the whole support of her helpless mother and sister devolved on Annie Livingstone, the younger daughter, a handsome girl of fifteen years of age.

It is only by living among the peasantry of Scotland that we learn fully to appreciate the warm heart and heroic self-sacrifices which are often concealed under their calm exterior and apparent coldness of manner; and no one acquainted with her previous history could have guessed that Annie Livingstone, the blithest hay-maker, the best reaper, the hardest worker in the field or house, the most smiling, cheerful, and best conducted-girl in the valley of the Nethan, had home sorrows which fell to the lot of few in this world. Day after day she had to leave her bed-ridden sister alone and unattended to seek a scanty means of subsistence for the family in out-of-doors labour; while more than half of her hours of rest and refreshment were occupied in running down to the cottage to see that Marian required nothing, that her mother had remembered to make the porridge, or having done so, had given Marian her share instead of devouring it all herself. But a want of care of her helpless daughter was not the only thing Annie had

to dread from "daft Jeanie." The peculiar temper and disposition of her girlhood subsisted still, and no longer kept in check by intellect, displayed themselves in a thousand vagaries, which rendered her the laughing-stock of the village, and caused bitter mortification to her daughters. Once or twice Annie had ventured to interfere with her mother's modes of proceeding; but instead of doing good by her endeavours, she not only brought upon herself reproaches, curses, even blows, but by exciting the revengeful cunning of madness, occasioned the perpetration of malicious tricks, which greatly added to her previous annoyances.

It was wonderful that in such circumstances the young girl contrived to keep her temper and good spirits; but she was well-principled and strong-minded, and, as she sometimes said when the neighbours pitied her for what she had to bear—"Eh, woman! but the back is made for the burden; and He that has seen fit to gie me heavy trials has gi'en me also a stout heart and braid shouthers to bear them. And better than all, He has given me my ain dear Mair'n to be a help in all my difficulties."

"A help, lassie? A hindrance you mean."

"No, woman, a help. Gude kens my spirit would fail me out and out if I had na Mair'n to keep me up—to read to me out of the Lord's book—for you ken I am no a great scollard mysel'—and to learn me bonnie psalms and hymns to sing when I am dowie (disheartened)."

The picture displayed by these simple words was a touching one; but much more touching was the reality of Annie's devotion to Marian. When her day's labour was over, she hurried back to her poverty-stricken home; and having swept out and dusted the kitchen, and set on the kettle for tea—an indulgence which she laboured hard to afford the invalid—she would creep up the ladder-like stair to the loft, which was her sister's sleeping chamber, and, wrapping her in an old shawl, would carry her carefully down stairs, place her in her own peculiar chair, and wait upon her with the tenderness of a sister and the watchfulness of a slave.

When tea was over, the open Bible was laid on the table; a splinter of the clear

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cannel coal of the country, which the very poor of the district frequently use instead of candles, was set on the upper bar of the grate; and by its flickering light the two sisters would spend the evening together, the younger employed in darning and patching their well-worn garments, the elder in reading to her from the holy volume. Meanwhile "daft Jeanie" would wander in and out, backwards and forwards, sometimes amusing herself with playing spiteful tricks on Annie—to whom as years went by she seemed to take a strange antipathy—sometimes sitting cowered up on the hearth, maundering and moaning, and, in spite of their efforts to the contrary, producing the most depressing effect upon her daughters' spirits. At such times it was useless to try to induce her to go to bed; her natural perversity seemed to find pleasure in refusing to do so, till Annie, worn out by her day's work, was ready to fall asleep in her chair, and was yet unable to go to bed till she had seen her mother safely in her's.

In spite of these disadvantages, however, Annie grew up a handsome, cheerful girl, respected by all who knew her, and dearly loved by those who were intimate with her. But she had very few intimates. She had no leisure to waste in idle gossip; she could not spend an evening hour in rambling by the sparkling Nethan water, or by the banks of the stately Clyde; no one ever found her loitering in the hay-field after the sun went down; no one ever met her at a kirk (harvest-home) or other rural gaiety: and even on "Saturday at e'en" she would hurry home to Marian rather than join the group of merry lads and lassies gathered round the village well. Marian was her one engrossing thought—to be with her, was her greatest happiness; and no holiday pleasure could in her eyes equal the delight she felt when on a summer Sabbath afternoon, she carried her helpless charge in her arms to the top of Dykiebutt's field, and let her look at the trees, the skies, and the rushing water, listen to the song of the lark as it fluttered in the blue ether above them, or to the mavis singing in the old apple tree that hung its branches so temptingly over the orchard wall.

But a time came when what had hit ^{THE} been Annie's greatest pleasure, was put ^{that} competition with one far greater; when the heart that had lavished so much affection on her crippled sister, and had stood steady in filial duty to a selfish and lunatic mother, was subjected to a trying ordeal.

One eventful year, when an early spring and intensely hot summer had caused the corn-fields of Blinkbonnie to ripen with such unheard of rapidity, that the Irish reapers had not yet made their appearance in the neighbourhood, it was announced throughout the vale of the Nethan, that if every man, woman, and child in the district, did not aid in getting in the harvest, half the crop would be lost. Now, as David Caldwell, the tenant of Blinkbonnie farm, was a great favourite in the neighbourhood, everybody who could handle a sickle responded to his appeal, and made quite a "poy" (fête) of going to shear at Blinkbonnie. Marian Livingstone had been so great a sufferer that season, that Annie had given up farm-labour for "sewing-work," as she called embroidery, that she might be more at home with her sister, and secure a larger income; but sedentary employments were so repugnant to her naturally active habits, that she rejoiced at the necessity which forced her to join the reapers, for David Caldwell himself had asked her to come, and he and his family had been too steadily kind to Marian for her to refuse such a request, even had she wished it. But she did not wish it; and she was among the first of the reapers who appeared at the farm.

Blinkbonnie was, as its name suggests, a very pretty place. Situated on a slope of a gentle hill that faced the south, it was the earliest farm in that part of Clydesdale; and as the winding river bathed the foot of the hill, and the woods of Craignethan clothed the opposite bank, it was also a favourite resort of the young people of the neighbourhood, who found a drink of May Caldwell's buttermilk, or a bite of her peas-meal scones a very pleasant conclusion to their evening strolls. In short, Blinkbonnie was as popular a place as the Caldwells were popular people, and everybody did their utmost to get in the corn quickly. As we have said, Annie

Livingstone was a good hand at the "heuk," ever-sickle; it was therefore natural that the best "bandster," or binder of sheaves should be selected for the part of the field where she was; and much rural mirth and wit were shown in the endeavours of two very different people to secure this honourable title, and its attendant position. They were Alick Caldwell, the farmer's brother, a journeyman carpenter of Nethan Foot and Jamie Ross, the blacksmith, who had been friendly rivals all their lives, and were so in the present instance; but Annie was by general vote chosen umpire between them, and she gave judgment in Alick's favour.

In those days the Clydesdale lasses wore the old Scottish peasant dress of the short-gown and petticoat, one which is, we fear, almost exploded, but which was as becoming as it was convenient. In it many a girl, who would have looked commonplace in modern costume, appeared piquant, if not pretty; and to Anne Livingstone it was peculiarly suited. Her broad but sloping shoulders, and her rounded waist, showed to great advantage in the close-fitting short gown, whose clear pink colour, contrasting with the deep blue of the linsey-woolsey petticoat, gave a look of freshness and cleanliness to her whole appearance, which was enhanced by the spotless purity of her neckerchief, and the snowy whiteness of her throat. In short, with her well-knit figure, her rosy cheeks, her smoothly snooded hair, her dark eyes, and her "wee bit mouth sae sweet and bonnie," Annie was altogether a very comely lassie; and when she blushed and looked down as Alick thanked her for the judgment given in his favour, he thought her so very pretty, that he was strongly tempted to catch her in his arms and give her a hearty kiss,—a mode of expressing admiration, at which many girls in their primitive district might have been more flattered than annoyed; but there was something in Annie Livingstone's whole manner and conduct which made it impossible to take such a liberty with her.

Nevertheless, when the reapers returned home that night, Alick refused his brother's invitation to remain at Blinkbonnie; and he not only contrived to keep near Annie

all the way home, but was waiting for her next morning at the end of Dykiebutt's field to escort her to the farm, and made himself quite agreeable to her on the way thither by promising to show her where she could find some wild flower roots, which Marian had long wished to have transplanted to their little garden.

"It is a pity, Annie, that you don't turn this kail-yard of yours to better account," Alick said that evening, when, on the plea of carrying the roots for her, he accompanied her down to the cottage; "it would grow potatoes and turnips as well as kail, and that would make a pleasant change for Marian."

Annie blushed.

"Maybe so," she said, ingenuously, "but I hae nae time for garden-work. I wish whiles that I had, for Mair'n is terrible fond of flowers."

The hint so unintentionally given was seized with avidity; and from that time forward many of Alick's leisure hours were devoted to Annie's garden, and not a Sunday passed over without a visit from him to "daft Jeanie's" cottage to bring a nosegay for Marian. Such considerations affected Annie very much; but Alick's weekly visits after a time gave her almost as much pain as pleasure. It was delightful, certainly, to see how happy they made Marian; and to herself, personally, they were in every way gratifying, she did so like to hear her sister and Alick talk together, to listen to their remarks on the books they had read, and the thoughts they had thought; and to feel that unlearned as she was, she could appreciate the intellectual gifts which both possessed, and which they had the power of giving forth so well; but she soon found that to her mother Alick's presence was very distasteful. So long as he was there she kept tolerably quiet—a stranger's presence generally has a certain control over persons afflicted as she was; but the moment he quitted the house, she indemnified herself for her enforced good behaviour by increased restlessness and ill temper; she abused Alick in no measured terms, ill-treated Annie worse than ever, and made Marian suffer in consequence.

And yet it was impossible to put an end to Alick's visits. If Annie told him not to come to the cottage, he said with a smile, "that he would not, if she forbade him, come ben the house; but he could not leave the garden uncared for, nor could he do without seeing her and Mair'n on Sabbaths in Dykiebutt's field. Mair'n would miss him if he did not come to see her, and bring her nosegay, and carry her down to the water-side, or to the bonnie firwood on the Lanark road; it was so dull for her, poor body, to spend ilka Sabbath in Dykiebutt's field. Besides, Mair'n liked him to come, whatever Annie did."

Poor Annie's heart beat fast.

"Oh, Alick!" she began; but suddenly recollecting herself, she stopped abruptly, and no persuasions could induce her to finish her sentence.

She felt intuitively that it was not only to talk to Marian that Alick came so often. She was conscious that it was not Marian's eyes he sought when he spoke those beautiful words which caused her heart to glow, and which seemed to shed on earth, and tree, and sky, a glory they had never known till now. But she felt, also, that this ought not to be, that in her peculiar situation she was not entitled to encourage such attentions; and yet—and yet, alas! she could not be so unwomanly as to tell him plainly that she understood why he lavished so much kindness and time on her sister. No, she had nothing for it but to let things take their course and strive to guard her own heart against him. She no longer, therefore, interdicted his visits, but she took every opportunity that offered to leave him alone with Marian, and steal out, meanwhile, to the most sequestered spots near at hand, where she might commune with her own heart, and seek from Heaven the strength necessary to sacrifice her own hopes of happiness to the claims of duty, and the comfort of her helpless charge.

Thus time stole on, till one evening, on one of these lonely strolls, she chanced to meet some of her acquaintance walking along the road in the Craignethan direction. They greeted her heartily, and asked whether she would come with them to the preaching.

"The preaching!" she said. "What preaching?"

"Eh, lassie, did you no hear that Mr. Cameron, of Cambus, is to preach the night in the Campfield? He is a real grand preacher. You had best come."

Now this invitation was very tempting to Annie, for she could not afford time to go more than once a fortnight to church at Lanark, seven miles distant, and she liked nothing better than "a grand preacher;" while enough of the old imaginative Cameronian temperament remained in her to make an open-air service more agreeable in her eyes than that in a church.

"You see, Annie," her friends continued, "the day's preaching is a kind of trial, just to see if the folk care for good doctrine; and if they come, we hear tell that Mr. Cameron will preach there ilk other Sabbath. Sae, come awa, like a good lassie. Marian can well spare you for a time."

"Maybe she can spare me the day," Annie answered, "for Alick is down by yonder the now, sae she will no' be wearyin' for want of me. Just bide a minute till I see."

And away she flew to make the proposal to Marian. She gave her unqualified approbation to Annie's going; but a shadow passed over Alick's face, even while he volunteered a promise to remain with Marian during her sister's absence, and added with a laugh, which somehow had little mirth in it, that he had just been telling Marian that he thought he must set on the kettle himself the night if he was to get his tea with them, for Annie seemed to have forgotten them altogether.

"Oh, no, I'll sort the kettle," Annie said nervously; and she lifted it from the crook, and proceeded to fill it with water at the well; but Alick took it from her, saying at the same time, that "it would set her better if she gaed to her ain room, and made herself braw for the preaching."

The touch of bitterness in his tone as he said this brought the tears to Annie's eyes. He little guessed how willingly she would have given up the preaching, anything to spend an hour in his company, if *it had been right*; but she felt that it was not so for

either of their sakes; so she brushed away her tears, smoothed her glossy hair, put a silk handkerchief he had given her round her neck; and having seen that Marian had everything she required, and that her mother was quietly asleep in her chair, she hurried to join her friends.

It was a lovely September evening. The leaves were bright with the tints of early autumn; the apple-trees, for which Clydesdale is famous, laden with golden fruit, hung temptingly over the orchard walls; and the high road, passing through a gently undulating country, abounded in charming peeps of the ever-flowing Clyde, whose varied banks, sometimes rich in wood, sometimes hemmed in by massive rocks, and sometimes skirted by gently-sloping and extensive meadows, comprise some of the fairest river scenery in Scotland. Annie, however, walked forward with a heavy heart. What was it to her that the sky was bright, and the sun brilliant? that the soft fleecy clouds piled themselves up in fantastic forms round the horizon, and that all nature seemed happy and joyous? There was an oppression on her spirits she could not shake off—a feeling that some crisis of her fate was at hand which she had no power to avert, but whose consequences would take the life from her heart, the glory from her sun and sky. Alick had spoken to her as he had never done before, as if he thought that others might have more influence over her than he had, as if she could care for any one thing or person in comparison with him; and when she tried to fix her thoughts on the place to which she was going, and for what purpose, Alick's voice rang in her ear—Alick's sad, disappointed look haunted her memory; and she reached her destination long before she had regained her composure.

The Campfield was a small holme, washed by the Nethan Water, which, making a sudden whirl at that point, surrounded it on three sides, while the fourth was bounded by a wooded hill, which separated it from the ruined Castle of Craignethan. It was a tradition in the country that the spot had been a camp of the Covenanters in the days of Claverhouse, and that a band of the Royalists

had been defeated there before the great battle of Bothwell Brigg. The people of the district still point out the path by which the Covenanters gained the hill that commanded Craignethan Castle; and allege that, for a time at least, the Royalist fortress was in their hands. At all events, the place is so connected in their minds with the days of the Covenant, that it is a favourite site for a field preaching; and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene it presents under such an aspect. The steep hill-side, the murmuring water, the soft thymy turf, the crowd of listeners, in every attitude of earnest attention, hanging on the eloquent words of the preacher, take one back to the old times when, in caves, and dells, and bleak moor-sides, the stern men of the Solemn League and Covenant listened to the truth at the risk of their own lives, and those of their nearest and dearest. Just such a preacher as might have led these warlike and determined men was Mr. Cameron of Cambus. He was old in years, with silver hair and wrinkled brow; but he had a clear penetrating eye, and that look of power, mingled with gentleness, that uncompromising love of right and truth, which strike conviction to every heart, and rouse men's souls to do or die.

At any other time, Annie Livingstone would have listened to the preacher with a kindling eye and a glowing cheek, but to-day she sat there, pale and cold, struggling to quell the tempter that whispered to her to forsake her natural duties for the love of one who was becoming dearer to her than all the world besides. She fixed her eyes on the minister, she endeavoured to follow his words, but the prayer fell unheeded on her ear; and when the full swell of the psalm, preceding the sermon, rose into the air, her voice, generally the clearest and sweetest of the congregation, quivered, and was silent. But the music was not wholly without influence on her tortured heart; and when they resumed their places to give ear to the sermon, her spirit felt more attuned to the duties of the hour.

The text given out was this:—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Annie started as the words were uttered;

and as she listened to the doctrines which Mr. Cameron deduced from them, she felt as if he must have known her inmost thoughts, so forcibly did he warn his hearers of the sin of forsaking the true and narrow path of duty to follow the devices of their own hearts, so powerfully did he press upon them the necessity of sacrificing all that was most dear to them, if it even threatened with the appointed course of life which God had traced out for them. Annie's heart beat painfully, for she knew too well that he spoke the truth. She felt that if she became Alick Cadwell's wife she could not then perform, as she now did, those filial and sisterly offices which had been hers from childhood, and which it would be mean and criminal to forsake. When she rose to receive the old minister's blessing, vowed, with a sad heart, but a steadfast spirit, that, come what would, she would abide by her duty. Poor girl! she little thought how near and severe a test was awaiting her.

"Annie," said a voice at her ear, as she turned to leave the Campfield; "did you no ken that I was so near you?"

Alick need not have asked the question, for the sudden flush of the cheek, and the quick bright sparkle of the eye were enough to show her previous ignorance.

"Marian bade me follow you, lassie. She said she did not like the look of the sky, and would feel mair at ease if I convoyed you home."

"Hout," said Annie hastily; "what makes Mari'n sae timoursome? The sky is blue and bright, and even if it should be wet, what does a drop of rain signify?"

"I thought you would have liked me to come, Annie," was Alick's simple answer.

Annie turned away her head to conceal how much his sorrowful tone affected her.

"Ay, so I do," she said with assumed cheerfulness; "but I dinna like Marian being left alone, so we had best walk fast hame," and she quickened her pace. As they did so, a distant muttering of thunder was heard, and Annie added, "Marian was right, after all. It is wonderful how she gusses some things, Alick. She is like the birds and the beasts that get restless and discomfortable before a storm, although

there is not a sign of it in the heavens bigger than a man's hand."

"That ane is bigger," Alick said, pointing to a mass of threatening cloud which was rapidly covering the sky; "and if you would take my advice, Annie, you would gang with me to Blinkbonnie, and bide there till the storm is past."

"No, no," she said nervously; "I maun gang hame to Marian, and my mother, pair body."

Alick remonstrated no further, but silently followed her, as she flew rather than ran in the direction of Nethan Foot. It was growing very dark, and the rest of the congregation, having no such call as Annie's to hurry homeward, had already taken shelter in the cottages near Campfield, advising her, as they did so, to follow their example.

"I cannot," she said; "I must get hame, 'deed I must," and striking off from the high road, she hurried along the by-path by the Nethan Water. The evening grew darker and darker; it seemed as if the twilight had been forgotten, and the bright day had suddenly been merged in night. The thunder became every moment louder, and the lightning flashed through the trees with fearful brilliancy. The river roared along its banks, and as they approached the Nethan's confluence with the Clyde, even Annie's brave spirit trembled. She wondered whether they could cross the stepping-stones in such a flood, and in such darkness. But she had a strong will: she knew the stones to trust as well by night as by day; and besides, the storm had so lately begun, that the Nethan, she thought, could not have risen very much. So she hurried forward still faster, and her foot was already on the overhanging bank, when Alick drew her forcibly back.

"Are you mad, Annie," he cried, "to try the stepping-stones in such a spate?" (flood). And he threw his strong arms round her.

"Let me go, Alick! I must get home to Mari'n," she said, struggling to get free; and she might have succeeded in doing so, for she was nearly his equal in physical strength, had not a vivid flash lighted up the scene at the moment, and shown her the peril which awaited her. The generally calm Nethan Water was seething like a cauldron, and ca-

reering down to the Clyde with uncontrollable force. As if a thick curtain had been withdrawn by the flash, she saw sticks and stones whirl past by the raging and boiling waters. She saw the banks giving way before her eyes, and the trees that grew on them nodding to their fall. It was a glorious but terrific picture, as the whole bend of the river illumined by that fearful light shone for a single instant, then disappeared in the darkness. But short as that glance had been, it had showed her that had not Alick pulled her back, she must have been engulfed in the waters, and no mortal power could have brought her to shore alive. The imminence of the danger from which she had been saved overcame her with a sudden weakness; she trembled, her struggle ceased, her head dropped on Alick's shoulder, and she burst into tears.

"Annie," he said soothingly, "dinna' greet, for you see I couldna' let you drown yourself afore my een and no' try to save you;" and the stalwart arms that had lately so sturdily opposed her will, now folded her in a close embrace.

"Oh, Alick," she replied, with her usual simple truthfulness, "it's no' that gars me greet, but the thought that my wilfulness might hae cost your life as well as my ain."

He stooped down and pressed a first kiss on the brow that still rested on his shoulder.

"Annie, my own Annie!" he whispered; "what would life be to me wantin' you?"

"Dinna say that, Alick," she said hurriedly, and rousing herself from the momentary yielding to her softer feelings; "this is neither a time nor a place to think of such things. I maun gang hame to Mair'n."

It was impossible for Annie after that Sabbath adventure to conceal either from herself or Alick that they loved each other dearly; but no persuasions could induce her to consent to be his wife. In vain he represented that he should consider Marian's presence in her household as a blessing, and that he had been so long accustomed to her mother's ways that he should find no difficulty in accomodating himself to them. "It was true that Mrs. Livingstone was a little afraid of him, but that was so much the

better, as it evidently kept her in check."

Annie shook her head.

"She knew better what her mother really was, and to what she would expose them both; and she loved Alick too dearly to inflict such annoyance upon him."

"Then could she not remain in her present home and have a lassie to wait on her?" Alick asked. He was well to do in the world; he could easily afford the expense, and that would make all straight.

But Annie was firm in resisting every temptation. On that same night when Alick had saved her life, she had knelt down by Marian's bed, and in her presence had vowed a vow to the Lord, that nothing should ever persuade her to yield to him in this matter. And she would not, she could not be forsworn.

"Well, well, Annie," Alick said, with a faint smile; a wilful wife maun ha'e her way. He that will to Couper maun to Couper; but if Annie Livingstone is no' to be my wife de'il tak' me if any other shall have me."

And he marched out of the cottage.

The tears sprung to Annie's eyes—they came there very often now—but she wiped them, away, and said—

"Ay, ay, he thinks so the now; but men canna wait as women do, hoping and hoping when the heart is sick and the spirit faint. He will marry some day; and if it be for his happiness, I will be thankful."

Still it was very hard for her to be thankful, when, year by year, she saw him courted by the bonniest lasses of Clydesdale; or learned that Alick Caldwell had been the blythest singer at the Hogmenay (last night of the year) ball at Blinkbonnie, or that every one suspected that the fine valentine Ellen Lauder got on St. Valentine's day came from "bonnie Alick." At length the report of his engagement to Ellen became so prevalent, that even Marian believed it; and one fine day, when returning from Lanark, where she had been to carry home her "sewing work," Annie herself met Alick and Ellen walking together in the firwood. A pang went through her heart at this confirmation of all she had heard, and she was startled to find from it how little belief she had hitherto had in the truth of the story. Yet it was only natural

and right that it should be true. It was now three years since she had refused Alick, and very few men would have waited so long.

Thus thinking, she was a little surprised to see him come to the cottage as usual, and bring with him Marian's nosegay, and some numbers of a periodical, with which he had supplied her regularly since its commencement. But though he had not forgotten to be kind to Marian, Annie fancied that he looked less cheerful than he generally did; and, with the view of putting him at ease, she took courage to congratulate him on his marriage to Ellen, and to wish him every happiness.

He got up; and advancing straight to the place where she stood, he took her two hands in his, and said seriously—

"Annie, do you mean what you say? Do you really believe that I love, or, rather, that I mean to marry Ellen, while you are still Annie Livingstone?"

The colour came and went into Annie's cheek, and her eyes fell under his steady glance; but she answered faintly—

"I did mean it Alick; and I think you would only do what is right and prudent if you married her."

"And you, Marian," he said, turning to the poor cripple. "What do you think?"

"That a man is the better of a wife," she said quietly, "and that you will never get Annie, you might just as well tak' Ellen."

Alick looked distressed, and muttered—

"For if you forsake me, Marian,
I'll e'en tak' up wi' Jean."

That is what an auld sang of the Ewe-bucht says. I ken that," he added; but it is not my doctrine, Marian. I consider marriage in a higher and holier light; and if Annie refuses me, I must e'en rest as I am. So now you have my thoughts on the matter, and you must never again insult me by believing the nonsense of the Nethan-Foot chatterers."

And thus things went on, month after month, and year after year; and the only comfort poor Annie had in her life of trial was the conviction that she was doing her duty. As age advanced on daft Jeanie, she became more unmanageable; and all the

exertions her daughter could make was scarcely sufficient to keep her eccentricities within bounds, and to support her and Marian. But Annie contrived it somehow; and not even Alick guessed the bitter struggles, the personal sacrifices, the weariness and the starvation she endured to keep her poor mother from the parish, and to provide for Marian the little luxuries which in her position were actual necessities.

The end however, came at length, and when it was at least expected. "Daft Jeanie" took a fever and died, and Annie's toils were comparatively light thenceforward; but in one particular it seemed as if the release had come too late, for Alick weary of waiting as many years as Jacob served for Leah, had quitted Nethan-Foot a few months previously. Some said he had gone to Edinburgh, some said to London; but, at all events, he had disappeared entirely from the neighbourhood; and in those days of heavy postage, so little intercourse was kept up between distant friends, that even his brother at Blinkbonnie only wrote to him at long intervals. Thus it happened that nearly a whole year elapsed ere Alick learned "that daft Jeanie was gone at last, and a' the folk thought poor Annie had a good riddance of her; but nevertheless she looked mair ill and pale than she had ever done before."

The news caused Alick to hurry back to Nethan-Foot, and one beautiful spring afternoon he entered the home of his childhood. He had walked from Lanark; and, somewhat overcome by heat and fatigue, he paused under the shadow of the firwood to collect his thoughts ere he re-entered Annie's cottage. He looked down on the Clyde and its rolling waters, on the green grass fields, on the apple orchards white with blossom; and as he recalled the many trifling incidents which connected Annie with these familiar objects, he pictured how she would greet him now. Would not her eyes light up, as they used to do so long ago, when he chanced to come on her suddenly? her cheeks brighten, and her lips smile upon him? and would she not speak to him as she had spoken on that eventful night, in that sweet, touching, tearful voice that still

rung in his ear? The very thought of it made his heart bound within his breast, and caused him to quicken his pace as he took the path leading to the cottage. To his surprise he found several groups of people gathered round the door; and there was something in their strange way of looking at him, as he advanced, that sent a chill through his veins he scarce knew why.

"How is Annie?" he asked, abruptly, of an acquaintance who stood in the door-way.

"Gang in yourself and see," was the enigmatical answer; her troubles are past, to my thinking."

What did the man mean? Alick had not the courage to ask the question in words; but, on entering the kitchen, he turned white and faint, as the mourning groups standing round seemed to give a dreadful confirmation to his fears.

"Annie, Annie!" he exclaimed, as he darted toward towards the inner room. "I maun see my Annie ance again!"

He rudely thrust aside those who strove to prevent his entrance into the chamber where the corpse lay.

"She's there, Alick," they whispered; "but you mauna gang in—you mauna gang in."

Alick made no answer, but pushed open the half-closed door. On the rough kitchen table stood the open coffin; men and women were gathered around it; and the expression of deep grief that clouded their faces destroyed the last glimmer of hope that lingered in his breast, and for an instant he stood powerless. But the noise he had made on entering had caused the mourners to turn towards the door; and one of them, with a shrill cry, sprang towards him, and flung herself into his arms.

"Alick, dear Alick, are you come at last? She said you would come, and that none but Alick Caldwell should lay Marian Livingstone's head in the grave. And you are come? His name be praised!"

That night Annie Livingstone, spent alone in her desolate cottage; but a little time afterwards she quitted Nethan-Foot as Alick Cadwell's wife; and her after-life gave proof that a good sister and dutiful daughter are sure to make a good wife and a good mother.

ZELINDA: OR THE CONVERTED ONE.

CHAPTER I.

A MILD evening air rose from the waves that wash the shores of Malaga, awakening the guitars of many merry musicians, who either whiled away a lonesome hour in the ships that lay at anchor in the harbour, or who chanced to be in some suburban villa with its beautiful gardens. Their melodies, vying with the tunes of the feathered songsters of the grove, seemed to greet the return of the evening's refreshing coolness, and were wafted, as it were, on the wings of the gentle zephyrs that breathed from ocean over the adjacent paradise. Some groups of soldiers reclining on the beach, and who intended to pass the night under the canopy of heaven, that they might be ready to embark at earliest dawn of day, forgot, through the charms of the pleasant evening, their former resolve to devote these last hours, which were to be spent on European soil, to the comfortable enjoyment of refreshing slumber. This purpose had, however, given way to jovial carousings; the scene assumed the appearance of a military mess; soldier songs were sung; flasks containing generous Xeres wine were opened and quickly emptied. whilst the air rang with the "Vivats" occasioned by drinking the health of the great military toast of the day, the Emperor Charles V., who at this moment was besieging that pirate's nest, Tunis—and whom these soldiers were destined to join as a reinforcement.

The merry troops were not all countrymen. Only two companies were Spaniards' the third consisted entirely of Germans; and doubtless many squabbles had arisen on account of the difference of customs and idiom. But now the common dangers of their approaching voyage and exploits, as also the pleasurable sensations produced by the mild southern evening, served to tighten the bond of fellowship among them in free undisturbed concord. The Germans tried to converse in the Castilian idiom, the Spaniards in German, nor did it occur to either the one or the other to ridicule the oddities of speech which now and then were heard in the community. They mutually assisted each other; considering only the pleasure of the companion addressed, and the speakers used the idiom most familiar to their respective hearers.

At some little distance from the boisterous group, a young German officer, Heimbert von Waldhausen by name, lay reclining under a cork-tree, gazing at the stars with fixed look,

and thus apparently quite estranged from that spirit of social hilarity which was wont to characterize him, and render him a favourite among his comrades. Don Fadrique Mendez, a brave young Spanish captain, and usually as grave and thoughtful as the other was cheerful and affable, solemnly accosted him in the following manner :—

“Pardon, me, senor, if I disturb your meditations. Since, however, I have frequently had the pleasure of witnessing your heroism and brotherly attachment in many an hour of need, I address myself to you in preference to any one else, for the purpose of requesting the assistance of your knightly services this evening, provided that this does not interfere with your own arrangements.”

“Dear friend,” replied Heimbart, “I will not conceal from you the fact that I have some important matters to transact ere sunrise, but till midnight I am disengaged, and entirely at your service.”

“That suffices,” said Fadrique; “for by midnight all the tones must be hushed, with which I intend to take leave of what is dearest to me in this my native place. But that you may be so acquainted with all the particulars as becometh a generous comrade, listen to me attentively for a few short minutes :—

“Some time before leaving Malaga for the purpose of joining myself to the standard of our great Emperor, in order to assist in spreading the glory of his arms throughout Italy, I, according to the custom of young knights, was in the service of a beautiful young lady of this town, called Lucilla. She had at that time barely arrived at the threshold which separates childhood from maidenhood; and whilst I, a mere boy, just capable of handling a sword, presented my homage in a friendly, boyish manner, it was received by my young mistress in a way equally friendly and childlike. I soon after took my departure for Italy, and, as you who have since then been my companion in arms well know, have been at some warm engagements, and travelled over many an enchanting corner of that delightful country. Amid all the shiftings and changes of my course, I always had the image of my mistress deeply imprinted on my memory, and never, for a moment, lost sight of the promises I made her at departure; though, to tell the honest truth, I was actuated by a feeling of honour, inasmuch as I had

pledged my word, rather than by any very ardent or immoderate glow of feelings in my heart. On recently returning to my native town, after having wandered, Ulysses-like, through so many strange and various regions, I found my mistress married to a rich nobleman here. Love now yielded to maddening jealousy—this all but omnipotent child of Heaven, or of the infernal regions, spurred me on to track Lucilla in all her walks; from her home to church, from thence to the door of any of her friends, thence again to her home, or to a circle of ladies and knights—in short, as indefatigably as opportunity would possibly permit. When, however, I became convinced that no other young knight was in her train, and that she had devoted all the affections of her heart to the husband, not of her choice indeed, but that of her parents, I was perfectly satisfied, and would not have importuned you now, had not Lucilla whispered into my ear, the day before yesterday, imploring me not to provoke her lord, who was of a very irascible as well as bold temper; that although not the least danger could ensue to her, whom he fondly loved and honored, yet his rage would burst forth the more furiously on me. Thus you may easily perceive, noble brother, that I could not avoid proving my utter contempt of all personal danger, by following Lucilla’s footsteps still more closely than before; and by serenading her each night under her lattice, until the morning star began to make ocean’s waves his mirror. This very night, at the hour of twelve, Lucilla’s husband journeys to Madrid, after which time I purpose entirely to avoid the street in which he lives; till then, however, I shall commence, as soon as dusk will decently permit, one incessant serenade of love romance before his house. Of course, I have my suspicions that not only he, but also Lucilla’s brothers are prepared to give me a soldier-like reception, and therefore, senor, have thought fit to enlist your valiant sword in this brief adventure.”

Heimbart now took the Spaniard cordially by the hand, and said :—“To prove to you, dear friend, how willingly I undertake to execute your wishes, I will exchange confidence for confidence, and relate to you an agreeable adventure that happened to me in this town, at the same time engaging the favour of your assistance in a little scheme after midnight. My tale is brief, and will not detain us longer than we otherwise should have to wait, till twilight

shall have set in with deeper and more lengthened shadows.

“On the day we entered this town, I took a fancy to promenade up and down the beautiful gardens which surround it. It is now long since I first set foot in these southern climes, but I am almost constrained to think that the dreams which nightly transport me to my northern Fatherland contribute greatly to render every body and everything that surround me here strange and astonishing. At least I know that every morning, on awaking, I am as much lost in amazement, as though I had just arrived. In such a mood I wandered, on that day, among the aloes, laurels, and rose-laurels. Suddenly I heard a scream, and a young lady, slender in figure and dressed in white, fell into my arms in a fainting fit, whilst her companions ran about in the greatest alarm and confusion. A soldier can generally recollect himself in a short space of time, and thus I immediately became aware that an enraged bull was pursuing the damsel. I lost not a moment in swinging the fair one over a hedge then in full bloom, vaulted over myself after her, when the animal, blind with fury, rushed past; nor did I ever learn anything respecting its fate, except that some young knights, in a neighbouring town, had been intending to practise with it, previous to the regular bull-fight, and that this had occasioned its unceremonious course through the gardens. We now stood quite alone, the lady still insensible in my arms, whom to behold was to me such an enchanting sight, that I never in my life felt at once so delighted, and yet so sad. At last I laid her gently on the ground, and sprinkled her angelic brow with water from an adjacent fount. I remembered, indeed, that under these circumstances the fresh breezes of the sky should gain admittance to the alabaster bosom and neck, but I could not venture on such a step in the case before me—being too entranced to look at her.

“She expressed her thanks in words both graceful and modest, and called me her knight, but I stood still like one enchanted, and could not utter a syllable, so that she must have almost taken me to be dumb. At last, however, I found words to address her, and from my heart proceeded a request that the lovely maiden would often deign to be found in this same garden; I told her that in a few weeks the service of the Emperor would oblige me to go into sultry Africa, and besought her to grant me the

bliss of seeing her lovely features till then. Regarding me partly with smiles, partly with tenderness, she nodded assent. In compliance with the eagerness of my request, she has faithfully kept her promise, and appeared to me almost every day, though we have not exchanged very many words with each other; for, notwithstanding that she frequently came unattended, I could do nothing else than walk by her side in mute astonishment and ecstasies. At times she sang a song, and I also one. On informing her yesterday that our departure was nigh at hand, it seemed as though dew sparkled in her soft blue eyes. I too must have appeared quite overcome, for she said, as it were to console me—‘Honest and unassuming soldier, I will trust thee as I would an angel. After midnight, ere to-morrow’s dawn invites you to your journey, I permit you to take leave of me on this very spot. If you can obtain some faithful, discreet comrade to accompany you and prevent disturbance on the part of strangers, it will be all the better; as there may be many a tumultuous soldier traversing the streets on his return from a farewell banquet.’ And now fortune has provided me with just such a comrade, and I go to the lovely maid with double pleasure.”

“Would that your adventure were replete with peril,” said Fadrique, “that I might be enabled, practically, to prove to you how much my life is at your service. But come, noble comrade, the time for my adventure has arrived.”

And enveloping themselves in their capacious Spanish mantles, both young captains bent their steps hastily towards the town, Fadrique having meanwhile put a handsome guitar under his arm.

CHAPTER II.

The night-violets before Lucilla’s window had already begun to breathe out a refreshing odor, when Fadrique, who leant against the corner of an old church-like edifice on the opposite side, which spread a huge shadow around, tuned his instrument. Heimbert had placed himself not far from his comrade behind a pillar, having a naked sword under his mantle, and looking about on every side with his bright blue eyes, resembling two watchful stars.

Fadrique sang:—

I.

In merry May upon the meadow,
Graceful stood a flow’ret bright:
White and ruddy—soft and slender,
’Twas my youthful eyes’ delight.

Its praise I frequent sang the while,
It blossomed 'neath my secret smile.

II.

Far, since then, and wide I've wandered,
In dangerous and bloody ways;
My wanderings o'er, to home returning,
I sought my flower of early days.
No more it grew in open air.
Transplanted was my flow'ret fair.

III.

Surrounded by a golden railing,
I marked the bright, secluded spot:
Seemed thus to me the gardener saying—
"Admire the flower, but touch it not?"
The golden rails to him I grant,
Give me my flower—my flower I want.

IV.

Yet while around I'm wandering,
Sadly I touch my lyre's soft string:
And, as before, thy loveliness,
My flow'ret loved and lost, I sing—
The gardener can't deny me this,
Nor rob me of this secret bliss.

"We will see that, Senor," exclaimed a man, approaching Fadrique, unperceived, as he thought; who, however, having ascertained the stranger's proximity through a signal given by his vigilant companion, replied with the utmost coolness—

"If, Senor, you are desirous of having a lawsuit with my guitar, allow me to intimate that, on such occasions, my instrument is furnished with a steel tongue, which has already rendered some important legal services under similar circumstances. To which of the two, then, are you willing to address yourself at present—the guitar or the advocate?"

Whilst the stranger, somewhat puzzled, still maintained silence, Heimbart had made up to two muffled figures, who stood at a little distance, as though they were stationed there, with the view of intercepting his comrade's retreat, should he feel disposed to make his escape. "I presume, gentlemen," said Heimbart in a jocular manner, "that we are all here on the same errand, viz., to prevent any one disturbing the conversation of those two noblemen. As regards myself, at least, you may rest assured that whosoever manifests the slightest wish of interrupting them, receives my poignard in his heart. Take courage, then; I fancy we shall fulfil our trust nobly." The two figures hereupon bowed courteously, though with evident embarrassment, and were silent.

On the whole, the coolness which the two soldiers had evinced throughout the whole affair entirely disconcerted their three antago-

nists, who were at a loss how to commence the affray; all doubts upon the subject were, however, dismissed, when Fadrique, tuning his guitar anew, prepared to accompany his instrument with his voice, this mark of defiance and contempt, as though there were no danger, or even shadow of danger, at last had the effect of exasperating Lucilla's husband—for it was he who had taken his stand at Don Fadrique's side—to such a degree that, without any further delay, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and exclaimed in a voice almost stifled with rage—"Draw, or I will thrust you through the body in an instant."

"With all my heart," said Fadrique composedly; there is no necessity for you to threaten me thus; you might have spoken to me more civilly." Then carefully depositing his guitar in one of the niches of the edifice, he seized his sword with his right hand, saluted his opponent after the approved manner of fencing etiquette, and put himself on the defensive.

At first the two muffled figures, who, as the reader will probably have already conjectured, were no other than Lucilla's brothers, stood motionless at Heimbart's side, but when they saw Fadrique pressing upon their kinsman, their gestures were strongly indicative of a desire to interfere in the matter. Heimbart, noticing this, brandished his powerful weapon in the clear moonshine, and said—

"I beg, gentlemen, that I may not have to practice upon yourselves what I so lately alluded to! I trust that you will not compel me to take any steps; but, in the event of there being no alternative, I shall, without a doubt keep my word."

The two young men, on hearing this speech, stood motionless and perplexed by the mingled firmness and trusty fidelity of Heimbart's words.

Meanwhile, Don Fadrique, who though he pressed his opponent hard, had nevertheless been generous enough not to wound him, practised one of those skilful feats common to skilful swordsmen. Striking his antagonist's weapon out of his hand, he tossed it up in the air, and adroitly catching it again near the point, politely presented the handle to the other, with these words—

"Take it, Senor, and I hope that our affair of honour is now ended, as, under these circumstances, I may confess to you that my presence here, at this moment, is solely for the purpose of showing that I fear no sword in the world.—

The cathedral clock is striking twelve, and I give you my word of honour, as a knight and a soldier, that neither does Donna Lucilla, in the slightest degree, favour my suit, nor will I ever again, were I to remain a hundred years in Malagu, sing love ditties from this spot. Have no scruples to order your travelling carriage, and may God bless you."

Having taken leave of his discomfited opponent with grave and solemn courtesy, he went away. Heimbert followed him, having previously shaken hands in a friendly way with the two young strangers, and addressed them as follows:—"Oh! no, gentleman, let it never enter your head to interfere in an honourable duel; pray, remember that."

He soon made up to his companion, and walked at his side full of ardent expectation, and with so violent a palpitation of the heart that he could not utter a syllable. Don Fadrique Mendez likewise was silent; only when Heimbert stopped at a neat garden gate, and pointing to the heavily-laden orange branches, said, "This is the spot, dear comrade!" Only then did the Spaniard open his mouth, as in the act of asking a question; but he immediately seemed to have changed his purpose, and only replied—"Of course, according to our preconcerted arrangements, I shall stand sentry at the gate till dawn; I give you my word of honour for that."

Thereupon he began to march backwards and forwards before the gate, with his drawn sword like a sentinel, whilst Heimbert trembling all over, slipped into one of the walks partially obscured by the densely overhanging, fragrant foliage.

CHAPTER III.

He had not to seek long for the lovely constellation which he felt was destined to guide the course of his whole future life. A delicate figure, whom Heimbert soon recognized to be the object of his love, approached him at a little distance from the gate, in tears (as the full moon, just ascending in the heavens showed), and yet smiling with such tender grace that her tears resembled a festive ornament of pearls rather than a veil of sadness. Full of feelings of felicitous joy, as well as deep anguish, the two lovers walked in silence side by side along the blooming hedgerows; now, a stray branch rocked by the gentle evening breeze, brushed the lyre under the maiden's arm, producing a

soft murmur which mingled sweetly with Philomela's notes; now, her taper fingers flew over its cords in seraphic flight. The shooting stars seemed to dart forward in unison with the flighty tones of the lyre. Oh! how replete with heavenly bliss was this walk to both the lovers; no impure feelings, no unhallowed desires, disturbed the current of their meditations.—They walked side by side, happy in the thought that heaven had willed their pleasure, and so little desirous were they of ought else but each other's company, that even the transitory nature of present delight receded into the background of their memory.

In the centre of this charming garden, a grass plot, decorated with well-chiselled statues of Parian marble, contained a fountain shedding its melodious jets around. At its edge, the lovers seated themselves, taking a refreshing gaze, now at the stars of heaven, reflected by the kindly moon in the calm blue waters, now regarding each other's features, glowing with healthful beauty.

The maiden fingered her guitar, whilst Heimbert, moved by emotions unintelligible to himself, sang as follows:

Maiden, tell, O tell me, name,
Reveal by what undying flame
This heart is scorched, till it can bear
Of life no longer any share:
Would'st thou be kind, then tell to me,
Maiden, if love has found out thee?

Suddenly he paused, and a blush, caused by fear that his boldness had given offence, overspread his face. The maiden also reddened, and, turning her face slightly from the instrument, accompanied it with her voice:

DONNA CLARA.

I.

Tell me, ye stars, bright shining,
Mirrored in the fountain's tide,
Who is the maiden sitting
And the youth its brink beside?
Needs the maiden tell her name?
Tells it me this blush of shame?

II.

The knight's name first discover,
Fair Castle, who on the day
Of thy most famous battle
Fought at Pavia.
Highest in the rolls of fame—
Heimbert is the hero's name.

III.

Conqueror in that proud battle,
And in hundred fights beside,
He sits now by the fountain,
Donna Clara at his side.
Now the hero knows her name,
Needs she feel the blush of shame?

"O, as to that Pavian affair," said Heimbert, blushing as deeply as before, but not from the same cause, "upon my word, Donna Clara, it was a mere trifle, a bit of preparatory exercise, nothing else; and, if I ever chanced to encounter peril or difficulty, I could never merit such joy as I now experience in your company. Ah! now I know your name, and may lip it, lovely Clara! But do tell me who it was that mentioned my little adventures to you in so flattering a manner, and I will carry him in my arms henceforth."

"Does the noble Heimbert von Waldhausen imagine," replied Clara, "that the grandes of Spain send not their sons into the hottest part of the fight at Heimbert's side? You must have noticed them, *senor*, during some period of the engagement, and why may not some kinsman of mine have related your exploits to me?"

Meanwhile a small bell was heard sending forth its silvery voice from a neighbouring palace, and Clara whispered, "'Tis high time I must be gone. Adieu, my love!" And, with tears in her eyes, but a smile on her ruby lips, she curtsied to the young soldier, who almost fancied that a fragrant kiss breathed upon his mouth. On collecting his wandering senses, he saw that Donna Clara had disappeared; the vault of heaven was beginning to be tinged with beams faintly shed from the east, and Heimbert, with a world of proud feelings in his breast, returned to his expecting friend at the gate.

CHAPTER IV.

"A word with you," said Fadrique, sternly, to Heimbert, on coming out of the garden, and presented the point of his sword at his breast in a fencing attitude.

"You are mistaken, my dear comrade," said the German jestingly. "It is I, your friend, and not a meddling stranger, as you at first supposed."

"Think not, Count Heimbert von Waldhausen, that I mistake you for another," replied Fadrique. "But my word has now been kept, my sentinelship has expired, and I must request you, without further delay, to draw, and defend your life, whilst one drop of heart's warm blood circulates through our veins."

"By all the Saints," said Heimbert, with a deep drawn sigh, "I have frequently heard that in these southern lands there are sorcerers

who confuse people's heads by magic words and enchanting spells, but I have never experienced it to be true, till this day. Recollect yourself, my good comrade, and accompany me back to the shore."

Fadrique smiled grimly at these words, and answered.

"Dismiss that idle conceit of yours, and learn what cause I have to challenge you thus to mortal combat. Know that the maiden who met you near the entrance of this *my* garden, is my own sister, Donna Clara Mendez. Hasten, then, to handle your weapon, and give me satisfaction."

"No, not for the world," said the German, without ever touching his sword: "you will be my kinsman, Fadrique, but not my murderer, and much less will I become yours."

"Fadrique's only reply was an impatient shake of the head, and an angry thrust at his comrade, who still stood immovable, and said, "No, Fadrique, I cannot find it in my heart to harm thee; for, besides being the brother of *her* on whom my best affections are concentrated, you are probably also the same who discoursed to her of my deeds, during the Italian campaign, in such honourable terms?"

"When I did so, I was a fool," muttered Fadrique, in accents dictated by passion. "But do you, cajoling, chicken-hearted coward, draw the sword."

Fadrique had scarcely uttered these words, when Heimbert, exclaiming, "Let who will bear it longer, I cannot," and foaming with rage, made his weapon leap out of its scabbard, and now both combatants thrust at each other like madmen.

The contest was of a far different character from that in which Fadrique had shortly before been engaged with Lucilla's lord. They were well matched; either young soldier was an able swordsman; boldly breast was opposed to breast; like rays of light both blades dashed against each other, now this, now that, making a *passado* quick as lightening, and as quickly parried sideways by the opponent. The left foot stood firmly rested in the ground, the right either advanced for a desperate thrust, or receded into a position of defence. From the circumspection and unrelenting spirit exhibited by both parties, it was not difficult to conjecture that one of the two would breathe his last under the overhanging branches of the orange-trees, which were now being gilded by the morning

dawn streaming in upon them; and such, doubtless, must have been the result, had not a cannon-shot from the port, echoing all around, suddenly broken the silence of approaching dawn.

The combatants, as though under the influence of a command common to both, stood still, and while they were listening for a repetition of the same sound, a second shot discharged its thunder. "It is the signal for departure, Senor," said Don Fadrique. "We are now in the Emperor's service, and all contentions that do not relate to the foes of Charles V. are hushed for a time."

"Certainly," answered Heimbart; "and I postpone my revenge for the insulting appellation you have applied to me, till the siege of Tunis is terminated."

"And I," added Fadrique, "consent to defer till then the vengeance of one who will not brook the heraldic glory of his family, transmitted with unsullied purity through a long line of noble ancestors, to be stained even by the semblance of dishonour."

"Willingly granted." And now the two soldiers hastened to the beach, ordered the embarkation of their troops, and when the sun overtopped the ocean, both were in the same bark, cutting the rippling surface of the main, far from Malaga's strand.

CHAPTER V.

The ships had to contend for some time with contrary winds, and when at last the Barbary coasts began to be visible, evening had so far usurped its black dominion over the watery waste, that no pilot, belonging to the little fleet, would venture to cast anchor in the shallow strand. In anxious expectation of the morning dawn, they cruised about on the waters, which had now become comparatively calm; during which time the troops, eager for the fight, crowded together impatiently on the decks, to take a view of the scene of their future exploits.

Ever and anon the heavy ordnance of both besiegers and besieged pealed deep notes of thunder from Fort Goleta; and as night spread her dark mantle thicker and thicker around, the lurid flames, bursting from some mighty conflagration, became more and more visible—the fiery course of the red-hot cannon balls, as they shot along in fantastic directions, grew

more distinct—and their effects, as they dealt out death and destruction, more ghastly.

Now the Musslemans must have made a sally, for some smart firing, evidently proceeding from small guns, was heard amidst the roar of cannons. The fighting suddenly drew nearer to the trenches of the Christians, and the troops, who witnessed the whole affair from the decks of the ships, were uncertain whether the redoubts of the besiegers were in danger or not. At last the Turks were seen driven back into their fort, the Christians pursuing them, and a deafening cheer of victory resounded from the Spanish camp.—Goleta was stormed.

How the ship's crews, consisting of young, and yet experienced, soldiers, rejoiced at the sight of the animating scene, no one, whose pulse throbs higher at the sound of glory, need be told, and on all others description would be entirely lost. Heimbart and Fadrique stood near each other. "I do not know how it happens," said the latter, soliloquising, "but I feel as though I were destined to plant my victorious flag to-morrow on yonder heights, which are now illuminated by the purple glare of cannonballs and conflagration."

"I feel so too," exclaimed Heimbart: then both maintained a sullen silence, and turned away from each other in ill-will.

The long-expected dawn had lit up the partial gloom of the surrounding scenery, the ships made for shore, the troops landed, and an officer was immediately despatched to the camp, in order to inform Field-Marshal the Duke of Alva of the arrival of the reinforcement: whilst the troops after having cleaned their arms, and drawn themselves up in military order, stood in all the pride of warlike accoutrement, awaiting their great leader. A cloud of dust advancing in the distance announced the return of the officer who had been despatched to give information of the landing of the troops; he arrived almost breathless, with the intelligence that the General was close at hand; and as the word "*Alva*" signifies "*dawn*" in the Castille idiom, the Spaniards huzzaed loudly at the coincidence, and regarded it as a favourable omen, for with the approach of the calvary, the first rays of the sun illumined the horizon.

The earnest figure of the General was now seen on a tall jet black Andalusian charger. After galloping once up and down before the troops, the mighty warrior reined up in the centre of the line, looked earnestly, but with

evident satisfaction, along rank and file, and at length said: "Soldiers, you stand in good order for muster; that is as it should be, and what Alva likes. Notwithstanding your youth, I see you are disciplined soldiers. We shall now proceed to muster, after which I shall conduct you to warm work."

He then dismounted, and, walking up to the right wing, put one squadron after another through various evolutions, always having the respective captain of each division at his side, and mentioning the most trifling incident to him. A few stray cannon balls from the fort occasionally whizzed over the troops as they were passing muster; then Alva would stand still, and cast a scrutinizing glance at the men; but when he saw that not one of them moved an eyelid, a contented smile hovered a moment around his severe, pallid countenance. When he had mustered the forces to his heart's desire, he remounted his steed, and galloping once more to the centre, said, as he stroked down his long curly beard with his right hand—"I congratulate you, soldiers, on your creditable appearance, wherefore you shall participate in the glorious day that even dawns upon our whole Christian army. Soldiers, we attack Barbarossa! Need I say more to arouse your bravery? Do you not already hear the drums beat in the camp? Do you not see him defying the imperial forces? Then do your duty!"

"Long live Charles V." resounded from the ranks. Alva now beckoned the officers to approach him, and assigned to each his post. He generally mixed up German and Spanish squadrons, to spur on the emulation of the soldiers to the highest pitch of bravery. Thus it happened that Heimbert and Fadrique were ordered to one and the same spot, which they recognised to be the identical one they had seen on the previous evening enveloped in flames, and each individually had desired for himself.

Loud thundered the cannons, the drums beat, flags fluttered merrily in the breeze, "march!" burst simultaneously from the lips of either captain; the troops eagerly obeyed the order, and prepared for an assault.

CHAPTER VI.

Thrice Fadrique and Heimbert had advanced up the heights, almost as far as the mound of an intrenchment, and thrice they were forced back with their troops into the plain beneath,

by the desperate stand which the Turks made. The Mussulmen yelled with savage joy after the retreating foe, made strange music by the clash of weapons, and, with insulting gibes invited another attempt to gain the heights, at the same time signifying their intention to mow down the bold aggressors with their scythe-like scimitars, and hurl huge missiles on them. The two captains, grinding their teeth with discomfited passion, rallied their troops anew, who had been materially thinned by three unsuccessful onsets; while a murmur ran through the line, that an enchantress was fighting on the side of the Turks, and gaining them the victory.

Duke Alva arrived at the spot just at this critical moment; casting a look of astonishment at the breach that had been made, he exclaimed,—“What, the foe not routed here yet! I am amazed; for I had anticipated better things of you young men, and also from the soldiers under you!”

“Hark ye, hark ye!” said Fadrique and Heimbert, galloping at the head of their division. The troops cheered loudly and desired to be led against the enemy. So great was the ardour of all, that even the wounded and the dying summoned their failing strength to cry out, “On comrades, on!” Suddenly their mighty leader leapt down from his horse like a shot, snatched a partizan out of the stiff, cold hand of a prostrate soldier, and appearing at the head of both wings, said, “I will share your glory. In the name of Heaven and the Holy Virgin, forward, my fine fellows!”

The ascent of the hill was now vigorously made, the hearts of all beating with increased confidence, the field-cry rose to the skies triumphantly; several of the soldiers already began to exclaim, “Victoria! Victoria!” The Mussulmans staggered and fell back. Suddenly there appeared in the Turkish lines a maiden, resembling some indignant angel; she was covered with purple, gold-embroidered robes, and when the Moslems beheld her, though they were on the point of being defeated, shouts of “Allah, il Allah!” coupled with the name of “Zelinda! Zelinda!” rent the air.

The maiden drew from under her arm a small box, having opened and breathed into which, she hurled it at the Christians. Immediately a wild din issued forth from the destructive casket, and an immense number of rockets, grenades, and other messengers of death, sending

forth ruin and devastation, burst forth. The besiegers, taken wholly by surprise, for a moment ceased storming.

"Advance!" cried Alva. "Advance!" urged the two young officers, just as a flaming shaft clung to the Duke's hat, which was covered with feathers, and made such a hideous crackling noise that the general fell insensible to the ground. Both German and Spanish soldiers fled in dismay down the hill; the onset again proved fruitless. The Mussulmans shouted in triumphant derision, whilst in the midst of the fleeing soldiers, Zelinda's beauty sparkled like a malignant star.

Alva, on recovering his senses, found Heimbart stretched over him by way of protection; the young soldier's cloak, arm, and face were strongly marked by the flames which he had not only extinguished around his general's head, but had also kept off a huge mass of ignited matter proceeding from the same direction, by throwing himself extended on the body. The Duke was about to thank his youthful defender, when a party of soldiers made up to him in great haste, informing him that the Saracens were attacking the opposite wing. Without a moment's delay the great hero mounted the nearest charger, and galloped to the spot where the peril was most imminent.

Fadrique looked with glowing eyes up to the mound where the damsel, brandishing a two-pronged spear in the air with her snowy arm, now encouraged the Mussulmans in Arabic, and now mocked the Christians in Castilian. On seeing her in this attitude, the Spaniard exclaimed, "Oh, the senseless maiden! does she think to intimidate me, and yet exposes herself to the danger of being taken by me, a tempting booty?"

And as though magic wings had grown from out his shoulders, or as if he had been mounted on Pegasus of legendary lore, he began to ascend the heights with such incredible celerity, that even Alva's recent onset seemed a snail's pace in comparison. In a few moments he had gained the heights, seized hold of the maiden in his arms, after having wrested spear and shield from her, whilst Zelinda clung with all the agony of despair to a palisade. Her cries for assistance were vain, partly because the Turks were induced by Fadrique's wonderful success to believe that the damsel's magic power had become extinct, and partly because the trusty Heimbart, who had been a spectator

of his comrade's bold achievement, now led on both squadrons to the charge, and thus diverted the attention of the Turks. This time the infuriated Mussulmans, paralysed by the joint influence of superstition and surprise, were totally unable to withstand the heroic onset of the Christians. The Spaniards and Germans assisted by successive reinforcements of those who had been in the plain below, completely routed the enemy. The Mahometans set up a hideous howl, whilst the stream of conquest flowed ever further and further, till at last the holy banner of the German Empire, and that of the regal house of Castile, fluttered in unison on the glorious battle-field before the ramparts of Tunis, amid the swelling chorus of "Victoria! Victoria!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONSTANTINOPLE.

I shall ne'er forget the city, nor the throb of wild delight.
When the glorious dwellings of the East first burst upon my sight:
The tall and graceful minarets—the waving cypress trees,
The gay and glittering palaces of luxury and ease.

Upon the sparkling Bosphorus 'twas there I loved to glide
When evening's golden radiance shed its splendour on the tide;
Is there an earthly paradise from human cares released?
'Tis the city of the Sultan—the glory of the East!

I shall ne'er forget that city, though I've wandered far away,
Where over many a northern clime my lot has been to stray,
For like those bright and fairy realms that come in childhood's dreams,
The mem'ry of that golden shore, still sweetly, brightly, beams.

Oh! were I free to choose my home, 'tis there I'd ever be,
The North may boast its wilder charms—the glowing East for me!
With one loved form to share my lot, I'd deem my cares had ceased,
In the city of the Sultan!—the glory of the East!



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXIX.

[Major, Doctor, and Laird.]

DOCTOR.—I am glad to observe that J. G. Baldwin, the clever author of *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi*, has made another contribution to the republic of letters. Have you read his last volume, Crabtree, intitled *Party Leaders: Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alex. Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Randolph of Roanoke, &c.?*

MAJOR.—I have dipped into the work, and am inclined to award it a fair amount of commendation. It is written with considerable vigour, and with as much modesty as could reasonably be looked for from a son of Uncle Sam, when dealing with

“The greatest nation
In all creation!”

LAIRD.—Wonders never *will* cease! Surely the lift maun be aboot to fa', when an auld fossil like you, that swears by the divine right o' kings, an' holds that Geordie Washington should have danced a hornpipe upon naething, can thus talk in reference to a book which speaks o' Dollardom as bein a shade less abominable than Gomorrah!

DOCTOR.—Shut up, will you, in the name of common humanity!

MAJOR.—Though, I grieve to say, a republican to the backbone, Mr. Baldwin does not believe that all political virtue is confined to the United States. It is true that he sometimes

magnifies, after a preposterous fashion, the small modicum of statesmanship, worthy of the name, which the contiguous mobocracy has given birth to, but still he admits that the Cabinets of the Old World have produced some “pretty men,” as John Highlandman hath it!

DOCTOR.—Is the work a mere cento of detached sketches?

MAJOR.—By no means. The author presents his readers with a lucid bird's-eye vidimus of the political annals of the “model republic,” from the unnatural and unprovoked rebellion down to the present time. Without entering upon details, he furnishes us with the marrow and pith of the Chronicles of Dollardom during that period. As a prologue to what I may term the drama of the revolted colonies, it is very valuable.

DOCTOR.—Such praise, coming as it does from such a quarter, Mr. Baldwin may well be proud of.

LAIRD.—It may be a' true what you say, neighbour, but like a cannie Scotsman, I dinna like to tak' onything for granted. As your specs are on your nose at ony rate, just read us a screed frae the production that we may judge for oorsells.

MAJOR.—Here is a passage descriptive of the feelings with which Randolph of Roanoke contemplated the most discreditable war declared by the United States against Great Britain in 1812:—

“Randolph did not desire war with England. He had no prejudices against England. He saw

and condemned her faults. He did not justify her conduct towards us. But he remembered that we were of the blood and bone of her children. He remembered that we spoke her language, and that we were connected with her by the strongest commercial ties and interests; that, though we had fought her through a long and bloody war, yet we had fought her by the light of her own principles; that her own great men had cheered us on in the fight; and that the body of the English nation were with us against a corrupt and venal ministry, when we took up arms against their and our tyrants. He remembered that from England we had inherited all the principles of liberty, which lie at the basis of our government—freedom of speech and of the press; the Habeas Corpus; trial by jury; representation *with* taxation; and the great body of our laws. He revered her for what she had done in the cause of human progress, and for the Protestant religion; for her achievements in arts and arms; for her lettered glory; for the light shed on the human mind by her master writers; for the blessings showered by her great philanthropists upon the world.

“He saw her in a new phase of character. Whatever was left of freedom in the old world, had taken shelter in that island, as man, during the deluge, in the ark.

“She opposed the only barrier now left to the sway of unlimited empire, by a despot, whom he detested as one of the most merciless and remorseless tyrants that ever scourged this planet. Deserted of all other men and nations, she was not dismayed. She did not even seek—such was the spirit of her prodigious pride—to avoid the issue. She defied it. She dared it—was eager—fevered—panting for it. She stood against the arch-conqueror's power, as her own sea-girt isle stands in the ocean—calm amidst the storm and the waves that blow and break harmlessly on the shore. She was largely indebted, but she poured out money like water. Her people were already heavily taxed, but she quadrupled the taxes. She taxed everything that supports or embellishes life, all the elements of nature, everything of human necessity or luxury, from the cradle to the coffin. The shock was about to come. The long guns of the cinque-ports were already loaded, and the matches blazing, to open upon the expectant enemy, as he descended upon her coasts. We came as a new enemy into the field. It was natural to expect her, in the face of the old foe, thought by so many to be himself an over-match for her, to hasten to make terms with us, rather than have another enemy upon her. No! She refused, in the agony and stress of danger, to do what she refused in other times. She turned to us the same look of resolute and imperturbable defiance—with some touch of friendly reluctance in it, it may be—which she had turned to her ancient foe. As she stood in her armour, glittering like a war-god, beneath the lion-banner, under which we had fought with her at the Long Meadows, at

Fort Du Quesne, and on the Heights of Abraham, Randolph could not—for his soul, he could not find it in his heart to strike her then.”

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's fine! If ye ever hae occasion, Crabtree, to write to Maister Baldwin, be sure to say that should he ever visit Canada, I'll tak' it unkind if he doesn' mak' my bit shanty at Bonnie Braes his head quarters!

MAJOR.—Permit me to give you one quotation more. It has referenee to the unswerving constancy with which Randolph adhered to the text which regulated his political curriculum:

“He preached State-Rights, as if his life had been consecrated to the ministry of those doctrines. Whenever he spoke—whatever he wrote—wherever he went—*State-Rights, State-Rights*—STATE-RIGHTS were the exhaustless themes of his discourse. Like Xavier, with his bell ringing before him, as he walked amidst strange cities, addressing the startled attention of the wayfarers, with the messages of salvation, and denouncing the coming wrath: Randolph came among men, the untiring apostle of his creed, ever raising his shrill voice, “against the alarming encroachments of the Federal Government.”

“Nor was he without his reward. The distinctive doctrines of his school, in their fundamental and primitive purity, were well-nigh lost, after the era of the fusion of parties in Monroe's, if not, indeed, under the “silken Mansfieldism” of Madison's administration. The old knights and cavaliers of the South were living, indeed, but were torpid; like—as we have somewhere seen it quoted—the knightly horsemen, in the ENCHANTED CAVE, seated on their steeds with lances in rest and warlike port, but rider and horse spell-bound and senseless as marble, until the magician blew his horn, when, at the first blast, they quickened into life, and sprang forth again to deeds of chivalrous emprise; so Randolph's clarion tones waked the leaders of his party to battle for the cause of their order.

“But suppose he had no reward? Suppose all this labour and all this life were poured, like water, in the sand? Suppose he had followed, always, a losing banner? What then? Are we wasting ink and paper in recording the annals of such a warfare—the story of such a man? Are martyrs so common—is heroic constancy so frequent, and devotion to principle and love of truth such vulgar things, in this our age of political purity and sainted statesmanship, that a man, consecrating the noblest faculties to the service of his country, and following no meaner lights than the judgment and conscience God gave him, to guide his steps through a long road of trial and temptation, is unworthy of being held up for admiration and reverence?”

LAIRD.—That puts me in mind of the perti-

nacity wi' which my respected uncle, Gavin Glendinning o' Melrose, stuck to his pig-tail, or tie. "Na, Doctor!" quoth Gavin to the minister, wha was advising him to amputate the appendage. "Na, Doctor, it will gang wi' me to the kirk-yard! The savoury Ralph Erskine had a tie whilk reached half way doon to his latter end, and I canna' gang far wrang in following sic an orthodox example. When ye preach me as sappy and unctuous a sermon as the wershest o' Ralph's, I'll divorce my tail, but no' till then!"

DOCTOR.—Did the divorce ever take place?

LAIRD.—If ye had ever heard the then mess John o' Melrose hold forth, ye never would hae speered sic a needless question! My honest uncle died as he had lived, leaving strict injunctions in his will that the tie was to accompany him to the grave!

DOCTOR.—Let it repose in the coffin where it found a sanctuary!

LAIRD.—No' sae fast, auld Paregoric! The pig-tail never obtained permission into that grim ark! When the corpse was ganging to be kist-ed, it was discovered that the tie was sae stiff, that it couldna' be doubled up. Accordingly, Samuel Shavings, the undertaker, had to bore a hole in the head o' the coffin, through which the affair projected like a ratton's fud! Weel do I mind the graceless cheers o' the reprobate schuil laddies, at the sight o' the familiar pendulosity wag-wagging frae below the mort-cloth!

DOCTOR.—If a' tales be true, that is no lie!

LAIRD.—Confound the vagabond! Does he mean to insinuate that a ruling elder could tell a lee!

DOCTOR.—Why, if Robert Burns is to be credited, personages of an ecclesiastical status, even more exalted, may be guilty of such a backsliding! Have you forgotten the pungent lines in "Death and Dr. Hornbook?"—

"Even ministers, they has been kenn'd
In holy rapture,
Arousing whilk, at times, to vend,
And naill't wi' Scripture!"

MAJOR.—Somewhat too much of this! I hereby throw down the baton, and proclaim this unprofitable duello at an end. Shut up, Sangrado! Not another word out of your head, Bonnie Braes, or the can of turtle soup which Mr. Leask sent this afternoon shall remain unbroached!

LAIRD.—But only consider the provocation! What will the Session say if they hear that I've

been accused o' lubricity, and the charge backed by Robert Burns?

MAJOR.—Peace, or look out for a Lenten vigil!

DOCTOR.—Not for many a long day have I read any book with such appetite as the one "captioned" (as they say in Hamilton) *Captain Canot: or Twenty Years of an African Slaver*.

MAJOR.—My impression, founded upon some partial newspaper extracts, was, that it was a trifle long-winded and common-place-ish.

DOCTOR.—Never were you more thoroughly off your eggs, than when you jumped to such a conclusion! The Captain, in spite of his grewsome trade, is a veritable bric—a veritable *soup of a juvenile*, as the Paddyism "broth of a boy," is translated at the Normal School! I do not use the language of exaggeration when I affirm that his journal is as entertaining and graphic as the fictions of Dan. Defoe!

LAIRD.—That's a big word!

DOCTOR.—Yes, but it is a true word! Canot possesses the rare faculty of making you see objects with his eyes. You become, *volens volens*, an actor in the scenes which he describes, and a *particeps criminis* in his huxtorics of human flesh! With all my ante-slavery predilections. I had become an enthusiastic dealer in animated ebony, before I had half-finished the volume!

MAJOR.—Does the writer not draw drafts upon the bank of fancy?

DOCTOR.—There is abundance of evidence, both internal and external, to refute such a supposition. You instinctively feel that the man is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am as thoroughly convinced, as I am of my own identity, that he gives, in the words of the preface, "a true picture of aboriginal Africa, unstirred by progress, unmodified by reflected civilization, full of the barbarism that blood and tradition have handed down from the beginning, and embalmed in its prejudices, like the corpses of Egypt."

MAJOR.—Had the Captain any brushes with our cruisers in the course of his transactions?

DOCTOR.—Several. On one occasion, when sailing under the Portuguese flag, which, as he had no title to use it, constituted him a pirate in the eye of law, he fought with an English corvette. He was captured, after a dashing action, and as the sequel of the adventure furnishes a pleasing illustration of the good-heartedness of our blue-jackets, I shall quote it:—

"I was summoned to the cabin, where numer-

ous questions were put all of which I answered frankly and *truly*. Thirteen of my crew were slain, and nearly all the rest wounded. My papers were next inspected, and found to be Spanish. "How was it, then," exclaimed the commander, "that you fought under the Portuguese flag?"

Here was the question I always expected, and for which I had in vain taxed with my wit and ingenuity to supply a reasonable excuse! I had nothing to say for the daring violation of nationality; so I resolved to tell the truth boldly about my dispute with the Dane, and my desire to deceive him early in the day, but I cautiously omitted the adroitness with which I had deprived him of his darkies. I confessed that I forgot the flag when I found that I had a different foe from the Dane to contend with, and I flattered myself with the hope that, had I repulsed the first unaided onset, I would have been able to escape with the usual scabreeze.

The captain looked at me in silence a while, and, in a sorrowful voice, asked if I was aware that my defence under the Portuguese ensign, no matter what tempted its use, could only be construed as an act of *piracy*!

A change of colour, an earnest gaze at the floor, compressed lips and clenched teeth, were my only replies.

This painful scrutiny took place before the surgeon, whose looks and expressions strongly denoted his cordial sympathy with my situation. "Yes," said Captain * * * *, "it is a pity for a sailor who fights as bravely as you have done, in defence of what he considers his property, to be condemned for a combination of mistakes and forgetfulness. However, let us not hasten matters; you are hungry and want rest, and, though we are navy-men, and on the coast of Africa, we are not savages." I was then directed to remain where I was till further orders, while my servant came below with an abundant supply of provisions. The captain went on deck, but the doctor remained. Presently, I saw the surgeon and the commander's steward busy over a basket of biscuits, meat and bottles, to the handle of which a cord several yards in length, was carefully knotted. After this was arranged, the doctor called for a lamp, and unrolling a chart, asked whether I knew the position of the vessel. I replied affirmatively, and, at his request, measured the distance, and noted the course to the nearest land, which was Cape Verge, about thirty-seven miles off.

"Now, Don Theodore, if I were in your place, with the prospect of a noose and tight-rope dancing before me, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I would make an attempt to know what Cape Verge is made of before twenty-four hours were over my head! And see, my good fellow, how Providence, accident, or fortune favours you! First of all, your own boat *happens* to be towing astern beneath these very cabin windows; secondly, a basket of provisions, water and brandy, stands packed on the transom, almost ready to slip

into the boat by itself; next, your boy is in the neighbourhood to help you with the skiff; and, finally, it is pitch dark, perfectly calm, and there isn't a sentry to be seen aft the cabin door. Now, good night, my clever fighter, and let me never have the happiness of seeing your face again!"

As he said this, he rose, shaking my hand with the hearty grasp of a sailor, and, as he passed my servant, slipped something into his pocket, which proved to be a couple of sovereigns. Meanwhile, the steward appeared with blankets, which he spread on the locker; and, blowing out the lamp, went on deck with a "good night."

It was very still, and unusually dark. There was dead silence in the corvette. Presently, I crawled softly to the stern window, and lying flat on my stomach over the transom, peered out into night. There, in reality, was my boat towing astern by a slack line! As I gazed, some one on deck above me drew in the rope with softest motion, until the skiff lay close under the windows. Patiently, slowly, cautiously,—fearing the sound of his fall, and dreading almost the rush of my breath in the profound silence,—I lowered my boy into the boat. The basket followed. The negro fastened the boat-hook to the cabin window, and on this, lame as I was, I followed the basket. Fortunately, not a splash, a crack, or a footfall disturbed the silence. I looked aloft, and no one was visible on the quarter-deck. A slight jerk brought the boat-rope softly into the water, and I drifted away into the darkness.

LAIRD.—What kind o' a production is this, that bears the new-fangled, jaw-breaking name o' *Periscopies*? Is it onything anent the Peris, that Tummas Moore maks sic a sang about?

MAJOR.—Not at all. The volume is a mere collection of odds and ends which have appeared in sundry Yankee magazines and newspapers.

LAIRD.—Were the aforesaid odds and ends worthy o' republication?

MAJOR.—So far as two-thirds thereof are concerned, I should emphatically say—no! The author, William Elder, appears to be one of those writing machines, who are at all times ready to grapple with every subject, to order, from Parr's Pills up to the philosophy of Kant. Under an editor who could judiciously use the scissors, he might make a useful penny-a-liner, but further this deponent sayeth not! He enunciates stale platitudes with all the apparent profundity of a seraphic doctor; and every now and then shows his originality by differing point blank from his fellow mortals!

LAIRD.—Are ye no a fraction overly snell on pair William?

MAJOR.—Judge from the following snatch of an essay upon our great English epic—

“In our apprehension Milton's *Paradise Lost* is a very bad novel—a book, whose mischiefs in theology, moral tone, and general influence, are not atoned for even by its poetry!”

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' the clatty land lounper! Let my freend and benefactress, Jenny, hae his tinkler-tongued trash, in order to sing geese wi'! If I kenned whaur the Toronto hangman puts up, I would gie him a groat, in order to burn the abomination at the common place o' execution.

DOCTOR.—You perceive, Laird, that an *Elder* can write heresy as well as a meaner mortal!

LAIRD.—None o' your impudence, ye railing Rab-shakeh! Oh, I wish I had ye before the Kirk Session for half an hour! Foul fa' me, if I wadna' gie ye a face red as a pickled beet!

MAJOR.—By the way, Bonnie Braes, in case I forget it, let me give you this volume for my friend, the fair and chaste Grizelda.

LAIRD.—That's oor Girzy, I suppose! Hech, sirs, but she's getting up in the world! What ca' ye the piece?

MAJOR.—*Donna Blanca of Navarre*: An Historical Romance, by Don Francisco Navarro Villoslada.

LAIRD.—It will be a translation, I'm thinking.

MAJOR.—You are right. It is an English version of a story which has acquired no small degree of popularity in Spain.

LAIRD.—But what makes ye see keen for Girzy, puir woman, to get it?

MAJOR.—Because it is just the thing for a romantic maiden's perusal. *Donna Blanca* is a tale of the genuine old school, full of love-making, and mysteries, and murders, and what not, as an egg is of meat.

LAIRD.—Is it clever?

MAJOR.—Decidedly so. The author is impregnated to the back-bone with the concentrated essence of story telling. On he goes from one adventure to another, without stopping to moralize, or do the sentimental, and crams as much material into a chapter as would serve the majority of modern fiction manufacturers for a full-grown volume!

DOCTOR.—Are you serious in your commendations? On cursorily turning over the pages of Don Villoslada's engenderation, it struck me that it belonged to the justly exploded Minerva Press school of literature!

MAJOR.—“Clean wrang,” as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says. It is a pear of a widely different

tree. The Don's ladies are composed of veritable flesh and blood, and his knights are regular bone-breakers and blood-tappers! One of them would put to flight a baker's dozen of Miss Porter's wishy-washy heroes, who indulge in bear's grease, and cannot make a campaign without a supply of medicated shaving soap and pearl tooth powder!

LAIRD.—Weel, mony kind thanks to you for the buik; but, man, I wish sairly that Girzy would tak' to some profitable course o' reading! She kens as little about history as she does about the pattern o' Cleopatra's night-sark!

MAJOR.—Why, for that matter, your sister will receive from the perusal of *Donna Blanca* a considerable inkling of the manners and customs, and the intestine feuds of Spain during the fifteenth century.

LAIRD.—That's aye some consolation! Better for a bairn to eat it's way to learning through a ginger-bread alphabet, than to grow up ignorant o' the A, B, C!

DOCTOR.—So it seems, Laird, you have been seeing Dugald Macallister, the far-famed wizard of Saint Mungo?

LAIRD.—Confound me if Toronto is not the very El Dorado o' gossip! I verily believe that if the Laird blew his nose at the Lunatic Asylum twa minutes afore twull, the transaction would be reported at St Lawrence Ha', ere the knock had heralded the birth o' noon! Wha informed you o' my visit to Dugald?

DOCTOR.—Our mutual friend the Bachelor of Music. He sat behind you in the same box.

MAJOR.—And how did you enjoy the necromancer's performances?

LAIRD.—No' weel at a'.

MAJOR.—Indeed! Why, I understood that he was a clever, nimble-fingered mountebank!

LAIRD.—He was o' that, and yet I was choused and cheated oot o' every particle o' pleasure, which I might hae derived from his cantrips, in consequence o' my having the misfortune to be seated next to a diabolically *practical* man!

DOCTOR.—Pray explain yourself!

LAIRD.—The vagabond (I canna ca' him onything else) to whom I refer was a prim, stuck-up, black-a-vised-looking customer, sporting black claes and a white neck-cloth, stiff as a sheet o' tin iron. Frae the style o' his conversation, I jaloused that he was a Professor o' Moral, Natural, and Political Philosophy in some o' the ten thousand and ten Universities o' Dollardom, wha confer degrees upon young

hizzies fonder o' opening the mysteries o' *Lock* than frying *Bacon*! Be that as it may, my gentleman did naething but lecture during the entire evening to a miserable, pipe-clay complexioned stripling, his son, or aiblins his pupil, that he had under his care. If the laddy took oot a biscuit to eat, the Professor made him tell the process o' baking; and if he sooked an oranger, he was catechized touching the geography o' the lands where the fruit grew.

MAJOR.—But what had all that to do with Macallister?

LAIRD.—Ye shall hear! Nae sooner had the scone been drawn up, than the Professor took care to inculcate upon his ward that everything on the stage was tinsel and flummery. The yellow cups were nae gold, ony mair than the white kists were silver! Thinks I to mysel—"puir chap, ye may be the *wiser* for this knowledge, but I doot muckle whether ye are *happier*!" Weel, sirs, the magician waved his wand, and gabbed over his hocus-pocus paternoster, and changed gloves into doos, and watches into pancakes, and if I had been onywhere except where I was I would have enjoyed the sport amazingly. But the infamous Professor, whenever a trick was commenced, began to tell his disciple hoo it was done, and thus clean destroyed its interest! For instance, when the big kail pot was hun' up fu' o' water, my tormentor explained that the rods from which it was suspended were hollow tubes, through which the liquid was pumped oot behind the scenes! Of course, wi' this knowledge it was nae wonder to me when Dugald took doon the pot and showed that it was as dry as his loaf! I couldna' cheer and ruff wi' the laive o' the congregation! I was far too *enlightened* for that!

MAJOR.—Verily you were to be pitied!

LAIRD.—Again, when the Warlock took a cage fu' o' canaries oot o' a portfolio, the utilitarian snob indoctrinated his charge with the fact, that the aforesaid cage could be compressed and expanded at pleasure, and that the birds were in the bosom of the performer till within a second o' their occupancy o' the cage! This explanation was, questionless, correct, but it made the feat wersh as parritch without saut!

DOCTOR.—Had I been in your position I should have pitched the miscreant neck and crop into the pit!

MAJOR.—I would have seconded the motion, having, however, previously recited in the

scoundrel's hearing old Sam Butler's couplet—

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat!"

LAIRD.—I am sorry I didna' tramp on the rascal's taes, at ony rate! Oh, the caulkers in my boots would hae made him squeel, as loud as Mahoun did, when Saint Dunstan grippit his neb wi' the red-hot tangs!

MAJOR.—It striketh me that this most posterous Professor is a type of but too many of our modern educationists, whose leading aim and object seems to be, to convert children into premature philosophers!

LAIRD.—Ye are no' far wrang there, Crabtree.

MAJOR.—You are constantly meeting now-a-days with walking encyclopedias, not exceeding three feet in altitude, who will patter off screeds of mechanics and mathematics by the hour, on the slightest provocation! I cannot help opining that if these precocious gentry were confined to such homely commons as Jack the Giant Killer and Blue Beard, their brains would be all the sounder for it in mature age!

DOCTOR.—In the name of Jupiter Gammon, utter no such heresies in the vicinity of the Normal School, or you will be stoned to death by male and female baby-grinders!

MAJOR.—Well, to change the subject bsek again to literature, I have received the two last numbers of the Edinburgh edition of "*Chambers' Journal*," which I mentioned on a former occasion to be far superior to the American editions in every respect.

DOCTOR.—I have a great liking for clean, nice editions of books. I think that the pleasure of reading them is greater, and it is a satisfaction to feel that after you have read your volume you can place it on your shelves as worthy of preservation.

MAJOR.—It is one of the faults of the publishers of the day to issue their works for the reader of the hour. Their books, generally, will not bear a second reading, no matter how good the contents thereof may be.

DOCTOR.—Say rather that it a fault forced on the publishers by the readers themselves. The public now read to pass away the time. There is no demand, now, for the substantial tome got up in the olden style. However, here is Mrs. Grundy come to announce supper; but I hope to have a chat with you at another time on the causes of this change in public taste. Come, Laird, to supper, and put away your newspaper: the fall of Sebastopol will keep. England and France have it now in their possession.



MECHANICAL CONVEYANCE OF MANURE.

Manure is as necessary to successful farming as the engine to a steamship, or as fuel to a locomotive; and the amount of discussion on the economy of saving the materials and manufacture of manures, shows that their importance is well understood by intelligent cultivators. There is one part of their management and application, however, that seems in a great measure to have been overlooked, or at least underrated, and this is the saving of *mechanical labor* in its conveyance, while preparing and applying it.

Drawing manure is one of the heaviest and most costly of farm operations. The farmer who draws twenty loads of wheat, or thirty tons of hay, laborious as this may seem, performs but a small task in comparison with what he should yearly accomplish in the conveyance of manure; for every farm of one hundred acres will yield at least two hundred loads of the best manure if properly managed, and some may be made to double this amount. Hence it is no wonder that we often see huge piles of this life-element of farming, wasting in barn-yards through the summer unapplied.

But the farmer who makes manure in the ordinary imperfect manner, that is, by merely casting out into his yard the cleanings of stables mixed with the litter, added to the droppings of the cattle running at large, obtains but a small quantity in comparison with the skilful manager, who saves every thing by a large admixture of absorbents. If then, the more scanty heap occasions too great a labor to draw out and apply, how important it becomes that the most careful management be devised, to economise as much as possible the cost of handling and carting the increased accumulations of the most improved process.

On small farms, where the fields to which the

manure is applied lie quite near the barn-yard, it may do to manufacture the compost heap in the stable-yard. But in most cases this will be a most expensive practice. The largest amount and the best manure must be made by not only collecting all the solid droppings mixed with straw or litter, with the liquid portions saved and added, but a large portion of peat, turf, loam, and other absorbents of a more solid character should enter largely into its composition. Now to cart a hundred loads of turf into the barn-yard from a remote part of the farm, and then to draw all this heavy bulk back again into the fields, is causing a vast amount of labor. Again,—the shovelling over and mixing of the compost heap, which is practiced with so much advantage by Europeans, cannot be thought of for a moment by our farmers who pay the present high wages. The intermixture resulting from drawing and spreading the heap, may generally be sufficient, but a more thorough execution of this work would be better.

The question therefore occurs, How may this labor of conveyance be reduced as much as possible?

We have found a most important means of saving labor, by forming the compost heap in the field where the manure will be required. Loam and turf are absolutely essential for the absorption and retention of the ammonia. Large quantities of turf may be obtained from fence corners, where otherwise it would be of little or no use; but on large farms, the more mucky portions of pastures may be obtained at less labor, by first plowing the sod. Let the manure from the yard, as it accumulates, be drawn out and spread a few inches in thickness, in a long and narrow strip, say from a few feet to a rod in width according to its quantity, and then be covered with a layer of turf (or loam) at least equally thick. A second layer of manure is applied and a second layer of turf until gradually

during the season, a height of some two feet has been attained. If the successive alternate layers have been thin, a great deal of subsequent intermixing will not be necessary, and this may be easily and cheaply accomplished by the use of a large plow attached to a yoke of oxen, beginning at the sides of the heap and plowing down successive slices of the mixture, using the harrow between each plowing, until a most thorough pulverization is accomplished. This may now be drawn off and spread from the cart or waggon in an even and perfect manner, being entirely free from lumps. Such a material as this is admirably fitted for preparing wheat land.

A western farmer keeps his yard perfectly clear of stable accumulations by drawing out every morning a waggon load when the team goes out to plow or to other work. This practice is pursued more particularly during the times of spring and fall plowing. In summer but little accumulates; and in winter there is little difficulty in keeping the coast clear. During the sharp frosts of winter, however, a difficulty exists in consequence of the earth being frozen and incapable of being applied in successive layers. Those who are so fortunate as to possess a drained muck, or peat swamp, may draw from it without hindrance any time of the year; but others may secure a supply of turf by the plan lately mentioned in the Country Gentleman, namely, plowing up a turfy or mucky pasture early in autumn, and piling the sods when dry like cords of wood, under a large coarse shed made for the purpose. These will become so free from moisture as to be easily used any time during the winter. But in the absence of either of those provisions, an imperfect substitute may be found in spreading a layer of old straw, chip dirt, &c., upon the manure.

This mode of forming the heap in the field possesses two especial advantages. The stable yard is at all times kept clear of those accumulations, which are never any ornament to the establishment, and which in wet and muddy weather are a serious inconvenience; and the manure being nearly accessible to the land requiring its application, it is drawn on and spread without that large consumption of time usually required at the exceedingly busy season of preparing for crops.

One of the largest and best farmers in the country, whose stables are arranged in an oc-

tagon, with the animals' heads towards the feeding room in the centre, saves a vast amount of labor by a covered cartway running round the whole, by means of which the stable cleanings are shovelled immediately into a passing cart, and drawn at once to the field without a single transfer or reloading; and it would prove of great advantage in all cases could the same provision be made for carting off the accumulations of stables without the labor of wheeling them first out into the yard, except in those instances already named where the fields are closely contiguous, and the materials for compost are as easily accessible here as at other parts of the farm.

We are by no means confident that we have pointed out the best mode for accomplishing the great saving needed in this laborious farm-process, but if we have afforded suggestions for further improvements, an important end will be attained.

FLAX CULTURE.

The Earl of Albermale, as President of the Norfolk Agricultural Association, has called the attention of the members of the Association, and of the public, to the consideration of the question, 'How are the Agriculturists of Norfolk (and of England) to be supplied in future at a moderate price, with the necessary articles of linseed and oil-cake, if we continue at war with the chief producing nation of those articles?'

This is a question deserving consideration in England, which imported last year 94,000 tons of flax, of which Russia furnished 64,000, and also, 63,000 tons of hemp, of which Russia furnished 41,000 tons.

These importations cost, at peace prices, five millions of pounds sterling, and at present war prices, would be of the value of nine millions. Here is a premium on the growth of flax and hemp of four millions sterling. The Earl then proceeds to state other considerations which tend to make it obvious that flax might be advantageously raised at home. Such of these considerations as are applicable to the condition of things in America as to that in England, we shall submit to our readers with as much succinctness and brevity as possible.

One of the great merits of flax culture, according to the Earl of Albemarle, is the necessity for the exercise of skill in its cultivation. It is therefore a crop better adapted to the present advanced state of agriculture than it was in former times. As the present high prices of

wheat and grain cannot always continue the Earl asks if it is not therefore desirable to have a crop that will indemnify the farmer for the occasionally low price of grain. Flax, he thinks is such a crop, being the most remunerative that can well be grown. From various parts of the country he has obtained estimates, according to which the profit of a crop of flax would, at usual prices, be more than double that of a crop of wheat.

Another inducement to the cultivation of flax is this, that it would afford increased employment to persons of both sexes, of all ages, and at all seasons of the year.

As another inducement it is stated that flax will grow on almost every description of soil, and will take its place on any part of a rotation. Sir John Mac Neil, one of the largest cultivators of flax in Ireland, says that, though the soil best adapted for the growth of flax is a deep rich loam, yet he grew 600 acres, in 1853, on almost every description of land. Flax appears to grow best and produces the largest quantity, when sown on land on which oats had grown the previous year, but it is the practice in Armagh and Down to sow it after potatoes or turnips, and sometimes after barley. In every case the land should be exceedingly well cleaned, and free from weeds. The seed should be sown immediately after the land is plowed, as the seed is generally six weeks in the ground before it appears, and will be longer if the ground should have lost the moisture it has when first plowed before being sown. After plowing, the land should be harrowed, then rolled with a heavy roller, then harrowed with a light harrow and the seed sown, and finally rolled with a light roller. When the plants are 3 or 4 inches above the ground, the field should be weeded by children, *against the wind*. The plant should be pulled when the lower leaves appear to be decaying, or getting tinged with yellow. This is a very material point to be attended to, for if allowed to get too ripe the *fibre* will be injured, and if pulled too green the *seed* will be injured. The average quantity produced from an acre, in Ireland, may be taken at 2½ tons weighed when dry, or 650 to 750 or 800 lbs. of dressed flax.

Grass seeds and clover may be sown with the flax without any injury to the latter. The land will be very smooth for mowing. Sir J. Mac N. thinks that it is a mistake to suppose that flax injures the land. It may be sown every 4th or

5th year without injury to the land, if the crop is properly weeded.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.

MESSES EDITORS—I beg leave to send you another remedy for scratches in horses. I apply a plaster of All-healing Ointment. This ointment is composed of 8 parts by weight of oxygen, and one of hydrogen. But you need n't take the trouble to compound it, for our kind Creator has provided it at our hands in unlimited abundance. It is deeply to be regretted that its healing properties are so little known. It is a better application than man has ever invented or ever will invent for healing human as well as brute maladies both internal and external. But it is so simple and natural that men can't have faith in it. Every thing must have some *art* and *mystery* about it to obtain favor. Try this All-healing Ointment, gentlemen. It is cheap and easily applied. I have tried it and it works like a charm. C. N. P.

The free use of our correspondent's prescription [*water* we suppose] will at least promote cleanliness in men and animals, while doctors disagree as to its further effect in the removal of disease.—*Ed. of Cultivator*.

DEGENERACY FROM BREEDING IN-AND-IN.

The fact that animals of all kinds become degenerate from breeding from two parents between which there is affinity of blood, is one that is pretty well known. It is not always, however, attended to in practice, else we would not have witnessed the degenerate lambs which we have seen this spring. Through thoughtlessness or carelessness a neighbouring flock of ewes was sired by the same buck which has been with them before for two seasons. He sired, therefore, his own lambs, and perhaps his lambs' lambs. The owner knew better, and intended to have procured a change of bucks; but in some way the result above stated happened. The result was a number of very weakly and deformed and idiot-looking lambs. Some were so weak in the hind legs that they could not support their own weight; and some had their hind legs twist outwards when they attempted to walk. One lived several days, but breathed quick and short all the time, and had to be assisted about nursing. One was coarse-woolled almost as a water dog, and looked very stupid and idiotic. Such results seem worthy of being put on record as a warning against like carelessness or neglect in others.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—Fig. 1—Is a beautiful garment of black velvet, adapted for the present season. It is made with a yoke behind, and a plain front. The skirt is set into the yoke with full box plaits, and falls rather low in the most superb drapery. The fulness extends to the shoulders, where it falls gracefully to meet the front, draping the arms. A border of rich galoon, about four inches wide, surrounds and crosses the entire front in horizontal bands three inches apart. The ground work of this galoon is Maria Louisa blue satin, embossed with a set pattern of black plush, with a gleam of white on each edge. A graceful vine of ash leaves, raised from the blue, in black plush, runs the centre; these leaves are dashed with white, as if they had been struck by the moon-beams, and thus all the effect of chenille is produced. The dress of this figure is emerald green satin, with two deep flounces, striped with a bayadere pattern of sea-green, striped with black. The corsage is made open in front, and the sleeves are rather closer to the arm than we see in the pagoda style usually.

Fig. 2—Is a smoke-coloured barege. The skirt is covered with three flounces, edged with long waving scollops, two ruches of narrow satin ribbon follow the waves, and the trimming is finished with fringe an inch and a half deep. The corsage is open to the waist, and finished by a deep basquine that rounds abruptly away from the front. This basquine is trimmed like the flowers. The sleeves are formed with two full puffed together by a profusion of ruches, and ornamented with butterfly bows.

PLATE II.—Fig. 1—Is a cap made of *point d'aiguille*. The ground represents a kind of lace parachute. Bows of ribbon decorate the back of the cap exactly in the same style as bonnets. Lace ornaments round the crown; loops of ribbon on each side of the cheeks.

Fig. 2—Is a bonnet of Leghorn, the most aristocratic of all bonnets. The crown slopes backward from the head, and is trimmed with green ribbons.

Fig. 3—Is a *rotonde*, having a plain tulle ground ornamented with ruches made of violet silk ribbon. Two deep flounces of chantilly lace, placed one above the other, border this elegant cape.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

The Autumn begins to operate more than one

change in Fashions. Rich tissues are already taking the place of bareges, jaconets, and muslins. However, for the days on which the sun still appears in all his radiant brightness, barege is worn for walking dress, on condition however, of its being lined with silk, which makes it a double dress, comfortable, warm, and elegant. Ladies who like uniformity, and who have not the courage to set at nought the criticism of their neighbors, line their barege dresses with silk of the same color. Those, who, on the other hand, like to indulge in fancy, caprice, and originality, line their bareges with silk of a contrasting color. For instance, blue, cherry, green, violet, maroon, or pink, with gray barege. The gray agrees well with all the colors above enumerated, and has really a very distinguished appearance. These robes will not however maintain their vogue much longer. Silks with inwove patterns will inaugurate the winter season. They will be also very full trimmed with a variety of ornaments, affording a fine field for the display of the dress-maker's talent and taste. The following is a description of two dresses we have just seen at Palmyre's: the first is made of pearl-gray silk cut from the piece, that is to say, quite plain. The skirt has four flounces out straight-way of the stuff. On each flounce there are transversal stripes traced slanting and composed of very small bows of emerald green ribbon. At the end of each stripe there is a little bow of ribbon with long ends. Imagine the effect. The body has lappets, and closes down the front with green crystal buttons imitating emeralds. The lappets are in harmony with the flounces already described. On each side of the crystal buttons are bows of ribbons. The sleeves are composed of a plaited part beginning at the shoulder, then of a flounce striped with green ribbon; next comes another plaited piece, and then a second flounce fuller and opener than the first. To give proper support to these flounces they are lined with stiff glazed calico.

The second dress is made of black silk with flounces bordered with lozenges alternately moire antique and deep blue plush. The edges of these lozenges are surrounded by a miniature ruche of black lace. The body is high, and has three rows of plush buttons. Beginning at the shoulders, there is a row of lozenges forming *bretelles* or braces, before and behind, and also continued on the lappets. The sleeves have on

each side of the seam a band of lozenges, like those on the flounces of the skirt. The end of the sleeves is also bordered by lozenges. Below the lozenges hang three buttons of plush and moire.

This very elegant dress may be made of any color, that of the lozenges being changed of course, to keep up the contrast. The vogue of bodies with lappets may probably be drawing to a close, if we are to believe what we hear. But a month or two will solve the doubt. What seems to have given rise to the report is that certain ladies, who have been considered the queens of fashion in the Parisian *beau monde*, are now having their dresses made without lappets, and the bodies pointed, both before and behind, with buttoned revers on each shoulder. On these bodies, without lappets, a bow of ribbon is placed at the waist, both behind and before. The bow in front is pretty enough, but we think the one behind would be quite as well suppressed. When the body opens and turns back on the breast-like revers the bottom at the waist opens like the points of a waistcoat, and the sleeves are turned up in mousquetaire cuffs. Great attention should be paid to keeping the different parts of the dress in harmony with each other. Ribbon and lace *bretelles* are quite the rage, but they do not sit well on every lady, especially when not sewed down on the body. These *bretelles* are essentially youthful, and ought only to accompany a slight, delicate figure. Bodies of plain poplin, or cashmere, are trimmed with two broad velvets, or four or five small ones sewed on as *bretelles*. At each end of the velvets, and at the bottom of the lappets, is put a black velvet bow with long ends. The sleeves are striped on each side with as many velvets as there are on the body. This body is very original and very elegant at the same time.

There is nothing absolutely decided as to bodies yet, but numberless experiments are being made. Fancy is the queen of the hour. Sleeves are modified in every imaginable way. Those with flounces falling one over another, and looped up under the arm with a bow of ribbon, seem to have the advantage over plain sleeves.

Outer garments are made very full, and arranged in flutes. Mantelets and *rotondes* or capes are the only two kinds we have yet seen for autumn. The mantelet has square or rounded ends in front. The cape resembles a large

pelerine. I have also seen some little *crispins*, to which the name of *Figaros* has been given. I will particularly mention one made of a whitish gray cloth, and ornamented with a broad velvet ribbon of a sky-blue color; and another of fine black cashmere embroidered nearly all over. A *Figaro* has a very small and striking appearance on a young lady. The velvet *rotonde* is also very elegant when bordered with guipure or broad bands of feathers of one or two colors only. These feather trimmings are very stylish and aristocratic; nor is there any danger that they will ever become vulgar, as they cost too much for that. Many ladies will carry a muff made of feathers of the same color as those used in the trimmings of the mantelet or dress. As rivals of ermine and grebe tippets, we have seen some made of white feathers and spotted with blue ones, stuck here and there about them. For the theatre tippet is chosen to match the color of the dress. Over velvet dresses these tippets are really charming.

Velvet and plush bodies will be in high favor with skirts of moire antique and taffeta, having inwove flounces, a toilet for home.

The plush body is a novelty that we have not seen till now. Its only trimming should be a kind of plush moss nicely curled, or else bands of feathers. As plush makes a person look stouter than velvet, it is peculiarly adapted for ladies of a tall and slender figure.

The sleeves are made plain, and the body is closed with jewelled buttons.

The flowers brought out for autumn are very fanciful: roses made of white plush with foliage of white crape and plush; roses half silk, half velvet; velvet grapes, with foliage, half crape, half velvet; and flowers of chenille and crape.

As for bonnets, the shape is made rather larger than they were in summer. The crowns are square at the edges, rather large than small and fall less backward. This kind of crown, is not remarkably graceful. If the tapering crowns were extravagant, the square ones are very unsightly. The following are the most remarkable novelties in bonnets.

The *Senator* bonnet, of violet satin stretched smooth except in the front, which is narrow, gathered like a drawn bonnet. Bands of black velvet are placed horizontally on the sides of the bonnet. Between these velvets, at the edge of the front and of the crown, are slashes of

lace. The same arrangement on the crown. Black velvet strings. Inside of the front trimmed with violets of three colors, made of satin and velvet, with a bow of black velvet, and a blonde ruche.

This same bonnet of white terry velvet and blonde is exquisite with a tuft of roses and a bow of lace, moire and blonde.

Next the *Cambridge* bonnet, made of deep green velvet. On one side of the front is a bow of Cantilly lace, from which falls a green and black feather. On the other side is a width of plated green velvet, fastened by agraffes of green velvet. Very full curtain. Inside, blonde, purple velvet volubitis flowers, and black velvet bow.

The *Scabious* bonnet, so called from its color, which is that of the scabious, or widow's flower. The front is satin edged with velvet, and the crown is all velvet. The top is covered with little rolls of velvet, trimmed with lace, representing a gothic rose window; and round this flutters a deep lace, which veils tuft of delicate pink made of velvet of mixed colors. The inside ornament consists of tufts of black lace and velvet pinks, smothered in a blonde ruche.

Strings of scabious velvet with ribbed stripes.

Lastly, the *Raphael* bonnet, made of white plush, having eleven white satin cords bordering the caul, and eleven others connecting the front with the crown. On one side is an oval rosette of plaited plush mixed with blonde. On the other a round one. Inside an oval velvet rosette, flame-color, edged with blonde, and a blonde ruche all round.

NOVELTY FOR LADIES.

A Parisian *Modiste* has recently contrived a chapeau which obviates the inconvenience of wearing bonnets at *dejeuners*, and other occasions within doors, by converting them into caps. This is done by removing a portion of the bonnet, as easily as a gentleman can take off his hat, when there remains on the head a coiffure of the most tasteful description. Our Canadian friends will most likely have the full benefit of this novelty next summer, and for our part, assure them that as soon as we receive a pattern we shall engrave it.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Fashion still accords her favours to the spas and aristocratic chateaux, while the few of her

votaries that remain in Paris are prevented from showing themselves in the Champs-Elysees or the Bois de Boulogne by the continued wetness of the weather.

Straw continues quite the rage, and its holding such high favour may be fairly attributed to the great progress made in its manufacture. Plain straw is entirely forsaken, giving way to the fancy kinds in guipure patterns mixed with velvet, or to the straw ornaments so cleverly blended with blonde, silk and ribbons.

Bonnets of Algerine netting predominate for cool country toilets. Tuscans are trimmed with great simplicity; a fine branch of flowers or a rich tuft of feathers forms their principal ornament.

The rice-straw bonnet is a charming novelty. We have seen one most remarkable for its aristocratic elegance. This bonnet, intended for wedding visits, was simply decorated with a half-wreath of lilies, forming tufts on each side and covering the comb behind. On the curtain, at the edge of the front, is put a blonde ornament of exquisite design. The edges are white silk; inside blonde, jasmin, and white silk buds. It was exquisitely elegant and most appropriate for the mother of the bride. Also, a head-dress of blonde and corn flowers, with golden hearts mixed with blue roses and accompanied by handsome white feathers. This head-dress of unusual richness, breathed an air of high distinction. Our modestes are already preparing for the ensuing season, and have allowed us to have a glimpse of many graceful novelties, but we are obliged to keep them secret till the season is about commencing. But we may be permitted to inform you that our artistes have never exhibited a talent more graceful, elegant, or Parisian, than in the new creations or preparations for the next season.

We have remarked some charming embroidered jackets, trimmed with lace chicorees, and fringe, a delightful garment for in-doors or a walk in the garden or grounds attached to a country seat. Nor must we forget the handsome stuffs, the fresh-looking quadrille taffets, the plaid poplins, the shaded silks, nor those with broad stripes. These last are of such dimensions that they have suggested to the artistes the idea of making dresses of widths of silks of different colours. This innovation has been favourably received, and seems likely to be extensively adopted.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

Tyro.—Your Problem, as amended, is still incorrect. It is very seldom that a defective position can be rendered perfect by the addition of a Piece or pawn: it almost invariably interferes with the conditions.

A. M. S.—Thanks for the positions sent: they shall be examined and reported on. We remarked the notice of our Magazine in the *Illustrated News*.

ROOK.—Send us your games, and they shall be reported on. Our correspondants, we are sure, could supply us with plenty of really good games and positions for Problems or Enigmas, if they would only take the trouble to send them.

Solutions to Problem 11, by Tyro, J. B., J. H. R., and Amy are correct.

Solutions to Enigma No. 34, by Tyro and J. H. R., are correct. The other Enigmas were answered correctly by J. H. R., J. B., Amy, and C. C.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XI.

White. Black.

1. Kt to Q B sq (dis. ch). Q takes Q.
2. B to K Kt 8th (ch). K to R sq.
3. Kt to K B 6th, and play, as Black can: he must be mated next move.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 34.

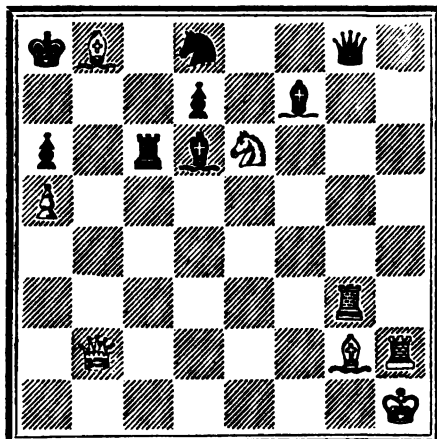
White. Black.

1. K to Q 7th. P takes P (ch).
2. K takes B (best). Kt to Q B 8th (ch).
3. K to R sq. B to Q 3d.
4. P to K 4th. P to Q B 7th.
5. R to Q 8th. Any move.
6. Kt or B mates.

PROBLEM No. XII.

By the Editor.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in six moves.

ELIJAH WILLIAMS.

The late Mr. Elijah Williams, the celebrated Chess-player, was professionally a surgeon. but for many years had discontinued practice. When the cholera, to which he fell a victim, broke out, he benevolently posted a notice on the door of his house, inviting the poor to apply to him for preventive medicines, if attacked by premonitory symptoms, offering it to them gratuitously. On leaving his home for the last time, he asked his wife to give him some of the medicine, as he felt unwell. Unfortunately, the last bottle was exhausted. He walked to town, and was seized with violent pains near Northumberland House, in the Strand, and on the advice of a friend went to the Charing Cross Hospital for relief. This occurred on the 6th of September, and on the 8th he expired in that establishment.

On Mr. Williams' arrival in London, he at once took rank among the first chess-players of the great metropolis, contending evenly against Horwitz, Harrwitz, Captain Kennedy, Buckle, Lowe, and others of that force, though with indifferent success when entering the lists against Staunton at the odds of pawn and two moves. In the year 1848 we find him winning a match, in which he gave pawn and move to Mr. C. Kenny, a rising young amateur, after a close contest of eleven games to nine, five being drawn. In 1849 occurred the Tournament at Ries' Divan, the precursor of the grand one that took place in the Exhibition year: in this Mr. Williams was at first matched against Mr. Flower, a player not of the first order, and defeated him easily; but in the second series of games he was utterly routed by Mr. Buckle, who is considered a rival to Mr. Staunton for the headship of English chess-players.

In the great tournament of 1851, at which nearly all the chess magnates of the world were congregated, Mr. Williams took part, and was fortunate enough to carry off the third prize. Although there can be no doubt that Mr. W. had improved greatly in his play since the days when he accepted Pawn and two from Mr. Staunton, we should not be justified in believing that it was to skill alone that he owed so splendid a result as this contest afforded. The arrangements for the tournament, though perhaps the best that could be adopted, left far too much in the power of the blind goddess. In the first series, it fell to Mr. Williams' lot to encounter the illustrious Hungarian, Lowenthal, who had

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come from New York expressly for the Tournament; much to the surprise of the chess world Mr. W. defeated his opponent by two games to one; in the next series he won the necessary victories off-hand from Mr. Mucklow, a poor player; but in the third series he had to encounter Mr. Wywill, who ultimately gained the second prize, and this contest was the most remarkable one of the whole Tournament. Mr. W. won the first three games, thus only requiring one more victory to carry off the prize, when Mr. Wywill, rallying in the most gallant manner, defeated him in the next four games, and snatched it from his grasp. In the concluding series he was pitted against Staunton, his former master, and the champion of England. Though Mr. Staunton was undoubtedly suffering from ill health, and his play in this tournament had been much below his former standard, few persons anticipated that Mr. Williams would here achieve so great a victory as to defeat the champion by four games out of seven, and thus become entitled to the third prize. At the conclusion of the tournament, matches were arranged between Messrs. Williams, Lowenthal, and Staunton, to allow the latter a chance of retrieving their laurels; the results were that Lowenthal was victorious in a contest of 16 games by 7 to 5, 4 having been drawn, while Mr. Staunton, who had agreed to give his opponent two games, was compelled to resign the match, after winning 6 to 4, for the alleged reason that his health could not sustain the fatigue produced by the "excessive slowness" of his opponents' moves.

In 1858 Mr. W. achieved a great triumph over the brilliant Horwitz, by winning five games to three, no less than nine games being drawn; but in the same year he sustained severe defeats in two successive matches with Mr. Harrwitz, in the first match not scoring a single game, and in the second only two, to his opponent's seven.

This was his last public contest before he was so suddenly cut off in the prime of life. Had he lived to mature his powers, there is little doubt he would have ranked among the very first of chess-players. His style was modelled on that of Philidor and Staunton; profound, solid, and severe, rather than imaginative and brilliant; stubborn and tenacious to the last in circumstances of disaster, and following up any advantage with slow but deadly perseverance.—
Communicated to Ed. A. A. M.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The following interesting game was played a few years back between Mr. Kepping and the late Mr. Williams;—

(Kings' Knight's Opening.)

White (MR. KEPPING.) Black (MR. WILLIAMS.)

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d. Q Kt to B 3d.
3. P to Q B 3d. K Kt to B 3d (a).
4. P to Q 4th. K Kt takes P.
5. P to Q 5th. Q Kt to his sq.
6. Q to B 2d (b). K Kt to B 3d.
7. Q B to Kt 5th (c). P to Q 3d.
8. K B to Q 8d. K B to K 2d.
9. P to Q B 4th. Q Kt to R 3d.
10. P to Q Kt 4th. P to Q Kt 4th (d).
11. P to Q R 3d. Q Kt P takes P.
12. B takes Q Kt P. Castles.
13. K B to Q 3d. P to K R 3d.
14. P to K R 4th. Q Kt to his sq (e).
15. Q Kt to B 3d. Q B to Kt 5th.
16. Q B to K 3d. Q Kt to Q 2d.
17. K Kt to R 2d. Q Kt to Kt 3i.
18. P to K B 3d. Q B to Q 2d.
19. Q to Q Kt 3d. K Kt to R 4th (f).
20. P to K Kt 3d. K Kt takes P.
21. K R to Kt sq. B takes K R P.
22. Castles. P to K B 4th.
23. Q B to K B 2d. P to K B 5th.
24. K R to Kt 2d. Q B to K R 6th.
25. K R to Kt sq. Q to K B 3d.
26. K Kt to Kt 4th. B takes Kt.
27. P takes B. K Kt to K 7th (ch).
28. B takes Kt. B takes B.
29. K R to R sq. B to K 6th (ch).
30. K to B 2d. Q to Kt 3d (ch).
31. K to Kt 2d. B to Q 5th.
32. K to R 2d. P to Q R 4th.
33. P takes P. R takes P.
34. Kt to Kt 5th. K R to Q R sq.
35. R to Q 3d. B to B 4th.
36. Q to Q Kt sq. Q to K 5th.
37. K R to K sq. Q to B 5th (ch).
38. R interposes. R takes R P (ch).

And White resigned.

Notes.

(a) This we believe to be the best reply to White's last move.

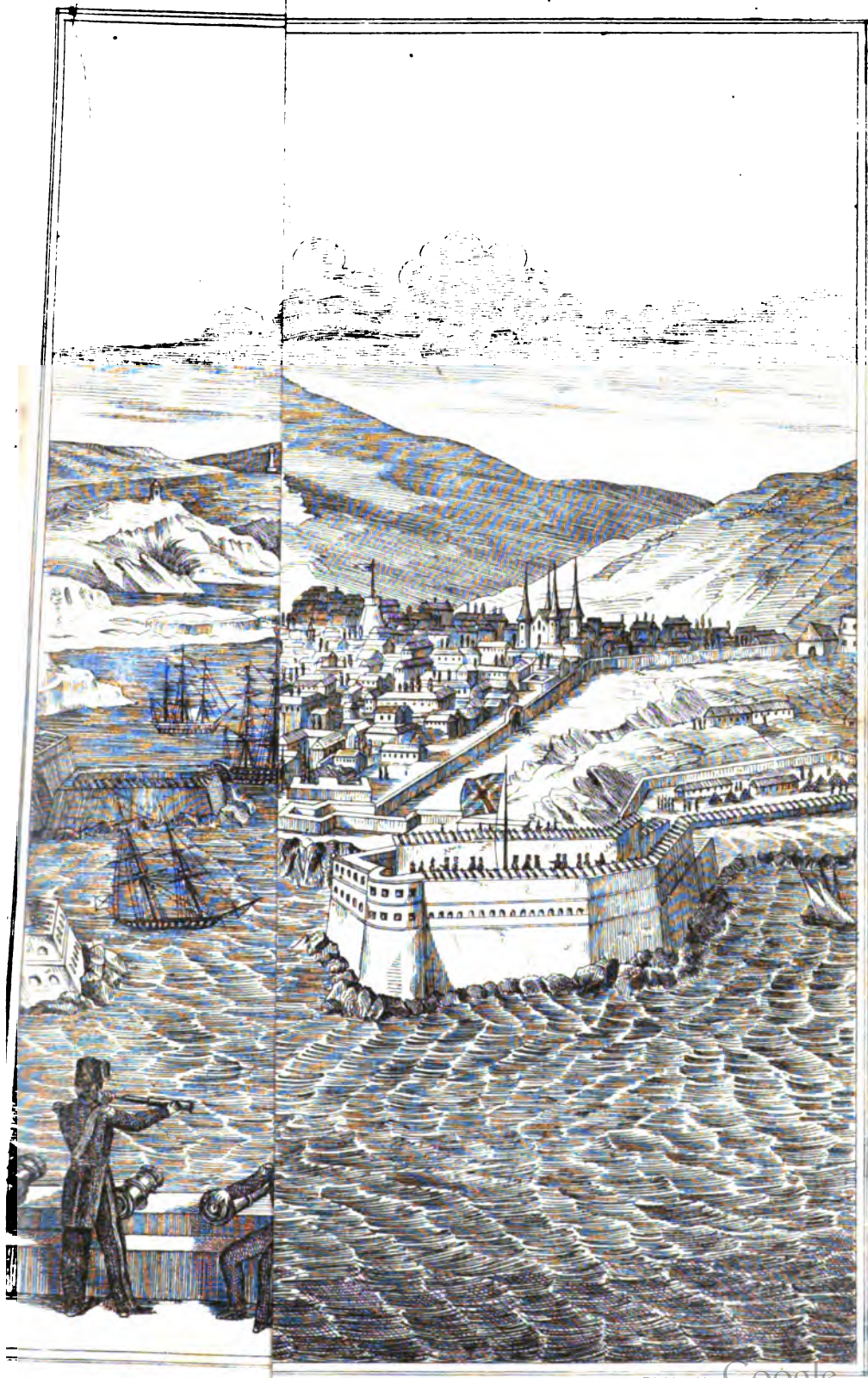
(b) Q to K 2d appears preferable.

(c) Had he taken the K P, he would have lost his Kt.

(d) Black dared not have taken his opponent's Q Kt P.

(e) It is quite obvious that Black would speedily have lost the game had he ventured to capture his adversary's Q B.

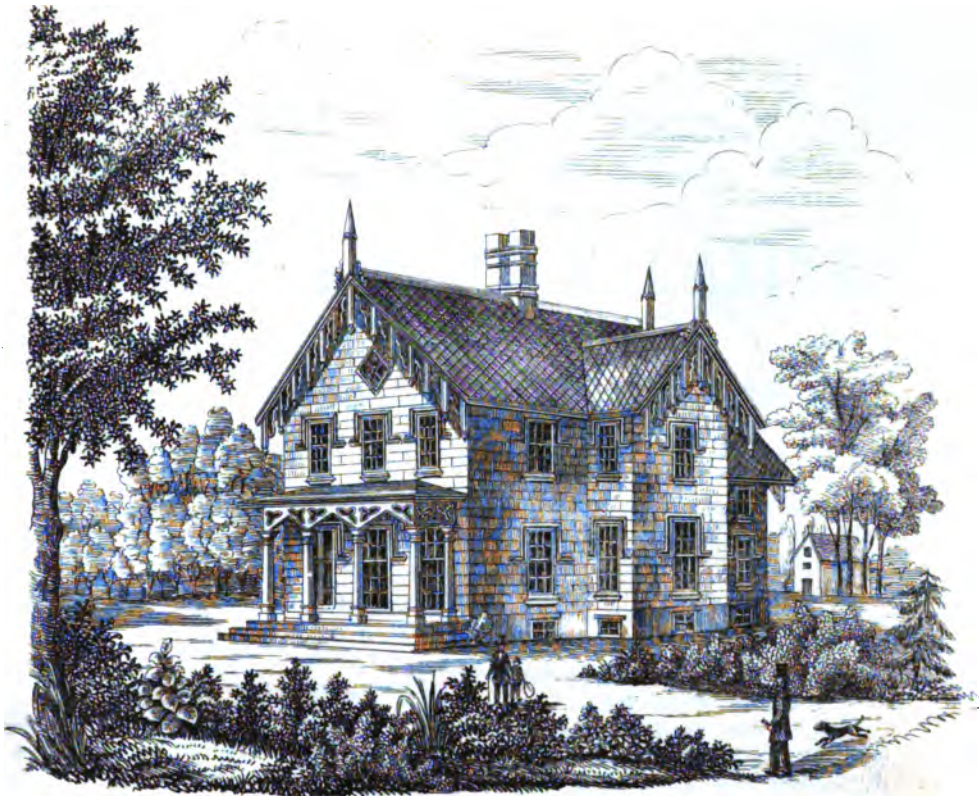
(f) The attack now appears to change hands.



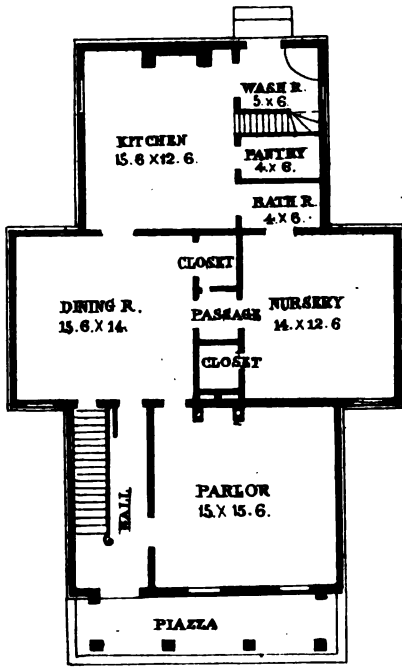


PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER

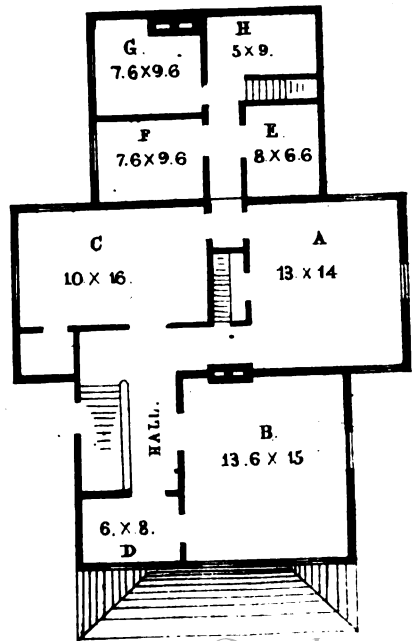
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A SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE



GROUND FLOOR



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SECOND FLOOR

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO : DECEMBER, 1854.—NO. 6.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Unfortunately, Mr. Madison's proclamation given in our last chapter has been invested with an appearance of justice by the articles which appeared in the *Annual Register*, and by other passages, subsequently, in Mr. Macaulay's works. We confess we cannot regard this affair in the same light, and can only look on the proclamation as an attempt by Mr. Madison to cover his own deficiencies. In the first place, he terms an expedition, which he had been warned, two months previously, would be undertaken, a sudden incursion, and then endeavours to prove the ruthlessness of Sir George Cockburn in carrying out his plans, by the assertion that "buildings having no relation to war were destroyed."

When General Ross was fired at from the Capitol, did not that act render this building an object for legitimate attack? And, in the destruction of the houses of Representatives, and the Treasury, was a worse act committed than when Colonel Campbell, of the United States army, destroyed the dwelling-house and other buildings of a Canadian, and justified the act, as according to the usages of war, because a troop of British dragoons had just fled from them?

Ingersol has made great capital out of an article which appeared in the *Annual Register*

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for 1814, and that our readers may judge of the comments for themselves, we give the extract, taking it, not from Ingersol, but the *Register* itself.

"By the capture of Washington, the American Government not only sustained a severe loss in property, but incurred much reproach from the nation, especially from the party adverse to the war, as having been the occasion of a disgrace which it had taken no effectual measures to prevent. A vulnerable part of the Republic was now exposed, and men's minds were impressed with a sense of imminent danger, where before it had been regarded only as a remote possibility. On the other hand, it cannot be concealed, that the extent of devastation practised by the victors, brought a heavy censure upon the British character, not only in America, but on the continent of Europe. *It is acknowledged, that strict discipline was observed, while the troops were in possession of Washington, and private property was anxiously protected:* but the destruction not only of every establishment connected with war, but of edifices consecrated to the purposes of civil government, and affording specimens of the advance of the fine arts among a rising people, was *thought* an indulgence of animosity more suitable to the times of barbarism, than to an age and nation in which hostility is softened by sentiments of generosity and civilised policy."

It will be seen, in this extract, that the writer distinctly says, not that the attack on Washington really was an act suited to barbarous ages, but only that it was *thought so*.

Mr. Ingersol, however, has not failed to quote this passage, and even so late as 1848, hints at a retaliation, to be accomplished by the burning of London, and the destruction of the capital of the nation that taught America her vulnerability, by the devastation of Washington.

A great deal too has been made of the fact that Admiral Cochrane made prizes in the Nominy River of a large quantity of tobacco, besides rescuing from slavery one hundred and thirty five slaves, and taking on board a number of cattle, to relieve his stores already overtaxed by the necessity of finding food for so many additional mouths.

Mr. O'Connor designates all this plundered property; but Mr. O'Connor should have recollected that he did not term the seizure of the North West Company's goods plunder, but held the capture as good prize by the maritime law of nations. We should wish, then, some American casuist to define the differences between the two cases.

Two other expeditions were undertaken almost simultaneously with the attack on Washington—one on Alexandria, the other directed against a party of militia assembled at Waltham farm.

The first of these was attended with considerable success, as twenty Attack on Alexandria. one merchant vessels, laden with sixteen thousand barrels of flour, a thousand hogheads of tobacco, besides a considerable quantity of cotton and other articles were captured. The town of Alexandria and its inhabitants, with all their property remained unmolested, as they had signified their readiness to submit without resistance to the invading party.

The second expedition ended more disastrously, and resulted in Sir Peter Parker's death. the death of a very gallant officer, Sir Peter Parker. This officer, while his ship was at anchor at Moor's fields, received information that two hundred American riflemen were encamped behind a wood, about a mile from the beach, and determined if possible to carry the American camp by a night attack, and, on the evening of the 29th August, he made, at the head of nearly one hundred and forty men, a most gallant attack on the American position.

The enemy were, however, very strongly posted, and after a sharp struggle the British fell back, in consequence of the death of their leader, Sir Peter Parker. It must not be omitted that the retreat of the British seamen did not commence until they had seen their opponents in full retreat before them.

On the 3rd of September the British troops, under Captain Gordon, began a retrograde march from Alexandria, and by the 9th, although many difficulties presented themselves by a combination of skill, diligence, and good fortune, the British Commander was enabled to withdraw and anchor his whole squadron in perfect safety.

Ingersol seems determined always to find some excuse for his countrymen, and, in the present instance, although none was required, he is prepared to assign a reason for the non-defence of Alexandria. In the first place the Captain commanding was guilty of misconduct and was cashiered. Secondly, the Common Council were inimical to Mr. Madison's administration. Would it not have sufficed for Mr. Ingersol to state that the Sea Horse and Euryalus frigates with some other smaller vessels lay off the town, and that there could be no hesitation on the part of the defenceless inhabitants, the fighting portion of which did not exceed one hundred militia men, in choosing between security and total ruin.

American writers have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in finding epithets to launch against Captain Gordon's acts, but to show how undeserved were their attacks it is but necessary to transcribe the conditions imposed on the citizens of Alexandria.

The town of Alexandria (with the exception Gordon's terms. of public works) shall not be destroyed, unless hostilities are commenced on the part of the Americans, nor shall the inhabitants be molested in any manner whatsoever, or their dwelling houses entered, if the following articles are complied with:—

Article 1. All naval and ordnance stores must be immediately given up.

Article 2. Possession will be immediately taken of all the shipping, and their furniture must be sent on board by the owners without delay.

Article 3. Merchandise of every description must be instantly delivered up, and to prevent any irregularities that might be committed in its embarkation the merchants have it in their option to load the vessels generally employed for that purpose, when they will be towed off by us.

Article 4. Refreshments of every description to be supplied to the ships, and *paid for at the market price by bills on the British Government.*

Article 5. Officers will be appointed to see that these articles are strictly complied with, and any deviation or non-compliance on the part of the inhabitants of Alexandria will render this treaty null and void.

American historians when descanting on these terms are but too apt to dwell on Article No. 3, but we should recommend to their especial notice also No. 4, particularly as this Article was strictly complied with, and not an article of food was taken on board the vessels without full and prompt payment. Even the Government organs at Baltimore, when indulging in every species of vituperation did not dare to deny this.

Ingersol is silent on the subject and merely contents himself with designating the prizes made as spoil, we should however like Mr. Ingersol to say what difference existed between the West Indian and South Sea whalers captured at sea by the Americans and merchant vessels captured in an enemy's port.

Ingersol is very bitter on both Mr. Madison and General Armstrong.

on the one for his poltroonery, and on the latter for his contemptuous indifference of what was going on around him. He says,—

“Emerging from his hiding-place, and soon informed of the enemy's precipitate departure, the President likewise turned his steps towards deserted Washington, where his presence was the signal of universal recuperation—his own, the capital, and the country—risen like Antaeus from his fall. Such are war's vicissitudes and compensations. At Georgetown, at the tavern, in the apple orchard, and at the hovel in the woods, the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia

of the several states, when called into actual service, forces then afoot exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand men, drank the bitter lees of public disgrace, and suffered many of the pains and penalties inflicted on power degraded: encompassed by crowds of his countrymen, flying from their desolated dwellings, many of them in arms, crying aloud for his downfall, begrudging even his wife the sanctuary of a common inn: both the reviled and revilers pursued by resistless foes, bent on the indiscriminate destruction of all alike. The night following came some compensation for such punishment—the last night of Madison's exile, and eve of his restoration to almost universal favor. It was spent in the family of Quaker hosts, strangers to him, and conscientious adversaries of all war, who, with primitive hospitality, welcomed friend Madison, entertaining him and his outcast comrades in misfortune with the kindest and most touching attentions. Refreshed by sweet repose under the Quaker roof, they returned next day to Washington; and on the way were joined by General Armstrong. After his suggestion to fortify and defend the Capitol was, with his own acquiescence, overruled by General Winder and Colonel Monroe, the Secretary of War rode to his lodgings in the city, provided himself with a change of clothes and one of Scott's novels, with which he withdrew to a farm-house in Maryland, where he was found next morning, quietly enjoying his romance. Coldly accosted by every one of the President's party, except Mr. Madison, whose behaviour was as usual, the war secretary felt the first symptoms of that nearly universal aversion which marked his return to Washington, and protested against his continuance in the war department. Never well liked by Madison, who yielded to the political, local, and critical inducements which took General Armstrong, from commanding the garrison and important station of the city of New York, into the cabinet, his contempt for all but regular troops, and for party, if not popularity, his military and aristocratic democracy, supine and sarcastic deportment and conversation, habitual disparagement of the wilderness capital, the negligence imputed to him of its defences, and his opinion frequently expressed, that it was too insigni-

nificant to be in danger, fomenting the desire men have of a sacrifice, filled Washington with his enemies, then fevered to animosity by its destruction, and festered to rancorous hate. Men require victims, and it was natural to make them of Armstrong and Winder, as alone guilty of what all the rest were to blame for, and, which were in fact, infirmities of republican institutions. The fall of Washington endangered the removal of the seat of government from a place which both east and west began to disparage. Leading men there, Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, whose hospitable villa stood on the picturesque heights of Georgetown; John Mason, with his elegant residence on Analoatan island, on the Potomac, at their feet; John Van Ness, a large landlord in the heart of the city, with many more whose property was threatened with sudden and ruinous depreciation, intimates and supporters of Madison, to personal, party, and patriotic attachments, joined solicitude for their homesteads, instinctive and irrepressible beyond all reason. The district militia swore that they would break their swords rather than wield them, directed by such a Secretary of War; and Georgetown sent a deputation to the President to tell him so, consisting of three remonstrants, one of whom was Hanson, editor of the newspaper most abusive of his administration; and another, McKenny, then contriving to promote Munroe's election as Madison's successor. Refusing to receive such envoys, too wise and just to give way to local clamor, but too mild and forbearing to spurn or rebuke it, the President compromised with what Armstrong stigmatised as a village mob, by advising him to withdraw temporarily from his vengeance, if he did not even intimate a wish that the Secretary of War would relinquish his official superintendence of the District of Columbia, promising shortly to restore him to all his faculties. General Armstrong could not remain, under such disadvantages, a member of his administration. The averted countenances of all the President's associates, when first met after the defeat, all cold, and one of them, Mr. Carroll, insulting, told the secretary that he could not stay, even though his life had not been threatened by the mili-

tary mob he defied, without forfeiting the independence he maintained. Retiring, therefore, after his interview with the President, and by his advice, to Baltimore, on the 3rd September, 1814, in the federal journal of that city, he published an indignant resignation of a place, which, throughout his incumbency, was one of continual quarrels with the generals he superintended, and of their disastrous miscarriages of the campaigns he projected. At his residence on the North River he survived till more than eighty years old. Having bravely served in the army of the Revolution, been the organ of its almost rebellious complaints by the Newberg letters which he wrote, appointed to high public trusts at home and abroad by Presidents Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, he closed his life, by military annals of the war of 1812, remarkable for accurate narrative, polished diction, and manly tone."

* * * * *

A few days after the Washington Expedition, it was determined against Baltimore. A demonstration should be made against Baltimore, and that, if there appeared to be any reasonable prospect of success, the demonstration should become a real expedition. the policy of this demonstration was apparent, when we consider that the Java frigate and several sloops and smaller vessels of war were lying there, and that an immense quantity of naval stores were deposited in the arsenal, the loss of which could not but inflict a heavy blow on the American Government.

Influenced by these considerations Sir Alexander Cochrane, Admiral Cockburn, and General Ross began to make the necessary arrangements, and from the 1st to the 11th all was a scene of busy preparation. On the 12th the troops landed at North Point, at the entrance of the River Patapsco, while the frigates, bomb vessels, and flotilla worked up the Patapsco, as well as the shoal water permitted, in order to co-operate with the army by an attack on Fort McHenry, and the other batteries about two miles from the City.

The Americans had so long sustained along the banks of the Chesapeake a series of humiliations, that it would almost appear as if, in relating the descent on Baltimore, their

historians had determined to wipe away the disgrace which had been incurred, by making the most of that affair. Accordingly we find from Ingersol to Smith, not even excepting Armstrong, that the British force was magnified in the same ratio that their own was diminished. We must, however, do Armstrong the justice to observe that he was the most moderate, and only made the British as *six to three*.

We are fortunately in possession of the exact number of troops that were landed at North Point, and we will proceed to examine how much truth exists in the various American statements.

The troops which landed under the command of General Ross consisted of detachments of Royal and Marine Artillery, the remnants of the 1st battalions of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, and the 85th regiment, the 1st and 2nd battalions of Marines from the ships, and a body of six hundred seamen, under Captain Edward Crofton; the whole numbering thirty-two hundred and seventy rank and file.

Here we have the official return of numbers, yet American writers, pretending to be historians, have not scrupled to swell the British numbers to eight, nine, and ten thousand. We look in vain in General Smith's dispatch for some clue as to the American numbers. We are, however, luckily, able from various admissions made by the different writers, to approximate somewhat closely to the real state of the case. For instance, we gather from Mr. Thompson that General Stricker's brigade, besides several companies of Pennsylvania militia, amounted to three thousand one hundred and eighty-five men. This was exclusive of the men stationed at the forts and batteries, who mustered one thousand strong, and when we add to these numbers the men stationed along the whole line of breastworks, estimated, by the prisoners taken, at four thousand, we find that, instead of being numerically inferior to the British, the Americans more than doubled their assailants, and considerably exceeded eight thousand men.*

* Sketches of the War, p. 340.

Having laid before the reader this statement of numbers we proceed to the expedition itself, and begin with an extract from Col. Brooke's letter, adding to it Sir Alexander Cochrane's and Admiral Cockburn's despatches, giving in our notes also an extract from General Smith's despatch* to the Secretary at War.

“About two miles beyond this point† our advance became engaged; the country was here closely wooded, and the enemy's riflemen were enabled to conceal themselves.— At this moment, the gallant General Ross received a wound in his breast which proved mortal. He only survived to recommend a young and unprovided family to the protection of his king and country.

“Thus fell, at an early age, one of the brightest ornaments of his profession; one who, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, or corps, had alike displayed the talents of command; who was not less beloved in his private than enthusiastically admired in his public character; and whose only fault if it may be deemed so, was an excess of gallantry, enterprise, and devotion to the service.

“If ever it were permitted to a soldier to lament those who fall in battle, we may indeed, in this instance, claim that melancholy privilege.

“Thus it is, that the honour of addressing your Lordship, and the command of this army, have devolved upon me; duties which under any other circumstances, might have been embraced as the most enviable gifts of fortune; and here I venture to solicit, through your lordship, his royal Highness the Prince Regent's consideration to the

* *Extract from Major-General Smith's Despatch.*

About the time General Stricker had taken the ground just mentioned, he was joined by Brigadier-General Winder, who had been stationed on the west side of the city, but was now ordered to march with General Douglas's brigade of Virginia militia, and the United States' Dragoons, under Captain Bird, and take post on the left of General Stricker. During these movements, the brigades of Generals Stransbury and Foreman, the seamen and marines under Commodore Rodgers, the Penn-

† Two miles from North Point.

circumstances . of my succeeding, during operations of so much moment, to an officer of such high and established merit.

“Our advance continuing to press forward, the enemy’s light troops were pushed to within five miles of Baltimore, where a corps of about 6000 men, six pieces of artillery, and some hundred cavalry, were discovered posted under cover of a wood, drawn up in a very dense order, and lining a strongpaling, which crossed the main road nearly at right angles. The creeks and inlets of the Patapsco and Black rivers, which approach each other at this point, will in some measure account for the contracted nature of the enemy’s position.

“I immediately ordered the necessary dispositions for a general attack. The light brigade under the command of Major Jones, of the 4th, consisting of the 85th light infantry, under Major Gubbins, and the light companies of the army, under Major Pringle, of the 21st, covered the whole of the front, driving the enemy’s skirmishers with great loss on his main body. The 4th regiment, under Major Faunce, by a detour through some hollow ways, gained, unperceived, a lodgment close upon the enemy’s left. The remainder of the light brigade, under the command of the honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, consisting of the 44th regiment under Major Johnson, the marines of the fleet under Captain Robbins, and a detachment of seamen under Captain Money of the *Trave*, formed a line along the enemy’s front; while the left brigade, under Colonel Patterson, consisting of the 21st regiment, commanded by Major Whitaker, the 2nd battalion of marines by Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm, and a detachment of marines by Major Lewis, remained in columns on the road, with orders to deploy to his left, and press the enemy’s right, the moment the ground became sufficiently open to admit of that movement.

“In this order, the signal being given, the whole of the troops advanced rapidly to the

charge. In less than fifteen minutes, the enemy’s force being utterly broken and dispersed, fled in every direction over the country, leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, with a considerable number of killed, wounded, and prisoners.

“The enemy lost, in this short but brilliant affair, from 500 to 600 in killed and wounded; while at the most moderate computation he is at least 1000 *hors de combat*. The 5th regiment of militia, in particular, has been represented as nearly annihilated.

“The day being now far advanced, and the troops (as is always the case on the first march after disembarkation) much fatigued, we halted for the night on the ground of which the enemy had been dispossessed.—Here, I received a communication from Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir A. Cochrane, informing me that the frigates, bomb-ships, and flotilla of the fleet, would on the ensuing morning, take their stations as previously proposed.

“At day-break on the 13th, the army again advanced, and at ten o’clock I occupied a favourable position eastward of Baltimore, distant about a mile and a half, and from whence I could reconnoitre, at my leisure, the defences of that town.

“Baltimore is completely surrounded by strong but detached hills, on which the enemy had constructed a chain of palisaded redoubts, connected by a small breast-work; I have, however, reason to think, that the defence to the northward and westward of the place, were in a very unfinished state. Chinkapin hill, which lay in front of our position, completely commands the town; this was the strongest part of the line, and here the enemy seemed most apprehensive of an attack. These works were defended, according to the best information which we could obtain, by about 15,000 men, with a large train of artillery.

“Judging it perfectly feasible, with the description of forces under my command, I

sylvania volunteers under Colonel Cobean and Findley, the Baltimore artillery under Colonel Harris, and the marine artillery under Captain Stiles, manned the trenches and the batteries—all prepared to receive the enemy. We remained in this situation during the night.

On Tuesday, the enemy appeared in front of my entrenchments, at the distance of two miles on the Philadelphia road, from whence he had a full view of our position. He manœuvred during the morning towards our left, as if with the intention of making a circuitous march, and

made arrangements for a night-attack, during which the superiority of the enemy's artillery would not have been so much felt; and Captain McDougall, the bearer of these despatches, will have the honor to point out to your lordship, those particular points of the line which I had proposed to act on. During the evening, however, I received a communication from the commander-in-chief of the naval forces, by which I was informed that, in consequence of the entrance to the harbour being closed up by vessels sunk for that purpose by the enemy, a naval co-operation against the town and camp was found impracticable.

"Under these circumstances, and keeping in view your lordship's instructions, it was agreed between the Vice-Admiral and myself, that the capture of the town would not have been a sufficient equivalent to the loss which might probably be sustained in storming the heights.

"Having formed this resolution; after compelling the enemy to sink upwards of 20 vessels in different parts of the harbour; causing the citizens to remove almost the whole of their property to places of more security inland; obliging the government to concentrate all the military force of the surrounding states; harassing the militia, and forcing them to collect from very remote districts; causing the enemy to burn a valuable rope-walk, with other public buildings, in order to clear the glacis in front of their redoubts, besides having beaten and routed them in a general action, I retired on the 14th, three miles from the position which I had occupied, where I halted during some hours.

"This tardy movement was partly caused by an expectation that the enemy might possibly be induced to move out of his intrenchments and follow us; but he profited by the lesson which he had received on the 12th; and towards the evening I retired the troops about three miles and a half fur-

coming down on the Harford or York roads. Generals Winder and Stricker were ordered to adapt their movements to those of the enemy, so as to baffle this supposed intention. They executed this order with great skill and judgment, by taking an advantageous position

ther, where I took up my ground for the night.

"Having ascertained, at a late hour on the morning of the 15th, that the enemy had no disposition to quit his intrenchments I moved down and re-embarked the army at North Point, not leaving a man behind, and carrying with me about 200 prisoners, being persons of the best families in the city, and which number might have been very considerably increased, was not the fatigue of the troops an object principally to be avoided.

"I have now to remark to your lordship, that nothing could surpass the zeal, unanimity and ardour, displayed by every description of force, whether naval, military, or marine, during the whole of these operations.

"I am highly indebted to Vice-Admiral Sir A. Cochrane, commander-in-chief of the naval forces, for the active assistance and zealous co-operation, which he was ready, upon every occasion to afford me; a disposition conspicuous in every branch of the naval service, and which cannot fail to ensure success to every combined operation of this armament.

"Captain Edward Crofton, commanding the brigade of seamen appointed to the small arms, for the animated and enthusiastic example which he held forth to his men, deserves my approbation: as do also Captains Nourse, Money, Sullivan, and Ramsay, R.N., for the steadiness and good order which they maintained in their several directions.

"I feel every obligation to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, for the counsel and assistance which he afforded me, and from which I derived the most signal benefit.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

ARTHUR BROOKE, Col. com.

Killed—39; Wounded—251.

From Sir Alexander Cochrane to Mr. Croker.

H.M.S. Tonnant Chesapeake, Sept. 1841.

"SIR,—I request that you will be pleased to inform my lords commissioners of the admi-

stretching from my left across the country when the enemy was likely to approach the quarter he seemed to threaten. This movement induced the enemy to concentrate his forces (between one and two o'clock), in my front, pushing his advance to within a mile of us,

ralty, that the approaching equinoctial new moon rendering it unsafe to proceed immediately out of the Chesapeake with the combined expedition, to act upon the plans which had been concerted previous to the departure of the *Iphigenia*; major-general Ross and myself resolved to occupy the intermediate time to advantage, by making a demonstration upon the city of Baltimore which might be converted into a real attack, should circumstances appear to justify it; and, as our arrangements were soon made, I proceeded up this river, and anchored off the mouth of the Patapsco, on the 11th inst. where the frigates and smaller vessels entered at a convenient distance for landing the troops.

"At an early hour the next morning, the disembarkation of the army was effected without opposition, having attached to it a brigade of 600 seamen, under captain E. Crofton, (late of the *Leopard*), the second battalion of marines, the marines of the squadron, and the colonial black marines Rear-admiral Cockburn accompanied the general, to advise and arrange as might be deemed necessary for our combined efforts.

"So soon as the army moved forward, I hoisted my flag in the *Surprise*, and with the remainder of the frigates, bombs, sloops, and the rocket-ship, passed further up the river, to render what co-operation could be found practicable.

"While the bomb-vessels were working up, in order that we might open our fire upon the enemy's fort at day-break next morning, an account was brought to me, that major-general Ross, when reconnoitring the enemy had received a mortal wound by a musket-ball, which closed his glorious career before he could be brought off to the ship.

"It is a tribute due to the memory of this gallant and respected officer, to pause in my relation, while I lament the loss that his majesty's service and the army of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, have

sustained by his death. The unanimity and the zeal, which he manifested on every occasion, while I had the honour of serving with him, gave life and ease to the most arduous undertakings. Too heedless of his personal security when in the field, his devotion to the care and honour of his army has caused the termination of his valuable life. The major-general has left a wife and family, for whom I am confident his grateful country will provide.

"The skirmish which had deprived the army of its brave general, was a prelude to a most decisive victory over the flower of the enemy's troops. Colonel Brooke, on whom the command devolved, having pushed forward our force to within five miles of Baltimore, where the enemy, about 6000 or 7000, had taken up an advanced position, strengthened by field-pieces, and where he had disposed himself, apparently with the intention of making a determined resistance, fell upon the enemy with such impetuosity, that he was obliged soon to give way, and fly in every direction, leaving on the field of battle a considerable number of killed and wounded, and two pieces of cannon.

"For the particulars of this brilliant affair, I beg leave to refer their lordships to rear, admiral Cockburn's despatch, transmitted herewith.

"At day-break the next morning, the bombs having taken their stations within shell-range, supported by the *Surprise*, with the other frigates and sloops, opened their fire upon the fort that protected the entrance of the harbour, and I had now an opportunity of observing the strength and preparations of the enemy.

"The approach to the town on the land side was defended by commanding heights, upon which was constructed a chain of redoubts, connected by a breast-work, with a ditch in front, an extensive train of artillery, and a shew of force that was reported to be from 15 to 20,000 men.

driving in our videttes, and showing an intention of attacking us that evening. I immediately drew Generals Winder and Stricker, nearer to the left of my entrenchments, and to the right of the enemy, with the intention of their falling on his right or rear, should he at-

tack me; or, if he declined it, of attacking him in the morning. To this movement, and to the strength of my defence, which the enemy had the fairest opportunity of observing, I am induced to attribute his retreat, which was commenced at half-past one o'clock on Wednesday

"The entrance by sea, within which the town is retired nearly three miles, was entirely obstructed by a barrier of vessels sunk at the mouth of the harbour, defended inside by gun-boats, flanked on the right by a strong and regular fortification, and on the left by a battery of several heavy guns.

"These preparations rendering it impracticable to afford any essential co-operation by sea, I considered that an attack on the enemy's strong position by the army only, with such disparity of force, though confident of success, might risk a greater loss than the possession of the town would compensate for, while holding in view the ulterior operations of this force in the contemplation of his majesty's government; and therefore, as the primary object of our movement had been already fully accomplished, I communicated my observations to Colonel Brooke, who, coinciding with me in opinion, it was mutually agreed that we should withdraw.

"The following morning, the army began leisurely to retire; and so salutary was the effect produced on the enemy by the defeat he had experienced, that, notwithstanding every opportunity was offered for his repeating the conflict, with an infinite superiority, our troops re-embarked without molestation. The ships of war dropped down as the army retired.

"The result of this demonstration has been the defeat of the army of the enemy, the destruction, by themselves, of a quantity of shipping, the burning of an extensive ropewalk, and other public erections; the causing of them to remove their property from the city, and above all, the collecting and harrassing of the armed inhabitants from the surrounding country; producing a total stagnation of their commerce, and heaping upon them considerable expenses, at the same time effectually drawing off their attention and support from other important quarters.

morning. In this he was so favored by the extreme darkness, and a continued rain, that we did not discover it until day-light.

I have now the pleasure of calling your attention to the brave commander of Fort

"It has been a source of the greatest gratification to me, the continuance of that unanimity existing between the two services, which I have before noticed to their lordships; and I have reasons to assure them, that the command of the army has fallen upon a most zealous and able officer in colonel Brooke, who has followed up a system of cordiality that had been so beneficially adopted by his much-lamented chief.

"Rear-admiral Cockburn, to whom I had confided that part of the naval service which was connected with the army, evinced his usual zeal and ability, and executed his important trust to my entire satisfaction.

"Rear-admiral Malcolm, who regulated the collection, debarkation, and re-embarkation of the troops, and the supplies they required, has merited my best thanks for his indefatigable exertions; and I have to express my acknowledgements for the counsel and assistance which, in all our operations, I have received from Rear-admiral Codrington, the captain of the fleet.

"The captains of the squadron, who were employed on the various duties a-float, were all emulous to promote the service in which they were engaged, and, with the officers acting under them, are entitled to my fullest approbation.

"I beg leave to call the attention of their lordships to the report Rear-admiral Cockburn has made, of the meritorious and gallant conduct of the naval brigade; as well as to the accompanying letter from colonel Brooke, expressing his obligation to captain Edward Crofton, who commanded, and captains T. B. Sullivan, Rowland, Money, and Robert Ramsay, who had charge of divisions; and I have to recommend these officers, together with those who are particularly noticed by the Rear-admiral, to their lordship's favourable consideration.

"Captain Robyns, of the royal marines who commanded the marines of the squadron on this occasion, and in the operations

M'Henry, Major Armistead, and to the operations confined to that quarter. The enemy made his approach by water at the same time that his army was advancing on the land, and commenced a discharge of bombs and rockets

against Washington, being severely wounded, I beg leave to bring him to their lordship's recollection, as having been frequently noticed for his gallant conduct during the services in the Chesapeake, and to recommend him with Lieutenant Sampson Marshall, of the Diadem, who is dangerously wounded, to their lordship's favour and protection.

"First-Lieutenant John Lawrence, of the Royal Marine Artillery, who commanded the rocket-brigade, has again rendered essential service, and is highly spoken of by Colonel Brooke.

"Captain Edward Crofton, who will have the honor of delivering this despatch, is competent to explain any further particulars; and I beg leave to recommend him to their Lordships' protection, as a most zealous and intelligent officer.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

ALEXANDER COCHRANE,

Vice-Admiral, and Commander in Chief.
To John Wilson Croker, Esq. &c.

From Rear-Admiral Cockburn to Sir Alexander Cochrane.

H. M. S. Severn, in the Patapsco.
15th Sept., 1814.

SIR,—In furtherance of the instructions I had the honor to receive from you on the 11th instant, I landed at day-light on the 12th with Major-General Boss, and the force under his command, at a place the General and myself had previously fixed upon, near to North-point, at the entrance of the Patapsco; and, in conformity with his wishes, I determined on remaining on shore, and accompanying the army, to render him every assistance within my power during the contemplated movements and operations; therefore, as soon as our landing was completed, I directed Captain Nourse, of this ship, to advance up to the Patapsco with the frigate, sloop, and bomb-ships, to bombard the fort, and threaten the water approach to Baltimore, and I moved on with the army and seamen (under Captain Edward Crofton) at-

at the fort, as soon as he got within range of it. The situation of Major Armistead was peculiarly trying—the enemy having taken his position at such a distance, as to render offensive operations on the part of the fort entirely fruit-

tached to it, on the direct road leading to the above mentioned town.

"We had advanced about five miles, (without any other occurrence than taking prisoners a few light horse-men,) when the General and myself, being with the advanced guard, observed a division of the enemy posted at the turning of the road, extending into a wood on our left; a sharp fire was almost immediately opened upon us, and as quickly returned with considerable effect by our advanced guard, which pressing steadily forward, soon obliged the enemy to run off with the utmost precipitation, leaving behind him several men killed and wounded; but it is with the most heartfelt sorrow I have to add, that in this short and desultory skirmish, my gallant and highly valued friend, the Major-General, received a musket-ball through his arm into his breast, which proved fatal to him on his way to the water-side for re-embarkation.

"Our country, sir, has lost in him one of its best and bravest soldiers; and those who knew him, as I did, a friend most honored and beloved; and I trust, sir, I may be forgiven for considering it a sacred duty I owe to him to mention here, that whilst his wounds were binding up, and we were placing him on the bearer which was to carry him off the field, he assured me that the wounds he had received in the performance of his duty to his country, caused him not a pang; but he felt alone anxiety for a wife and family, dearer to him than his life, whom, in the event of the fatal termination he foresaw, he recommended to the protection and notice of his Majesty's government, and the country.

"Colonel Brooke, on whom the command of the army now devolved, having come up, and the body of our troops having closed with the advance, the whole proceeded forward about two miles further, where we observed the enemy in force drawn up before us; (apparently about 6000 or 7000 strong;) on perceiving our army, he filed off into a

less, whilst their bombs and rockets were every moment falling in and about it—the officers and men, at the same time entirely exposed. The vessels, however, had the temerity to approach somewhat nearer—they were as soon compelled

large and extensive wood on his right, from which he commenced a canonade on us from his field-pieces, and drew up his men behind a thick paling, where he appeared determined to make his stand. Our field guns answered his with an evident advantage; and so soon as Colonel Brooke had made the necessary dispositions, the attack was ordered, and executed in the highest style possible. The enemy opened his musketry on us from his whole line, immediately we approached within reach of it, and kept up his fire till we reached and entered the wood, when he gave way in every direction, and was chased by us a considerable distance with great slaughter, abandoning his post at the Meeting-house, situated in this wood, and leaving all his wounded, and two of his field-guns, in our possession.

“An advance of this description, against superior numbers of an enemy so posted, could not be effected without loss. I have the honor to enclose a return of what has been suffered by those of the naval department, acting with the army on this occasion; and it is, sir, with the greatest pride and pleasure I report to you, that the brigade of seamen and small arms, commanded by Captain E. Crofton, assisted by Captain Sullivan, Money, and Ramsay, (the three senior commanders with the fleet), who commanded divisions under him, behaved with a gallantry and steadiness which would have done honor to the oldest troops, and which attracted the admiration of the army. The seamen under Mr. Jackson, master's mate of the Tonnant, attached to the rocket brigade, commanded by the first-Lieutenant Lawrence, of the marines, behaved also with equal skill and bravery. The marines, landed from the ships under the command of Captain Robyns, the senior officer of that corps, belonging to the fleet, behaved with their usual gallantry.

“Although, sir, in making to you my report of this action, I know it is right I should confine myself to mentioning only the conduct of those belonging to the naval department, yet I may be excused for venturing

further to state to you, generally, the high admiration with which I viewed the conduct of the whole army, and the ability and gallantry with which it was managed, and headed, by its brave Colonel, which insured to it the success it met with.

“The night being fast approaching, and the troops much fatigued, Colonel Brooke determined on remaining for the night on the field of battle; and, on the morning of the 13th, leaving a small guard at the Meeting-house to collect and protect the wounded, we again moved forwards towards Baltimore; on approaching which it was found to be defended by extremely strong works on every side, and immediately in front of us by an extensive hill, on which was an entrenched camp, and great quantities of artillery; and the information we collected, added to what we observed, gave us to believe that there were at least, within their works, from 15 to 20,000 men. Colonel Brooke lost no time in reconnoitring these defences; after which, he made his arrangement for storming, during the ensuing night, with his gallant little army, the entrenched camp in our front, notwithstanding all the difficulties which it presented. The subsequent communications which we opened with you, however, induced him to relinquish again the idea, and therefore yesterday morning the army retired leisurely to the Meeting-house, where it halted for some hours to make the necessary arrangements respecting the wounded and the prisoners taken on the 12th, which being completed, it made a further short movement in the evening towards the place where it had disembarked, and where it arrived this morning for re-embarkation, without suffering the slightest molestation from the enemy; who, in spite of his superiority of number, did not even venture to look at us during the slow and deliberate retreat.

“As you, sir, were in person with the advanced frigates, sloops, and bomb-vessels, and as, from the road the army took, I did not see them after quitting the beach, it would be superfluous for me to make any re-

to withdraw. During the night, whilst the enemy on the land was retreating, and whilst the bombardment was most severe, two or three rocket vessels and barges succeeded in getting

up the Ferry Branch, but they were soon compelled to retire, by the forts in that quarter, commanded by Lieutenant Newcomb, of the navy, and Lieutenant Webster, of the flotilla.

port to you respecting them. I have now, therefore, only to assure you of my entire satisfaction and approbation of the conduct of every officer and man employed under me during the operations above detailed, and to express to you how particularly I consider myself indebted to Captain Edward Crofton, (acting Captain of the Royal Oak,) for the gallantry, ability, and zeal, with which he led on the brigade of seamen in the action of the 12th, and executed all the other services with which he has been entrusted since our landing; to Captain White, (acting Captain of the Albion,) who attended me as my aide-de-camp the whole time, and rendered me every possible assistance; to Captains Sullivan, Money, and Ramsay, who commanded divisions of the brigade of seamen; to Lieutenant James Scott, of the Albion, whom I have had much frequent cause to mention to you on former occasions, and who in the battle of the 12th commanded a division of seamen, and behaved most gallantly, occasionally also acting as an extra aide-de-camp to myself. Captain Robyns, who commanded the marines of the fleet, and who was severely wounded during the engagement, I also beg to recommend to your favourable notice and consideration, as well as Lieutenant George C. Ormston, of the Albion, whom I placed in command of the smaller boats, to endeavour to keep up a communication between the army and navy, which he effected by great perseverance, and thereby rendered us most essential service. In short, sir, every individual seemed animated with equal anxiety to distinguish himself by good conduct on this occasion, and I trust, therefore, the whole will be deemed worthy of your approbation.

“Captain Nourse, of the Severn, was good enough to receive my flag for this service; he rendered me great assistance in getting the ships to the different stations within the river, and when the storming of the fortified hill was contemplated, he hastened to my assistance with a reinforcement of seamen and marines; and I should consider myself wanting in candour and justice did I not

These forts also destroyed one of the barges, with all on board. The barges and battery at the Lazaretto, under the command of Lieute-

particularly point out, sir, to you, the high opinion I entertain of the enterprise and ability of this valuable officer, not only for his conduct on this occasion, but on the very many others on which I have employed him since with me in the Chesapeake.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEO. COCKBURN, Rear Admiral.
Vice Admiral the Hon. Sir A. Cochrane, K.B.
Commander-in-chief.

Colonel Brooke to the same.

On board H. M. S. Tonnant,
September 15, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to be allowed to state to you, how much much I feel indebted to Captain Crofton, commanding the brigade of sailors from His Majesty's ships under your command; as also to Captains Sullivan, Money, and Ramsay, for their very great exertions in performing every formation made by His Majesty's troops, having seen myself those officers expose themselves to the hottest of the enemy's fire, to keep their men in the line of march with the disciplined troops. The obedient and steady conduct of the sailors, believe me, sir, excited the admiration of every individual of the army, as well as my greatest gratitude.

Believe me to be, dear sir,

ARTHUR BROOKE, Col.-com.
Vice Admiral the Hon. Sir A. Cochrane, K.B.
Commander-in-chief.
Seven killed and forty-four wounded.

The delicate manner in which General Smith disposes of the affair at North Point is not a little remarkable. To read his despatch it would be supposed that the action was only an affair of picquets. “Our videttes were driven in,” says the General, without adding one syllable to the effect that he and his whole army were routed, and that such a salutary lesson was given as effectually prevented the Americans from offering the least opposition to Col. Brooke's retreat.

What says Ingersol, as to this action having been an affair of picquets: first—“during

nant Rutter, of the flotilla, kept up a brisk, and it is believed, a successful fire, during the hottest period of the bombardment.

more than an hour the battle of North Point was well contested, * * * * *
 Secondly—"the misconduct of one regiment, Col. Ansey's, caused some confusion, and forced General Stricher to yield the field of battle." Now for General Armstrong's testimony. "The march was resumed and a battle fought of one hour and twenty minutes' continuance."

If any credit is to be attached to these statements, General Stricher must have entertained very curious ideas of a battle, if he considered North Point as a mere skirmish of videttes. Again, he says that he had an intention of "attacking him (Col. Brooke) in the morning." If such were really Colonel Stricher's intention, what was there to prevent pursuit; allowing even that Col. Brooke moved off his army unperceived, he halted within a very short distance a sufficiently long time to have allowed the American forces to overtake them, and every one is aware that a retreating army rarely fights with as much spirit as one on the advance—why, then, did not Stricher, if so anxious to fight, hang on the enemy's rear, harass his retreat and force him to give battle. We have shown that it could not have arisen from want of troops, and there is no alternative left, in spite of General Stricher's assertions to the contrary, but to ascribe it to want of inclination. We have, however, devoted quite space enough to the doughty American General.

It would be difficult to decide whether the

Opinions of the American writers on the descent on Baltimore.

on Baltimore, or their denunciations of the British for the wound to their vanity, inflicted at Washington, were loudest. There is, however, very little doubt, but that it was

Io Poëans of the Government Organs over the disastrous attack

* "The governor-general of the Canadas, Sir George Prevost, having collected all the disposable force in Lower Canada, with a view of conquering the country as far as Crown Point, and Ticonderoga, entered the territories of the United States on the 1st of the month, and occupied the village of Champlain: there he avowed his intentions, and issued orders and proclamations, tending to dissuade the people from their allegiance, and inviting them to furnish his army with provisions. He immediately began to impress the waggons and teams in the vicinity, and loaded them with his heavy bag-

gage and stores. From this I was persuaded he intended to attack this place. I had but just returned from the lines, where I had commanded a fine brigade, which was broken up to form the division under major-general Izard, and ordered to the westward. Being senior officer, he left me in command; and, except the four companies of the 6th regiment, I had not an organized battalion among those remaining. The garrison was composed of convalescents and recruits of the new regiments, all in the greatest confusion, as well as the ordnance and stores, and the works in no state of defence.

Plattsburg. Hitherto our task has been comparatively painless, as when we had to chronicle defeat, we have been enabled to show that to superior numbers alone was it attributable, and we have also proved by figures from American writers, that, in almost every instance where victory was achieved, it was against a superior force. It is now, however, our duty to chronicle one of the most humiliating expeditions ever sustained by a British force, and the task is the more painful as the defeat arose from no misconduct on the part of the troops, but was solely produced by the imbecility and vacillation of Sir George Prevost. We will, however, permit the unfortunate commander of the British forces to tell his own tale first, and in our next chapter we will enter on a review of the whole transaction. Extracts from the the American commander, General Macomb's dispatch will be also found in our notes.*

From Sir George Prevost to Earl Bathurst.

Head-quarters, Plattsburgh, State of N. Y.,
My Lord, Sept. 11, 1814.

"Upon the arrival of the reinforcements from the Garonne, I lost no time in assembling three brigades on the frontier of Lower Canada, extending from the river Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, and in forming them into a division under the command of Major-General De Rottenburg, for the purpose of carrying into effect His Royal Highness the Prince Regent's commands, which had been conveyed to me by your lordship in your despatch of the 3d of June last.

"As the troops concentrated and approached the line of separation between this province and the United States, the American army abandoned its entrenched camp on the river Chazy, at Champlain; a position I immediately seized, and occupied in force on the 3d instant. The following day, the whole of the left division advanced to the village of Chazy, without meeting the least opposition from the enemy.

"On the 5th, it halted within eight miles of this place, having surmounted the difficulties created by the obstructions in the road from

To create an emulation and zeal among the officers and men in completing the works, I divided them into detachments, and placed them near the several forts; declaring in orders, that each detachment was the garrison of its own work, and bound to defend it to the last extremity. The enemy advanced cautiously and by short marches, and our soldiers worked day and night, so that by the time he made his appearance before the place we were prepared to receive him. General Izard named the principal work Fort-Moreau; and, to remind the troops of the actions of their brave countrymen, I called the redoubt on the right Fort-Brown, and that on the left Fort-Scott. Besides these three works, we had two blockhouses strongly fortified. Finding, on examining, the returns of the garrison, that our force did not exceed 1500 effective men for duty, and well informed that the enemy had as many thousands, I called on general Mooers, of the New York militia, and arranged with him plans for bringing forth the militia, *en masse*. The inhabitants of the village fled with their families and effects, except a few worthy citizens and some boys, who formed themselves into a party, received rifles, and were exceedingly useful. By the 4th of the month, general Mooers collected about 700 militia, and advanced seven miles on the Beckman-town road, to watch the motions of the enemy, and to skirmish with him as he advanced; also to obstruct the roads with fallen trees,

the felling of trees and the removal of bridges. The next day the division moved upon Plattsburgh, in two columns, on parallel road; the right column led by Major-General Power's brigade, supported by four companies of light infantry and a demi-brigade, under Major-General Robinson; the left by Major-General Brisbane's brigade.

"The enemy's militia, supported by his regulars, attempted to impede the advance of the right column, but they were driven before it from all their positions, and the column entered Plattsburgh. This rapid movement having reversed the strong position taken up by the enemy at Dead creek, it was precipitately abandoned by him, and his gun-boats alone left to defend the ford, and to prevent our restoring the bridges, which had been imperfectly destroyed—an inconvenience soon surmounted.

"Here I found the enemy in the occupation of an elevated ridge of land on the south branch (bank) of the Saranac, crowned with three strong redoubts and other field works, and block-houses armed with heavy ordnance, with their flotilla* at anchor out of gun-shot from the shore, consisting of a

and to break up the bridges. On the lake-road at Dead creek bridge, I posted 200 men, under captain Sproul, of the 18th regiment, with orders to abattis the woods, to place obstructions in the road, and to fortify himself; to this party I added two field pieces. In advance of that position was lieutenant-colonel Appling, with 110 riflemen, watching the movements of the enemy, and procuring intelligence. It was ascertained, that before day-light on the 6th, the enemy would advance in two columns on the two roads before mentioned, dividing at Sampson's a little below Chazy village. The column on the Beckman-town road proceeded most rapidly; the militia skirmished with his advanced parties, and except a few brave men, fell back most precipitately in the greatest disorder, notwithstanding the British troops did not deign to fire on them, except by their flankers and advanced patrols. The night previous, I ordered major Wool to advance with a detachment of 250 men to support the militia, and set them an example of firmness; also captain Leonard, of the light-artillery, was directed to proceed with two pieces to be on the ground before day; yet he did not make his appearance until eight o'clock when the enemy had approached within

* The Saratoga, 26 guns; Surprise, 20 guns; Thunderer, 16 guns; Preble, 7 guns; 10 gun-boats, 14 guns.

ship, a brig, a schooner, a sloop, and ten-gun boats.

"I immediately communicated this circumstance to Captain Downie, who had been recently appointed to command the vessels * on Lake Champlain, consisting of a ship, a brig, two sloops, and 12 gun-boats; and requested his co-operation, and in the mean time batteries were constructed for the guns brought from the rear.

"On the morning of the 11th, our flotilla was seen over the isthmus which joins Cumberland-head with the main-land, steering for Plattsburgh Bay. I immediately ordered that part of the brigade under Major-General Robinson, which had been brought forward, consisting of our light infantry companies, third battalion 27th and 76th regiments, and Major-General Power's brigade, consisting of the third, fifth, and the first battalion of the 27th and 58th regiments, to force the fords of the Saranac, and advance, provided with scaling-ladders, to escalate the enemy's works upon the height; this force was placed under the command of Major-General Robinson. The batteries opened their fire the instant the ships engaged.

two miles of the village. With his conduct, therefore, I am not well pleased. Major Wool, with his party, disputed the road with great obstinacy, but the militia could not be prevailed on to stand, notwithstanding the exertions of their general and staff-officers; although the fields were divided by strong stone walls, and they were told that the enemy could not possibly cut them off. The state dragoons of New York wear red coats; and they being on the heights to watch the enemy, gave constant alarm to the militia, who mistook them for the enemy, and feared his getting in their rear.

Finding the enemy's columns had penetrated within a mile of Plattsburgh, I despatched my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Root, to bring off the detachment at Dead creek, and to inform Lieut. Colonel Appling that I wished him to fall on the enemy's right flank. The Colonel fortunately arrived just in time to save his retreat, and to fall in with the head of a column debouching from the woods. Here he poured in a destructive fire from his riflemen at rest, and continued to annoy the enemy until he formed a junction with major Wool. The field-pieces did considerable execution among the enemy's columns.

* The Confiance, 86 guns; Linnet, 18 guns; Broke, 10 guns; Shannon, 10 guns; 12 gun-boats. 16 guns.

"It is now with deep concern I inform your lordship, that notwithstanding the intrepid valor with which Captain Downie led his flotilla into action, my most sanguine hopes of complete success were not long afterwards, blasted, by a combination, as appeared to us, of unfortunate events, to which naval warfare is peculiarly exposed. Scarcely had his majesty's troops forced a passage across the Saranac, and ascended the height on which stand the enemy's works, when I had the extreme mortification to hear the shout of victory from the enemy's works, in consequence of the British flag being lowered on board the Confiance and Linnet, and to see our gun-boats seeking their safety in flight. This unlooked for event deprived me of the co-operation of the fleet, without which the further prosecution of the service was become impracticable, I did not hesitate to arrest the course of the troops advancing to the attack, because the most complete success would have been unavailing, and the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss we must have sustained in acquiring possession of them.

So undaunted, however, was the enemy, that he never deployed in his whole march, always pressing on in column. Finding that every road was full of troops, crowding on us on all sides, I ordered the field-pieces to retire across the bridge, and form a battery for its protection, and to cover the retreat of the infantry, which was accordingly done, and the parties of Appling and Wool, as well as that of Sproul, retired, alternately keeping up a brisk fire until they got under cover of the works. The enemy's light troops occupied the houses near the bridge, and kept up a constant firing from the windows and balconies, and annoyed us much. I ordered them to be driven out with hot shot, which soon put the houses in flames, and obliged those sharpshooters to retire. The whole day, until it was too late to see, the enemy's light troops endeavoured to drive our guards from the bridge, but they suffered dearly for their perseverance. An attempt was also made to cross the upper bridge, where the militia handsomely drove them back. The column which marched by the lake-road was much impeded by the obstructions, and the removal of the bridge at Dead creek; and, as it passed the creek and beach, the galleys kept up a lively and galling fire. Our troops being now all on the south side of the Saranac, I directed the planks to be taken off the bridges and piled up in the form of breast-works, to cover our par-

"I have ordered the batteries to be dismantled, the guns withdrawn, and the baggage, with the wounded men who can be removed, to be sent to the rear, in order that the troops may return to Chazy to-morrow, and on the following day to Champlain, where I propose to halt until I have ascertained the use the enemy propose making of the naval ascendancy they have acquired on Lake Champlain.

"I have the honour to transmit herewith returns of the loss sustained by the left division of this army in its advance to Plattsburg, and in forcing a passage across the river Saranac. I have the honor, &c.,

GEORGE PREVOST.

Earl Bathurst, &c.

Return of killed and wounded;—2 captains, 1 ensign, 4 serjeants, 30 rank and file, 1 horse, killed, 1 general staff, 1 captain, 6 lieutenants, 7, serjeants, 135 rank and file, 2 horses, wounded; 4 lieutenants, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 48 rank and file, 6 horses, missing.

Missing—76th foot;—Lieutenants G Hutch, G. Ogilvie, and E. Marchington.

Canadian Chasseurs;—Lieut. E. Vigneau.

EDW. BAYNES, Adj.-Gen., N. A.

ties intended for disputing the passage, which afterwards enabled us to hold the bridges against very superior numbers. From the 7th to the 14th, the enemy was employed in getting on his battering-train, and erecting his batteries and approaches, and constantly skirmishing at the bridges and fords. By this time the militia of New York and the volunteers of Vermont were pouring in from all quarters. I advised General Mooers to keep his force along the Saranac to prevent the enemy's crossing the river, and to send a strong body in his rear to harass him day and night, and keep him in continual alarm. The militia behaved with great spirit after the first day, and the volunteers of Vermont were exceedingly serviceable. Our regular troops, notwithstanding the constant skirmishing, and repeated endeavours of the enemy to cross the river, kept at their work day and night, strengthening the defences, and evinced a determination to hold out to the last extremity. It was reported that the enemy only waited the arrival of his flotilla to make a general attack. About eight in the morning of the 11th, as we expected, the flotilla appeared in sight round Cumberland Head, and at nine bore down and engaged at anchor in the bay off the town. At the same instant the batteries were opened on us, and continued throwing bomb-shells, shrapnells, balls, and Congreve rockets, until sun-set when the bombardment ceased, every battery of the enemy being silenced

From Sir James Lucas Yeo to Mr. Croker.

H. M. S. St. Lawrence, Kingston,

Sir, September 24, 1814.

"I have the honor to transmit, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, a copy of a letter from Captain Pring, late commander of his majesty's brig Linnet.

"It appears to me, and I have good reason to believe, that captain Downie was urged, and his ship hurried into action, before she was in a fit state to meet the enemy.

"I am also of opinion, that there was not the least necessity for our squadron giving the enemy such decided advantages, by going into their bay to engage them. Even had they been successful, it would not in the least have assisted the troops in storming the batteries; whereas, had our troops taken their batteries first, it would have obliged the enemy's squadron to quit the bay, and give ours a fair chance.

I have the honor, to be, &c.

JAMES LUCAS YEO,

Commodore and commander in chief.

J. W. Croker, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

by the superiority of our fire. The naval engagement lasted but two hours, in full view of both armies. Three efforts were made by the enemy to pass the river at the commencement of the cannonade and bombardment, with a view of assaulting the works, and they had prepared for that purpose an immense number of scaling-ladders. One attempt to cross was made at the village bridge, another at the upper bridge, and a third at a ford about three miles from the works. At the two first he was repulsed by the regulars—at the ford by the brave volunteers and militia, where he suffered severely in killed, and wounded, and prisoners: a considerable body crossed the stream, but were either killed, taken or driven back. The woods at this place were very favourable to the operations of the militia. A whole company of the 76th regiment was here destroyed, the three Lieutenants and 27 men prisoners, the Captain and the rest killed. I cannot forgo the pleasure of here stating the gallant conduct of Captain McGlassin, of the 16th regiment, who was ordered to ford the river, and attack a party constructing a battery on the right of the enemy's line, within 500 yards of Fort-Brown, which he handsomely executed at midnight, with 50 men; drove off the working party, consisting of 150, and defeated a covering party of the same number, killing one officer and six men in the charge, and wounding many. At dusk the enemy withdrew his artillery, &c.

THOUGHTS FOR DECEMBER.

"With his ice, and snow, and rime,
Let bleak winter sternly come,
There is not a sunnier clime
Than the love-lit winter home." WATTS.

"He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next."—ANON.

To no country in the world, perhaps, are the above lines of Watts more applicable, than to America.

In no country of Europe, does the winter social circle present more elements for enjoyment; nay, it may be with safety asserted, that no where is the same universal comfort found that marks the social position of American households.

The painter, in his delineation of winter, pictures a lean and bearded old man, shivering before the embers of a smouldering fire; and the sculptor has in a similar manner personified it, by one struggling ineffectually, against the fierce blast, to retain possession of his tattered garment. Had either sculptor or painter been Canadians, their mode of representation would have been of a very different nature. Still it cannot be denied that the characteristics of the month partake, for the most part, of a harsh and monotonous character, although in this, our adopted land, no such severity of rigor prevails, as in the bleak and frozen north, where even the light of the sun disappears. There, no description from mortal pen, not even Lewis in his beautiful tale of "The Spirit of the frozen ocean," can figure the utter desolation.

When we remember these things, and contrast them with the delights which attend the same season here: the beautiful, clear, bright frosty day; the bracing air, which sends the blood coursing more quickly through the veins, and look round the happy domestic circle collected around the cheerful blaze, we may fairly ask in the words of the poet—

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?

'Tis true that we cannot have, at this season, in the open air, the festal of sunny Italy, but still as we look on our cheerful fire places, and our domestic comforts, the thought is suggested that it is precisely to our more severe climate that our domestic happiness is traceable.

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It was in the consciousness of our possessing, to so high an extent, these social blessings that Cowper, in the Task, celebrates the closing year—

Oh! winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips; thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leaden branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way.
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse, and instructive ease;
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thoughts
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares,
I crown thee king of infinite delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, knows.

We have endeavoured, in our brief notices, to point out that the minutest work of each month all prove that

"The hand that made us is divine."

We have shewn it in the swelling seed, in early spring, in the bursting bulbs of the same season, and the joyous twittering of the birds perched amongst the still leafless boughs.

Bright summer, with her meads carpeted with flowers, afforded another subject for instruction. The balmy sweetness of the air impregnated with sweet odors was urged as further indications of Divine beneficence.

When "Autumn grey" appeared with its russet tints and teeming abundance, we again shewed the hand of the Almighty in providing such bounteous supplies for our bodily wants, against this, the last season of all, with its snows and ice, and decay.

In all this visible, is everywhere manifest the Invisible, and having thus endeavoured to prove that all seasons are intended to produce good to man, we will close our year's notices with Howitt's beautiful lines:—

ALL SEASONS WELCOME.

Who does not welcome Spring's sweet gentleness,
That, like a friend long waited for in vain,
Comes laughing in and waits away distress,
Sending its joy through spirit and through plain.
Welcome is Summer in its ardent reign;

Nor Autumn loss, with his resplendent skies,
And drooping fruits, and wealth of golden grain,
And mists and storms, and that last pomp of dyes,
That beauty o'er the woods flings ever as she flies.

And welcome art thou, melancholy time,
That now surround'st my dwelling—with the sound
Of winds that rush in darkness—the sublime
Roar of drear woods—hail that doth lightly bound,
Of rains that dash, or snows that spread the ground
With purity and stillness;—at their call
Bright flings the fire its fairy summer round,
And the lamp lights the volume-trophied wall;
Thought is once more enthroned—the Spirit in her hall.

Welcome! right welcome feelings warm and rich!
Welcome! right welcome, ye rejoicing crowd
Of fancies each unto its winter niche
That homeward flee from frost and storm-wind loud.
Oh! be it mine amid your circle proud
To sit, as sits the watchman at his ease
Within the Beacon-tower—like him allowed
Not myself only with your glow to please,
But spread your guiding beams o'er life's tempestuous sea.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
LORD METCALFE. BY J. W. KAYE.
London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

We need hardly remind our readers that this does not profess to be a political periodical. With the daily strife of parties, their coalitions or disruptions, their criminations or recriminations, their tricks or tactics (terms sometimes perhaps synonymous) we do not occupy ourselves; but when any portion of the local politics of this Province become matters of history and are dealt with as such, by being sent forth to the world, not in the fleeting garb of a daily or weekly newspaper, but in the substantial form of two solid octavo volumes, not only does the principal motive for our abstinence from politics cease but it belongs properly to our literary character to notice such a work as the one whose title heads this article.

We are of the number of those whose years have fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf" and during many of those years our time has been passed to no small extent in reading everything worth reading (and we fear a great deal not worth it) which came in our way. We have had our share of travel, of seeing, and now and then knowing men of mark and weight in other countries besides this Canada of ours, and we have so far mixed with public events that if we may not say "*quorum pars magna fuimus*" we may assert "*quorum partem magnam vidimus*," and if there has been one thing more than another which has made us cease to be of the number of those "who listen with credulity" to the tale of the traveller or the narrative of

the historian, it is, that when we read of things which we have seen and of individuals whom we have known, some of them intimately enough, we find our own observation, knowledge and experience so frequently at variance with what others write as that which they have seen, or have gathered and put together. Such discrepancies when they occur frequently, even in minor matters, shake our confidence in the care with which the writer has pursued his inquiries; if they occur in affairs of great moment, they add, to a belief of want of accurate inquiry, a suspicion of partiality warping the judgment if not producing a disregard to rigid truth. And upon ourselves at least, and perhaps upon many others the effect has been produced that however interesting a book may be in style or subject, we dare not and do not resign ourselves to the conduct of the author but examine his facts for ourselves, comparing them with such reliable information as we have at command, and endeavouring to assign to each its proper value before we finally adopt them as a sound basis for the author's conclusions.

It would not be difficult to refer to many recent publications in support and illustration of these remarks. It is sufficient for our purpose to remind our readers of a very late review of Lord Campbell's lives of Sir Christopher Hatton and of Lord Bacon.

When we read the title page of this work and found that it professed to be compiled "from unpublished letters and journals preserved by himself, his family and his friends," together with the preface we indulged in the hope that a work founded upon such sources would leave us little to do in regard to the facts, whatever view we might take of the author's conclusions, and consequently we read more than three fourths of the work with faith in the author's means of knowledge, in his diligence in obtaining it, and in his accuracy in setting it down. At length we came to Canada, and a few pages made us wonder that in matters, in which it was so easy to have been right, the author should have been so often wrong, and still more that when the author departed, as it is plain he must have done, from the sources of information referred to in the title page, he did not inquire from authentic sources, as to numerous particulars regarding men and things of which he has written. One inevitable consequence of the errors into which he has fallen is, that in this country, where conflicting political parties differ widely in their judgment

of Lord Metcalfe's course as Governor General, his opponents may with apparent reason assail the soundness of the conclusions of the biographer by pointing to the inaccuracy of many of his details, while hasty readers, and their number is not small, will, on account of those very inaccuracies do injustice to the memory of one of the most upright, single-minded, and noble-hearted men that ever administered the government of Canada.

We propose to illustrate the justice of our strictures by a reference to the author's introductory account of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. We select this first on account of errors of omission and commission which it contains. Mr. Kaye might have, if he pleased, in writing the life of Lord Metcalfe, omitted many or all merely personal details relative to Mr. Baldwin, though in what he chose to state he should have been careful to be right; but in matters connected with Mr. Baldwin's political position and which had a direct bearing upon the influence and power he had to sustain or to embarrass Lord Metcalfe, full information was essential to a just appreciation of the Governor General's conduct, and ought not therefore to have been omitted.

A few instances will serve to justify our opinion that Mr. Kaye has failed both in accuracy in what he has stated and in omitting that which ought not to have been overlooked. It will surprise every one who has long resided here to be told that Mr. R. Baldwin is "the son of a gentleman of Toronto of *American descent*." We have always been informed and believed that the late Wm. Warren Baldwin was an Irishman by birth and descent who left Ireland somewhere about the year 1798 and who in after years was nick-named by some of his political opponents, when he became a member of the Upper Canada Assembly, "Old Vinegar Hill." It is news to us that he ever was considered a member of the Old Family Compact, though like many others who came to Upper Canada at an early period he and his connections were said to have benefited largely by the profuse grants of lands which it was the fashion of the time to make. Judging of the man by his works, or even by what he attempted when a member of the Assembly, he never was one to exercise any very powerful influence in the politics of Upper Canada. And "the most liberal opinions of the day" in which he was an active politician, belong rather to the Little Peddling School than to the larger stage on

which the son acted his part. We are disposed to attribute the latter's political course and influence to causes which seem to have escaped Mr. Kaye's notice. We do not question Mr. Baldwin's deference to, and even veneration for his father's opinions, such as they were, nor that they may have prepared him to adopt the views he ultimately sustained. His first appearance in the House of Assembly of Upper Canada at a time when, if we mistake not, his father was also a member, produced no very striking or favourable impression. It was not until Sir Francis Head in 1836 commenced his capricious administration that Mr. Baldwin began to occupy any share of public attention and when we remember that Dr. John Rolph was one of his then newly appointed colleagues in the Executive Council, we have a more ready key to Mr. Baldwin's course both then and afterwards, than Mr. Kaye has discovered. Besides this, he was favoured greatly by the consideration that he was one of the very few persons of that political party who enjoyed the advantages of good education and of independence in circumstances. And a man who could afford besides giving his own services, to contribute occasionally to the sinews of war, was tolerably sure of occupying for the time a leading position. The disruption of that council was calculated to raise Mr. Baldwin in the estimation of his party though he did not become a member of the Assembly at the general Election of 1836. If we remember rightly he was not even a candidate, a circumstance which coupled with his abstinence from all participation in the mad outbreak of 1837, seemed to indicate that the prominent leaders in that absurd insurrection felt it would be useless to seek his concurrence in any attempt to sever by force of arms the connexion between this Colony and Great Britain. The total discomfiture of the rebels drove from Upper Canada all, or nearly all of those who might have disputed Mr. Baldwin's claim to the leadership of the Reformers. When Lord Sydenham came to Upper Canada, he found Mr. Baldwin, though not in Parliament, in possession of the confidence of his party to a greater extent than any other individual who could be selected; in fact from the sheer force of circumstances the most prominent man left among them. In pursuance of his avowed policy to obliterate as far as possible all merely local party distinctions Lord Sydenham did not overlook Mr. Baldwin. He appointed him Solicitor General of Upper Canada and on

the completion of the union made him a member of the Executive Council of Canada both of which positions Mr. Baldwin held until the first meeting of the Provincial Parliament to which he had been elected. He then, for reasons which it is foreign to our present purpose to discuss, suddenly resigned his office and joined the ranks of the French Canadian party, then in the bitterest hostility to the union, to Lord Sydenham personally, and to the Government he had joined. This step placed Mr. Baldwin in the very first rank with the new party then created, of the extreme of the Upper Canada reformers, joined to the large mass of the French Canadians, and gave him a claim to the support of the latter, a claim not diminished by his being mainly instrumental in obtaining for Mr. Lafontaine, who had lost his election in Lower Canada, a seat for an Upper Canadian constituency. This combination it was, that gave Mr. Baldwin all the power he subsequently exercised which brought him into office in 1842 where Lord Metcalfe found him and which made his opposition to Lord Metcalfe really formidable. It was to this that he owed his seat in Parliament after the elections of 1844 when, defeated in Upper Canada, he was returned without opposition for a Lower Canadian county.

We are not writing Mr. Baldwin's whole political history, still less do we purpose any analysis of his political or personal reputation, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Kaye looking at Mr. Baldwin through the medium of his opposition to Lord Metcalfe has perhaps unconsciously exaggerated some of his failings and not done justice to the more amiable parts of his character; but what we have advanced is sufficient to establish what we set out with, and to show that in reference to Canada, Mr. Kaye's history of Lord Metcalfe must be read with caution and is not to be safely relied on for accurate research or correct delineation.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF
C. F. GELLERT.

DAMŌTAS AND PHYLLIS.

The youthful Phyllis, many a day,
Damōtas warmly courted;
But even a kiss from that coy fay
His tenderness ne'er rewarded.
He begged and weed, full of despair;
The prude refused to hear his prayer.

"Two fillets shall be yours," said he,
"And ev'n to wait won't think amiss,
If Phyllis, love, but promise me
Ere summer's frown one honied kiss."
She eyed the bribes—his hopes were slack—
Then praising both, she gave them back.

He bid a lamb, and then another,
And ten, then proffered all his herd.
So much? Sure 'tis a precious pother,
With so much bait to snare the bird.
Yet nothing would shy Phyllis grant,
To every bribe said she—I can't!

Then roared the swain, much overheated,
Forever then you're to be cruel!
Can I, whom kisses ne'er have greeted,
Still fan a flame and have no fuel?
Ah! prythee, dolt, fear nought for me,
I'm always good for you, d'ye see.

Miss Prudery laughed to see her bleed
Return unvisited to tend his sheep,
Where oft he slunk, as if for aid.
One Summer morning, wrapt in sleep,
Beside his charge, behold him laid.
He dreamed; and whilst in passing by
The shepherd, Phyllis halted nigh.

"His lips," quoth Phyllis, "oh! how red,
My resolutions almost waver,
That dog of his, if he were dead,
I'd kiss the wight without palaver."
She goes—yet whilst desire impels
Her trembling footsteps—courage fails.

Thrice turning, gazed she fearful round,
And searched for tell-tales whom she
dreaded;
The faithless dog—his jaws were bound
By being stroked and patted.
She mused awhile, and well nigh fainted,
Three paces nearer then were ventured.

Here paused again the modest maid,
And can not quite the deed encompass,
Nor yet—Lo, bending down, no more afraid,
She dares to softly kiss Damōtas,
Then one fond look filled both her eyes,
And turning round she homeward hies.

How sweet a kiss must surely be!
For backward Phyllis once more steals,
Seems timid as at first was she,
Then gently by the shepherd kneels;
Alas! for her, the bounds of Prudence broke,
For kissing, kissed Damōtas—up he woke.

Half roused from sleep, Damōt begun,
My gentle hours, Miss, dost envy pray?"
"Thine Sir? thee have I nothing done,
I only sported with your 'Tray,'
But tell, methinks they keep most curious care
Those shepherds who e'er sleepy are?"
"But still, what wilt thou give, Damōt,
To kiss me to my apron strings?"
"Ah!" shouts the shepherd, "'tis too late,
'Tis I that now seek offerings!"
Straightway the shepherds for every smack
Paid willing coin ten kisses back!

FINIS.

Toronto, 1864.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN VI.

WHEREIN IS BROUGHT TO A TERMINATION THE ADVENTURE OF THE FAIR FANNY NEWLOVE, AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS COUNT BLITZEN VON HOAXENSTEIN.

Entering my cabin in order to certify Fanny Newlove's unsuspecting sire, of the perils which environed his too trustful daughter, I found the senior in a predicament pestilently perplexing, when all the circumstances of the case were taken into account.

As stated in the fourth of these yarns, I had left the Squire copiously supplied with laudanum and brandy, wherewith to resist the onslaughts of sea-sickness, and unfortunately my prescription had been followed but too faithfully. Not to circumambulate the bush, Nicholas Newlove was as hopelessly and helplessly drunk, as the celebrated sow of David!

In vain did I shout "fire!" and "murder!" in his ear! In vain did I pull his whiskers and tweak his proboscis, and dash cold water about his pumpkin! I might as well have experimented upon the figure-head of the steam-ship which carried the Purser and his fortunes. The only harvest which I reaped from my manipulations, was a cent of thickly articulated chidings, coupled with a command to make an immediate pilgrimage to the domain of the Prince of Darkness!

What was to be done? This was one of the numerous category of interrogations, which though propounded with ease, are consumedly difficult to solve! In the bitterness of my perplexity, I cursed the hour in which I had accepted the Squire's confidence, and by way of clearing my wits, drained off a poculum of brandy and water which stood ready mixed at the head of the slumberer.

As I had afterwards occasion to learn, this draught was copiously impregnated with tincture of opium, and consequently it is not to be wondered at, that ere many minutes had elapsed, I was snoring as emphatically as the chief of all the Newloves!

I was torn from the arms of Morpheus by the chief-mate, who shaking me by the shoulders proclaimed with a shout which might have raised the dead, that the vessel had been for upwards of five minutes at the wharf of Cobourg, and that my absence was creating no small confusion and inconvenience.

Jumping up in a panic, my first attention was directed to the fair but thoughtless, Fanny, but alas! the bird had flown! She, together with her aunt, and Count Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein had left the ship, the moment she had been moored, the latter having liberally rewarded the Ethiopian waiter for aiding in the unshipment of their baggage.

Of course pursuit was altogether out of the question. Even if I could have abandoned my post, I possessed neither warrant nor authority to apprehend and bring back the fugitives. With old Newlove, alone, rested the power so to do, and he was a denizen of the far off land of Nod!

What a heart-rending tale I had to tell the hapless parent, on his return to the region of realities and care! Most willingly would I have parted with my year's stipend, if so be I could be released from the cruel task! With what bitter vim did I call down comminations upon all stimulants and narcotics, and the engenderers, importers, and hucksters thereof! If at that moment a Canadian Maine Law rested upon my casting vote, the aquarians would have triumphantly carried the day! The reign of Rex Alcohol would have ceased and determined, and the words *hic jacet* engraven upon the potentate's tomb stone!

Sound as a top slumbered the deserted senex, almost till the period of our arrival at the City of Kingston, and the moment he became cognizant of passing events, I indoctrinated him with the dismal state of matters.

Gentle reader, did you ever witness the mimic Macduff's passion of grief when informed that all his fair chickens had been torn from him at one fell swoop by the "hell-kite" Macbeth? If so, you can form some conception of the storm of anguish which desolated the Thane of Newlove Grange, as my sorrowful words fell like drops of liquid lead upon his ear! I will not attempt to describe the scene, but follow the example of the Grecian artist, who in painting the sacrifice of a maiden, drew a veil over the face of her sire, as being unable to depict his fathomless misery!

"Oh!"—cried he, after the primary paroxysm of woe had subsided—"Oh! would that I beheld Fanny in her coffin! I saw the incarnate vagabond with whom she has eloped, and can have no doubt as to his real character. Beyond all question he belongs to the tribe of Lublin,—nay, for any thing I can tell he may be Lublin himself, disguised under a forest of

hair! Miserable child of a most miserable father, what a life of degradation awaits you! The first time you visit Toronto with your husband, you will behold him torn from your grasp by the Jew-hunting inquisitors of that city, and consigned to well-merited bonds and imprisonment! I could have reconciled myself to the idea of your being wedded to the poorest of my farm servants, but there is frenzy in the consideration that your fortunes are irrevocably linked with those of a dealer in sealing wax, and antiquated raiment, who most probably has as many wives as Blue Beard, or the great Mogul!"

By this time the steamer had arrived at Regiopolis, and amongst the first who boarded her, was a portly, well-to-do looking gentleman, who singling out the Squire, grasped his hand, and shook it, as if he had been experimenting upon a pump.

"Glad, right glad to see you, my honest old chum!" he exclaimed. Here have I been kicking my heels for the last hour, waiting for your arrival, in a night as cold as charity! However, all's well that ends well! Where are the ladies? I long to give my little pet duck Fanny a rousing kiss!"

Poor Newlove could only rejoin to this torrent of gratulation "Oh Crooks! Crooks!—what ill wind has blown you here, at this unhappy moment?"

"Ill wind man!"—cried Crooks the elder (for the stranger was that personage.) "In the name of wonder what do you mean? Did you not receive my letter, saying that Cornelius had returned by the last Atlantic steamer, and had telegraphed his intention of meeting me in Toronto? Suspecting that my communication might not reach you in time—(as our Canadian post is not immaculate,) I took foot in hand, for the purpose of intercepting you here, and here I am accordingly! But come, come, where is the coy puss who, I trust, is soon to bear my name? Corny informs me that he has strong hopes of at length gaining her affections, and sincerely do I trust that on Christmas Day we shall drink her very good health as Mrs. Crooks!"

Every word uttered by his friend, seemed to pierce the wretched Squire like a knife, and finding himself utterly incompetent to detail the true state of things, he transferred that task to my shoulders.

Though Crooks senior was greatly taken aback by the intelligence, he exhibited much

more self-possession than the harried father, and at once began to suggest what should be done in the premises.

After debating all the *pros* and *cons* of the case, it was finally resolved that an electric communication should be made to the police authorities of Cobourg, instructing them to apprehend the delinquent parties, if still in that town, and keep them safe till called for. This was done in the course of the morning, and an answer was duly returned that the business would be promptly attended to. It was next decided, that Messrs. Newlove and Crooks should proceed to Cobourg by the steamer on her return voyage to Hamilton, and that your humble servant, having provided himself, with a deputy, should accompany them in order to bear testimony against the infamous deceiver of the ill-starred Fanny.

Small interest would the perusers of my log derive from a recapitulation of the incidents which occurred during that upward trip. Suffice it to say, that about mid-night we reached Cobourg, safe and sound, and landed without accident, an event meriting grateful record, when the number of fatal casualties which eventuate at that port are taken into account.

Late as was the hour we found the Arch-Constable awaiting us, from whom we learned, that in pursuance of instructions he had succeeded in capturing the parties described, but not before the youngest lady and the hairy gent had been united in the tough bonds of matrimony. It appeared that the Count had been in possession of a blank license, which he had filled up in proper form, and had got a clergyman (not belonging the place,) who chanced to be staying in the Hotel where he put up, to perform the ceremony, on the same evening the Exodus had taken place from the steam boat.

Though Mr. Newlove was more than half-prepared for the catastrophe, the certainty of the misfortune almost weighed him to the ground, and it was with no small difficulty that the Constable and myself could support him to the Inn where the captives were domiciled.

Arrived there the officer of the law ushered the two gentlemen and myself into a parlour, and going out forthwith returned leading the female captives, the Count remaining in the apartment where he had been caged at his capture.

No sooner had Fanny, or as I should rather call her the Countess Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein beheld her ancestor than she uttered a wild

shriek, and fell at his feet in an agony of weeping. She vowed and protested that love alone of the most resistless description, could have urged her to we in opposition to the consent of the dearest of fathers. The deed, she added was now done, and earnestly did she implore pardon for herself, and the noble exile with whom her fate was now for ever united!

Without replying to this objurcation, the Squire turned fiercely around to his sister-in-law, and demanded what she now thought of her handy-work! "This is the upshot;"—quoth he,—“of all your confounded philandering and romance! A pretty kettle of fish you have indeed made of it! It is bad enough for a girl to be taken up with such nonsensicalities, but for an old woman with one foot in the grave, and a squint which might frighten Medusa, the thing is beyond all toleration!”

The allusion to her mature years, and the optical flaw under which she laboured, was infinitely more than the irritated Laura Matilda could away with. In a paroxysm of fury she denounced her relative as the cream and quintessence of every thing that was base and tyrannical! She likened and compared him to the most ungainly and repulsive monsters, to be met with in the wide range of fiction, and topped her out pouring by declaring that he was not worthy to officiate as henchman to the illustrious and chivalric personage who had condescended to become his son-in-law.

During this scene Mr. Crooks accompanied the Constable to the room where the Hungarian fugitive was detained in durance vile, for the purpose of precognoscing that individual touching the illicit matrimonial game which he had been playing. As for myself feeling that my exhausted energies required some stimulation, I piloted my way to the bar, where I succeeded in obtaining a modicum of creature comforts, both of a liquid and solid description. In this agreeable pastime I was speedily joined by the tip-staff, who stated that his company had been dispensed with, *pro tempore*, above stairs.

After a season I was summoned by Mr. Newlove, who wished me to be present when his daughter was confronted with her betrayer. This requisition I promptly complied with, leaving Mr. Constable to solace himself with a compound which he denominated his *bitters*. Whether the aforesaid compound would be met with in the Pharmacopeia, either of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, is a question which I profess my inability to answer.

On re-entering the parlour I found the "Countess" and her aunt seated upon a sofa, the former sobbing after a heartbreaking fashion, and the latter looking peniards and poison-cups at her male connexion who returned the compliment with compound interest. The man who could have affirmed that there was a particle of love lost between the pair, must have been miserably lacking either in observation or candour!

"I have just had a long and searching communing," said Mr. Crooks "with the person calling himself your husband Fanny, and—"

"Calling himself my husband!" exclaimed the young lady. "He is my husband!—my own, dear, beloved, true husband, and I will follow him barefoot, if necessary, to the end of the world!"

"That's right child!" cried Miss Applegarth, "Show these ruthless oppressors that you scorn their threats and malevolence! Old and squinting indeed! ha! ha! ha!"

Nothing moved by the respective out-breaks of niece and aunt, the imperturbable Crooke, who manifested all the proverbial coolness of the cucumber, thus proceeded:—

"Hear me out, Fanny! The Count is not what he pretended to be!"

"Vile calumniator" was the prompt and indignant response, "I would believe his simple word in preference to the oaths of all the Crooks's in creation! My Blitzes is the very incarnation of honour!"

"Be that as it may" continued the Montreal trader, "I have the best of all proof that what I assert is the case. He has confessed to me—"

"What?" exclaimed Fanny and Laura Matilda in a breath.

"Why, that he is no more a Hungarian nobleman than he is Pio Nono, or the Receiver General of this Canada! Nay more, he has consented to make this avowal in your presence!"

"Oh wretch!" yelled forth the excited new-made wife, "You have been torturing my beloved, and constraining him in his agony, to say whatever you have a mind!"

"Altogether a mistake, my dear," returned the methodical merchant. "The tortures have no existence except in your own foolish little imagination. During our interview, the so-called Count experienced no pains more material than the twinges of his own conscience!"

Here the Squire could not refrain from breaking in—

"Conscience indeed! Precious little trouble

that would give the scamp! I will go bail that it is as tough as the steak which we had for dinner to-day, and that is saying no small thing! An old clothesman's conscience! What will this crazy world come to?"

"Listen to me sir, and listen father, and all of you!" cried Fanny. "I do not care what my husband has acknowledged, or whether it be true or false! His blood may be ancient as the pyramids, or new as the latest fashioned mantelet! His name may be famous in story, or unknown as that of the man who first swallowed an oyster! These things weigh not one atom of thistle-down with me! Blitzen, or whatever else he is called, is my husband, and what is more, the sole and supreme lord of my affections! I took him for better and worse, and through good report and evil report, I will be his devoted and loving wife! Amen! So help me all the powers of constancy!"

Blinded with a dense mist of tears, the enthusiastic Fanny climaxed her oration by grasping and osculating the first book upon which she laid hands. This manual (I may mention in passing) was "Maclear & Co's Canadian Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1855, being the third after Leap year," Whether this fact detracted from the value of the lady's declaration, is a question which must be determined by lawyers and divines: the Purser is too little of a casuist to solve the problem!

When Newlove's daughter had "shut up," Mr. Crooks addressed himself to her wrathful and astounded parent—

"In my honest opinion, neighbour," said he, "I think that we must e'en permit matters to take their course, when a woman speaks in such a dogmatic manner, as that in which our fair friend has just done. There is no use in trying to thwart her. Besides the mischief is perpetrated past all hope of cure. If the parson had not got his paw in the pie, we might have sent the spark to the Penitentiary and been done with it; but all the blacksmiths who ever smote anvil, from Vulcan downwards, could not unrivet that little plain gold ring, which encircles the fourth finger of your daughter's left hand! There has been a wedding, and a bedding, let us wind up the joke with a breakfast, and poor as I am, I will liquidate the score for the champagne!

Old Newlove listened in breathless astonishment to this address, and for a season was

unable to make any reply, so stunning was his amazement and dumbfounderment.

"Oh Crooks! Crooks!" he at length exclaimed, when the faculty of speech was restored to him, "little did I expect such counsel from my ancient and long-tried friend. What! receive as a son-in-law this scape-the-gallows, who has confessed his diabolical duplicity!—Shame! shame on you man! I thought that you had known Nicholas Newlove better than to suppose him capable of such crawling—such unmitigated baseness! Breakfast and champagne! The toast would choke me—the foaming beverage would drench my brain with demutation! No! no! If Fanny is determined to keep to her black bargain, she shall cease to be child of mine! She can swear, it seems, brazen minx as she is! but more than one can play at that game!

Thus speaking, the Squire fell plump upon his knees; no slight undertaking, when it is considered that his bulk qualified him for Aldermanic honours.

Just as he was proceeding to enunciate a crushing vow, Mr. Crooks impressed a hand upon his mouth, and stemmed the forthcoming cataract of vocables.

"Hold hard" quoth he, "for a moment!—Oaths are like promissory notes, much easier executed than satisfied! Keep where you are for a brief space, like a good fellow, till I bring this same slippery customer into your presence. Bear in mind that you have not heard the fellow plead his own cause, and even if he was Lublin, or the Wandering Jew, for that matter, it would be a shame to condemn him without an opportunity of speaking for himself. Fair play is a jewel all the world over!"

"Be it as you will!" retorted the kneeling Squire, "but see that you be quick about it.—My old joints are unused to this position, and feel far from comfortable; but hang me if I stand upright before speaking all that is on my mind! Ere you go, however, fill me out a stiffish horn, seeing that my throat is as dry as a lime-kiln, and I wish to utter what I have got to say with such distinctness, that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake about the matter."

In obedience to this appeal, Mr. Crooks mixed a draught which would have caused Padre Matthew's hair to stand stark on end with horror, and placing it in Newlove's hands, evacuated the chamber without delay.

Altogether, the scene was immensely dramatic, and might have furnished a play-wright with some serviceable wrinkles.

Newlove Senior was a pretty fair study for King Lear, calling down left-handed benedictions upon the offspring who had sent him to pass a "naughty night" upon a heath. His child at one end of the sofa, would have made a very respectable personification of Desdemona, Juliet, Lucy Ashton, or any other lachrymose young lady with blighted hopes, and withered affections. Whilst Miss Laura Matilda, still frying under the treason spoken against her "ball of light," (as Collins hath it) was ripely suggestive of the ill-conditioned, heavy-tragedy old women, who have always some throat to cut, or some injury to avenge.

After a brief interval, the sound of footsteps was heard in the passage, and the door being slowly opened, Crooks became developed, leading, or more correctly speaking, dragging the banished nobleman of Hungary along with him, the face of the latter being buried in the capacious drapery of a full grown pocket handkerchief.

No longer did the youth sport a costume a'la Widdicomb. The be-furred, and be-frogged surtout had given place to a prosaically unpretending black coat, and in vain did I strive to discover the masses of jewelry which bedizened the person of the foreigner on board the steamboat. The Count had evidently descended several degrees in the direction of every day, jog-trot existence.

"Show your ugly mug, you vagabond!" roared Nicholas, his color materially enhanced by the goblet which he had just emptied. "Look at an honest man for once in your life, while he tells you a bit of his mind!"

Being thus invited to exhibit his frontispiece, Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein dropped the handkerchief, and stood fully patent to the ken of friends and foes.

But what a change—and I may add—what a change for the better did that frontispiece present! The suspicious forest of hair had nearly all disappeared, like the pines from the surface of a cleared farm! Imagination no longer was left to conjecture the shape and hue of mouth, nose, cheeks and chin! None of the mystery which first invested the incognito continued to cleave to his features! There they were, just as nature had fashioned them, brought to light by

the magical touch of a keen-edged, thorough-going razor!

While cogitating upon the metamorphosis which had taken place upon the external attributes of the adventurer, I was suddenly arrested by the effect the apparition, produced upon Newlove senior.

He emitted a shout expressive of a large assortment of emotions, in which astonishment, incredulity, and satisfaction, were blended in pretty equal proportions. His eyes were fixed upon the Count with a glower, as if they had been fascinated by a basilisk; and ever and anon he furnished them up with the cuff of his coat, doubtful, seemingly, that they had become treacherous by the operation of some sudden glamourie!

Hugely appetizing, to all appearance, was this scene to the mercator of Montreal, who, after a season came up to the kneeling wonderer, and exclaimed, with a slap upon the shoulders, sufficiently potent to have disturbed the equanimity of a rhinoceros:

"Man alive! are you going to keep us here all the morning? Why don't you curse the Hebrew huckster of superannuated pantaloons, and be done with it!"

This laconic speech, together with its fistic accompaniment, had the effect of restoring the much astounded Squire to his self-possession. Assuming a perpendicular position—and th with almost superhuman agility, considering his weighty capital of flesh, he made one bolt a t Widdicomb, and grappling him bear-fashion, roared out with the stentorosity of a gross of town criers, "CORNELIUS CROOKS!!!"

* * * * *

It would be at once pedantic and impertinent, to bore the patient peruser of these pages, with any explanations of the passages above chronicled. Being madly enamoured of the heiress of Newlove Grange, Crooks the younger, who had discovered the foot whereon she halted, made a bold stroke for a wife, and gained as the Count, what he had been denied as the advocate.

* * * * *

If a merry breakfast was not discussed in Cobourg that blessed morning, by a certain nuptial party, never credit the Purser again. The fusilading of champagne corks was a caution, and healths "pottle deep" were dedicated to the prosperity of the united dynasties of Newlove and Crooks!

The only malcontent at the symposium was the erudite Laura Matilda. This mature spinster was rendered misanthropical not merely by the mean estimate taken of her charms, but from the fact that her niece had not succeeded in obtaining a titled mate.

"Here's health, wealth, and happiness to you, Fanny"—said she, "but it vexes me to the soul, that after all the trouble I have had with your education, a commoner's lot has fallen to your chance! Heigh ho! I thought to have seen a coronet on your carriage, before I had shuffled off this mortal coil of ropes, as William Shakspeare says!"

"Let not that fret you aunt," rejoined the happy bridegroom—"Fanny is entitled to tack Baroness to her name, whenever she feels so inclined! When in Germany this summer, I purchased a patent of nobility, for a mere song from a Grand Duke who chanced to be a trifle out at the elbows, and when we visit Baden Baden in the spring my wife may take precedence of all the commoners in Christendom!"

It might have been mere imagination on my part, but it certainly struck me, that the pretty hazel eyes of the blushing young wife, sparkled more brightly at this piece of information!

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Already have full details of this heroic battle been made known and read with the intensest interest in every quarter of British North America. To thousands of homes in Great Britain and France the glorious news has brought sorrow and lamentation; but in every home in both nations, even in those of the mourners themselves, it has excited, at the same time, the warmest feelings of pride and patriotism. Not only Great Britain and France, but every civilized nation in the world to which the recital has penetrated, has shared the exaltation of the victors, and formed prayers for the final and irretrievable downfall of the sanguinary despot upon whose head lies the guilt of all the blood that has been, and is yet to be shed.

History records no battle that excels or can compete with it, either for rapidity or for daring. Prince Menschikoff was so sure of his position, that he declared he could hold it against two hundred thousand men, and drive them into the sea. Nothing could be more admirably chosen. The heights of the Alma were strong by nature, and made still more strong by art. They

were defended by a vast force of infantry, of cavalry, and of artillery—the very pick of the Muscovite army. Overlooking the Alma (henceforth a classic and an illustrious river), from an apparently impregnable height of four hundred feet, concealed in brushwood, and behind walls and intrenchments, the Russians were enabled to sweep the plain beneath them with unerring precision and deadly effect. They literally mowed down their assailants like grass or standing corn. But the gallant French and English knew their work. If they gave way for a moment under a murderous fire, it was to rally again, and renew the onslaught with fresh energy. Though there was not a tree to shelter a man, though everything that could have afforded the least cover had been burned and swept away; though they were dazzled by the glare, and blinded by the smoke, of a burning village, that, in accordance with Muscovite tactics, had been sacrificed to prevent its falling into their hands; though they had to ford a river full of pits and holes; and though they had to climb a breastwork of rock and earth as high as the cross of St. Paul's, the allies—nine-tenths of whom had never before found themselves face to face with the stern realities of actual warfare—marched full of hope and energy to the encounter. Men of inferior pluck would have considered the attempt a desperate one; but these men—true heroes of more than antique valor—carried the position in the short space of three hours and a half. The loud British cheer that rung from those well-won heights struck terror into the hearts of the retreating Russians. Homer never sang of a more brilliant exploit, and painter or sculptor never devoted the resources of his art to illustrate a grander achievement. The Russian soldiers proved themselves to be no contemptible foes, and their generals, both before and during the conflict, showed that they possessed military skill in the highest degree. But the bravery of the soldiers and the skill of the generals was met by bravery still greater, and by military genius superior to their own. It cost the allies the very flower and chivalry of their youth to defeat the foe in the first encounter that he had courage enough to risk; but great as was the loss, and deeply as it is to be deplored, history will hold it cheap, when it considers the immense advantages which it secured. The result filled the armies of the allies with renewed hope, and gave them faith in their own invincibility; while to the Russians it communicated a fatal discouragement, if not despair.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

The late Commander-in-chief of the Anglo-French expedition to the East was in many respects, a remarkable man. His military success forms one of the most striking examples of rapid advancement that has yet been achieved in the French army of occupation in Algeria. M. de St. Arnaud was born in Paris in 1801, of a family not distinguished by fortune. He was young when he entered the army. During the reign of Charles X. he was for a short time in the body-guard of that monarch; but he shortly after resigned his situation, and came to England, where he resided some time. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he returned to France, and once more entered the army. It was at this time, while the regiment to which he belonged was on duty at Fort de Blaise, where the Duchess de Berri was imprisoned, that he obtained the favorable notice of marshal Bugeaud, commandant of the citadel, by his intelligence and activity. In 1837, as captain, he went to Algiers in the foreign legion, which was chiefly composed of political refugees who had sought employment in the armies of France. In that corps M. de St. Arnaud, distinguished alike by his intrepidity and military skill, contributed powerfully to the success of many important enterprises. In less than ten years he rose through the various grades from that of chief of battalion to the dignity of Marshal of France.

Among the exploits in which he distinguished himself the most important were the expedition he directed in 1842 against the unsubdued tribe of Beni-Bondonan, in the west of Miliannah; the attacks of the Beni-Ferrah tribe in the following year; the defeat of the Elizza-el-Bahr; and the submission of the Cherif-Bou-Maza, who had provoked an insurrection in the Dahra. In 1851, M. de St. Arnaud returned to France with the rank of lieutenant-general. His energetic and determined character recommended him to the notice of Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, as one of the firmest supporters of his views; and in the month of October 1851, the future Emperor confided to him the confidential post of Minister of War. In 1852, he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France, and soon after to that of senator, which was followed by his appointment to the post of Grand Ecuyer to the Emperor. The Marshal left the ministry of war to command the army of the east, and died,

on the 29th of September, on board the *Berthollet*. The last year of the Marshal's life was one of continued suffering. The disease—to which at last he fell a victim—was one affecting the mucous membrane of the intestines from which he had suffered more or less for several years. The passage from Varna to Eupatoria brought back the malady, and after two days of most dreadful suffering he got on horseback to attack the enemy at Alma. For twelve hours he could not be persuaded to take a moment's rest; several times he rode along the whole line of battle, extending nearly five miles in length, never ceasing to give his orders and concealing from all, at the price of incredible efforts, his struggle against the malady. At length when the pain became too severe, when his exhausted force was on the point of betraying him, he got himself held up on horseback by two horsemen. A few days before his death he handed over the command of the French army to General Canrobert.

At the burial of Marshal de St. Arnaud, the flags of England and France, for the first time in history, covered the same coffin, and the Mussulman cannon resounded in sign of grief at the funeral of a Christian general.

M. de St. Arnaud had been twice married. By his first marriage he had one daughter (married to M. de Puyssigar) and a son, who became a soldier, and was killed in one of those campaigns in Algeria where his father won so much renown.

SEBASTOPOL.

Sebastopol, or Sevastopol, a view of which we give in the present number is the great naval station in the Black Sea and is, at present the object of attack of the allied armies. It is situated near the South West extremity of the Crimea. It occupies a part of a considerable peninsula on the south side of a roadstead of the same name, rising from the shore in the form of an amphitheatre. The roadstead, which is entered from the west, stretches east about three and a half miles and is guarded at its entrance by two forts of a most formidable description, one of which is but partially shown in our view, called Constantine and Alexander; a third called Nicholas is situated within the haven itself, fronting the town. These batteries, which, according to some, are of the most perfect, and according to others, of very imperfect construction, can bring 1,400 guns to bear upon the allied fleet should they, as they

most probably will, attempt to effect an entrance. Toward the land side, no defences appear to have been thought necessary the town being there protected by high sheltering hills. In 1780 when the first stone of the new fortress and arsenal was laid, Sebastopol was a mere Tartar village named Alshiar, its population now about equals that of Toronto.

NARRATIVE

OF WHAT OCCURRED DURING THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

[The accompanying translation has been prepared expressly for the leaves of our Magazine, not so much for its value either as a composition or in an historical point of view, but as being one of the records, though of trifling value, of the history of our country saved from oblivion, we believe, entirely through the exertions of that indefatigable and praiseworthy savant, M. Faribault, of Quebec, who has contributed more to throw light on the history of Canada than any one else, and for which every credit and praise is due. We believe the manuscript, of which this is a translation, was obtained by him in France, where in particular we know not, but we give it a place because it relates especially to the period, the most interesting to British Canadians in the annals of Canada, "The Capture of Quebec."]

A Narrative of what occurred during the Siege of Quebec and the taking of Canada. By a Nun of the General Hospital of Quebec, addressed to a community of her order in France.

Very Reverend Mothers :

As our constitution obliges us to consult the heads of our congregation respecting difficulties which may occur to impede the progress of our holy institution, it should I think compel us to act similarly when there is a question of instruction. The simple recital which I am about to give you is of what occurred since the year 1755, when the English determined to leave no stone unturned until they had possessed themselves of this colony. The part we then played, and the immense exertions we underwent, shall be the subject.

The conflagration which our mothers of Quebec suffered from, no longer permitting them to take care of the sick, M. Bigot, Intendant of this country, proposed to us to receive them into our Hospital, an offer we accepted with pleasure, in the hopes as well of rendering assistance as of discharging with zeal the duties of our vocation. They were not long in setting themselves to work. His Majesty, attentive to the wants of his subjects and warned of the preparations which the English were making, delayed not in sending to the succour of this country numerous vessels freighted with

ammunition and provisions, of which latter it was almost entirely destitute, as well as several regiments composed of good troops, who, however, were disembarked in an unfit state for service, since a great number had perished on the voyage. Being infected with fever they were all conveyed, officers and men, to our Hospital, which was scarcely capable of accommodating them all. We were obliged to fill the most private places of our house, even to put them into the church, with the permission of the late Mgr. de Pontbriand, our illustrious Prelate, to whom all praise is due for his great zeal and charity in partaking with the almoners the labour of their duties, passing entire days administering the sacrament to them, and risking his life in the midst of an infection he could not arrest—a circumstance which contributed to injure his health and shorten a life we could have wished prolonged. He had the misfortune to lose three or four almoners who assisted him, whom the contagion, aided by the impure air which they breathed near the sick, carried off in a very few days. His charity for his cherished flock was not less great; the distress in which he saw us roused his compassion. The loss of ten of our youngest sisters was severely felt; he saw them die, however, with resignation, for they prayed to the Lord that their deaths might appease his wrath. This was as yet only a drop of the cup prepared for us. The loss rendering it impossible for us to attend all the places which the sick occupied,—the holy bishop sent us ten sisters from the Hotel Dieu of Quebec, who, full of the spirit of their vocation, edified us by their constancy, and assisted with indefatigable zeal, night and day, in all the cares which the sick required. Our gratitude to this community has only augmented, and the desire of living always on good terms with them redoubled. The poverty of our house at the time of the destruction of theirs prevented our rendering them all the assistance we could have wished; the trifle we bestowed was given freely. But let us return, my dear Mothers, to the detail of a war and captivity which our sins had drawn upon us. Heaven, until this present time attentive to our prayers had oft preserved us. The Holy Virgin, patroness of this country, had overturned the chariots of Pharaoh, and caused our vessels to pass in the sight of our enemies without fear of waves or tempest, which were only raised in their favour. But our ingratitude did not merit the continuation of her protection. We were still rejoicing

at the first attacks which our enemies had made, for wherever they appeared they were beaten and repulsed with considerable loss; the reduction of Fort Chouaguén, Fort St. George, and many others which we had taken from them, proved this; the victories we had gained at La Belle Rivière and at Carillon were most glorious. Our warriors returned laden with laurels; perchance they did not pay as much homage to the God of Armies as he had merited, for they owed their success to a miracle; their small number without the aid of Heaven could never have triumphed so completely; wherefore, despairing of conquering us, the shame of a defeat made the enemy resolve to arm a formidable fleet, furnished with every description of artillery which the foul fiend has invented for the destruction of the human race. The English flag was hoisted in the roadstead of Quebec on the 24th May, 1759. Our troops and militia were sent down on the news of their arrival; our generals left the garrisons in the advanced posts, of which we had great numbers above Montreal, to prevent the junction of their land army, which was said to be on the march by Orange; nor did they fail to occupy all the points where a landing might be effected, but it was impossible to guard them all. The sickness which our troops had suffered from on their arrival from France, and the losses which we, although victorious, had sustained in two or three actions with the enemy, had cost us the lives of a number of men. It was necessary to abandon Point Lévi, which directly faces Quebec. The enemy at once possessed themselves of it, erected their batteries there, and commenced cannonading on the 24th July, causing great terror to all the sisterhood.

The reverend Mother of St. Helens, Superior of the Hospitaliers, wrote to us the same day and entreated us to receive her and all her community. Although there was no doubt but that our House was about to be filled with all the wounded of the siege, we nevertheless received our dear sisters of Quebec with open arms. The tears we shed and the tenderness we evinced towards them were indubitable proofs of our willingness to share with them the little that remained to us. We gave up our chambers to them in order that they might be more at their ease, and betook ourselves to the dormitories, but it was not long before we were again dislodged; at six o'clock in the evening of the next day we perceived in our enclosures the reverend Ursuline mothers, who came on

foot, being terrified at the bombs and cannon shot which had shattered their walls in many places. It was necessary to find places for upwards of thirty sisters, whom we received with no less tenderness and affection than we had testified towards our dear Hospitalieres.

However, it was necessary to find lodging for ourselves; on the arrival of the hostile fleet, all the families of distinction, merchants and *bourgeoises* had been sent up to the towns of Montreal and Three Rivers in a state to sustain themselves, and thereby to relieve the town of every incumbrance during the siege. Many families and others, whom it was impossible to refuse, begged an asylum with us, finding themselves better enabled to assist and tend their husbands and children if wounded. It was necessary to find room for them. Now, as our House was out of cannon shot, the poor people of Quebec flocked to us also for refuge; all the offices were filled, the domestic house, the stable, the grange and everything that surrounded it—even the laundries, in spite of the frequent washings which we were obliged to make continually for the wounded, were full of the pallets of these unfortunates.

The sole consolation we enjoyed was that of daily beholding our Bishop, although dying, exhorting and encouraging us not to relax in our labours. Some had endeavoured to persuade him to retire from his capital, the Bishop's palace and the Cathedral being reduced almost to ashes, but he would not leave his flock as long as there was any hopes of saving it. He lodged with the curate of Charlebourg, about a league from Quebec. He permitted the almoners, who were numerous, to perform mass in our choir, the church being occupied by the wounded. All the inhabitants of the environs, not having any other place of worship, resorted thither with us, which caused us great trouble to find room at the hours appointed for the service; it was scarcely possible to accommodate ourselves therein, and yet it was the only spot which was vacant. We had the consolation of performing service there during the whole of the siege, the Ursulines on one side and the Hospitalieres on the other, without interfering with the constant attendance which the sick required both day and night. The only time of repose was that of divine service, which was nevertheless perpetually interrupted by the noise of the bombs and cannon shot, we being fearful always lest the enemy might direct them against our house. The shells and red hot shot

terrified those who watched, for they had the grief of witnessing the destruction of the residences of our citizens; many of our neighbours were much interested therein, for in one night in the Lower Town more than fifty of the most magnificent houses were destroyed. The vaults wherein the merchandize and all valuable articles had been stowed were not safe from the fire. In this frightful period we had nought to oppose thereto but the tears and groans which we uttered at the foot of the altar, during the few minutes that we could spare from the unhappy wounded.

We had, in addition, more than one enemy to contend against. Famine, always inseparable from war, threatened to reduce us to extremities; more than six hundred persons in our house and the neighbourhood shared with us the trifle of food allowed us from the magazines of the King, and even that small allowance was fast diminishing. In the midst of this desolation the Lord, who desired only to humble us and destroy the wealth we had amassed, perchance against his desire and with too much care, laboured to preserve for us the lives we would have lost during those critical situations in which a country is placed at its entire subjugation.

Our enemies, informed of our mournful situation, contented themselves with battering the walls, despairing of conquering us until we should be reduced to extremities. Since the river was the sole fortification which we had to oppose to them, it was also an obstacle to any attack on our part. For a long time, under our own observation, we perceived a descent was meditated on the Beauport side. Our army, always on the alert, warned by an advanced guard, hurried thither with the natural ardour of the French nation, which prompts them to rush into danger without foreseeing the causes which snatch away the victory.

Our enemies, slower in pursuit, did not advance all their strength at the sight of our army, but were driven from our redoubts which they had seized, were overpowered and left on the field only dead and wounded. This sole action if properly managed would have delivered us for ever from their mournful attacks; but this mismanagement must not, however, be charged solely on our generals. The Indians, often necessary for our succour, were prejudicial to us on these occasions; their cries and yells intimidated our enemies, who, instead of awaiting the charge to which they were exposed, retired pre-

cipitately to their vessels, and left us masters of the field of battle; their wounded were transported with much charity to our hospital, despite the fury of the savages who wished to scalp them according to their custom. Our army was always on the alert, and the enemy dared not make a second descent; the disgrace of remaining inactive caused them to set fire to the surrounding country; their fleet was moored seven or eight leagues above Quebec, and there made a great number of prisoners, both women and children, who had taken refuge there. Here again they encountered the courage and valour of a little garrison of invalided soldiers who had been placed to guard the baggage of the army, commanded by an officer who had but one arm. In spite of the numbers they lost, they possessed themselves of the post, but admitted that it had cost them dear.

After having been nearly three months at anchor without daring to attempt a second attack, they determined to return, no longer hoping to succeed in their enterprise. But the Lord, whose designs are inscrutable and always just, prompted the English General to make one more attempt before his departure at night by surprise. On this night, it was necessary to convey provisions to a corps who guarded a post on a height next the town. A wretched deserter informed the enemy of this fact, and persuaded them it would be easy to surprise us and pass their barges under the countersign of our soldiers who were there stationed. They took advantage of the occasion, and treason triumphed. When they had disembarked under favour of the countersign, the officer in command discovered the trick, but unfortunately too late. He defended his post like a hero with only a handful of men, and was wounded there. By means of this surprise the enemy arrived at the gates of Quebec. As soon as Monsieur de Montcalm became aware of this fact he hurried thither at the head of his troops, but the distance he had to traverse, nearly half a league, gave the enemy time to erect their batteries ready to receive our forces. The first battalions of our troops did not wait for the arrival of the reserve but attacked the enemy with their usual impetuosity and killed a great number of them, but were soon overwhelmed by their artillery. The enemy lost their General and a host of officers. Our loss was less than theirs, but not the less disastrous, for Monsieur de Montcalm and his principal officers lost their lives on the field. Many Canadian officers suffered the same

fate. We witnessed the carnage from our windows. Then it was that charity triumphed, and caused us to forget our own interests and the risks we ran with an enemy so close. In the midst of dead and dying, who were brought in by hundreds at a time, a most heart-rending sight, we were forced to stifle our feelings and exert ourselves to the utmost. Burdened with three Communities and the whole suburbs of Quebec, which the approach of the enemy had forced on us, you can fancy our embarrassment and fright. With an enemy master of the field, and within a few steps of our dwellings, exposed to the fury of the soldiers, and with everything to apprehend, it was then we experienced the truth of Holy Writ, "Whoso is under the care of the Lord hath nothing to fear." Nevertheless, though not wanting in faith or hope, the approach of night redoubled our apprehensions. The three Communities, excepting those who were occupied in the house, prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar imploring divine mercy, and like Moses of old, "Our hearts alone spake." The deep and solemn silence which reigned amongst us, gave a double force to the fierce and repeated blows which were struck on our doors. Two youthful novices engaged in carrying soup to the wounded, were compelled to open the entrance door. Their pallid and tearful countenances touched the heart of the officer in command, and he prevented his troop from entering, but commanded the attendance of the three superiors knowing that they had sought shelter with us. In order to re-assure them, he told them that a part of their army was about to seize upon and occupy our house, fearing that our troops, whom he knew to be not far off, might force their trenches, which would actually have occurred if the rearguard could have joined before the capitulation. In an instant we saw their troops ranged in battle array under our windows, and the loss of the previous day made us tremble, and with reason, that our fate was decided, our troops being no longer able to rally. Monsieur de Levi, second in command, now being first by the death of M. de Montcalm, had left the camp several days previously, taking with him nearly three thousand men to reinforce the garrisons above, which were daily harassed by the enemy.

The loss we had sustained and the departure of these troops, determined the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor General of the Colony, to abandon Quebec, which he no longer had any

hopes of saving, the enemy having formed their lines within the entrance of the principal gate, and their vessels closing the entrance of the port so as to render it impossible for succour to arrive on that side. Monsieur de Ramsay, the King's Lieutenant, who commanded a feeble garrison, though without ammunition or provisions, held out till the last moment.

The citizens represented to him that they had freely sacrificed their wealth, but could not resolve to see their wives and children also perish, and as this was the day after the assault, nought was left him but to capitulate.

The English granted, without a murmur, the terms asked for, as well on religious as on other points. Their joy at conquering a country where they had been foiled more than once of victory made them the most moderate of all conquerors. We cannot, without injustice, complain of the manner in which they treated us; and no doubt but the hope of maintaining their victory contributed thereto, but be that as it may, their leniency has not yet dried our tears. We weep not like the Hebrews of old on the rivers of Babylon, for we are yet in possession of the promised land, but our songs are hushed until we shall be purged of this *melange* of nations and our temples rebuilt. Then shall we celebrate, with grateful melody the mercy of the Lord.

All that remained of the families of persons of distinction followed our army to Montreal. Our worthy Bishop amongst the number, not having elsewhere to retire to. But, previous to his departure he regulated all the affairs of his diocese. He named M. Briand—one of the principal members of his chapter, a man after God's own heart, and of such tried and admitted merit that even our enemies could not withhold their admiration, and I might add their veneration—his Vicar-General. Ever since a portion of the diocese was placed under his charge, he has maintained his rights and those of his curates without ever finding an obstacle on their parts. Religion lost nothing by his vigilance and attention. In addition he had charge of the three communities of nuns as their superior. His lordship, who, since his arrival in this country, has always protected, and I might say, preferred us, recommended our house to his peculiar care, and requested him to take up his abode there. Seeing that we were burdened with the care of an infinite number of people, without resources, and exposed to every kind of danger, he believed us to

be safe only under his own eyes; nor was he deceived. The remainder of my narrative will prove to you how much we owe to him.

The capture of Quebec on the 18th September, 1759, restored no tranquility to us; it only augmented our labours, for the English Generals betook themselves to our hospital to assure us of their protection, as well as to intrust us with their wounded and sick; so that although our house had nought to fear amidst the terrors of war in consequence of the protection always afforded to hospitals situated outside of towns, yet we were obliged to receive and lodge a guard of thirty men. There only remained a small lumber room at the foot of our choir, of which they took possession, which was unoccupied because it was filled with the furniture belonging to relatives of our nuns. This the soldiers seized on, and took from these unhappy people the trifle that remained to them. We were compelled to take on ourselves the burden of providing them with food and finding them accommodation. Each guard received a plentiful supply of covering without even the officer giving any orders, but our greatest chagrin was to hear them talking during mass.

The communities who had taken up their abode with us determined to return home, but it was not without tears of regret that they took their departure; for the esteem, tenderness, and union which their long sojourn with us had created rendered this separation most afflicting. The Holy Mother of St. Helen's, Superior of the Hospitalieres, grieved at seeing us overwhelmed with daily augmenting toil, left twelve of her daughters, who remained with us until autumn, and were of the greatest possible assistance.

The Rev'd. Mother of the Nativity, Superior of the Ursulines, offered to leave us as many of hers, an offer which we would have accepted with gratitude had we not known them to be overburdened with labour themselves. The cares and troubles which they had willingly shared with us near the invalids, had given them, under the habit of an Ursuline the heart of an Hospitaliere. They had the grief at their departure to leave behind two of their dear sisters, who terminated their lives in our dormitories being unable to rally. The cares and illness which they supported with edifying fortitude have gained them, I trust, an eternal recompence. We were under the necessity of giving them sepulture in a little garden in our cloister, it being impossible to open the choir.

The departure of our friends gave us no more space than a small dormitory, where they had been tightly packed, and there we were obliged to place the sick English whom the General sent us as soon as he saw himself all safe. But let us return to our countrymen. Our Generals, finding themselves unable to take their revenge so soon, determined to construct a fort five leagues above Quebec, and there to establish a garrison capable of opposing the enemy's attacks and of preventing his penetrating further. They were not idle but made ceaseless attacks so as to cause the enemy as much inconvenience as possible. There was no safety even at the gates of Quebec. Mr. Murry, the Governor of the place, nearly lost his liberty there more than once, and but for treachery it would have been accomplished. Besides which, they frequently made prisoners, which put the Governor in such a bad temper that he sent his soldiers to pillage the poor *habitants*. The thirst for glory and the desire to retake this country cost our citizens dearly. During the whole winter there was nothing but fighting; even the inclemency of the weather could not put a stop to it. Wherever the enemy appeared they were immediately attacked, which caused them to say, "They had never known a nation so attached and faithful to their prince as the Canadians."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHE HAS GONE TO REST.

She has gone to the rest for all prepared,
She is sleeping the dreamless sleep;
With clods of earth for her noiseless guard,
And her slumber is cold and deep.

The joyous beams of the opening day,
Have no ray for the starless gloom,
That shrouds the pulseless and pallid clay
Of the tenant of the tomb.

We may go to her at the morning time,
With the sunbeam's earliest glow,
And may scatter bright flowers and scented thyme
On the mound where she sleeps below.

We may watch the evening sun go down,
By her cold and silent tomb;
And wait till the shadows of twilight brow
Have clothed the earth in gloom.

We may plant the sweetbriar and fragrant rose,
They may bud and blossom for us;
We may seek the spot of her cold repose,
"But she cannot come to us."

Farewell to her who hath done with earth,
And hath left this scene of care;
We trust for a life of greater worth,
May we meet together there.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

On a dark, dreary evening towards the latter end of October 18—, I was seated, alone with my family, in our residence a short distance from the Falls of Niagara, where I was then stationed, and which was at the period one of the most notorious smuggling points on the whole frontier. The wind came up the gorge of the river, from Queenston, with a violence that made the great Suspension Bridge, within a few hundred feet of us, absolutely shriek as it swung to and fro over the frightful abyss it spans so miraculously; and the eagles that were seen hovering around the far-famed Whirlpool, at sunset, were—as Tennyson has it—literally blown about the skies;—preferring, as might be supposed, the gloomy and unsheltered region of the clouds, to the uncertain refuge of the woods that were bowed to the very earth, before each successive sweep of the merciless blast. I had just filled a pipe, and drawn my chair a little closer to the fire, with the intention of giving a temporary quietus to the cares of this life, when one of my daughters directed my attention to a paragraph of some length, which she had at that moment perused in an American journal; requesting, at the same time, that I would be so good as to read it aloud for the gratification of the other members of the family. To this solicitation I acceded cheerfully; and found, as I proceeded with the subject, that the contents were of more than ordinary interest—embracing a very recent and peculiar circumstance connected with the boasted freedom of the neighbouring Republic.

It appeared during the progress of the narrative, that some where to the southward, a young, rich and exceedingly beautiful quadroon—who was affianced to a handsome youth of slightly mixed blood, like herself—was the object of a lawless and most ungovernable passion on the part of a disreputable though enormously wealthy planter, whom she detested, and whose estates were but a few miles distant from her abode. On finding himself baffled at every turn, by the sterling virtue of the young girl, and the vigilance of her anxious and pure-minded lover, this fiend in human shape—acting upon a hint received on a former occasion—secretly set enquiry on foot regarding the parentage and antecedents of the youthful pair; when, strange as it may appear, it was

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ascertained beyond the slightest possibility of doubt, that, notwithstanding their pecuniary independence and estimable character, they were not free, according to the laws under which they lived, but were, on the contrary, liable to be seized and sold, at any moment, as the indisputable property of a distant slave-holder, with whom he was on the most intimate terms; but who, through a strange combination of circumstances, was totally unconscious of the existence of the parties, or of having any claims upon them whatever.

On being positively assured of a fact so important, a visit was paid, post haste, to this gentleman; but, as might be anticipated, he very properly hesitated before entering into bonds affecting the liberty of two strangers. Misled, however, by the misrepresentations of his visitor—and, as a full title, at any sum, to whatever claims he might be found to possess, was all that was demanded on the occasion—a total transfer of the unfortunate orphans—for such they were—was soon effected; and Mr. —, returned to his splendid inheritance, rejoicing over his nefarious triumph and the anticipated immediate possession of his long-sought prize.

The very morning after his arrival, and before the sun had yet risen, this heartless wretch appeared at the residence of his intended victim; armed with legal authority and accompanied by a sufficient force to overcome all resistance, and carry both her and the youth of her heart, off into the very depths of his plantations: But, what must have been his rage and disappointment, to learn, that she and her youthful protector, had suddenly disappeared the day previous, after having been married privately—as it was rumoured—at the cottage of an old and tried friend, who apprised them of the calamity that threatened them; and to whom they disposed, on the most advantageous terms, of all their valuable property, with the exception of a small casket of jewels, and some necessary wearing apparel.

Burning with vengeance at this mortifying intelligence; and determined to succeed at any cost, couriers were despatched in every direction, and ten thousand dollars reward offered for the apprehension of the poor fugitives. In addition to this, four or five reckless characters were hurried off, with all speed, to the frontiers between Buffalo and Fort Niagara; as it was conjectured, that the “runaways” would endeavour to reach the Canadas, as the only impregnable

place of safety for them, on the broad continent of America.

On the completion of these hasty arrangements, he managed, through the influence of his countless riches, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with every step of the route to be pursued by the persecuted outcasts, and to fathom all their secret hopes and designs. The result was, that, after making some hurried dispositions regarding his affairs, he was, himself, on their track, in less than twenty-four hours after their departure. Night and day he sped onward, without wearying on his journey for a single moment; until, at last, he arrived at Buffalo, where he lost all traces of them;—although put in full possession of the fact, that they were seen at one of the Railway Stations in that City, but a few hours previously.

Here, the paragraph closed with a statement, that gangs of desperados were now employed, on both frontiers, with the intention of kidnapping the hapless pair, should they succeed in even reaching the Canadian shore;—and further, that although the affair was hushed up in certain quarters, it was well understood, that two human beings of the most refined feelings and education, were, at that moment, hunted like wild beasts, through the land; if not already writhing in the relentless grasp of this inhuman monster.

After indulging in various comments on these heart-rending disclosures, and offering up many a fervent prayer for the safety of the poor, panting fugitives, our conversation turned, not unaturally, on the violence of the storm, and what might be anticipated as its sad results.—We spoke of the ocean on such a night, with “the man lashed to the helm,” while the starless waves rolled over him in mountains, and left his fated bark a shapeless mass. We thought, too, of the houseless wanderer on some bleak and barren moor, with, perchance, the tear of bitter memories on his cheek; as lone he staggered o’er the cheerless waste, without a ray to light his weary feet, or show his grey hairs scattered on the wind, save that which flashed around him in blue flame, and mocked his poor, dim eyes back into ten-fold night. Nor, did the daring smuggler escape a passing observation; for well we knew, that the commotion of the elements must be fearful, indeed, that could obstruct his lawless operations; and, that, possibly at that very instant, and at no great distance from where we were then as-

sembled, he was buffeting the winds and the waves, in the pursuit of his hazardous occupation. Of all this we thought with every degree of seriousness; and were just contrasting our enviable circumstances with the condition of those who were exposed to the inelimity of the weather, when we were startled by a sharp, single knock at the outer door. Wondering who it could be that selected so strange a period for a visit, I hurried immediately into the hall—where the lamp was still burning, although we were about retiring to rest—and gave instant admission to a useful though not highly esteemed acquaintance of mine, who generally paid his respects to me, long after the sun had set; with the hope of concealing from the public, the fact, that he possessed a wonderfully keen eye and ear, which he occasionally turned to good account, at the expense of the free-traders that abounded in the neighbourhood—although, notwithstanding this laudable delicacy on his part, a more incorrigible and universally recognised informer never stepped in shoe leather.

“What’s up to night, old Ringwood?” said I, leading him into my office—“for I am totally unable, I confess, to comprehend the motives that induced you to venture out during such wild weather as this.”

“There’s a good deal up, sir, a good deal;” he replied, while the light from the hall fell on his sinister features,—“I was on the cars this evening, at six, when they stopped at Schlosser, a very suspicious spot—and put off a large quantity of tobacco, sugar, and tea, together with a number of small parcels, which are all, I am satisfied, to be run in below Chippewa, to-night, by old Tarpaulin and his sons.”

“But in the name of common sense,” said I, “how can you possibly imagine for a moment, that any one, but a confirmed lunatic, would attempt to cross the river, on the very brink of the Rapids, and so short a distance above the Falls, during such a terrific night as this?”

“That, I can imagine very easily,” he returned, “for the wind which is blowing a hurricane, is directly up the channel, and almost sufficient of itself, to keep a craft stationary in the current; while, as to the darkness, and the few heavy drops that are falling occasionally, they are perfect pets of Old Tarpaulin; who, as you are aware, never permits a trifle to keep his boats idle, when there is a prospect of laying his fingers on a few dollars.”

“That may be;” I observed, “But I most assuredly entertain strong doubts, as to the

certainty of his tempting Providence, by exposing himself to the fury of the elements on the present occasion: although, I would, myself, make every rational sacrifice to teach a smuggler, so notorious, a pretty sharp lesson, and put a stop to his habitual boasting, and sarcastic sneers at the alleged inefficiency of the service on this side of the lines."

"Now is your time, then, sir, now is your time,"—eagerly ejaculated my companion, "for I saw him at the train, eyeing the goods, closely, as they were handed out; and, what's more, he endeavoured to get a peep at me, and make out who it was that was standing, muffled up, watching them, in the Freight Car from which they were taken; although, I am almost confident he did not succeed. And, as respects the fury of the elements, I have walked nearly four miles through the very height of the storm, with this intelligence, without being, as you perceive, a single whit the worse."

"But," said I, endeavouring to throw some insurmountable obstacle in the way, "how are we to get to Chippewa, as it is now nearly nine o'clock; and, can you positively determine the precise point at which the articles may be landed?"

"The boats," he replied, "must be run in at the old spot near the church; as it is not only some distance this side of the village, but quite sheltered and secluded; and, with regard to our getting there, we must go across the road, at once, and make Tom harness up his horses, and take us to the place, himself; as he is no great stranger to the service; and will be of infinite assistance to us, in case of any emergency."

The scoundrel had me on the hip, at every turn; so, not wishing to let the impression go abroad, that I was influenced in the discharge of my duties, by the state of the atmosphere, or the lateness of the hour, I put the best possible face on the matter; and informed him, that, as he appeared so confident of success, I would go and equip myself instantly, for the adventure, and join him without a moment's unnecessary delay.

As may be presumed, my determination to leave my dwelling, at that unseasonable hour, in company with a character so suspicious, and under circumstances so unfavourable, was not received with any great degree of satisfaction, by my family: however, my resolution being then fixed, I proceeded to make some hasty preparations, and, in the course of a very few

minutes, emerged out into the storm—Ringwood leading the way with a dark lantern; and my wife informing me, as she closed the door behind us, that both she and the two eldest of my daughters, would sit up and anxiously await my return.

On making our intentions known to Tom,—whose abode was but a few paces distant, I was not surprised to find that he expressed great astonishment at our proposed undertaking, and predicted that it would turn out "a wild goose chase;" from the fact, as he observed, that the most daring smuggler on the face of the whole globe, would not attempt a passage of the river near the church, on such a night. On my apprising him, however, that having once set out, I should proceed with the journey, and judge for myself, he reluctantly agreed to accompany us. So, after fortifying himself, both inwardly and outwardly against all contingencies, he proceeded to the stables, and soon had a suitable vehicle in readiness for our departure.

It was close upon ten o'clock, when seated in a stout waggon drawn by two powerful Bays, we all started off towards Drummondville, by the back route; not wishing to take the track along the river, leading past the Clifton, lest the lightning, which flashed around us at intervals, should startle the horses, on the verge of the frightful precipices that skirt the whole way. We had a journey of nearly five miles to perform; but were almost carried along by the tempest, wherever the wheeling was good. The roads, however, in consequence of the late rains, were exceedingly heavy in some places, until we reached the wide Common stretching out between us and the Pavilion. Here it was thought advisable to leave Drummondville to the right, and make our way across the open space, as being the shortest cut, if not the best road to our place of destination. This part of the route, being accomplished without meeting with any serious obstruction, we soon passed through the first toll-gate; and, rolling along the plank at a middling brisk pace, we found ourselves, about a quarter to eleven, directly opposite the church, which the lightning discovered standing in an isolated spot, a short distance to the left.

We now turned into the little avenue leading to the edifice; and driving cautiously under one of the wooden sheds, we carefully secured our horses; and, by the aid of the dark lantern, which Ringwood had just re-lighted, examined our revolvers—for we were all well armed—while, in addition to this, I drew from one of

my pockets, a powerful night-glass, and adjusted it to the proper focus, so as to have it in complete readiness, should any lights be discerned in the distance. On these precautionary measures being adopted, we all moved off in the direction of the river; and, still guided by the lightning, reached the precise point at which the boats were expected to land; where we sheltered ourselves, as best we could, beneath the underwood which here sloped down gently a few feet to the edge of the water. After remaining in this situation for some short time, I perceived a light moving, as I fancied, on the American shore a little to the right of us; but from the haze that surrounded it, I was unable to make it out clearly; although there was not a drop of rain falling at the period. Ringwood, however, whose cold, grey eye could absolutely pierce the most impenetrable gloom, appeared to read its meaning at a glance; for no sooner had he discovered it, than he exclaimed rapturously:

"There they are, sir; there they are; and I'll bet my life on it, they will be here in less than an hour, for the light is just at the very point from which they always set out!"

"Perhaps so," said I, endeavouring to make myself intelligible above the roaring of the waters and the storm, "but the river is convulsed so dreadfully, I am inclined to believe that they will not attempt to cross to-night, for fear of being swamped."

"No fear of that, sir; no fear of that," continued the old foxhound. "They are sure to have a light somewhere in Chippewa to guide them; and after keeping up well in that direction, until they nearly touch shore, they will then drop down nicely here, where there is a good landing and comparative shelter, as well as a sufficient number of teams, no doubt waiting within pistol-snap of them, to carry away he goods."

I hated the fellow, he understood his business so perfectly; but without making any further reply, I kept my attention fixed steadily on the light, and found that it was quite stationary, instead of wandering, as I at first supposed it to be.

About midnight, I became weary with expectation; and was on the point of expressing my full determination to give up the whole affair, when the wind, in the most extraordinary manner conceivable, chopped suddenly round, and, to my utmost surprise, came thundering down over Grand Island with an impetuosity as irresistible as if the whole of its strength

had been accumulating in that quarter for days. This unaccountable right-about-face in the storm was noticed the moment it occurred, by my two companions, who informed me, simultaneously, that if the boats were now out on the river, as was highly probable, they were lost beyond all hope, as they would be totally unable to keep clear of the rapids, against the combined forces of the current and the hurricane.

In this momentous juncture I lost all sight of the intended seizure, and became seriously alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate men, who, as I feared, were, perhaps at that moment, struggling vainly against the merciless elements that were hurrying them on to the verge of the awful abyss scarcely two miles below us. Convinced that all human efforts were unavailing, if the boats were any great distance from either shore, I brought my glass to bear, as well as I could judge, upon every point of the river, where they might be expected to pass, and sought, with trembling curiosity and anxiety, to penetrate the gloom, and realize within its fearful depths the objects of my solicitude; but so profound was the darkness, and so uncertain and confused was everything that was revealed by the lightning at long intervals, it was all to no purpose. The light on the opposite shore, however, happening to get into the field of my glass, and increase, apparently, in brilliancy, owing, as I presumed, to the haze having been dissipated by some new current of air, I began to examine it with more minuteness, and found that it proceeded from a large lantern attached to a high post at the corner of what seemed to be a rough wharf or landing place. Not a solitary human being was to be observed in its vicinity; for I could perceive, with great distinctness, the locality for several yards around it, and, in addition, noticed particularly that there were two large boats drawn up, high and dry, on shore directly beneath it. Lest I should be mistaken in any degree, I handed the glass to Ringwood, requesting, at the same time, that he would examine the object and everything about it closely, and then inform me if he had discovered anything that might tend to alter his opinions as to the anticipated danger of the smugglers, or the prospect of a seizure on that occasion. The cunning old vagabond read everything at a glance, for no sooner was the glass to his eye, than he exclaimed, with a yell that was perfectly demoniacal—

"Sold! sold! we are all sold! They are

Tarpaulin's boats. I have been discovered on the cars by the cursed old scoundrel, who, suspecting that I might give you a hint that would induce you to pay a visit to this place to-night, has hung up that infernal lantern there, for the purpose of deceiving us and keeping us waiting here, until every dollar's worth of the goods is carried away up the river by his teams, and ferried across by some of his accomplices, perhaps miles from where we are now standing."

To me there was some degree of pleasure in this intelligence, as it tended to put the safety of half a dozen, at least, of my fellow-creatures beyond all doubt; but to Ringwood it was gall—it was death. He had made up his mind to a glorious haul; and now that he was outwitted, after so much trouble and fatigue, the worst points of his character were developed strikingly. He became silent and sullen, save when some horrid imprecation escaped his lips, regarding the bold smuggler and his sons; and on one occasion, in the face of a sharp rebuke, he expressed his unfeigned regret that the whole crew were not out on the edge of the rapids, when the wind chopped round so suddenly. In short, so hideous did he appear to me at that moment, that I secretly resolved to keep my eye on him, and discontinue all intercourse with him, except where it was unavoidable.

We now retraced our steps to the church, and resuming our seats, we quickly found ourselves in the vicinity of Drummondville once more. Not a light was to be seen in the village, as we passed through it instead of crossing the Common as before. So we kept struggling along towards our respective habitations, until we reached the turn leading down from the main road, to the Clifton which stood in the hollow, a very short distance to the right. Here Tom stopped the waggon, and proposed that we should strike off, and take the side of the river for it, as the lightning did not appear to affect the horses, and as the road was much harder and better than the one we had taken in the first instance, and which lay straight before us. To this I assented readily. And down the hill we started at a safe pace, anxious to get under shelter as soon as possible, and lose all recollections of our "wild goose chase"—as Tom appeared to have correctly designated it—in the soft embrace of the drowsy god. When directly in front of the Clifton, however, the lynx-eyed Ringwood, who had been anything but communicative for the last half hour, observed a light at the bottom of the ferrystaircase, on the American

side; and instantly directed my attention to it, as being extraordinary and suspicious at such a time and place. This deduction I thought reasonable enough; and immediately leaped out of the waggon, to ascertain, on a nearer approach to the edge of the rocks, what could possibly be the occasion of this new feature in the comedy, when we considered the performance closed for the evening. Through the aid of my glass, I now discovered with the greatest clearness—taking the spray of the Falls into consideration—not only the light in question, but a man standing at the Ferry on our own side of the river, and evidently guiding, with a colored lantern which he held in his hand, a boat that was preparing to put off from the opposite shore. Just beside him, and on the very brink of the water, which was now rising rapidly, owing to the change in the wind, were piled a lot of barrels, tea-chests, and small boxes; in short, all the goods described by Ringwood, as discharged at Schlosser, in the fore part of the evening.

"We have got them at last," said I to Tom and his companion, who had just joined me, on tying up the horses at the guard wall. "All the merchandize of which we have been in search is at this very moment lying below at the ferry. So let us proceed down at once, and make the seizure, for I apprehend we will not have much difficulty, as there is apparently no great force to encounter."

I got a glimpse of old Ringwood's face, in a solitary ray that gleamed from one of the windows of the Clifton. He was in ecstasies. He rubbed his hands with excessive joy, and chuckled audibly over his sharp-sightedness and its anticipated results. I could have pitched the wretch over the cliffs; for well I knew what was going on within him. His soul was literally corroded with the love of gain. It mattered not to him whether the goods belonged to the wealthiest man in the land, or were the sole fortune of a fatherless child or a widow. A portion of them was likely to become his prey; and that was all that concerned him—all that made his eyes glitter. I had never given the subject a thought previously, although he was always repulsive to me; but now the truth seemed to flash upon me at once: he had not a single redeeming trait in his character; his heart, I felt assured, was impregnable to the most agonizing prayer; he was a villain of the deepest die.

On our way downwards, we encountered a covered carriage standing close under the shelter.

of the rocks; and were in the act of passing it, when a dark lantern was flashed in our faces, by two men who were seated in the inside, smoking their cigars; but who, on perceiving our features, apologized immediately, informing us, at the same time, that an extensive robbery had been just committed at Toronto, and that the criminal was expected to attempt an escape by the Bridge or the Ferry that night, and that their object was to arrest him, if possible. I did not like the appearance of either of these persons, nor was I quite satisfied of the truth of their story, as, from their dress and the jewellery with which they were bedizened, they evidently belonged to no police force in the Province. Consequently, without making any very lengthened remarks in return, we continued our course to the water's edge, which we just reached as the boat was about touching the shore.

From the single barrel and small quantity of packages contained in the craft, it was now apparent that we were in the very nick of time; as well as from what I at a glance conjectured to be the two owners of the goods, sitting quietly muffled up in the stern, after having shipped the last article from the other side. So, with the determination of making a sweeping affair of it, I resolved to pounce upon the boat first, and secure it while it was being unloaded, and cut off the two persons in the stern—who were likely to remain in their position, until some of the parcels were removed forward—from lending any assistance to their comrades should a scuffle ensue, which, without this precaution, I thought more than probable, as there were five against three of us; although the two boatmen appeared to be but mere striplings, and no such sterling stuff as old Tarpaulin and his sons.

It was now the dead hour of the night, when from behind a large pile of rock, some distance below the foot of the Grand Horse Shoe Fall, we all with quickened pulses, perceived the boat run up on the long narrow slide, within twenty paces of us; and which was, at the period, almost buried in the waves that dashed in foaming eddies out of the current that flashed past one of its extremities, and then shot out to join the great body of the waters that, for upwards of two miles, swept with savage impetuosity the shore on which we stood. My object being to ascertain, if possible, whether any of the party was armed, before I attempted to secure the boat, or make any disposition of the articles that had

been already landed, I waited anxiously, until I saw the man with the lantern, assisting the two boatmen to get the barrel ashore; but on not being able to discover any weapon whatever, the moment I found them engaged in removing the other parcels, so as to make way for the parties in the stern, I stepped out into the blaze of the lamp, and with a pistol shining in my hand, was on board, amongst them, in a twinkling. Tom and Ringwood were on the beach, at my elbow, in an instant, but their proximity was discovered by the man with the lantern only, as his companions had just stooped down with their backs to the light, to lay hold of a package and hand it to him as he stood on a portion of the slide beside them.

On discovering my sudden apparition, the two boatmen threw out the parcel towards their comrade and leaped hurriedly after it; but, unfortunately, as they both bounded, together, from the gunnel of the boat, the great force of their feet drove us off the slide, where we were lying uneasily, and with the loss of an oar, sent us far out into the midst of the headlong waters, that yelled and shook themselves into foam as they swooped down the rocky gorge that shut them in!—Good God!—This was terrible! In a moment we lost sight of the light! and there we were—three human beings—wrapt in Egyptian gloom, and borne on by the thundering flood towards the fatal Whirlpool, that never mortal crossed and lived, or to destruction as equally certain and horrible—the Charybdis, directly beneath the Suspension Bridge, but a single mile from us!—Oh! how indescribably powerful is darkness, when, through its eyeless depths a vague and unseen death hovers around us!—when we feel as if we were shut out from light, before our time, and dragged on, towards the verge of eternity, by some mighty and irresistible arm! And yet, how difficult to extinguish the last spark of hope in the human breast, and leave the altar on which it burns in utter desolation! It was so with me, even at that dreadful moment. I knew the river thoroughly. I was sensible that all the great waters of the West, were here struggling to free themselves from a narrow pass, where they were walled in by towering cliffs that were lost in the clouds: but at the same time, I was aware that there were eddies, and one recognised landing place on the American shore, which might, through some miraculous cast of the die, be gained ere our doom was sealed. Consequently, the instant I found

myself adrift on a flood so terrific, with but a single oar to guide me, and in the midst of a merciless storm, I pulled with almost superhuman might towards the opposite rocks. To attempt a landing on the Canadian side would result in our immediate destruction, as the whole force of the current broke furiously over the immense wedges of fallen cliff with which it is studded. Fortunately, it was the left hand oar that fell overboard at the time of the disaster, otherwise I should have been unable to keep the boat quartering off the course of the waters, or impel it angling forward, as we were swept along—although I was not alone in my exertions to reach some point of safety; for, scarcely had I grasped the full danger of my situation, when a flash of lightning revealed one of my companions, paddling vigorously, in the proper direction, with a piece of plank which he, providentially, found beneath some small cases, after having, with strange promptness and agility, pitched nearly everything overboard, in search of something of the kind. However doubtful, at the period, I considered his character as a smuggler, yet, he appeared, evidently, a man who required no stimulant to act when the time came; and feeling that I had a fellow mortal beside me, with every muscle bent in unison with my own, I caught additional strength from the conviction, and made the oar whistle through the waves with increased velocity; until, at last, I found we were whirled into an eddy, where we came into sharp contact with what appeared to be some large floating body. I knew it!—I could not be mistaken!—I clung to it, and grasped a huge chain that happened to touch my arm!—We were safe!—It was the “Maid of the Mist,” at her powerful moorings on the American shore, in the immediate vicinity of the Bridge and the deafening surges that fought round the Cave of the Waters. I groped along her guards for her low forward deck which was on a level with our boat, and surrounded merely by an open railing. I found it, and shouted to my companions, while fastening our own stout craft to one of the uprights of the gangway. The next instant we all three stood on board, safe and sound, offering up—though invisible and almost inaudible to each other—a fervent thanksgiving for our wonderful and unprecedented preservation.

The boat being secured, as just observed, I determined that my two companions should accompany me across the Bridge, as I was confi-

dent that there were no hotels open, at that hour, in the neighbourhood of the spot where we had landed so miraculously. Besides this, I felt that I owed them something, as I was the undoubted cause of their second misfortune, however illegal the pursuits in which they might have been engaged previously; and further, that were it not for the active exertions of one of them at least, I might have had a very different story to tell, myself. Feeling, at all events, that I entertained a degree of warmth towards them, which I could not well explain at the moment, I made up my mind, fully, that they should spend the remainder of the night under my roof; and then, in the morning, enter into some explanation regarding their conduct, which I was resolved to view with as much leniency as the law could possibly recognize, and, for the purpose of grinding old Ringwood, permit them to enter the goods, if they had *nouse* enough to concoct, between them, any sort of a story that would sustain me in the act. I therefore communicated to them, as plainly as I could, for the storm was absolutely increasing instead of otherwise, that they would have to cross the Bridge, to the Canadian shore, before they could obtain shelter, but that they might not be apprehensive in any degree whatever, as, even in the absence of the lightening, which during my observations commenced to flash with extraordinary vividness, I was perfectly acquainted with every step of the way. To this arrangement they assented tacitly,—as it was impossible, during such a commotion of the elements, to attempt anything like a conversation—and, without further comment, we all commenced an ascent of the rocky track that led to the main road, and the entrance of the wonderful structure that hung, in mid air, over a gulf nearly three hundred feet deep, a short distance from where we stood.

In the course of a very few minutes we reached the gates of the Bridge, where I was surprised to meet a covered vehicle standing in the shelter of the dark wooden towers, and a light still burning in the toll house. Being accustomed, however, to cross and recross at all hours, I was aware of the secret crevice in which the night key was deposited for the convenience of those who were privileged and resided in that immediate locality, so, without making any disturbance whatever, I turned the key in the lock, and proceeded on my way across to the other gate, which I knew I could open with the same ease and certainty.

The moment we stepped out over the frightful chasm, no language can describe the grandeur—the sublimity of the scene that burst upon us. The lightening, which now swept the horizon at rapid intervals, lit up the whole river beneath us with strange brilliancy, discovering, in its fitful glare, all Nature, as it were, leaping in and out of gloom! while, in the distance, the great white American cat-ract fell blazing from the clouds, like some mighty drop scene, that shut out from mortal gaze the grand drama of Eternity! It was a night of appalling festival! The thunders beat out their long reveilles—the winds piped to the dancing heavens!—and the startled waters were struck into purple wine once more, by the lurid wand of the Great Enchanter!

Being now in the very highway of the storm, it was with great difficulty we could keep our feet, or prevent ourselves from being blown out through the wire guards that caged us in; but still struggling onwards, we soon arrived at the end of the aerial thoroughfare, and found ourselves, with every degree of pleasure, at the termination of our journey. Here, too, as I closed the gate behind me, I observed another covered carriage and a light, as on the other side, skimming in the toll-house. This perplexed me exceedingly for a moment; but remembering the story of the robbery, which I doubted so seriously on my way to the ferry, and which had been totally banished from my recollection by our late fearful adventure, I at once came to the conclusion that I did injustice to the character of the two strangers with the dark lantern; and as I stepped upon the verandah of my abode once more, censured myself for having so hastily entertained suspicions of the veracity of persons who could apparently have no interest whatever in making false statements on the occasion.

As may be supposed, my wife and daughters were greatly alarmed at my prolonged absence on such a night, and were in anxious expectation of my return, when the noise of our footsteps brought them to the door. While greeting me, however, on my re-appearance, they seemed surprised at finding themselves in the presence of two strangers, muffled up to the eyes with huge shawls, and loaded with india-rubber coats, caps, and immense gloves. Those I introduced, briefly, as benighted and having marked claims on our hospitality, from the fact of their having been my companions in a very singular adventure, which I should relate at my leisure. This I felt was sufficient; and shaking hands, or

rather gloves, with my new friends—so as to put them as much at ease as possible—I entered the dining-room, where a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and lights burning on the sideboard. Some decanters and glasses having been produced hastily, I called out to my two guests—who were divesting themselves of their outer garments in the hall—to be expeditious, and approach without the slightest ceremony, for the purpose of partaking of some exhilarating refreshment before we sat down to do justice to something more substantial. To this very reasonable request I fancied they were about to accede both cheerfully and quickly, as I conceived they had been much longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather than even I had; but what was my utter astonishment and that of my family, to find, as they both slowly entered the apartment where we were all waiting to receive them, that, instead of two hard-fetched, coarsely-dressed smugglers, there stood before us the beautiful quadron and her handsome young lover, whose fate had interested us so deeply during the early part of the night.

DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

He is dead and gone—a flower
Born and withered in an hour.
Coldly lies the death-frost now
On his little rounded brow;
And the seal of darkness lies
Ever on his shrouded eyes.
He will never feel again
Touch of human joy or pain;
Never will his once-bright eyes
Open with a glad surprise;
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,
As a nest from whence hath fled
Some dear little bird, whose wings
Rest from timid flutterings.
Thrown aside the childish rattle;
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—
Little broken words that could
By none else be understood
Save the childless one who weeps
O'er the grave were now he sleeps.
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—
All is over with him now!

“The two rarest things in all nature,” says Bishop Warburton, “are, a disinterested man and a reasonable woman.”

ZELINDA; OR THE CONVERTED ONE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 506.)

CHAPTER VII.

In the confused throng of victorious and vanquished troops, Zelinda had contrived to disengage herself from Fadrique's arms, and fled from him like an arrow shot by a skillful Bowman, or like the wild gazelle among its native hills, so that she was soon lost to the eyes of the young soldier in those paths well known to her, though love lent him wings.

The loss of so splendid a prize added an edge to the keenness of the Spaniard's rage, which burned in his breast against the unbelieving foe. Wherever a luckless group was still found offering resistance to the progress of the triumphant Spaniards, Fadrique put himself at the head of his troops, who gathered around him as a standard of victory; whilst Heimbert never quitted his side, and like a faithful shield warded off danger in various shapes, to which his comrade, intoxicated by success, and yet stung with rage at the loss of his fair captive, heedlessly exposed himself. On the following day, intelligence was gained of Barbarossa's expeditious flight, and the troops entered the gates of Tanis without opposition. The squadrons under the command of Fadrique and Heimbert were close together.

Dense volumes of smoke spread through the streets; the soldiers were frequently obliged to shake off portions of inflamed materials which settled upon their mantles, and richly plumed morions or storming caps. "I fear the enemy has, in despair, set fire to some powder magazine!" exclaimed Heimbert, warily, whilst Fadrique, nodding assent to the suggestion, hastened to the spot whence the smoke proceeded, followed by his soldiers.

On suddenly turning the corner of a street, they found themselves in front of a magnificent palace, out of whose elegant windows flames issued forth, which, in their fitful glare, seemed like torches of death lighting up the noble edifice, in the hour of its tottering grandeur: now spreading a halo, bright as a sunbeam, over some part of its gigantic dimensions, and now again enveloping it in a gloomy cloud of smoke, And like a faultless statue, the ornament of the whole magnificent edifice, stood Zelinda, on an arch of dizzy height, beneath which the sportive flames were wreathing a fiery garland,

and called loudly on some of her fellow believers to aid her in rescuing from the lambent flames, the lettered wisdom of many centuries, which was stored up within the tottering building. The arch now began to rock to and fro, from the violence of the flames below; some of the stones composing it gave way, and Fadrique anxiously warned the maiden of her imminent danger; scarcely had she receded a few steps, before the very spot on which she had previously stood, in a moment came down with a huge crash, and crumbled into a thousand fragments on the pavement. Zelinda retreated into the inside of the burning palace, whilst Fadrique ran up the winding stairs which were of marble, followed by his faithful protecting comrade, Heimbert.

They hurried through high-roofed halls that echoed their footsteps at every tread; above their heads the ceiling was formed in lofty arches, and one chamber led to another like the various mazes of a labyrinth. On all sides the walls were covered with ornamented shelves, containing piled up rolls of parchment, papyrus, and palm leaves, which, filled with characters of bygone ages, had now, alas! reached the end of their existence, for the flames had already effected an entrance and were consuming these records of hieroglyphic times. The fiery element, which now spread its lurid covering around one beam after another, had been kindled by the rage of some Spanish soldiers, who, disappointed in their expectations of plunder, had thus given vent to their savage feelings, the rather that in these singular characters they recognised only the impressions of magic and witch-craft. Fadrique flew, as in a dream, through the splendid halls and corridors lit up by a glare at once magnificent and terrible, whilst the only sound that issued from his lips was "Zelinda, Zelinda!" and the only object that presented itself to his eyes, the image of his enchanting love. Long did Heimbert follow at his side, till both at last reached a staircase of cedar-wood, which led to a still higher story, when Fadrique, after having stood and listened, suddenly exclaimed: "It is, it is, Zelinda! I hear a voice above; she calls, she needs my aid!" Scarcely had he uttered these words before he stood on the steps which were already emitting sparks. Heimbert delayed an instant: he saw the stairs tottering, and was about to apprise his friend of his impending danger, but at that moment the whole scene burst into volumes of flame with a terrific crash. He could only just

perceive, through the flame and smoke, Fadrique firmly grasping the iron railing above and suspended by it;—there was no way left to follow him. After brief deliberation Heimbert hastened to the neighbouring rooms, hoping to find some passage by which he might regain his lost comrade.

Meanwhile Fadrique, invited by the damsel's voice, had entered a gallery, the floor of which, enveloped in flames, was falling into the abyss beneath with a tremendous noise, whilst a range of pillars on each side still braved the fury of the devouring element. He now beheld the figure of his lady-love on the opposite side, clinging to a pillar with one hand, and with the other menacing some Spanish soldiers who seemed prepared each moment to seize her. Fadrique could not come to her assistance, as the space which divided them was too broad to be leaped over. Trembling lest his cries should frighten the maiden, who thus might fall into the yawning gulf beneath, he said in a whisper, as though he were wafting his words across the flaming interval, "Zelinda, Zelinda, yield to no desperate thoughts, your protector is at hand!"

The maiden turned her queenly head towards him, and when Fadrique saw that she was collected and calm, he exclaimed in the thunder of a war trumpet, addressing himself to the soldiers: "Back, audacious rascals! the first that approaches one step nearer the lady falls by my avenging arm!" They started, and were about to turn away, when one among them said: "Comrades, the knight will not eat us, and the space he has to cross before he can reach us is considerable. As to the lady precipitating herself down this gallery—it seems as though the captain there was her gallant, and the lady who has a gallant is not, generally very eager to throw her life away."

These words created a unanimous burst of boisterous applause, and the soldiers again advanced; Zelinda stood at the extreme edge of the flooring, in the act of leaping down. At this critical moment Fadrique, looking like an infuriated beast of prey when disappointed of its victim, tore his targe off his shoulders, and hurled it with his dexterous right hand so surely that the ringleader of the soldiers received a violent blow on his skull, and fell senseless to the ground. The rest once more stood still. "Away with you," cried Fadrique in a commanding voice, "or my poignard transfixes the next presumptuous fool that dares to advance

one step, and then let the rest beware of my vengeance when I reach them."

The weapon glistened in the soldier's hand, but still more did his eyes sparkle with rage; the villains fled. Zelinda now bowed courteously to her deliverer, and lifting up several scrolls of palm leaves which, having dropped from her hands, lay close at her feet, hastily made her way through a side door of the gallery. Fruitless was the search made for her by Fadrique throughout the whole of the burning palace.

CHAPTER VIII.

On a sort of common within the conquered town, Duke Alva and some of the principal Spanish nobles had collected together, for the purpose of questioning several Ottoman prisoners, through interpreters, what had become of the wonderful female who had appeared as the inspiring angel on the Turkish trenches, and must be regarded as one of the loveliest enchantresses ever beheld by mortal eyes.— Their answers did not afford much information, since the captives themselves, though aware that the beautiful Zelinda possessed the power of magic, and was accordingly revered by their nation as a sovereign mistress, knew little or nothing concerning her mysterious visits to Tunis, whence she came, or to what corner of the earth she had now betaken herself. The conqueror, deeming this account fabulous, or at best evasive, began to threaten the prisoners with condign punishment unless they should reveal more satisfactory details, when an old Dervise, who had been overlooked till now, stepped forth and said, with a grim smile: "Whoever is desirous of tracking her steps, may do so forthwith. I will conceal from him nothing that I know of her mysterious course, and I do know some little. But I must first exact a promise that I am not to be compelled to accompany the adventurer, be he who he may. If this condition be not complied with, my lips are closed; and no circumstances whatever shall induce me to open them."

He looked like one who would prove as good as his word, and Alva, pleased with a decision of character that so nearly resembled his own, pledged himself to the proposed condition, whereupon the Dervise began as follows:

"Having once upon a time penetrated into the almost boundless desert of Sahara (whether led on by curiosity or some other feeling, I do

not now remember), I lost my way, and after wandering about for some time, I at length, half dead with fatigue and vexation, reached one of those fruitful islands, commonly called Oases."

Now followed, in true oriental style, a description of the wonderful things seen there, so that the hearts of the listeners swelled with fond desire, and now their hair stood on end at the recital of some horrible thing; though on account of the strange accent and the stream-like rapidity of the old man's utterance, scarcely one half of the tale could be gathered.

On the whole, however, it was inferred that Zelinda lived in a blooming island, in the midst of the pathless steppes of the desert, and that during the last half hour she had been on her way thither, as doubtless the Dervise well knew, but was unwilling to express in definite terms. The sneering manner in which the old man had concluded his story, proved that he had nothing more at heart than that some adventurous Christian might be led to undertake a journey which would inevitably be attended with extreme peril, if not actual loss of life. At the same time, he took a solemn oath that the whole matter was precisely as he had related it, and that he had not been guilty either of adding to, or diminishing from the exact truth. The Spanish nobles stood around him in speechless amazement and contemplation.

At this juncture, Heimbert, who had just been compelled, by the violence of the flames which enveloped the castle ruins, to quit his friend's side, stepped forth and bowed low to the great leader of the united troops. "What may be your wish, valiant young sword?" asked Alva, nodding familiarly to the youthful soldier. "I remember your cheerful, blooming features; 'tis not long since you showed yourself my guardian angel, and since I know that your request cannot be but honourable and knightly, 'tis granted ere you speak it."

"Good, my lord Duke," said Heimbert, glowing with modest pride, "since you permit me to prefer my humble petition, I would that you allowed me this very hour to pursue the beautiful Zelinda, whose path yon strange Dervise has pointed out."

The warrior once more nodded assent, and added: "So noble an adventure could not be entrusted to a worthier knight."

"I question that," uttered a sturdy voice in the crowd. "But well I know, that I, rather than any man, may claim a right to the adventure, even if it were the prize for the storming of Tunis. Who first scaled the ramparts, or entered the town a conqueror?"

"It was, unquestionably, Don Fadrique Mendez," replied Heimbert, leading forth his comrade by the hand, and presenting him to the collected nobles. "Though I should forego the reward already granted to me, I will console myself, for *he* has merited the thanks of the whole army more than *I* have."

"Neither of you is deprived of his reward," exclaimed Duke Alva: "to each, I now grant leave to track the maiden's steps, in any manner he may choose."

Quick as lightning the youthful heroes darted from the circle in opposite directions.

CHAPTER IX.

Like a vast ocean of sand extending to the remotest horizon, destitute of every object to vary the monotony of its immense surface, unchangeably white and one continuous waste, the wilderness of Sahara meets the eye of the wanderer whose unfortunate lot it is to explore its barren regions. It may be said to resemble the ocean in this respect also, that ever and anon huge waves of sand are driven upwards, whilst not unfrequently, too, a nebulous mist broods over its gigantic plain. It is not, however, that wild, sportive undulation which unites, as it were, all the coasts of this earth, where each successive wave that rolls towards you seems pregnant with news from every distant blooming isle, and when it has communicated its intelligence, recedes with your answer into the wavy dance—no! it is only the miserable coquetting of the sultry winds with the inconstant sand, that falls down again into its joyless bed, where human beings know no happiness, and where they tarry not. It is not the genial refreshing exhalation of the main, in which friendly faries love to frolic, shaping in airy form now blooming gardens, and now splendid palaces and gorgeous piazzas—it is a suffocating vapour, rebelliously mounting up from the desolate region to the scorching sun.

Hitherto the two adventurers had come at the same moment, and with looks that bespoke feelings of trepidation, were peering into the trackless chaos that lay widely extended before them. Zelinda's footsteps, which were not

easily lost sight of, had till then obliged them almost always to join company, wherefore Fadrique was not a little disconcerted, and often threw a scowling glance at his unwelcome companion. It had been the eager wish and hope of both to overtake Zelinda before the desert should have buried her course in hopeless uncertainty. But now both were disappointed in their wishes, as the avalanche of sand, perpetually in motion, made it a most difficult and uninviting task to pursue a southern path by the guidance of the stars till, as fabled story narrates, the wanderer would come to a wonderful blooming Oasis, the abode of a most lovely enchantress. The young men looked dolefully on the immense void before them, their steeds snorted as they snuffed the dry, parching air, whilst doubts and despair seemed to overcloud the brows of their riders. Then, as though the word of command had been given, they leaped down from their saddles, and loosed the girths of their chargers, in order that the noble animals, which must have died for want of subsistence in the arid desert, might retrace their way and gain a happier home.— And now having taken some provisions from their saddle-bags, they disengaged their feet from their heavy riding-boots, and disappeared like two courageous swimmers, in the boundless expanse.

CHAPTER X.

Where the sun was the only guide by day, and the starry array at night, it could not but happen that the two adventurers soon lost sight of one another, more especially since Fadrique purposely avoided his comrade's society, to which he now felt unconquerable aversion.— Heimbert, on the other hand, entertained no other thoughts than those which had reference to the attainment of his end, and walked on in southern direction, cheerfully hoping for assistance from above.

Night and morning had succeeded each other several times, when Heimbert stood, one evening about twilight, alone in the vast sandy plain, without a single settled object in the wide sphere of his vision. The light flask hanging from his side, was emptied of its contents; and evening instead of refreshing breezes, was accompanied by a whirlwind of sultry sand, so that the exhausted wanderer was necessitated to press his glowing cheeks close to the arid ground, to escape, in some measure,

the fatal influence of the moving clouds. At times he heard a noise, as if something were rapidly rushing past him, or sweeping the ground with the ample folds of a mantle; on such occasions he would rise in anxious haste, but he only perceived what he had, alas, too often seen lately, the wild animals of the wilderness, sportively roaming through the vast void in enjoyment of undisturbed liberty. Now he would see ugly camels, now long-necked giraffes with seemingly disproportionate limbs, and now again a long-legged ostrich hurrying along with extended sail-like wings. They all appeared to mock him, and he had already resolved not to open his eyes again, but linger on till death should put an end to his sufferings, rather than behold these strange-looking creatures disturbing his tranquility at the hour of death.

On a sudden he heard the prancing of a snorting steed which stepped close by him, and he fancied that a human voice whispered into his ear. Though half reluctant, he could not resist his inclination to rise once more, and great was his astonishment on seeing a horseman, in Arabian costume, seated on a well-made Arabian courser. Transported with joy at again finding himself in the vicinity of a human being, he exclaimed, "O man, whoever thou art, welcome in this frightful solitude, and refresh, if thou canst, thy fellow-man, who else must die of thirst!" And immediately recollecting that the accents of his dear native tongue were unintelligible in this secluded locality, he repeated the same address in that mixed dialect termed *Lingua Romana*, which forms the ordinary vehicle of intercourse used by Heathens, Mahometans, and Christians, in those parts of the world where they meet together in any great numbers.

The Arabian maintained strict silence for some little time, and seemed to chuckle at the rare booty chance had thrown in his way. At length he replied, in the above-mentioned idiom, "Know that I too was in the Barbarossa fight, and though our defeat was not a little vexatious at that time, yet I find myself somewhat compensated in seeing at my feet, and in so truly miserable a condition, one of the conquerors in that siege."

"*Miserable*, did you say?" asked Heimbert, enraged; and whilst insulted honour gave him more than his usual strength for the moment, he started up, unsheathed his sword, and, with

his right, made a desperate thrust at the stranger.

"Oho," sneered the Arabian, receding a few paces; "can the Christian adder still hiss so loudly? As for the matter, I need but strike my legs against my dark-brown friend here, and, galloping off, leave thee to thy wretched fate, thou stray worm."

"Away with thee, heathen dog!" replied Heimbart. "Rather than accept a crumb from thy hands, I will perish here, should my gracious God not be pleased to provide manna for me in the wilderness."

The Arabian now urged his flying steed, and galloped a few hundred paces, laughing in loud mockery at his helpless foe all the while. Then he halted, looked round at Heimbart, and again approaching said: "Thou really dost appear to me too good to die here of hunger and thirst. See, my glorious sabre shall despatch thee!"

Heimbart, who had again sunk down in hopeless despair on the burning sand, quickly got upon his feet, at these words, sword in hand, and though the Arabian's steel bore down upon him with rapid course, the expert swordsman, with one stroke of his weapon, intimidated the charger of his foe, and parried the blow which the Arabian, like all Mahometans, struck at him backwards with his scythe-like cimitar.

Several times the Arabian charged on one side and on another, in vain hoping to cleave his foe. At last he became impatient, and approached so boldly, that Heimbart whilst parrying a side thrust, gained time to seize the horseman by the girdle with his left, and pull him down from his horse, which then galloped off. The violent exertion which this feat cost him caused Heimbart to fall to the ground; he lay, however, upon his antagonist, and skilfully drawing a poignard from its sheath, held it before his eyes. "Wilt thou have compassion, or death?" asked he.

The Arabian, casting his eyes up to the murderous knife that glittered before him, replied, "Be merciful thou valiant fencer. I yield myself into thy hands."

Upon this Heimbart commanded him to throw down the sword, which he still held in his right. He did so, and both combatants rose, but soon sunk down again on the sand, for the victor still felt more feeble and exhausted than the vanquished one.

The affectionate steed of the Arabian had meanwhile again approached; for it is the wont of those noble animals never to desert their masters, even when prostrate. Thus it stood behind the two men, and, extending its long and graceful neck, looked at them in a friendly manner.

"Arabian," said Heimbart, in a somewhat weak voice, "take from off thy horse's back the food and beverage thou carriest about thee, and set all down before me here."

The other humbly obeyed this order, and now appeared as anxious to execute the dictates of his superior foe, as he before burned with rage against him.

After having taken a draught of palm-wine from a skin, Heimbart looked with refreshed eyes at the young Arabian by his side; and when he had partaken of some fruit, and quaffed a little more of the palm-wine, said, "Was it your intention to proceed on your journey this night, young man?"

"Oh yes!" answered the Arabian, with sad looks. "On a remote Oasis dwell my aged sire and blooming bride. Now, though thou shouldst give me my liberty, I fear I shall pine away in this sultry desert, for want of provisions ere I reach the fond limit of my journey."

"Can it be," asked Heimbart, "the Oasis which the fair magician, Zelinda, inhabits?"

"Allah protect me!" exclaimed the Arabian, clasping his hands together. "Zelinda's enchanted isle is accessible to none but enchanters. It lies in the distant, scorching south: but our friendly island is situated in the cool west."

"Well," replied Heimbart, cheerfully, "I only desired to know whether we were to be companions on the way. But if this be not the case, we must of course divide the provisions, as I do not wish that so brave a soldier as yourself should perish with hunger and thirst."

Hereupon the young German commenced arranging both eatables and liquid in two different shares, placing the larger portion at his left, and the smaller at his right; and giving the former to the astonished Arabian, said;—"You see, my dear fellow, I have either not far to go, or I must sink in the wilderness, this my mind foretells me. And, besides, I cannot proceed so far on foot as you can on horseback."

"Victorious master!" said the Musselman, with amazement, "am I to keep my horse too?"

"It were indeed a sin," replied Heimbart, with a smile, "to separate so generous a steed

from so expert a horseman. Ride on, and may you reach your home in safety."

He now assisted him in mounting; and as the Arabian was about to express his thanks for his generosity, the latter suddenly ejaculated "the magic maiden!" Having uttered these words, he galloped away over the plain. Whilst Heimbert, turning to the other side, by the light of the moon, which now shone clearly, perceived close at his side a bright figure, whom in an instant he recognised to be Zelinda.

CHAPTER XI.

The maiden looked fixedly for some minutes into the young soldier's face, and appeared to be searching for words to address him, whilst Heimbert was equally at a loss for speech, when he beheld the object of his long and tedious search now standing before him. At length she said, in the Castille idiom, "Thou wonderful enigma, I have been a witness to all that passed between thee and the Arabian; and the whole event confuses my brain like a whirlwind. Speak to me without delay, that I may know if thou be an angel or a madman."

"I am neither, lovely maiden," replied Heimbert, with his usual sweetness. "I am only a straying wanderer, and have just now been practising one of the grand precepts of Christianity."

"Sit down," said Zelinda, "and tell me something concerning thy religion, which must be a very strange one to have such professors as thou art. The night is cool and still; and seated at my side, thou needst not fear the dangers of the desert."

"Lovely damsel," said Heimbert, with a smile, "I am not of a timid disposition; and especially when I speak on such a subject, I do not know what fear is."

Hereupon both sat down on the sand, which had now become cooler, and commenced an interesting conversation, whilst the full moon, like a golden magic lamp, shone down upon them from the azure sky.

Heimbert's words, full of fervour, truth, and innocence, sank like mild sunbeams gently and quickening into Zelinda's heart, resisting the dismal world of magic that lay therein, and gaining sovereignty for a more lovely and benign power. As morning began to dawn, Zelinda after a long and earnest conversation, said: "Thou must accompany me

to my island, and there thou shalt be regaled, as becometh such a messenger as thee, much better than here, in the barren wilderness, with miserable palm wine."

"Pardon me," exclaimed Heimbert, "it is painful for me to refuse the request of a lovely maiden, but for once I cannot help it. Listen to me, I wot that in your island much splendour is collected together by the aid of your forbidden arts; and that the beautiful forms and shapes which God created are metamorphosed. The sight of these things might confuse my senses, nay, entirely rob me of them. If, therefore, you are desirous to know, in its purity and integrity, what I have to communicate to you, it were better you that come to visit me here in the desolate wilderness."

"You should rather accompany me," replied Zelinda, shaking her head, as she smiled somewhat in mockery. "You were neither born nor educated a hermit: and my Oasis possesses not that wild strange disorder which you seem to imagine. The truth is simply this—shrubs, flowers, and animals from all quarters of the globe are congregated there, and the effect is perhaps slightly novel, since each thing partakes, in some measure, of the nature of the other, somewhat similar to what you may have seen in our carvings, the so-called Arabesques. A flower changing its hues, a bird growing from a branch, a fountain sparkling with fire, a melodious twig—these, forsooth, are not ugly things."

"Let him keep away from temptation who does not wish to perish by it," said Heimbert seriously. "I prefer the sandy plain. Will you again visit me?"

Zelinda looked down discontentedly, and then suddenly answered, with a low inclination of her head, "Yes, expect me at the approach of evening." And turning away, she was soon lost in the clouds of sand than rose from the plain.

CHAPTER XII.

At twilight the lovely Zelinda returned, and passed the night in animated conversation with Heimbert; always departing at early morn in a state of increased humility and strengthened piety; and thus several days passed away.

"Thy palm wine and dates are diminishing," said Zelinda one day, offering Heimbert of generous wine, and some delicious fruit. He

gently refused the gift, however, and added: "Beauteous damsel, willingly would I accept thy present, did I not fear that it is in some way connected with magic art. Or can you assure me to the contrary, protesting, by Him, of whom you now begin to know something?"

Zelinda hung down her head in mute shame, and took back her proffered gifts. On the following evening she brought a similar present, and with a confident smile took the desired oath. Then Heimbart, without hesitation, partook of the excellent repast; and from this time on, the scholar carefully provided for her teacher in the desert. Ever and anon Heimbart would hint to her how his friend Fadrique's fervent love for her had alone impelled him to dare the fatal wilderness, and seek, even by so dear a means, to attain the sole object of his comrade's affection. She recalled to memory the brave and handsome soldier who gained the hill in order to clasp her in his arms, and likewise related to her companion the scene in the flaming library. Heimbart, too, spoke of the knightly power of Fadrique; of his noble and unspotted manners; his warm affection for Zelinda, which was manifested during the night after the siege of Tunis, in broken ejaculations, muttered in dreams, with all the earnestness of one who is awake.

Thus the image of the Spanish soldier was indelibly stamped on Zelinda's heart, and having taken deep root, spread both gently and firmly. Heimbart's vicinity, and the almost adoring nature of the attachment which the scholar cherished for the teacher, did not, in the least, interfere with this development, for, from the very first moment, his appearance had impressed her with those feelings of purity and heavenliness, which effectually prevent the intrusion of earthly love. When Heimbart was by himself, he used frequently to smile with placid satisfaction, and say, in his own dear native tongue, "I am so delighted to be enabled to perform the same service for Fadrique *consciously*, that he once did for me with his sister *unconsciously*." And then he would sing a German sonnet on Clara's beauty and charming loveliness of character, so that his melody, ringing gracefully over the lonesome desert, beguiled the monotony of his retirement.

As Zelinda came one evening, in her usual wonted natural dignity, bearing a basket of provisions for Heimbart, he accosted her with a smile, and said: "I cannot conceive why you should still take the trouble, kind maiden, to

visit me in the desert here. You cannot surely find pleasure in magic arts, since the spirit of truth and love has begun to dwell in you. You might easily transform the appearance of things in the Oasis to the state in which God created them, and then I could accompany you thither." "You speak truly" said Zelinda, "I too have thought of this for some time, and should have arranged all properly, had not a strange visitor disturbed my power. The Dervise you saw in Tunis is at present with me in the island; and as we had formerly been accustomed to practice our magic feats together, he wished to do so again. He observes the change which has been effected in me, and therefore presses me vigorously to join in his schemes."

"He must be expelled from the island, or converted," exclaimed Heimbart, fastening his military feet, and raising his target from the ground. "Pray be kind enough to conduct me to the fairy isle."

"You avoided it so scrupulously before," said the astonished maiden; "and it is yet quite unaltered in its strange appearance."

"Before, it would have been temerity in me to venture thither," replied Heimbart. "You kindly came to see me here, and this was better for both of us. Now, however, the old Dervise might lay snares for you, and therefore I feel it to be my knightly duty to undertake this work." And the pair walked rapidly through the now darkening desert, in the direction of the blooming isle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Enchanted odours began to play around the temples of the wanderers; the stars ascending in the heavens, displayed, in the far distance, a copse waving under the influence of the gentle zephyrs. Heimbart cast his eyes down to the ground, and said: "Do thou precede, lovely maiden, and guide my steps to the spot where I may find the menacing Dervise. I will not needlessly look at any objects which may disturb my tranquillity of mind."

Zelinda complied with his request, which changed the relative position of the pair; the maiden became the guide, and Heimbart consented to be led in untrodden paths by her in whom he reposed the utmost confidence.

Branches occasionally brushed his cheeks, as though in mockery or caressingly; wonderful birds, springing forth from the copse, gaily carolled melodious notes; the velvet sward beneath their feet, on which Heimbart's eyes were

still fixed, began to be covered with golden-crested, green-eyed serpents; whilst coronets of gold, and precious stones of every possible hue and shape, sparkled in rich abundance. These, on being touched by the serpents, emitted silvery sounds. The wanderer, however, walked on, indifferent to every object that met his senses, and eager only to follow the steps of his fair conductress.

"We have arrived at our destination," said the maiden, in a low tone of voice; and Heimbert, looking up, beheld a shining grotto, in which lay a man asleep, and covered, after the old Numidian fashion, with gold scaly armour. "Is that figure in golden fish-skin also some magic juggle?" asked Heimbert, jocosely. "Oh no," replied Zelinda, looking very serious; "it is the Dervise himself; and this coat of mail, smeared with charmed Dragons' blood, which he has put on, proves that he was made aware by his magic arts of our approach."

"What does it signify," said Heimbert, "since he must have learnt that sooner or later?" Upon this he began to explain; Awake, old gentleman, rise up! A friend wishes to speak to you on matters of importance."

As the old man opened his large rolling eyes, everything in the magic grotto began to stir—the water danced—branches devoured each in wild contention; and the stones, shells, and corals, united in a concert of harmonious strains. "Roll on in wonderful confusion," cried Heimbert, as with steady gaze he beheld the jingling mass. "You shall hardly lead me astray in my good path; and as for your un-earthly din, God has given me a sound and sonorous soldier's voice." Then turning to the Dervise, he said: "Old gentleman, it seems that you already know all that has taken place in reference to Zelinda and myself. But, should this not be the case, I will now briefly relate to you the circumstances of her all but entire conversion to Christianity,* and of her speedily becoming the bride of a noble Spanish knight. Be sure not to throw any obstacle in the way, for it is likely to prove a very advantageous one to you. Still better however, were it if you yourself would consent to

* The words used by my author, are: "so gut als eine Christin" (as good as a Christian). The meaning I take to be, that Zelinda's mind had received the seeds of Christian doctrine, but no formal confession had as yet transpired from the lips of the fair convert to warrant the assertion that she was actually converted to the faith.—*Translator's Note.*

become a Christian. Let us converse together on the subject; but previous to doing so, cause this mummery and juggling to cease around us. Our doctrine sets forth things of too heavenly and mild a nature to be uttered in a trumpet-voice."

The Dervise, on the other hand, burning with rage and fury, had not even listened to the latter part of the knight's speech, and he now pressed upon him vigorously with his scythe-like sword. Heimbert merely held out his sabre, and said: "Take heed, Sir! I understand just now that your weapon is charmed; but it has no power over this good sword which has been consecrated on holy ground."

In wild dismay the Dervise started back from the weapon; But leaping forth again in a manner equally wild, he plied the German knight on the opposite side, who with difficulty parried the tremendous thrust made by the cimitar of his foe. Like a golden-crested dragon, the Mahometan continued to wheel round and round his antagonist, with a celerity which, coupled with the long-hanging beard, had a most hideous, hobgoblin appearance. Heimbert was on his guard at every point, watching for some opportunity to thrust in his sword between the scales. His wishes were at last crowned with success; on the left side, between the arm and breast, the garment of the Dervise was visible, and like lightning the German's blade was inserted with sure aim. The old man exclaimed in a loud voice: "Allah! Allah! Allah!" and on his face fell lifeless to the ground.

"I pity his fate!" sighed Heimbert, as, leaning on his sword, he gazed at the dead body. "He fought bravely, and his last breath was spent in invoking the name of his 'Allah,' by which he doubtless means God. Well, he shall not want a decent grave." Thereupon he scooped out a vault by the aid of the broad cimitar of the deceased, put the corpse into it, covered it up with sods, and knelt down in silent but hearty prayer for his own safety, and that of "the Converted One."

CHAPTER XIV.

After having knelt for some time in silent devotion, Heimbert rose up and cast his eyes first upon the smiling Zelinda, who stood by his side, and then on the scene around him, which had undergone a complete change. Cleft and grotto had disappeared, animals and trees in mixed confusion had vanished; a gently

sloping meadow inclining downwards from the spot where Heimbert stood, a valley of sand below, springs gushing forth with melodious murmur, here and there a date-shrub bending over the path, met his eye, whilst the whole scene, lit up by the rising beams of Aurora, smiled in sweet and simple peacefulness. "You cannot but feel," said Heimbert, addressing himself to his companion, "that the Creator of the world has ordered and made all things more lovely, excellent and grand than anything that even the highest human art can possibly effect or obtain by transformation.

The pair walked on in meditative silence towards one of the sweetest little springs in the whole Oasis, and just as they had reached its border, the sun shone directly upon them. Heimbert had not yet considered what Christian name he should give the maiden, but as he drew near the water and beheld the vast sandy desert lying all extended around him, he could not help thinking of the holy hermit, St. Antony,* in the Egyptian wilderness and this led him to call her by the name of "Antonia."

They spent the day in pious discourse, and Antonia showed her friend a small cave, in which she had concealed all kinds of provisions for her subsistence in the Oasis. "For," said she, "I came hither for the sole purposes of understanding the work of creation better in retirement, without knowing aught at that time of magic art. Soon, however, the Dervise came tempting me, and the horrors of the desert, as well as all the seducing spirits showed me in dreaming and otherwise, seemed to enter into an alliance with the old man's words."

Heimbert scrupled not to take with him as much wine and dried fruit as might still be fit for use on the journey, and Antonia assured him that by taking a route which was well known to her, they would reach the border of the vast sandy desert in a few days. As the cool of the evening drew near, both set forward upon their journey.

CHAPTER XV.

The travellers had gone over a considerable part of the desert, when they one day beheld in the distance a human figure reeling now to this side, now to that. The wanderer seemed to

be going about at random, and Antonia, with her Eastern eagle-eye, saw distinctly that it was not an Arabian, but a man in knightly costume.

"Dear sister," exclaimed Heimbert, full of anxious joy, "it is, doubtless, poor Fadrique, in search of you. Pray, let us hasten, lest he should lose us, or even his life, in this immense wilderness." They exerted themselves to the utmost, in order to reach the distant stranger, but it being still a warm part of the day, and the sun throwing down his scorching rays, Antonia could not long endure the fatigue of rapid walking; meanwhile, clouds of dust began to mount every now and then, and the figure was lost, to the eye of the searching pair, as a form shaped forth in the harvest mist.

When the moon shone clearly, they began anew their hasty march, called after the straying figure, put up white handkerchiefs at the end of their walking-sticks, to flutter in the dark blue atmosphere over their heads, but all was in vain. The object of their straining gaze, which had lately disappeared, still remained lost to their sight. The coy giraffes once more darted past them, and the ostriches hurried along with outspread wings.

In the morning dawn Antonia at last stood still, and Heimbert spread out his cloak upon the sand, that she might rest more comfortably and securely. He had no sooner completed this arrangement, however, than he cried out in astonishment, "As I live, there lies a man, quite covered with dust and sand. I hope he is not dead!" and pouring a few drops of wine upon the man's brow, he gently rubbed his temples.

The man thus revived, slowly opened his eyes and said, "Would that the dew of morning had never again refreshed me, and that I had died, unknown and unlamented, here in the wilderness, which must, sooner or later, be my fate."

Having uttered these words, he again closed his eyes like one who is drowsy with sleep; but as Heimbert persevered in his work of love, the other raised himself slightly up, and looking in astonishment, first at Heimbert, then at

* This Saint was born in Egypt (A. D. 251). He used the book of Nature as his text-book, and preferred it to all other modes of cultivating the intellect. Having once heard a sermon preached on St. Mark. x. 21, "Go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor," he literally obeyed the Divine precept, by selling his immense

possessions and distributing the money to the poor. His life was of the most self-denying sort; he slept on the bare ground or in caverns, subsisted on bread and water, which he only took after sunset, and passed whole nights in prayer. He may be called the veritable founder of monastic life.—Translator's Note.

the maiden, he said, as he ground his teeth, "Ha, was that your attention? I was not even to be allowed to die in the satisfaction of secluded privacy! but must previously witness the triumph of my rival, and the mockery of my sister."

On concluding these words, he arose with great effort, and, drawing his sword, aimed a thrust at Heimbert, The latter, without moving his arm or sword, replied in friendly accents: "I cannot harm thee, since I see thee in so exhausted a state, and, besides, I must first conduct this lady to a place of safety."

Antonia, who at first had beheld the enraged stranger with considerable amazement, now placed herself between the two men, and said: "Fadrique, neither misery nor anger can entirely disfigure your lineaments. But in what has my noble brother here wronged you?"

"Brother!" cried Fadrique, in utter astonishment.

"Or godfather," replied Heimbert. "Which ever of the two you please. Only do not call her Zelinda any longer; her name now is Antonia, a Christian, and thy bride."

Fadrique listened to these words, which appeared almost incredible to him; but Heimbert's honest manner, and Antonia's modest blush, solved, the beautiful enigma. In transports of joy, he sank down before the lovely object of his affection, and, in the midst of the inhospitable desert, a rich bouquet of love, gratitude, and trusty confidence, blossomed heavenwards.

The vehemence of sudden pleasure at last yielded to physical exhaustion. Antonia stretched her wearied limbs on the sand, that had now become hotter, and, like a flower, she slumbered under the protection of her bridegroom and chosen brother.

"Slumber thou also," said Heimbert, gently to Fadrique. "Thou hast roamed about and art weary, for thy eyes are heavy and need repose. As I am not the least fatigued, I will keep watch over Antonia and thee."

"O, Heimbert," sighed the noble Castilian, "my sister shall be thy bride, that is nothing more than right. But with regard to our little private matter"—

"Of course," said Heimbert earnestly, "when we are in Spain, you will give me satisfaction for your hasty words. Till then, however, I beg you will not mention the subject.

Before the termination of an affair of honour, every allusion to it is unpleasant."

Fadrique laid himself down on the sand, overpowered by sleep, and Heimbert cheerfully knelt in prayer to his God for past success, and, submitting the future to his guidance, full of happiness and confidence.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the following day, the three travellers arrived at the commencement of the desert, and rested a week in an adjoining village, which, shaded by trees, and clothed with the verdant carpet of nature, contrasted like a little paradise against the joyless Sahara.

Especially did Fadrique's state of health make this delay requisite. During the whole time of his separation from Heimbert, he had not once left the desert, but obtained his precarious subsistence from wandering Arabs, whilst often he had been without any food for several consecutive days. He had at length entirely missed his way, so that not even the stars could guide him to the right path; and thus he roamed about sadly and to no purpose, like the clouds of dust that rose around him from the sandy plain.

When now he occasionally fell asleep after dinner whilst Antonia and Heimbert, like two smiling angels, guarded his slumbers, he would frequently shriek out, and gaze about him with looks of extreme terror, until he beheld the two faces of his friends, when he would again sink down into calm repose. Being questioned, on awaking, respecting his frightful dreams, he replied that nothing during his wanderings in the desert, had been greater source of pain to him than fallacious dreams; for now he would fancy himself at home, now in the camp amongst his jovial companions, or even in the presence of Zelinda; but then the stern reality would again undeceive him, and he found himself at such times doubly wretched in the vast wilderness. Hence, whenever he awoke, he still shuddered, and sleep was not unfrequently expelled by the dim recollection of former terrors. "You cannot form any conception of my imaginary woe," added he; "to be bashed, on a sudden, from these well-known walls into the boundless desert! To behold, instead of the lovely face of my dear bride, an ugly camel's head bending over me! This, my dear friend, you will allow, is no slight cause of fear."

Such, together with all other remnants of former evils, soon departed from Fadrique's mind, and the journey to Tunis was now cheerfully commenced. The injustice he had inflicted upon Heimbert, and the inevitable consequences thereof, could not fail sometimes to spread a gloomy cloud over the noble Spaniard's brow, but it was also the cause of softening down the innate, haughty fire of his nature, and Antonia was thus enabled to entwine her heart the more tenderly and warmly around him.

Tunis, which had once been the scene of Zelinda's magic arts, and her enthusiastic animosity displayed against Christians, now witnessed Antonia's solemn baptism on a consecrated spot, soon after which ceremony, all three took ship for Malaga with prosperous breeze.

CHAPTER XVII.

Donna Clara sat one evening musingly at the fountain where she had formerly bid adieu to Heimbert. The lyre in her lap gave forth sweet notes, which her taper fingers were enticing from it as in a dream; and a melody at last arose, accompanied by the following words, which she warbled with half-opened lips:—

In far-distant climes roves my love,
He heeds not his Clara, who sighs
That she cannot resemble the dove,
When at eve to its nest it flies.

This bosom betrays but too well,
Each rising and painful emotion;
And these eyes, as they glisten, tell
Of warm and constant devotion.

Oh, far, far away is my love,
He heeds not the maiden he prized
All gems and all riches above,
And she lingers alone, despised.

The lyre was silent, and soft dew-drops sparkled in her mild, angelic eyes.

Heimbert, who was concealed behind some orange-trees near the fountain's edge, felt, as it were in sympathy, warm tears chasing down his cheeks; whilst Fadrique, who had brought both him and Antonia thither, could no longer restrain the outburst of his feelings on again beholding his dear sister, but stepped forward to greet her, as he led Antonia and Heimbert by the hand.

Every one can best picture to himself such moments of superhuman bliss; and it were doing him but a poor service to relate what one did, or the other said. Likewise do thou, sweet

reader, imagine this picture in thy own way, which will come easy to thee if thou art enamoured of the two couples before thee. Should this latter supposition, however, be not true, wherefore expect useless words?

Trusting, then, that some courteous reader takes delight in the pleasure experienced by the re-union of lovers, and of brothers and sisters, and can consent to linger over their further adventures and ultimate fate, I shall proceed with my tale, stimulated by feelings of renewed confidence.

Though Heimbert, looking significantly at Fadrique, was about to retire as soon as Antonia had been committed to Donna Clara's protection, yet the noble Spaniard did not assent to the proposal which the look indicated. He invited his companion in arms, as imploring as though he were his brother, to stay to supper; this feast was attended by some relations of the family of Mendez, in whose presence Fadrique declared the brave Heimbert of Waldhausen to be the affianced bridegroom of Donna Clara, ratifying the betrothal in the most solemn manner, so that the match could not be broken off, let what will happen, how much soever *apparently* opposed to the alliance.

The witnesses, though rather surprised at these novel precautions, nevertheless gave their sanction, at Fadrique's desire, to their complete fulfilment; this they were rather inclined to do, since Duke Alva, who happened to be in Malaga on some naval affairs, had filled the whole town with stories of the bravery of both young soldiers.

When the choicest wine was circulating, in crystal glasses, around the festive board, Fadrique stepped behind Heimbert's chair, and whispered into his ear, "If it is convenient to you, Senor—the moon has just risen and shines like midday—I am ready to give you the necessary satisfaction."

Heimbert nodded in a friendly manner, and the young men left the room, after receiving kind nods from their unsuspecting brides.

As they walked along the fragrant enclosure of the garden, Fadrique said with a sigh: "How happily could we wander here, were it not for my over-hasty temper!"

"Yes," replied Heimbert, "it is true; but since matters stand thus, and cannot be altered let us proceed at once to the termination of the affair, in order that we may ever regard each other as soldiers and as knights."

"Certainly!" said Fadrique, and they hastened to a remote part of the garden, whence the clash of their swords could not penetrate to the merry saloon they had just quitted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In that silent enclosure, where blooming shrubs grew around, not a sound was heard proceeding from the joyous company in the festive saloon, not a voice from the thronged streets of the town broke the general stillness, whilst the full moon solemnly lit up the scene—it was the proper spot.

Heimbert and Fadrique now drew their glittering weapons from their scabbards, and stood opposed to each other ready for the combat.

before a thrust was made, a strange feeling prompted them to fall into each other's arms; lowering their weapons for a moment, they were locked in brotherly embrace—and then quitting one another's hold, the fearful duel began.

They were no longer companions in arms, nor friend, nor kindred, who thus pointed their murderous weapons at each other. One antagonist thrust at the other keenly, yet coolly; guarding at the same time, his own breast against hostile attacks.

After having exchanged several dangerous passes, the combatants paused and looked at each other with increased affection, each anxious to test the valour of his associate.

Heimbert, with his left, turned Fadrique's sword, which met him on making a tierce sideways, but whilst doing so, the razor edge of his opponent's weapon penetrated his leather glove and the crimson blood gushed forth. "Stop," exclaimed Fadrique, and they examined the wound, but on finding it to be trifling, they renewed the combat, after having previously bound up the scratch with a handkerchief.

A few moments had elapsed, when Heimbert made a successful thrust at Fadrique's right shoulder, and now the German, in his turn, cried "Stop," as he felt sure that his thrust had taken effect. At first, Fadrique denied having received any hurt, but soon blood began to flow copiously from the wound, and he was obliged to accept his friends proffered services.

The cut, however, proving unimportant, the noble Spaniard felt his strength undiminished either in arm or hand, and once more each blade glistened in the air.

At this moment, the garden gate, which was not very distant from the scene of action, was heard clinking, and a horseman seemed to approach through the shrubbery. Both combatants ceased from their engagement, and turned with impatient looks towards the unwelcome intruder who was now perceived, in the figure of a warrior mounted on a tall charger, brushing through the rows of slender pines.

Fadrique, as master of the house, addressed the stranger as follows: "Senor, why you have taken it upon you to intrude on the privacy of a stranger's garden, I shall discuss with you another time. For the present, I shall content myself with requesting that you will rid us of all further inconvenience, by instantly departing, favouring me, however, with your name."

"I intend not to quit this spot," replied the stranger: "my name I will readily communicate; you are in the presence of the Duke of Alva." And by a sudden turn of his horse, the moon shone full upon his long pensive features, the seat of true greatness, dignity, and awe.

The two young soldiers bowed low, and let their weapons fall.

"I should know you," continued Alva, measuring them with his twinkling eyes. "Yes, in truth, I do know you well, ye young heroes of the siege of Tunis. Heaven be praised that two such brave soldiers, whom I had already given up as lost, yet see the light; but now relate to me what affair of honour has directed your blades against each other. You will not, I trust, scruple to declare before me your knightly differences."

The Duke's wish was fulfilled. Each of the noble youths related the whole of the event from the evening prior to embarkation, up to the present moment, whilst Alva listened in silent meditation, without moving a feature.

CHAPTER XIX.

The soldiers had long since ended their narrative, and the Duke, still lost in contemplation, said not a word. At last he addressed them as follows: "As I hope for mercy on the last day, young knights, from my conscience I pronounce your honour truly vindicated with regard to each other. Twice have ye stood up in mortal combat on account of the slights which escaped Don Fadrique Mender's lips; and though the two unimportant scratches respectively received may not suffice to efface the stain of these gibes, yet I hold the common perils before the ram-

parts of Tunis, and the deliverance afforded by Count Heimbert von Waldhausen to Don Fadrique Mendez in the desert, after obtaining for him his bride, empower Count Waldhausen to forgive an opponent for whose welfare he has testified such lively interest. Legends of ancient Rome have told us of two captains under the great Julius Cæsar, who having amicably adjusted a difference, formed a brotherly alliance with each other, and fought side by side in the Gallic wars. But I affirm that you have done still more for each other, and therefore declare your dispute ended for ever. Sheathe your swords, and embrace in my presence."

In obedience to the commands of their general, the young knights now sheathed their weapons, but, jealous of the least injury their honour might sustain, they still hesitated to clasp each other's necks.

The great hero beheld them somewhat angrily, then said: "Think ye, gentlemen, that I could wish to save the life of two brave soldiers at the expense of their honour? Rather than do so, I would have them both killed at the same moment. I see, however, that some other measures must be adopted with such head-strong fellows as you are."

And leaping down from his horse, which he then tied to a tree, he stopped between the two knights, having his drawn battle-blade in his right, and exclaimed: "Whoever denies that all differences between Count Heimbert von Waldhausen and Don Fadrique Mendez have not been honourably and sufficiently adjusted, must answer for his opinion before the Duke of Alva; and if those two knights themselves should have any objection to bring forward, let them state them. I stand here as the champion of my convictions." Upon this the youths made a low obeisance to their great general, who led the reconciled parties to their brides.

The Duke would not be deprived of the pleasure of taking a prominent share in the solemnisation of the nuptials, and took upon himself the part of giving away both the lovely brides to their bridegrooms, being also present at the marriage feast.

All lived from that time in undisturbed joyful harmony; and though Count Heimbert was shortly after summoned with his beautiful spouse into his fatherland, yet letters of salutation were exchanged between the friends; and the late posterity of Count Waldhausen

prided themselves on their connection with the noble house of Mendez, whilst the descendants of the latter treasured up tales respecting the brave and generous Heimbert with eager fondness.

THE MOTHER'S TOMB; A TALE OF NORMANDY.

Upon the coast, some twenty miles to the east of the sea-port Havre, in Normandy, near the town of Fécamp stands the village of Etretat. It is something more than a fishing village, though we can hardly dignify it with the name of a town; and as it stands in a most picturesque position, in a valley between two elevated chalk cliffs, which rise perpendicularly out of the sea to the height of 200 or 300 feet, Etretat has come to be regarded by the good citizens of Rouen and even of Paris as an agreeable place to spend a few weeks at in the summer. The sea-bathing is good, the scenery is exquisite, the sea is blue, and the green hills are dotted over with abundance of white flocks. The houses are built irregularly; there is a post-office in the place, and several farmers live on the outskirts of the village; the high road from Havre to Fécamp passes through it; and as a proof of the general prosperity of Etretat, we may add that a new hotel, surnamed *Des Deux Augustins*, in opposition to the old *auberge*, has recently been opened under a host and hostess who would not do discredit to any provincial house in the same "line" in England or Scotland. Just beyond the farthest house in the village, on the side of the hill which rises over the town, stands the old parish church, a plain edifice of the thirteenth century, with a little cemetery adjoining—one of the most peaceful, charming places you ever saw, with its dark yews and its hundreds of little wooden crosses, gilt and crowned with flowers, according to the custom of *la belle Normandie*.

It was a fine summer evening in June, 184—, when a carriage was seen descending the road which winds down the hill on the western side of Etretat. In it were an elderly gentleman and a young girl, apparently about twelve years of age, whom, from her likeness to the former, you would at once have taken her for his grandchild. The carriage had no sooner entered the village than it drew up at the door of the hotel; and it was not long before Monsieur Ménard and his little grand-daughter, whom

henceforth we shall take the liberty of calling Henriette, had dismissed their *conducteur*, and were engaged in tasting the good things set upon the table before them for dinner by the worthy host. It happened to be a Saturday; and after finishing dinner, a glorious sunset tempted the little girl and her grandfather out to enjoy an evening stroll upon the cliffs, from which they looked down upon the bright blue sea, and witnessed the setting of the sun beneath its waves. The scene which lay open before them was so charming that they resolved to stay at Etretat over the following day, which was Sunday; and among the other objects of interest to Henriette was the little church of which we have spoken, and where she and her grandfather proposed to attend service on the following day.

The next morning was lovely, and long before ten o'clock (for that is the general hour for morning service throughout the villages of Normandy) Henriette and her grandpapa were on their way to church. When they reached the cemetery it wanted some time to the hour, and indeed the bell had not yet begun to ring for service; so they wandered up and down in the cemetery, and amused themselves with looking at the graves and reading the names of those who had departed this life in the faith of Christ. They were gazing intently on a new-made grave, over which the cross had only just been erected, with a brief inscription:—"Ci git Amelie Benois, mort le 31 Mai, 184—." At this moment Henriette's attention was arrested by the sound of children's voices, and turning round she saw a family of small children, the eldest of whom could not have been more than nine or ten years of age, walking hand-in-hand towards the new grave, and carrying a basket of flowers in their hands to deck the cross. The first who came along was a little boy, who looked the eldest of the little family; his eyes were filled with tears, and he led in his hand a sister younger than himself, who was carrying in her arms the youngest of them all, a child of two years old. As the little party came near to the tomb, Henriette and her grandpapa withdrew a few steps, and sat down beneath a yew-tree, so as not to interfere with the children's movements, but in such a position as to observe what they did and hear what they said.

"It is here that she sleeps," cried the little boy, his eyes streaming with tears, and both he and his sister knelt down upon the ground near the tomb, and placing the little one upon the

green grass beside them, and the other little one followed their example.

After a few moments' interval, the little boy and his sister began to crown the cross with the flowers which they had brought in their baskets.

"Can she hear what we are saying?" asked the younger boy, looking up into his brother's face.

"No *certainement*," answered the other.

"Why it is here that they put her the day that they took her away from us, and since which we have been crying so bitterly."

"No; it is only her body that is put here, Emile," said the girl, "but her soul is in paradise, up there, far beyond the blue sky of heaven."

"Ah! sister Amélie, how do you know that?" sobbed the little fellow.

"Because she loved her Saviour, who died upon the cross for her," was the sister's ready and simple answer.

"Grandpapa," whispered Henriette, "do you hear what those children are saying?" and she rose up, and walking a few steps forward on tip-toe, she drew quite close to the little family group.

"Pray tell me, my little friend," she asked, "whose is that tomb which you are adorning with flowers?"

"It is my mother's," and the tears started afresh into his eyes as he spoke; "she has been there now a whole week," he added, with a sigh.

"Did you love her?" asked Henriette.

"Oh! yes, we loved her very much," answered the little Amélie; "and now we have no one to dress us, or to keep us clean, and make us good."

"Where is your papa, then?"

"He went away after my mother was buried; he told us that he would come back again, but he has never come at all, and we have no bread to eat."

"And have you not had any bread this morning?" asked Henriette.

"No," answered the boy. "My sister and I have had nothing to eat to-day; we gave the last morsel of bread that we had to the little one, for it cried so much."

"O, grandpapa," cried Henriette, moved with compassion for the hungry little ones who stood before her, "what shall we do for these poor children? We must not leave them starving here."

"No that shall not be; what would you like to do, my dear?"

"Why, grandpapa, you know that next week—no, this next Wednesday—is my birthday; and you promised to give me a ten-franc piece, you know, when my birthday came. Do pray, let me give it to these poor children; they are so simple and good—and they look so very hungry. Now do, there's a kind, good grandpapa."

"Well, stop a moment, my dear Henriette; you must not do anything in a hurry. I will give the little boy a few sous at once, and he will run down into the village and get a little bread for himself and his sisters before service begins—see, it still wants ten minutes of the hour by the church clock—and after church is over, I will go and see the curé of the parish, who will, doubtless, tell me more about this interesting family. If he says that they are deserving objects of charity, you shall give them part of your money, if you like."

"Very well, grandpapa, thank you."

As soon as the service was concluded, Monsieur Ménard went into the sacristie adjoining the Church, to speak to the Abbé C——, who at that time was curé of the parish of Etretat, while Henriette and the group of little children remained in the church. He told the good man what he had witnessed in the cemetery before service began, and in answer to some inquiries about the orphan family, he learned from the curé that the mother, who had died so recently, was a good and excellent creature, and was at one time in a fair way of business, having a dairy in the village, but that her husband had sadly neglected his business, and getting into dissolute habits, had quite broken her health and spirits, and at last hastened on her death, and had left the village the very night after his wife's funeral had taken place. The children, he added, were most deserving of pity and kindness, and owed much to the goodness and virtues of their mother parent, who was the pattern of a good Christian and a good mother, and brought them up most piously and respectably.

Before leaving the church, Monsieur Ménard placed two ten-franc pieces in the good Abbe's hands, to be expended by him in food to support the children until something could be done for them. He learned that some distant relations of the poor mother would probably undertake the charge of the youngest child, if a trifle could be allowed them for clothing it. The girl, too, doubtless could be provided for without difficulty, thought the Abbé C——, in one of the

many orphan schools which are kept in Paris and in the provinces by the *religieuse*; the eldest boy, too, could be sent, at a trifling expense, to a college, where he would be taught mathematics and *les sciences physiques*, and so fitted for a commercial or mechanical situation hereafter. As to the younger boy, the old housekeeper of the Abbé C——, would, doubtless, take charge of him for the present, allowing him to attend the village school by day.

It required but little consideration on the part of Monsieur Ménard to resolve on doing something for the orphan children. He was a straightforward practical man, and to suggest a plan with him was to carry it out. So next day he went to their cottage with the abbé, who told them what the kind stranger intended to do for them. The poor children cried a little on first hearing that they were about to be separated; but they were soon calmed by the gentle words of the curé, who reconciled them to the plan proposed by Monsieur Ménard, by showing them that it was an answer to the prayers which they had offered the day before at their mother's tomb. "See, my children," said he, "how God fulfils his promises to those who seek Him. He has said, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find;' and now, just when you were suffering from hunger, He sent you relief. Learn from this, my little ones, always to have faith in that God who calls Himself the God of the fatherless and the orphan."

And now, do any of our readers wish to know what has become of those four little ones? If so, we will tell them, Monsieur Ménard made himself responsible to Abbé C—— for 200 francs a-year towards their maintenance and education. Pierre, the eldest boy, after passing through the college at Rouen with great success, is now, thanks to Monsieur Ménard, clerk in a most flourishing cotton manufactory in that city; the second boy, Alphonse, is now at the college where his brother was brought up, and having gained *à bourse*,* by public competition, bids fair to do well hereafter in life. Amelie has left the convent of St. Mariè, at Fécamp to take the place of an instructress of a Parish school in Picardy; while the youngest child, Leon has been adopted by the relations, who have brought him up, and who lost their own children by a fever. As for the father nothing has been heard of him in Normandy from that day to this, but it is

* That is, an exhibition.

supposed that he emigrated to America, and we need hardly add that neither the children nor Monsieur Mênard are very anxious for his return to the shores of France.

AN EXTRACT FROM A JEWISH TALE.

Night had arrayed with sable vest
The vaulted sky from east to west ;
The moon had shed her silver light
On Babylonian turrets bright,
Had poured her ray on every scene,
And sported wild on Babel's stream ;
When, wrapt in cold and dark despair,
She sought the breeze of midnight air ;
Her breast was void of hope divine,
Her star of hope had ceased to shine,
She knew that life was ebbing fast,
And soon would come of hours her last.

By Babel's stream her harp had hung,
Nor festive song by her was sung
Since, from Judea captive borne,
She'd learned to weep, despair, and mourn,
For the last time ; she thought, e'en now
She'd reach her harp from the willow bough,
And tune its chords to God on high,
Then lay her down in peace to die.
As through the strings her fingers played,
Thus sang the fair Judean maid.

S O N G.

Peace to my home, my childhood's home,
Where, free from care, I used to roam
A young and happy child ;
Now I must raise the captive's moan—
No more can wander wild.

Peace to the grave of a mother dear,
Where I have shed affection's tear,
And mourned a parent gone ;
Where oft I bowed in dark despair
Upon the cold, cold tomb !

Peace to the shade of him I loved,
The shade of him with whom I roved
O'er Judah's mountains wild,
When he, in sweetest notes, reproved
A young and wayward child !

In some far brighter sphere above,
Where the redeem'd so I shall rove,
May I behold my lover ;
Tune my high harp to sacred love,
And clasp my dearest mother !

May Judah's walls again be built,
May Judah's God forgive her guilt,
And burst the captive's chain ;
No more of Israel's blood be spilt
On Judah's fertile plain !

And now my voice I'll raise to Thee,
In praise will bend to God the knee,
Whose throne is spread on high ;
I'll hang my harp on the willow tree,
Then lay me down to die !

D.C.

DEFINITIONS.

Child.—God's problem, waiting Man's solution.

Miser.—An Amateur pauper.—An oyster with a pearl in its shell.—A lover who is contented with a look.—A man who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.

Ignorance.—The leaden sword with which the mass of mankind are compelled to fight the social battle.—The barren country of which all are natives, and from which all are emigrants.—A serpent which many foster because they suppose it to be harmless.—A dark place where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

Bachelor.—The slave of liberty.—A mule who shirks his regular load.—A wild goose in the air, much abused by tame geese in the farm yard.

Politics.—The quarrels of the workmen whilst they lay the foundation of Sociology.—Imagination and Passion attempting the work of Reason.—A national humming top, which spins the least when it hums the most.

Prison.—The grave were state doctors bury their murdered patients.—An oven where Society puts newly made crime to harden.—A school where immortal training is administered to those who are going into the world, and moral training to those who are going out of it.

Napoleon.—A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.—A heartless gambler, who ruined himself and all his friends, and died in the King's Bench Prison.

Candle.—One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

Metaphysics.—Words to stay the appetite till facts are ready.—The art of stirring a fire so as to increase its smoke and diminish its brightness.—Feeling for a science in the dark.

Monk.—A sea-worthy vessel moored in a stagnant dock.

America.—Youth affecting manhood.—Young John Bull working with his coat off.

Ink.—The black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

Ball Room.—A confined place in which people are committed by Fashion to hard labour.

Pedantry.—Intellectual tight lacing.

Marriage.—Going home by daylight after courtship's masquerade.

Duel.—Folly playing at murder.

Luxury.—War's deputy in time of peace.

Alchymy.—An aged dreamer, who produced a reality surpassing his dreams.—A run on Nature for gold.

Slave.—Every one who believe himself not free.

Money.—The largest slaveholder in the world.

EMILY MORTON.

A TALE OF PRIDE.

“ But, mamma, you love Robert Lancy, so why may I not love little Annie Lee ?”

“ Arthur, you are the only living being who could have said that to me, and been forgiven ;” and with these words Mrs. Morton turned away from her son, and entered the low porch of her cottage without once lifting her eyes from the ground : those dark, flashing, passionate, eyes, and her heightened colour, would have told a tale, and bore out too truly the boy's assertion ; and the proud woman could not endure that the secret she had never even confessed to herself, should have been discovered by a boy, even though that boy was her only child, whom she loved with all the warmth and devotion of her ardent nature.

The time and place where this little scene occurred were just those when one most feels the discordance of a harsh word or feeling with the peacefulness and beauty of nature ; and boy though he was, Arthur Morton heaved a deep sigh as he gathered up the garden tools he had been busy with, and turned to follow his mother into the house. It was one of those really lovely spring days now so rare in our capricious climate, as to make the beauty of spring almost a myth ; a day that told of deep lanes, with green mossy banks and budding primroses—a day when even the pent-up inhabitants of towns scent the air, as though they expected the sweet smile of violets to come wafted to them from some sunny woodland banks or old crumbling wall, some haunt of their childhood years ago.

Mrs. Morton's cottage was separated from the sea-shore only by the road that passes through the village, leading from the wild scenery of Morte Bay towards Ilfracombe. The deep-thatched porch, and the neatness and order of the small garden in front of the cottage, alone distinguished it from those of the fishermen and labourers which surrounded it ; but the neatly-trained myrtles, roses, and passion-flowers, clustering round the windows ; the hanging fuchsias, and rich scents of clove carnations and mignonette, loading the air as you passed in the days of early autumn, told of taste and care beyond

that usually bestowed by those who find sufficient occupation in earning their daily bread. But we must take our reader back some sixteen years, to the time when Mrs. Morton (who at the period when our story commences was still a young and very beautiful woman) lived with her father in one of the small towns in the south of France, where Colonel D'Arcy had fixed his residence, as more suited to his small income and (with the family fault of *pride*) more agreeable to his feelings than living a poor man amongst his wealthy relations in England ; besides, he had married to displease his family. Once in his life he forgot his pride in a deeper feeling—love ! He did not choose to see his wife slighted by any one, not even by the D'Arcys ; and as her health was delicate, he took her to a warmer climate than his native Yorkshire, thus avoiding the cold winds of England and the still more chilling atmosphere of uncongenial hearts. But even the sunny skies of *la belle France* failed to prolong the life of the gentle Mrs. D'Arcy more than a few short years, and she died in a strange land, leaving to her husband the remembrance of her beauty, her gentleness, and her love, and the care of her “ little Emily,” the most precious and beautiful thing under heaven, as she fondly believed.

Colonel D'Arcy's house was one of those deep-roofed, many-windowed, stone, buildings, so common in France ; the large saloon and a few bed-rooms were all that he occupied, and these were furnished with English comfort ; the garden had once been trim and stately, and still in its wild neglect told of days of magnificence gone by. Roses and vines threw their long untrained branches over the stone balustrades of the terrace ; cypresses and other evergreens, intended, doubtless, to be transferred into peacocks, dragons, and other monster, had grown into thick, shady, delicious bosquets forests. They appeared to the little Emily, as she crept about among their branches, or hid herself with some favourite picture-book or fairy tale in their deep recesses ; but there was one portion of the garden still kept in order : it was one end of the terrace, where, in front of an old stone summer-house, some quaint-shaped flower-beds were cut out.

Here the vines on the wall were nailed and trained, and the fruit hung in rich clusters; and in the flower-beds, among the "heliotropes," "tuberoses," and other favourites of a French garden, was to be found many an old-fashioned English flower, doubly tended and cared for, for the sake of its associations; and here Colonel D'Arcy loved to sit and play with and teach his child. He had no acquaintance, at least no companion; and in this solitude, becoming each year more and more lovely, Emily D'Arcy grew till she reached the age of nineteen. She could not tell when she ceased to be a child and became a woman, for her father being her only companion, she had always felt *old* as it were, in some respects, and yet her pleasures and employments were so simple, that as regarded them she still seemed a child. Her life was passing like a dream, she knew, and therefore wished for nothing more; nor was the illusive character of her existence dispelled by the arrival in A— of a young English gentleman, whose acquaintance Colonel D'Arcy made during one of his daily walks on the ramparts of the old castle overlooking the town. Mr. Morton's appearance and manners at once bespoke him a fit companion, *even* for the "D'Arcy's." The old man could not forget that he was one of them, and he was most careful to impress upon his daughter's mind that she must never by thought, word, or deed, disgrace her noble family. After the first evening, when Mr. Morton first took his coffee with the colonel and Emily in the old summer-house at the end of the terrace, he spent all his time with them; and when about a month after his arrival he was asked in a letter from a friend "how much longer he was going to stay at A—, and what on earth he found to do there," and he asked himself the question, "What had detained him so long?" he found (though fond of sketching and a dabbler in antiquities) he could not say the attractions of the old castle; and the only honest answer he could give was "Emily D'Arcy." He now felt that he had loved her intensely since the first moment he saw her; and with his usual impetuosity, he went at once to the *chateau*, confessed his feelings to Colonel D'Arcy, and asked his permission to tell his love to

Emily, and plead for a return. There was no hesitation in the frank hearty consent the old soldier gave young Morton, and no lack of warmth in the manner he wished him success;—the truth was, he had foreseen for some days the probable result of this intimacy; and that night he thanked God on his knees that he had mercifully removed from him the only care that weighed on his mind—the thought of leaving his darling child solitary and friendless. His health had long been failing; and though in reply to Emily's fond and anxious inquiries he would talk of his old wounds, and say he should soon be better, he knew that a mortal illness was fast hurrying him to the grave. Morton's family was well known to Colonel D'Arcy by name, and the young man gave him such assurances, that he felt happy in trusting Emily to his care. To her declaration of Morton's love was not a matter of surprise; everything she had ever known loved her,—her father and her old nurse devotedly, and her birds and flowers she believed did too; and so it seemed only natural that Henry Morton should love her. They were married, and Morton and his sweet young wife, looking forward with delight to the novelty of travelling, set out for Italy, promising to return and spend the winter with the colonel. He shook his head sorrowfully as the carriage drove away, for he felt within himself that the winter he should never see,—and he was right. A few months after her marriage, a letter from A— told Emily of her father's death; she reproached herself with having left him in his old age, but Morton comforted and cheered her, and a little Arthur, named after his grandfather, went far to fill up the void in her heart. They were living at Genoa, and her child was about three months old, when Morton was seized with a violent fever, and a few days saw Emily following the body of her husband to its lonely resting place,—there was no other to mourn him but herself! In the depth of her anxiety and grief, Emily had hardly heard, or rather not attended to, many things that Morton had said to her during his short illness, and it was not till the evening of the funeral day, when, with her little boy in her arms, she was standing on the balcony of her rooms

and looking out over the proud and busy city feeling how desolate she was, that she fully realised what Morton had told her, with many bitter words of self-reproach, that his father and family were totally unacquainted with his marriage. This feeling of injury of herself and her child added a bitterness to the deep grief she felt for the loss of Morton, —her handsome, her accomplished, her devoted husband; but now, her whole heart seemed changed, as in a moment. She inherited her father's keen sense of honour, and of right and wrong; and she now thought of and wept over Morton as a beautiful but erring child. She no longer wished to recall him, she feared he might have sullied still more the fair image she had of him in her mind. It was to the memory of her father, that proud and sorrowful old man, unbending and unswerving in principle, that her thoughts turned for comfort; when she remembered his trials and sufferings, and his calm endurance of them, she felt comforted, her spirit rose with the recollection of his example, and she felt strong to bear all that God might see fit. That evening Emily Morton began *really* to live and act. She found money to some amount in poor Morton's desk, and also his father's address. To arrange her few affairs in Genoa, and at once to commence her journey to England, was the work of but a few days; but so entirely had the events of the last fortnight changed, or rather called out her character, that she stood on the deck of the packet watching the lights on the river's banks as they approached the Tower-stairs, and remembering that it was but three short weeks she had been wandering with Morton, through the delicious scenery of Italy, the most fortunate and happiest of human beings, it was difficult to realise her own identity, and the feeling that thus desolate and alone she beheld for the first time her father's well-loved native land! the land for which he had fought and bled, quite overcame her, and she burst into a flood of tears; it was the storm before the great *outward* calm that from this time settled down on her life, and changed the lovely, loved, and loving girl into the calm, cold, proud woman. We are told of rich brown tresses

having turned snowy "white in a single night," and a few moments will sometimes produce as great a change upon a heart.

We will not dwell upon the painful scene that awaited Emily on her arrival at the house of her father-in-law. She bore quietly many harsh and unkind words for the sake of her boy; but when Mr. Morton threw some doubt on her statement as to her marriage with his son, her pride rose, and, without deigning one word in reply, or offering him the proofs she had brought with her (and which, with the wisdom she had lately acquired, she had felt might be useful, and had therefore obtained), she rose and with her child left her husband's home for ever.

Mrs. Morton would not return to France, her boy should grow up an Englishman. She had heard of the climate and beauty of Devonshire, and she knew it was remote and far away from all Morton's connexions, and also from her father's, for she had no wish to make herself known to them. They had allowed him to live and die unnoticed and uncared for, an exile in a foreign land; so she, his daughter, would not ask or accept their help. Emily knew her means would be only just sufficient to maintain herself and her boy, but she felt a satisfaction in the thought that that little she derived from no one but her father; her determination was soon taken, and in a few weeks she was settled in the little cottage, where first we found her. She had employed one of her old neighbours in A— to send over her father's books, which were valuable, and also a few articles of furniture that had not been sold; she arranged these in her little room, to resemble as much as possible her favourite corner in the old saloon; she planted her little garden with her father's favourite flowers; she hung his picture opposite to her usual seat, and as her boy grew up, she loved to draw his attention to the stern high features of his grandfather, and tell him the stories of his old campaigns, with which he used to amuse her childhood; only a few times had she taken from her desk and opened for him the little case which disclosed the gay and handsome countenance, the large blue eyes, and curling auburn hair of Morton; at such times she had no tales to tell—no example to hold

forth. "Your poor father, Arthur, he died so young—so very young," was all she ever said; and yet these words were always spoken in a softer tone than she was wont to use.

For fifteen years she lived in her quiet little cottage on the sea-shore; devoted to her son, she declined all acquaintances, and seldom exchanged words with any one but her poorer neighbours. Her father had not neglected her education, and now she spent the long lonely winter evenings in reading, and fitting herself more and more to be the instructor of Arthur. She was unable to send him to any of the great schools, but under her care he became a proficient in French and Italian, and was not backward in any knowledge likely to prove useful to him in his future life.

All through these long monotonous years Emily was looking forward to a great event in her life, to the moment when Arthur, entering the profession of his grandfather, would take the place among others that he was entitled to. Mrs. Morton had pleaded, and not unsuccessfully, the long services of Colonel D'Arcy, and had received from the commander-in-chief a promise, that Arthur should receive a commission as soon as he was old enough; and it was this hope that cheered her on through the long weary years.

Arthur, as he grew up, and roamed alone about the shore and village became known to all the neighbours; and as his adventurous spirit carried him to greater distances than his mother could accompany him to, there were few of the farmhouses about where he was not a welcome guest. There was a sort of mystery about the handsome, friendless, lady, which proved a powerful attraction; and as she was inaccessible, people pleased themselves by showing kindness to the boy. In this manner he became acquainted with little Annie Lee. She was the granddaughter of a small farmer; he was what the country people would call "a better sort of man:" the small place he lived in was his own property, and had belonged to his family for many generations. The old man and his wife had no little pride in their own way, and it pleased them to see the pretty gentle ways she learnt from Ar-

thur. He would spend hours on the sea-shore playing with the little girl; and when he took her back to the old farmhouse, Mrs. Lee had always some treat ready for her favourite, a slice of home-made bread spread with the rich clouted cream of the country, or some ripe, rosy-cheeked apples. Arthur quickly discovered the attention and the deference with which he was treated, and it gratified him; and Mrs. Morton, thinking he would soon leave the place, probably for ever, did not like to deprive him of almost his only amusement; and so the boy went on till he loved Annie Lee more than anything in the world though a formidable rival had sprung up within the last year in the person of Robert Lancy, the new master of the village school. Intelligent and well-educated, as many of that class now are, Robert Lancy was still quite different and very superior to most of them; and his highly intellectual countenance, and quiet, self-possessed manner, told either that his situation had once been very different, or else one of those minds, naturally so refined and elevated as to impart its tone to the whole manner and bearing of a man. Mrs. Morton had gladly availed herself of his assistance to instruct Arthur, during his leisure hours, in Latin, and a few other things that were beyond her power; this gradually led to some degree of intimacy between them; Lancy could talk and talk well of books and the passing events of the day; and the pleasure of exchanging ideas seemed something so delightful and novel to the poor secluded lady, that it soon required not the quick eye of Arthur to see that she felt the day long when Lancy did not come; it was the only recreation, the only change, her sad thoughts had known for years, and he was so kind, so wise, and yet so humble, that she felt better and happier every time she had been with him. At the time when our story commenced, Mrs. Morton had been busy in her little garden, and thinking over her last conversation with Lancy; Arthur was talking away at her side, but she hardly heeded what he said, till her attention was arrested by his positive declaration that "Annie Lee, and Annie Lee only, he would marry; that he should go to India, make a

fortune, and return and marry Annie Lee." Mrs. Morton felt annoyed at this interruption to her pleasant thoughts, and told Arthur rather sharply that Annie was only a farmer's child, and that if he talked such nonsense, he should play no more with little Annie. After Arthur's retort upon his mother of loving Robert Lancy, she went quickly into the house up into her own room, and closing the door, threw herself on her bed, and clasped her hands over her eyes, as though she never wished to see the light of day again. For a few moments her emotion nearly choked her, then she lay *quite, quite* still; she shed no tears now; well might it have been for her if she had, for tears soften and wash away many a proud, bitter feeling; but Emily had cried her last the night she landed in England. In that quiet hour, however, she learned the truth, that she loved Robert Lancy, as she had never loved Morton, as she had never loved living being before, and the truth to her proud spirit was most painful, and she rose from her bed humiliated and disgraced in her own eyes; but quickly as she discovered the state of her own mind, as quickly was her resolution taken: she called up the memory of her father and her own pride to aid her, and when, an hour afterwards, as she was sitting with Arthur, her servant came into the room with some books, and said "Mr. Lancy had called with them," she merely sent a message of thanks, instead of asking him, as she had so often done, to share their tea with them, or at least spoken to him for a few moments at the window, or in the porch. The next day when he gave Arthur his lesson she did not appear, nor the next, and so a whole week passed away, and then Robert, whose own feelings towards Mrs. Morton were such as to render him susceptible to every variation in her conduct, felt that she had discovered his secret, and justly punished his presumption. Had he known the real truth, would he have been happier? In one week more the schoolmaster's house was vacant, and the clergyman searching far and near for some one to supply Lancy's place. Mrs. Morton might flatter herself that she had conquered in the fierce battle of her passions, but her heart

was broken; she could not bear the reaction, the return to her old solitary life; there was a darker spot now in her memory than even that hour at Genoa, when she first knew that Morton had deceived her; she felt sure, too, from Lancy's conduct, that he knew all, and the thought of how he must despise her was the worst of all to bear. In less than six months Mrs. Morton lay in the little quiet churchyard; one of her last walks had been to the home of Annie Lee. Arthur was the sole mourner at his mother's grave; for though a few hours after her death his friend Lancy stood by him, ready to help and advise the friendless boy, he would not go with him to the funeral; she would not have wished it, that was enough for him, and he hated himself for the thought that crossed his mind in the bitterness of his spirit, "a D'Arcy mourned by a village schoolmaster!"

The next morning a large official letter was put into Arthur's hand, it was his commission and appointment to a regiment in India; for a moment he felt that the dream of his young life was now beginning to be realized, but the next moment he gave the paper to Lancy, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "If she could only have lived to see this." "God willed otherwise," said Lancy, in his quiet voice. From that time he devoted himself to Arthur like a father, and never left him till the young soldier waved his last adieu to him from the deck of the vessel, that was bearing away from their native shore many a brave heart and true,—some for ever!

When Arthur said "Good by" to Annie Lee, he tied round her neck a little gold ornament that his mother always wore, and told her to wear it till he came again, but when the child returned to the house and showed it to her grandmother, the old woman roughly untied it, and put it away in a box, which little Annie long regarded with a sort of reverence as containing the greatest treasure she had, though she dared not ask her grandmother to restore it to her. Each half-year, Mrs. Lee received a packet from India containing money, which Arthur begged might be made use of for Annie's education. He spoke of his return within a few years,

and his hope that little Annie would love him as well as ever. Mrs. Lee made use of the money in the way he pointed out, for she had a great desire to see her Annie a lady, though she carefully kept from Annie all knowledge of these letters, and never gave her the little packet which was always enclosed in her grandmother's, containing a little note from Arthur, and some pretty little toy or trinket. These were duly placed in the box, and if, as poor Annie grew up, she had known the words, of simple honest, manly love for her that that box contained, not even her passive and gentle nature would have submitted to the persuasion of her grandmother, and consented to give her hand to any other than the play-fellow of her youth, and the hero of her girlish dreams. But she believed he had forgotten her, and quietly consented to marry a man who, though some years older than herself, loved her truly, and whose great recommendations in the eyes of old Mrs. Lee were being what she called a "real gentleman" and "very rich," and who had been attracted by the great beauty and grace of Annie Lee.

Seven years from the time Arthur Morton waved his last adieu to Robert Lancy, he was once again running up the steep lane that led to old Lee's house, his heart full of hope and love. The old woman was standing in the door-way, holding by the hand a lovely little girl of two years old. Though Arthur's bronzed and pallid face told of many days of hardship and exposure, Mrs. Lee knew him in a moment, and held out her hand to him. His quick eye fell, the next instant, on the little girl.

"Your old play-fellow's child, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Lee.

His heart sank within him,

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, "tell me all!—for pity's sake, do not deceive me more."

"No, no; I will tell you all," said the old woman. And she did tell him of her long course of deceit—how she had used his money, and deceived Annie about him; told him she was very happy, and would be glad to welcome him in her own house; told him of his mother's last and only visit to her house, how she accused her of trying

to ensnare her son, how she had spoken many words of haughtiness and scorn.

"Oh, she was proud," bitterly exclaimed the old woman, "and so was I, and I vowed to have my revenge upon the scornful lady!"

And any one who had seen Arthur Morton's face as he turned from the door and hurried down the steep path again would have said: "Surely she has had it!"

REQUISITES FOR A GOVERNESS.

WE extract the following from a *very* old paper. It shows us that *perfection* in a *governess* was as essential in that day as in the present one:—

COPY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Wanted, immediately, a Governess, to attend upon three young ladies, and to superintend the needlework of the family. No one need apply who is under twenty-five, and who cannot teach French, music, dancing, and Latin.—Address to —, at the Printers', stating qualifications."

COPY OF REPLY.

Observing in the — *Gazette* an advertisement for a governess to undertake the instructions of three young ladies, coupled with other duties of a very analogous character, I have, with the utmost diffidence, summoned sufficient resolution to offer myself a candidate for the situation, trusting the list of qualifications underneath will be an apology for my presumption, should it not entitle me to the enviable and happy employment.

I have considered best to arrange my capabilities under two heads, which I will term *elegancies* and *useful adornments*, thereby allowing an opportunity of adding any other requisite to either class which hereafter may be thought proper. They are as follows:—

Elegancies.—Music: Playing on the piano-forte, bass-viol, violin, harp, trumpet, and Jews' harp. Singing: solos, duets, trios, glees, and quartettes alone—an extraordinary power obtained in France. The English tongue I do not profess to instruct; it is too common in the present day; and all children derive it so naturally (but, unfortunately, not always elegantly, from their mothers),

that it would be loss of time. French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portugese, Dutch, Russian, and Esquimaux, I can converse in, and write most fluently—particularly the latter, having studied its beauties under the tuition of the native brought to England by the Arctic expedition. Sciences: Astronomy, minerology, botany, conchology, craniology, meteorology, chronology, metallurgy, and mythology; and being descended from Rob Roy, possess the power of second sight, and that predilection for athletics which will be found enumerated hereafter. Architecture, sculpture, mechanics, chemistry, mathematics, magnetism, algebra, optics, logic, rhetoric, drawing with ship-building, and land-surveying, feeling happy the latter is in my power—as, for exemplification, I could undertake a level of the railroad with the assistance of my three pupils. Steam, and its relative powers, I have studied deeply, and have fortunately, discovered a plan of producing it without either *fire or water*. Agility of the body: Dancing, either on the head or feet, in all the various branches, vaulting, slack and tight-rope dancing, horsemanship, and the power of occasionally taking the reins. Fencing, leaping, running, and boxing having been my perfect delight from childhood; and had I a little more muscular power, to enable me to make an impression on the heads of people, should be a complete pugilistic wonder.

Useful Adornments.—The needlework of one family is a trifle to me: I could keep in proper order the wardrobe of the celebrated 10th regiment with ease, so that every branch of the house, from the nearest relation to the most distant Scotch cousin, may depend upon my sharpness with certainty. Cookery being an important object in life to those who have no *soles* of their own, and who are consequently, to depend upon other people for foreign extraordinaries, has met my attention. I can pickle so clearly as to be able to see through the substance, make a trifle of heavy body, hash a *calf's head* to perfection, and my acquaintance bestow upon me great praise for my *roasting*. Pies adorned to any pattern, not forgetting Chinese. Pharmacy, materia medica, and the general practice of the medical profession, I am per-

fectly skilled in, having practised by opening the vein of a person more than once.

Observations.—I cannot but flatter myself that the preceding list, combining everything that these elegantly fantastic times may require, may be the groundwork for hope that your situation will be undertaken by me. Should, however, there be something still wanting to prevent me that pleasure, I shall for ever regret that it was not in my power to form a part in the establishment of a person whose consistency was so apparant as to couple the accomplished *Linguist* in the person of the common *Seamstress*.

MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

Alone with God upon the boundless sea,
No spot of earth in view, no sombre cloud,
The glittering stars and gentle moon to shoud;
On rides the bark in calm tranquility—
Quiet the autumn breeze, while on the lee
The billows part without a sign of life,
Silent the mighty ocean vast and free—
Seeming to herald some portentous strife.
Alone with God! how limited the power
Of man the creature here to shield or save,
For few the bounds that part the yawning grave;
Most awful thought at this most solemn hour
Alone with God! alone to worship Him
Before whose throne all worldly thoughts grow
dim.

MORNING.

Tis morn! the mountains catch the living glow
Of amethystine light, and beam sublime—
The shatter'd thrones of Omnipresent time—
Belted with broken fragments of the bow!
Up their brown sides, from crag to crag I
climb,
Gazing'enraptur'd on the scene below.
The blue and boundless ocean, in the prime
Of the young morn, is heaving to and fro,
And all around is beautiful and bright,
From the green earth to the calm liquid skies!
Light melting into shade, and shade to light
The dew-gemm'd world's a perfumed paradise
Of flowers, so fresh and fragrant, that I feel
The very *morn of life* into my being steal!

WOMAN.—No man ever spoke contemptuously of woman without having a bad heart as well as a bad head. I believe that God made them to be helxmates for man—to be his earthly support, his support his encouragement in trials, his nurse, his earliest teacher, his last friend, his mother and sister and wife. And without mother and sister and wife what would man be?—*Hawkstone*.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

A whole year of Christmas days have come and passed, since a wealthy tun-maker, named Jacob Elsen, was chosen Syndic of the corporation of tun-makers, in the town of Stromthal, in Southern Germany. His family name is not to be met with, perhaps, anywhere now. The town itself is gone. The inhabitants once unjustly taxed the Jews who dwelt there, with the murder of some little children, and drove them out; forbidding any Jew to enter their gates again. But the Jews took their quiet revenge; for they built another town at a distance, and carried all the trade away, so that the new town gradually increased in wealth, while the old town dwindled to nothing.

But Jacob Elsen had no knowledge of this persecution. In his time, Jews walked about the sombre, winding streets, and traded in the market-place, and kept shops, and enjoyed with others the privileges of the town.

A river flows through the town, a narrow winding stream, navigable for small craft, and called the "Klar." This river, being of very pure sweet water, and moreover very useful for the commerce of the town, the people call their great friend. They believe that it will heal ills of mind and body: and although many afflicted persons have dipped in it, and drunk of the water, without feeling much the better for it, their belief remains the same. They give it feminine names, as if it were a beautiful woman or a goddess. They have innumerable songs and stories about it, which the people know by heart; or did in Jacob Elsen's time—for there were very few books and fewer readers in those days. They have a yearly festival, called the "Klarlussday," when flowers and ribbons are cast into the stream, and float away through the meadows towards the great river.

"Is not the Klar," said one of their old songs, "a marvel among rivers? Lo, all other streams are nourished, drop by drop, with dews and rains; but the Klar comes

forth, full grown, from the hills." And this, indeed, was no invention of the poet; for no one knew the source of this river. The town council had offered a reward of five hundred gold gulden to any one who could discover it; but all those who had endeavoured to trace it, had come to a placé many leagues above Stromthal, where the stream wound between steep rocks: and where the current was so strong that neither oar nor sail could prevail against. Beyond those rocks were the mountains called the Himmelgebirge: and the Klar was supposed to rise in some of those inaccessible regions.

But though the people of Stromthal honored their river, they loved their commerce better. Therefore, they made no public walks along its banks; but built their houses mostly to the water's brink on both sides. Some, indeed, in the outskirts had gardens: but in the centre of the town, the stream caught no shadows, except from warehouses and the overhanging fronts of ancient wooden houses. Jacob Elsen's house was one of these. The sides of the bank before it had been lined with birch-stakes, and the foundation was dug so close to the water, that you might open the door of his workshop, and dip a pitcher in the stream.

Jacob Elsen's household consisted of only three persons besides himself; namely his daughter Margaret; his apprentice, Carl; and one old servant woman. He had workmen; but they did not sleep in the house. Carl was a youth of eighteen, and his master's daughter being a little younger, he fell in love with her—as all apprentices did in those days. Carl's love for Margaret was pure and deep. Jacob knew this: but he said nothing. He had faith in Margaret's prudence.

Whether Margaret loved Carl at this time none ever knew but herself. He went to church with her on Sundays; and there, while the prayers that were said were sometimes mere meaningless sounds to him, through his thinking of her, and watching her, he could hear her devoutly murmuring the words; or, when the preacher was speaking, he saw her face turned towards him, and felt almost vexed to see that she was listening attentively. She could sit at table with

him, and be quite calm, when he felt confused and awkward; at other times she seemed always too busy to think of him. At length his apprenticeship being completed, the time came for his leaving Elsen's house to travel, as German workman are bound by their trade-laws to do; and he determined to speak boldly to Margaret before he went. What better time could he have found for this, than a summer evening, when Margaret happened to come into the workshop after his fellow workmen were gone? He called her to the door that opened on the river, to look out at the sunset, and he talked about the river, and the mystery of its source; when it was getting dusk, and he could delay no longer, he told her his secret; and Margaret told him in return her secret, which was, that she loved him too. "But," said she, "I must tell my father this."

That night, after supper, they told Jacob Elsen what had passed between them. Jacob was a man in the prime of life. He was not avaricious, but he was prudent in all things. "Let Carl," he said, "come back after his *Wanderzeit* is ended with fifty gold gulden; and then, if you are willing to marry him, I will make him a master tunc-maker." Carl asked no more than this. He did not doubt of being able to bring back that sum, and he knew that the law would not allow him to marry until his apprenticeship was ended. He was anxious to be gone. On the morrow he took his leave of Margaret,—early in the morning, before anything was stirring in the streets. Carl was full of hope, but Margaret wept as they stood upon the threshold. "Three years," she said, "will sometimes work such changes in us that we are not like our former selves."

"And yet they will only make me love you more," replied Carl.

"You will meet with fairer women than I, where you are going," said Margaret, "and I shall be thinking of you at home, long after you have forgotten me."

"Now, I am sure you love me, Margaret," he said, delighted; "but you must not have doubts of me while I am away. As surely as I love you now, I will come back with the fifty gold gulden, and claim your father's promise."

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Margaret lingered at the door, and Carl looked back many times until he turned an angle of the street. His heart was light enough in spite of their separation, for he had always looked forward to this journey as the means of winning her hand; and every step he took seemed to bring him nearer to his object. "I must not lose time," thought he, "and yet it would be a great thing if I could find the head of our river. My way lies southward: I will try!" On the third day he took a boat at a little village and pulled against the stream; but, in the afternoon, he drew near the rocks, and the current became stronger. He pulled on, however, till the steep grey walls were on each side of him, and looking up he saw only a strip of sky; but at length, with all the strength of his arms, he could only keep the boat where it was. Now and then, with a sudden effort, he advanced a few yards, but he could not maintain the place he had won, and after a while he grew weary, and was obliged to give it up and drift back again. "So what has been said about the rocks and the strength of the water is true," thought he; "I can testify to that at least."

Carl wandered for many days before he got employment; and, when he did, it was poorly paid, and scarcely sufficed for his living; so he was obliged to depart again. When half his time was completed he had scarcely saved ten "gold gulden," though he had walked hundreds of miles and worked in many cities. One day he set out again, to seek for employment elsewhere. When he had been walking several days, he came to a small town on the banks of a river, whose waters were so bright that they reminded him of the Klar. The town, too, was so like Stromthal that he could almost fancy that he had made a great circuit and come back to his starting place again. But Carl did not want to go home yet. His term was only half expired, and his ten gold gulden (one of which was already nibbled in travelling), would make a poor figure after his boast of returning with fifty. His heart was not so light as when he quitted Margaret at the door of her father's house. He had found the world different from his expectations of it. The harshness of strangers had

soured him, and there was no pleasure that day in being reminded of his native town. If he had not been weary he would have turned aside and gone upon his journey without stopping; but it was evening, and he wanted some refreshment.

He walked through straggling streets that reminded him still further of his home, until he came to the market place, in the midst of which stood a large white statue of a woman. She held an olive branch in her hand; her head was bare, but folds of drapery enveloped her, from the waist to the feet. "Whose is this statue," asked Carl of a bystander? The man answered in a strange dialect, but Carl understood him.

"It is the statue of our river," he answered.

"What is your river called?"

"The Geber: for it enriches the town, enabling us to trade with many great cities."

"And why is the head of the woman bare while her feet are hidden?"

"Because we know where the river rises; but whither it flows none know."

"Can no one float down with the current and see?"

"It is dangerous to search; the stream grows swifter, running between high rocks, until it rushes into a deep cavern, and is lost."

"How strange," thought Carl, "that this town should be, in so many respects, so like my own!" But a little further on in a narrow street, he found a wooden house with a small tun hanging over the doorway, by way of sign, so like Jacob Elsen's house, that if the words "Peter Schonfuss, tun maker to the Duke," had not been written above the door, he would have thought it magic. Carl knocked here, and a young woman came to the door; here the likeness ended, for Carl saw at a glance that Margaret was a hundred times more beautiful than she.

"I do not know whether my father wants workmen," said the young woman: "but if you are a traveller, you can rest, and refresh yourself until he comes in."

Carl thanked her, and entered. The low-roofed kitchen, so like Elsen's house, did not surprise him; for most rooms were built thus

at that time. The girl spread a white cloth, gave him some cold meat and bread, and brought him some water to wash; but while he was eating she asked him many questions concerning whence he came, and where he had been. She had never heard of Stromthal, for she knew nothing of the country beyond the "Himmelgebirge." When her father came in, Carl saw that he was much older than Jacob Elsen.

"And so you want employment?" said the father.

Carl bowed, standing with his cap in his hand.

"Follow me!" The old man led the way into the workshop—through the door of which, at the bottom, Carl saw the river—and putting the tools into Carl's hand, bade him continue the work of a half-finished tun. Carl handled his tools so skilfully, that the old man knew him at once to be a good workman, and offered him better wages than he had ever got before. Carl remained here until his three years had expired. One day he said to Bertha Schonfuss (his master's daughter), "My time is up now, Bertha; to-morrow I set out for my home."

"I will pray for a happy journey for you," said Bertha; "and that you may find joy at home."

"Look you, Bertha," said Carl; "I have seventy gold gulden, which I have saved. Without these, I could not have gone home, or married my Margaret, of whom I have told you; and, but for you, I should not have had them. Ought I not to remember you gratefully while I live?"

"And come back to see us one day?" said Bertha. "Of course you ought."

"I surely will," said Carl, tying his money in the corner of a handkerchief.

"Stay!" said Bertha. "There is danger in carrying much money in these parts. The roads are infested with robbers."

"I will make a box for the money," said Carl.

"No; put them in the hollow handle of one of your tools. It is natural for a workman to carry tools. No one will think of looking there."

"No handle would hold them," replied

Carl. "I will make a hollow mallet, and put them in the body of it."

"A good thought," said Bertha.

Carl worked the next day, and made a large mallet, in which he plugged a hole; letting in fifty gold pieces, he retained the remainder of his treasure to expend on his journey, and to buy clothes and other things; for he could afford to be extravagant now. When everything was ready, he hired a boat to travel down the river a portion of his journey. The old man bade him farewell affectionately, at the landing-place of his own workshop; and Carl kissed Bertha, and Bertha bade him take care of his mallet.

The boy who rowed the boat was the ugliest boy that could possibly be. He was very short in the legs, and very broad in the chest, and he had scarcely any neck; but his face was large and round, and he had two small twinkling eyes. His hair was black and straight; and his arms were long, like the arms of an ape. Carl did not like the look of him when he hired the boat, and was about to choose another from the crowd of boatmen at the landing-place, when he thought how unjust it was to refuse to give the boy work on account of his ugliness, and so turned back and hired him.

Carl sat at the stern, and the boy rowed, bending forward until his face nearly touched his feet, and then throwing himself almost flat upon his back, and taking such pulls with his long arms, that the boat flew onward like a crow. Carl did not rebuke him, for he was too anxious to get home. But the boy grew bolder from his license. He made horrible grimaces when he passed other boats, tempting the rowers to throw things at him. He raised his oars sometimes, and struck at a fish playing on the surface; and, each time, Carl saw the dead fish lying on its back on the top of the water. Carl commanded the horrible boy to row on and be quiet—but he replied in an uncouth dialect which Carl could scarcely understand: and a moment after began his tricks again. Once, Carl saw him, to his astonishment, spring from his seat, and run along the narrow gunwale of the boat; but his naked feet clung to the edge, as if he had been web-footed.

"Sit to your oars, monkey?" cried Carl, striking him a light blow.

The boy sat down sullenly and rowed on, playing no more tricks that day. Carl sang one of the songs about the "Klar;" and the boat continued its way—through meadows, where the banks were lined with bulrushes, and often round little islands—till the dusk came down from Heaven. The river-surface glimmered with a faint white light. The trees upon the bank grew blacker, and the stars spread westward. Carl watched the fish, making circles on the stream, and let his hand fall over the side to feel the water rippling through his fingers as the boat went on. But growing weary after a while, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and placing his mallet beside him, lay down in the stern, and fell asleep. The town where they were to stop that night, was further off than they had thought it. Carl slept a long time and dreamed. But, in his sleep he heard a noise close to his head, like a splash in the water, and awoke. He thought, at first, that the boy had fallen into the river; but he saw him standing up, midway in the boat.

"What is the matter?" said Carl.

"I have dropped your hammer in the stream," said the boy.

"Wretch!" cried Carl, springing up; "how was this?"

"Spare me, my master," said the boy with an ugly grin. "It flew out of my hand as I tried to strike a flying bat." Carl was furious. He struck at him several times; but the boy avoided him, slipping under his arm, and running again along the gunwale. Carl became still more furious, and fell upon him at once, so violently, that the boat overturned, and they both fell into the river. And now, Carl finding that the boy could not swim, thought no more of the mallet but grasped him, and struck out for the bank. The current was strong, and carried them far down; but they came ashore at last. They could see the lights of the town near at hand, and Carl walked on sullenly, bidding the boy follow him. When they came near the town gate, he turned and found that the boy was gone. He called to him, and turned back a little way, and called again; but he

had no answer; and at last he walked on, and saw the boy no more.

Carl could not sleep that night. At day-light, he offered nearly all the money he had retained, for a boat, and set out alone down the river. He thought that his mallet must have floated, in spite of the weight of the gold pieces, and he hoped to overtake it. But though he looked every way as he went along, and though he rowed on all day without resting, he saw nothing of it. He passed no more islands. The banks became very desolate and lonely. The wind dropped. The water was dark, as if a thunder-cloud hung over it. And now the stream ran swifter, winding between rocks like the Klar. The wall on each side became higher and higher, and the boat went on faster and faster, so that he seemed to be sinking into the earth, until he caught sight of the entrance to the cavern, of which the stranger had spoken to him; and at the same moment he espied his mallet floating on a few yards in advance. But the boat began to spin round and round in an eddy, and he felt sick. He saw the mallet float into the cavern; when the boat came to the mouth, he caught at the sides and stopped it.—Peering into the darkness, he saw small flashes of light floating in the gloom; he could see nothing else; and there was a great roar and rushing of water. He was obliged to give up the pursuit; but it was not easy to go back against the stream, as the oars would not help him to stem the current. He kept close to the side, however, where the stream was weaker, and urged his way along, by clutching at ledges and sharp corners in the rock. In this way, he moved on slowly all night; and, a little after dawn, got again above the rocks, and went ashore. He was very weak and tired. He flung himself upon the hard ground and slept. When he awoke, he ate a small loaf which he had brought with him, and went on his way.

Carl wandered for many a day in those desolate regions, and passed many forests, and crossed rivers, and wore out his shoes, before he found his way back to Stromthal. His heart failed him when he came to the dear old town. He was tempted to go back for another three years, but he could not make up his mind to turn away without seeing

Margaret; “and besides,” thought he, “Jacob Elsen is a good man. When he hears that I have worked, and earned this money, though I have it no longer, he will give me his daughter.”

He wandered about the streets a long time and saw many persons whom he knew, but who had forgotten him. At last he turned boldly into the street where Jacob lived, and knocked at his old home. Jacob came to the door himself.

“The ‘Wanderbursche’ is come home,” cried Jacob, embracing him. “Margaret’s heart will be glad.”

Carl followed the tun-maker in silence. He felt as if he had been guilty of some bad action. He scarcely knew how to begin the story of his lost mallet.

“How thin and pale you are!” said Jacob, “I hope you have led a strict life! But these fine clothes—they hardly suit a young workman. You must have found a treasure.”

“Nay,” replied Carl. “I have lost all; even the fifty gold gulden that I had earned by the work of my hands.”

The old man’s face darkened. Carl’s haggard look, his fine apparel, all travel-soiled, and his confusion and silence, awakened his suspicions. When Carl told his story, it seemed so strange and improbable, that he shook his head.

“Carl,” he said, “you have dwelt in evil cities. Would to Heaven you had died when you first learnt to shave the staves, rather than have lived to be a liar!”

Carl made no answer; he turned away to go into the street again. On the threshold he met Margaret. He did not speak to her, but passed on, leaving her staring after him in astonishment. All night long, he walked about the streets of the town. He thought of going back to the house of old Peter Schonfuss and his daughter Bertha; but his pride restrained him. He resolved to go away and seek work again, somewhere at a distance. But his unkindness to Margaret smote him; and he wished to see her again before he went. He lingered in the street after day-light, until he saw her open the door; then he went up to her.

“O Carl!” said Margaret, “this then is

what I have for three long years looked forward to!"

"Listen to me, Margaret dear!" urged Carl.

"I dare not," said Margaret. "My father has forbidden me. I can only bid you farewell, and pray that my father may find one day he is wrong."

"I have told him only the truth," cried Carl; but Margaret went in and left him there. Carl waited a moment, and then determined to follow her, and entreat her to believe in his innocence before he departed. He lifted the latch and entered the house, passing through the kitchen into the yard; but Margaret was not there. He went into the workshop and found himself alone there; for the workmen had not come yet, and Margaret was the first person up in the house. His misfortunes, and the injustice he had experienced, came into his mind, as if some voice were whispering in his ear: the whole world seemed to be against him. "I cannot bear this," he said, "I must die!"

He unlatched the wooden bar, and threw open the doors, letting the light of day into the dusky shop. It was a clear fresh morning; and the river, brimming with the rains of the day before, flowed on, smooth and flush to the edge. "Of all my hopes, my patience, my industry, my long sufferings, and my deep love for Margaret, behold the miserable end!" said Carl.

"But he stopped suddenly; his eyes had caught some object, in between the birch stakes and the bank. "Strange," he said. "It is a mallet, and much like the one I lost! Some of Jacob Elsen's workmen have dropped a mallet here, surely." But it was larger than an ordinary mallet, and though it was madness to fancy so, he thought that some supernatural power had brought his mallet there, in time to turn him from his purpose. "It is my mallet!" he cried; for by stooping down he could see the mark of the hole he had plugged. He did not wait to take it up, it being safe for a while where it was: he ran back into the house, and met Jacob Elsen descending the stairs.

"I have found my mallet," cried Carl; "Where is Margaret?"

The tun-maker looked incredulous. Mar-

garet heard his call and came down stairs.

"This way!" said Carl, leading them through the shop. "Look there!" Both Margaret and her father saw it. Carl stooped and picked it up, and, taking the plug out, shook all the gold pieces on the ground. Jacob shook his hand, and begged him to pardon him for his unjust suspicions; and Margaret wept tears of joy. "It came just in time to save my life," said Carl. "Happy days will come with it."

"But how did this mallet arrive here?" said Jacob, pondering.

"I guess," replied Carl, I have found the origin of the Klar. The two rivers are, in truth, but one."

Carl wrote the story of his adventures, and presented it to the Town Council, who employed all the scholars in Stromthal to prove by experiments the identity of the two rivers. When they had done this, there was great rejoicing in the town. On the day when Carl married Margaret, he received the promised reward of five hundred gold gulden; and thenceforth the day on which he found his mallet was set apart for a festival by the inhabitants of all the towns, both on the "Geber" and the "Klar."

WAKE, LADY, WAKE

Wake, lady, wake! the fair sun is spreading
His beams o'er tower and tree;
The red rose her dewy light is shedding,
And Nature asks for thee!
The zephyr hath culled from each waking flower
The freshest of odours to waft o'er thy tower;
And the blue lake is beaming in glassy rest,
To mirror thy form on its glowing breast!
Break, lady, break the dark spell of thy slumbers,
The skies are cloudless fair;
And the gay lark is singing in his own wild numbers,
High in the Summer air,
The blackbird is pouring his rich, free note,
And a thousand woodland-echoes float;
While the distant abbey's cloistered peal
Is telling thine ear how the moments steal!
Wake, lady, wake from thy dreamy rest,
Uprise in thy beauty rare;
For dark and cold is fond Nature's breast
Without thine image fair!
Then ope those slumbering eyes so bright,
And unveil that soft cheek's tender light,
That the fountain may yield its diamond ray,
And the rose and the lily resign their sway.

“THE MEASURE METED OUT TO OTHERS,
MEASURED TO US AGAIN!”

CHAPTER I.

L. E. L. closes one of her sportive poems with the heartfelt exclamation—

“Thank Heaven that I never
Can be a child again!”

The remark falls harshly from a woman's lip; and after all does not admit of general application. There are those who were never children—with whom the heart was never young. There are those who never knew that brief but happy period when the spirit was a stranger to guile—and the heart high with generous impulses—and the future was steeped in the colours of hope—and the past left behind it no sting of bitterness—and the brow was un wrinkled with care—and the soul unsullied by crime—and the lips poured forth, fondly and fervently, with unbounded and unwavering confidence, the heart's purest and earliest homage to nature and to truth. And he whose career, on the second anniversary of his death, I am tempted to record, was a living illustration of the truth of this assertion.

Vincent Desborough's prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune—had powerful connections—talents of no common order—and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition. It was largely leavened with *Cruelty*. It seemed born with him. For it was developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs, horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet, on a first acquaintance, it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those gladsome and beaming eyes could meditate ought but kindness and good-will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha—one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots—that he was “by far the mildest looking old gentleman he ever conversed with;” so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of

their offspring has passed into a proverb, and Vincent's were no exception to the rule. “He was a boy,” they affirmed, “of the highest promise.” His ingenuity in causing pain was a “mere childish foible which would vanish with advancing years; and his delight at seeing others suffer it, “an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. All boys were cruel!” And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs intrusted their darling to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that “he might be treated with every possible indulgence.”

“No!” said the learned linguist, loudly and sternly, “not if he was heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Devonshire! Your son you have thought proper to place with me. For that preference I thank you. But if he remains with me he must rough it like the rest. You have still the power of withdrawing him.”

Papa and Mamma Desborough looked at each other in evident consternation, and stammered out a disjointed disclaimer of any such intention.

“Very well; Goppinger,” said he, calling one of the senior boys, “take this lad away with you into the schoolroom, and put a *Livy* into his hands. My pupils I aim at making *men*, not *milk-sops*—scholars, not simpletons. To do this I must have your entire confidence. If that be withheld, your son's luggage is still in the hall, and I beg that he and it may be again restored to your carriage.”

“By no means,” cried the Desboroughs in a breath: and silenced, if not satisfied, they made their adieus and departed.

CHAPTER II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household Vincent met with a congenial spirit in the person of a youth some years his senior, named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that, at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent and he fancied that, by submitting to his humours and flattering his follies, he might secure to himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objection to possess a faith-

ful follower. In truth, a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both; and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which, like other leagues on a broader scale, which are supported by wealth and wickedness, was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

CHAPTER III.

Domiciled in the little village of Horbury, over which the learned doctor ruled with undisputed sway, was "a widow humble of spirit and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life on earth alone was spared her; and she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost." Moreover, he was the last of his race, the only surviving pledge of a union too happy to endure; and the widow, while she gazed on him with that air of resigned sorrow peculiar to her countenance—an air which had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips—felt that in him were concentrated all the ties which bound her to existence.

"Sent Cyril to me," said the Doctor to Mrs. Dormer, when he called to welcome her to the village. "No thanks—I knew his father—respected him—loved him. I like an old family, belong to one myself, though I have still to learn the benefit it has been to me?"

"I fear," replied the widow, timidly, for the recollection of very limited resources smote painfully across her, "at least I feel the requisite pecuniary consideration,—"

"He shall pay when he's a fellow of his college—shall never know it before! You've nothing to do with it—but then I shall exact it! We will dine in his rooms at Trinity, and he shall lionize us over the building. I have long wished to see Dr. Wordsworth, goodman, sound scholar! but have been too busy these last twenty years to manage it. It's a bargain, then? You'll send him tomorrow?"

And the affectionate interest which the doctor took in little Cyril, the pains he bestowed on his progress, and the evident anxiety with which he watched and aided the

development of his mind, were one among the many fine traits of character which belonged to this warmhearted but unpolished humorist.

To Dormer, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was "resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out."

His love for his mother, his fair and effeminate appearance, his slender figure, and diminutive stature, were the objects of his tormentor's incessant attack. "Complain, Dormer, complain at home," was the advice given him by more than one of his class-fellows.

"It would only grieve my mother," he replied, in his plaintive, musical voice, "and she has had much—oh! so much—to distress her. I might, too, lose my present advantages: and the good doctor is so very, very lenient to me. Besides, surely Desborough will become kinder by and by, even if he does not grow weary of ill-treating me."

And thus, cheered by hope, the little martyr struggled on, and suffered in silence.

The 4th of September was the doctor's birthday, and was invariably kept as a sort of saturnalia by all under his roof. The day—always too short—was devoted to cricket, and revelry, and manly sports; and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favorite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally, he was separated from the others, and, on a sudden, he found himself alone with Desborough and Rolleston. "Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

"I cannot, it is too broad; and besides, it is very deep."

"Cannot! You mean, will not. But you shall be made. Leap it, sir, this instant."

"I cannot—indeed I cannot. Do not force

me to try it; it is deep and I cannot swim."

"Then learn now. Leap it, you little wretch! Leap it, I say, or I'll throw you n. Seize him, Rolleston. We'll teach him obedience."

"Promise me, then, that you will help me out," said the little fellow, entreatingly, and in accents that would have moved most hearts, "promise me, do promise me, for I feel sure that I shall fail."

"We promise you," said the confederates, and they exchanged glances. The helpless victim trembled—turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his doting and widowed parent came across him, and unnerved his little heart. "Let me off, Desborough; pray let me off," he murmured.

"No, you little dastard, no! Over, or I'll throw you in!"

The fierce glance of Desborough's eye, and the menace of his manner, determined him. He took a short run, and then boldly sprang from the bank. His misgivings were well-founded. The pole snapped, and in an instant he was in the middle of the stream.

"Help! help! Your promise, Desborough—your promise!"

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. "Help yourself, my fine fellow! Scramble out; it's not deep. A kitten would'nt drown!" And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away. The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother, mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only once, did his long, wavy, golden hair come up above the surface for the moment. But though no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, the Great Spirit had his observant eye fixed on the little victim, and quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow, by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God!

CHAPTER IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to

witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she had endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, had given place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me! His frown will darken their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it—I shall see it. The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again." It was in vain that kind-hearted neighbours suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted, "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! For me there is nought but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping." Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor. Indifferent to his approach, and in appearance lost to everything else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books, inspecting his little drawing, arranging his playthings, and apparently carefully collecting every object, however triviale, with which his loved memory could be associated.

To the doctor's kind though tremulous inquiries she had but one reply—"alone, alone in the world!"

His offer of a home in his own house was declined, with the remark, "My summer is so nearly over, it matters not where the leaves fall."

And when he pressed her under any circumstances to entertain the offer made through him—by a wealthy kinsman of her husband—of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted—"Too late! too late!" was her answer. "Ambition is sold with the ashes of those we love!"

But the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous inquiry. An inquest was indispensable; and rumour—we may say fate—spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared at any pecuniary sacrifice to extricate him from the

obliquely which threatened him. Money judiciously bestowed will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury—a bustling, clamorous, spouting democrat—who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests—became on a sudden “thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated,” and that the whole affair was “a matter of *accident* altogether.”

A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned!

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul. “The covetous, craving, earth-worm!” she cried. “He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abomination in the sight of God?” For years the wickedness of this hour will be present before the Great, Just Spirit, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it as if I saw the whole course of this man’s after life spread out before me. Henceforth God fights against him!”

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother inquiry, and throw a shield over crime, misfortune and reverses in unbroken succession assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterwards, the kinsman, already alluded to, left poor Dormer’s mother a small annuity, it so chanced, as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who were bringing him before the proper authorities to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse.

CHAPTER V.

A few years after the melancholy scene at Horbury, Desborough was admitted at Cambridge. He was the sporting man of a non-reading college. Around him were gathered

all the coaching, betting, driving, racing characters of the University, the “Varmint men,” as they called themselves—“The Devil’s Own,” as others named them. It was a melancholy sojourn for Desborough. The strictness of academical rule put down every attempt at a cockpit, a badger hunt, or a bull bait. It was a painfully momentous life; and to enliven it he got up a rat hunt. Appertaining to him was a little knowing dog, with a sharp quick eye, and a short curled up tail, who was discovered to have an invaluable antipathy to rats, and an unparalleled facility in despatching them. What discovery could be more opportune! Rat hunts wiled away many a lagging hour; and the squeaks, and shrieks, and shouts, which on these occasions issued from Desborough’s rooms, were pronounced by the senior tutor “quite irregular,” and by the master to be “by no means in keeping with the gravity of college discipline.” To the joy of all the staid and sober members of the society these sounds at length were hushed, for Desborough quitted the University.

“What a happy riddance!” said, on the morning of his departure, a junior fellow who had had the misfortune to domicile on the same staircase. “His rooms had invariably such an unsavoury smell that it was quite disagreeable to pass them!”

“And would you believe it,” cried another, who used to excruciate the ears of those above and below him by the most rasping inflections on a tuneless fiddle; “would you believe it, after the noise and uproar with which his rooms were familiar, that whenever I began one of those sweetly soothing airs of Bellini, his gyp used to come to me with his master’s compliments, and he was sorry to disturb me, but really the noise in my rooms—fancy, *the noise!*—was so great that he was unable to read while it lasted!”

“He was so little accomplished—played the worst rubber of any man I ever knew,” observed the dean, with great gravity.

“He carved so badly!” said the bursar, “He has often deprived me of my appetite by the manner in which he helped me!”

“And was so cruel!” added the president, who was cursed with a tabby mania. “Poor Fatima could never take her walk across the

quadrangle without being worried by one or other of his vile terriers!"

"The deliverance is great," cried the musical man, "and Heaven be praised for it!"

"Amen!" said the other two; "but, good Heavens! we have missed the dinner bell!"

CHAPTER VI.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England—where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring—where no rigor of the seasons can ever be felt—where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she—the companion of his late and early hours, his confidante, guide, almoner, consoler—was a young, fair, and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting in his dying moments an old and valued parishioner, Mr. Somerset had caught the infection; and the fever settling in his eyes, had deprived him of vision.

"I will be your curate," said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from duty. "The prayers, and psalms, and lessons you have long known by heart; and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray, pray, accept of me as your curate, and make trial of my service in guiding and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man faintly.

The experiment was made, and succeeded, and it was delightful to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steadying her father's tottering steps—prompting him in the service when his memory failed—guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affec-

tion—an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprang from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell—but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell—the victim of the most tremendous perfidy and the dupe of the most carefully-veiled villainy. She fell—and was deserted! "Importune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of Vincent's last letter—"your own conduct has rendered that impossible." That declaration was her death-blow. She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heart-broken father when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering at *His* altar, nought should have been dear to me but *Him!* But lead me to her, I can yet bless her."

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed—and prayed and wept—over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

"Is there hope for me, father?" said the dying girl, "Can I—can I be forgiven? Will not—oh, will not our separation be eternal?"

"Though sin abounded," was the almost inarticulate reply, "grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"We shall not be long parted," was his remark when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. "The summons has arrived; the last tie which bound me to earth is broken."

Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the dis-

position of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of it, "Grant the last, the closing request of your old pastor. Postpone the funeral for a few hours. I ask no more. A short delay, and one service and one grave will suffice for both."

His words were prophetic. The morrow's sun he never saw; and on the following Sunday, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

CHAPTER VII.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. There are two modes says an old writer, of obtaining distinction.—The eagle soars, the serpent climbs. The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact, and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintance called him "a very rising young man." And for "a very rising young man," he held a most convenient creed. For to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which adventurers lose their honor but make their fortunes. In a happy hour he contrived to secure the acquaintance of Lord Meriden. His Lordship was an amiable, but moody, valetudinarian, who had no resources in himself and was entirely dependent on the good offices of others. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster—told a good story—sung a capital song—played well at chess and billiards, and most unaccountably was always beaten at both—could read aloud by the hour together—and never took offence. To all these accomplishments natural and acquired, he added one most valuable qualification, which was in constant exercise—the most profound respect for Lord Meriden.—And how true it is that "we love those who admire us more than those whom we admire?"

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And when ordered abroad, by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so; and played his part so successfully, that "in remembrance of his disinterested attentions," Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property.—His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous nobleman to his pliant favorite.—In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning to those shores an independent and opulent man, which he had quitted fifteen months before a pennyless adventurer. His family apprized of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardor of their congratulations. By the way what extraordinary and overpowering affection is invariably evinced by all the members of a family towards that branch of it which unexpectedly attains wealth or distinction! The "Fairy Queen" was telegraphed—was signalled—hove in sight—passed gallantly on—and all the Rollestons, great and small, pressed down to the pier to welcome this "dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man."

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston was sent overboard. Some said that he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel—others, that he was struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively affirmed that he had observed a sailor, to whose wife, it seemed, Rolleston had, some months before, offered insult, rush violently against him, with the evident intention of injuring him; and this account, strange as it appeared, gained considerable credence. The fact, however, was indisputable. He struggled bravely for a few moments with the eddy that sweeps around the pier—then struck out boldly for the shore, waved his hand in recognition of his agonized family, who were almost within

speaking distance, and in a moment sunk to rise no more.

For many days his anguished mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward promised to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when one morning a lady in deep mourning inquired for Mrs. Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence,—

“I am the bearer,” said she, “of welcome intelligence: I have this morning discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston.”

“How know you that it is he?”

“I cannot be mistaken!”

“Are his features, then, familiar to you?”

“Familiar! I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!”

CHAPTER VIII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed—and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

“There poesy and love come not,
It is a world of stone;
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot,
And then life hurries on.”

Engrossed in the all important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son, and which, as he had left no will, their was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them that some monument was due; or, at all events, that a headstone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew tree in Brading churchyard; and directions were given accordingly. Their intentions had been anticipated. A head-stone had been erected—when or by whom no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple inscription of the name of the departed—the day of his birth and the day of death; with this remarkable addition, in large and striking letters:—

“WITH THE SAME MEASURE THAT YE METE

WITHAL, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN.”

CHAPTER IX.

Some years after the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, a gentleman, in military undress, was descried riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make inquiries of a peasant, who was returning from his daily toil.

“Ay! it’s a fine church, though I can’t say I troubles it very much myself,” was the reply. “There’s a *mort* of fine *munniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset’s folks be buried there: and ’twas but last Martinmas that they brought here old parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a churchyard t’other side Dartmoor, because you see they belonged to ’em: and these great folks choose to be altogether. It’s a grand vault they have! But here’s Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he’ll tell us much and more than ye may care to hear.”

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger’s ear; and dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton, “whether he could show him the interior of the church at that hour?”

“Certainly,” was the reply.—“Turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you reach the west door.”

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross, and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order suppressed at the period of the Reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its enclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an isle which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets were all mingled together—emblems of conquests, and honors, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly painted western window, and tipped with living lustre many of the monuments

of the line of Somerset. Some of the figures were of the size of life, and finely sculptured. And as the restless and agitated stranger gazed on them, they seemed to reply to his questioning glance, and slowly murmur,—
 “All on earth is but for a period; joy and grief, triumph and desolation, succeed each other like cloud and sunshine! Care and sorrow, change and vicissitude, we have proved like thee. Fight the good fight of faith as we. Brave the combat, speed the race, and stem the storm of life; and in God’s own good time thou, like us, shalt rest.”

“I wish,” said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, “to descend into the Somerset vault. It’s a sickly, foolish fancy of mine; but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door?”

“Nay, that’s no part of our bargain,” said the sexton doggedly; “you go not there.”

“I am not accustomed to refusals, when I state my wishes,” said the soldier fiercely and haughtily. “Lead the way old man!”

“Not for the Indies! It’s as much as my place is worth. Our present rector is one of the most particular parsons that ever peered from a pulpit. He talks about the sanctity of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides it is the burial place of all his family.”

“The very reason for which I wish to see it.”

“Not with *my* will,” said Moulder, firmly. “Besides, there’s nothing to see—nothing but lead coffins, on my life!”

“Here,” cried the stranger. And he placed a piece of gold on the sexton’s trembling palm.

“I dare not, sir; indeed, I dare not,” said the latter entreatingly, as if he felt the temptation was more than he could resist.

“Another,” said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man’s grasp.

“Well,” said Moulder, drawing a long and heavy sigh, “if you must, you must! I would rather you wouldn’t—I’m sure no good will come of it—but if you insist upon it, sir—if you insist upon it”—and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial place of the Somersets was large and imposing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments, and helmets, were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the centre. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards, through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short massive pillars which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the centre and supported the roof.

“Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it,” said the sexton, coaxingly, to his companion, after the latter had taken a long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

“No! no!”

“Why how long would you wish to remain here?”

“At least an hour.”

“An hour! I can’t, stay, sir, really I can’t, all that time! And to leave the church, and, what’s worse, the vault open—it’s a thing not to be thought of! I cannot,—and, what’s more, I will not.”

“Dotard! then lock me in I say! Do what you will. But leave me.”

“Leave you! Lock you in! And here! God bless you sir! You can’t be aware”

“Leave me! leave me!” said the stranger impetuously; and he drew the door towards him as he spoke.

“What! would you be locked up and left alone with them dead Som—?”

“Go—and release me in an hour.”

In amazement at the stranger’s mien, air of command, courage, and choice, Moulder departed. “The Jolly Beggars” lay in his way home, and the door stood so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good fellowship which thence issued were so attractive that he could not resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool pint, were it only to drink the stranger’s health.

This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently as at length to lose all recollection

of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment, and it was only late on the morning of the following day, when the wife asked him "if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?" that, in an agony, he remembered his prisoner.

Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there awaited him haunted the old man to his dying day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred—so mutilated—so disfigured—that no feature could be recognised even by the nearest relative.

Rats in thousands and in myriads had assailed him, and by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and protracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appalling spectacle was an elderly female much beloved in the village for her kindly, and gentle, and compassionate heart, and to her the sexton handed a small memorandum-book which had somehow or other escaped complete destruction.

Upon the papers it contained the old lady looked long and anxiously, and when she spoke, it was in accents of unusual emotion.

"These," she said, "are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. May he meet with that mercy on High which on earth he refused to others!" The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. "This spectacle," she continued, "opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry; but chiefly and mainly does it teach me that the measure we mete out to others is measured unto us again."

EDUCATION.—A science succinctly summed up in the profound exhortation of the American philosopher,—"Rear up your lads sharp and true, like nails, and they'll not only go through this world, but you may clench 'em in the other."

GRACE MARKS.*

About eight or nine years ago—I write from memory, and am not very certain as to dates—a young Irish emigrant girl was hired into the service of Captain Kinnear, an officer on half-pay, who had purchased a farm about thirty miles in the rear of Toronto; but the name of the township, and the county in which it was situated, I have forgotten; but this is of little consequence to my narrative. Both circumstances could be easily ascertained by the curious. The captain had been living for some time on very intimate terms with his housekeeper, a handsome young woman of the name of Hannah Montgomery, who had been his servant of all work. Her familiarity with her master, who, it appears, was a very fine-looking, gentlemanly person, had rendered her very impatient of her former menial employments, and she soon became virtually the mistress of the house. Grace Marks was hired to wait upon her, and perform all the coarse drudgery that Hannah considered herself too fine a lady to do.

While Hannah occupied the parlor with her master, and sat at his table, her insolent airs of superiority aroused the jealousy and envy of Grace Marks, and the man-servant, who considered themselves quite superior to their self-elected mistress. MacDermot was the son of respectable parents; but from being a wild, ungovernable boy, he became a bad vicious man, and early abandoned the parental roof to enlist for a soldier. He was soon tired of his new profession, and deserting from his regiment, escaped detection, and emigrated to Canada. Having no means of his own, he was glad to engage with Captain Kinnear as his servant, to whom his character and previous habits were unknown.

These circumstances, together with what follows, were drawn from his confession, made to Mr. Mac—ie, who had conducted his defence, the night previous to his execution. Perhaps it will be better to make him the narrator of his own story.

"Grace Marks was hired by Captain Kin-

* From "Life in the Clearings across the Bush," by Mrs. Moodie, lately published by DeWitt and Davenport, New York, and for sale by Maclear and Co., Toronto.

near to wait upon his housekeeper, a few days after I entered his service. She was a pretty girl, and very smart about her work, but of a silent, sullen temper. It was very difficult to know when she was pleased. Her age did not exceed seventeen years. After the work of the day was over, she and I generally were left to ourselves in the kitchen, Hannah being entirely taken up with her master. Grace was very jealous of the difference made between her and the housekeeper, whom she hated, and to whom she was often very insolent and saucy. Her whole conversation to me was on this subject. 'What is she better than us?' she would say, 'that she is to be treated like a lady, and eat and drink of the best. She is not better born than we are, or better educated. I will not stay here to be domineered over by her. Either she or I must soon leave this.' Every little complaint Hannah made of me, was repeated to me with cruel exaggerations, till my dander was up, and I began to regard the unfortunate woman as our common enemy. The good looks of Grace had interested me in her cause; and though there was something about the girl that I could not exactly like, I had been a very lawless, dissipated fellow, and if a woman was young and pretty, I cared very little about her character. Grace was sullen, proud, and not very easily won over to my purpose; but in order to win her liking, if possible, I gave a ready ear to all her discontented repinings.

"One day Captain Kinnear went to Toronto, to draw his half-year's pay, and left word with Hannah that he would be back by noon the next day. She had made some complaint against us to him, and he had promised to pay us off on his return. This had come to the ears of Grace, and her hatred to the housekeeper was increased to a tenfold degree. I take heaven to witness, that I had no designs against the life of the unfortunate woman when my master left the house.

"Hannah went out in the afternoon, to visit some friends she had in the neighbourhood, and left Grace and I alone together. This was an opportunity too good to be lost, and instead of minding our work, we got re-

capitulating our fancied wrongs over some of the captain's whisky. I urged my suit to Grace: but she would not think of anything, or listen to anything, but the insults and injuries she had received from Hannah, and her burning thirst for revenge. 'Dear me,' said I, half in jest, 'if you hate her so much as all that, say but the word, and I will soon rid you of her for ever.'

"I had not the least idea that she would take me at my word. Her eyes flashed with a horrible light. 'You dare not do it,' she replied, with a scornful toss of her head.

"'Dare not do what?'

"'Kill that woman for me!' she whispered.

"'You don't know what I dare, or what I darn't do,' said I drawing back a little from her. 'If you will promise to run off with me afterwards, I will see what I can do with her.'

"'I'll do anything you like; but you must first kill her.'

"'You are not in earnest, Grace?'

"'I mean what I say.'

"'How shall we be able to accomplish it? She is away now, and she may not return before her master comes back.'

"'Never doubt her. She will be back to see after the house, and that we are in no mischief.'

"'She sleeps with you?'

"'Not always. She will to-night.'

"'I will wait till you are asleep, and then I will kill her with a blow of the axe on the head. It will be over in a minute. Which side of the bed does she lie on?'

"'She always sleeps on the side nearest the wall, and she bolts the door the last thing before she puts out the light. But I will manage both these difficulties for you. I will pretend to have the toothache very bad, and will ask to sleep next to the wall to-night. She is kind to the sick, and will not refuse me; and after she is asleep, I will steal out at the foot of the bed, and unbolt the door. If you are true to your promise, you need not fear that I shall neglect mine.'

"I looked at her with astonishment. 'Good God,' thought I, 'can this be a woman? A pretty, soft-looking woman too—and a mere girl! What a heart she must have!' I felt

equally tempted to tell her she was a devil, and that I would have nothing to do with such a horrible piece of business; but she looked so handsome, that somehow or another I yielded to the temptation, though it was not without a struggle; for conscience loudly warned me not to injure one who had never injured me.

"Hannah came home to supper, and she was unusually agreeable, and took her tea with us in the kitchen, and laughed and chatted as merrily as possible. And Grace, in order to hide the wicked thoughts working in her mind, was very pleasant too, and they went laughing to bed, as if they were the best friends in the world.

"I sat by the kitchen fire after they were gone, with the axe between my knees, trying to harden my heart to commit the murder; but for a long time I could not bring myself to do it. I thought over all my past life. I had been a bad, disobedient son—a dishonest, wicked man; but I had never shed blood. I had often felt sorry for the error of my ways, and had even vowed amendment, and prayed God to forgive me, and make a better man of me for the time to come. And now, here I was, at the instigation of a young girl, contemplating the death of a fellow-creature, with whom I had been laughing and talking on apparently friendly terms a few minutes ago. Oh, it was dreadful, too dreadful to be true! and then I prayed God to remove the temptation from me, and to convince me of my sin. 'Ah, but,' whispered the devil, 'Grace Marks will laugh at you. She will twit you with your want of resolution, and say that she is the better man of the two.'

"I sprang up, and listened at their door, which opened into the kitchen. All was still. I tried the door; for the damnation of my soul, it was open. I had no need of a candle, the moon was at full; there was no curtain to their window, and it shone directly upon the bed, and I could see their features as plainly as by the light of day. Grace was either sleeping, or pretending to sleep—I think the latter, for there was a sort of fiendish smile upon her lips. The housekeeper had yielded to her request, and was lying with her head out over the bed clothes, in the best possible manner for receiving a

death-blow upon her temples. She had a sad, troubled look upon her handsome face; and once she moved her hand, and said 'Oh dear!' I wondered whether she was dreaming of any danger to herself and the man she loved. I raised the axe to give the death-blow; but my arm seemed held back by an invisible hand. It was the hand of God. I turned away from the bed, and left the room. I could not do it. I sat down by the embers of the fire, and cursed my own folly. I made a second attempt—a third—a fourth; yes, even to a ninth—and my purpose was each time defeated. God seemed to fight for the poor creature; and the last time I left the room I swore, with a great oath, that if she did not die till I killed her, she might live on till the day of judgment. I threw the axe on to the wood heap in the shed, and went to bed, and soon fell fast asleep.

"In the morning I was coming into the kitchen to light the fire, and met Grace Marks with the pails in her hand, going out to milk the cows. As she passed me, she gave me a poke with the pail in the ribs, and whispered with a sneer, 'Arn't you a coward?'

"As she uttered those words, the devil against whom I had fought all night, entered into my heart, and transformed me into a demon. All feelings of remorse and mercy forsook me from that instant, and darker and deeper plans of murder and theft flashed through my brain. 'Go and milk the cows,' said I with a bitter laugh, 'and you shall soon see whether I am the coward you take me for.' She went out to milk, and I went in to murder the unsuspecting housekeeper.

"I found her at the sink in the kitchen, washing her face in a tin basin. I had the fatal axe in my hand, and without pausing for an instant to change my mind—for had I stopped to think, she would have been living to this day—I struck her a heavy blow on the back of the head with my axe. She fell to the ground at my feet without uttering a word; and opening the trap-door that led from the kitchen into a cellar where we kept potatoes and other stores, I hurled her down, closed the door, and wiped away the perspiration that was streaming down my face. I then looked at the axe and laughed. 'Yes, I have tasted blood now, and this

murder will not be the last. Grace Marks, you have raised the devil—take care of yourself now.'

"She came in with her pails, looking as innocent and demure as the milk they contained. She turned pale when her eye met mine. I have no doubt but that I looked the fiend her taunt had made me.

"Where's Hannah?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Dead!" said I. "What, are you turned coward now?"

"MacDermot, you look dreadful. I am afraid of you, not of her."

"Aha, my girl, you should have thought of that before. The hound that laps blood once will lap again. You have taught me how to kill, and I don't care who or how many I kill now. When Kinnear comes home I will put a ball through his brain, and send him to keep company below with the housekeeper."

"She put down the pails—she sprang towards me, and clinging to my arm, exclaimed in frantic tones—

"You won't kill him?"

"By —, I will; why should he escape more than Hannah? And hark you, girl, if you dare to breathe a word to any one of my intention, or tell to any one, by word or sign, what I have done, I'll kill you."

"She trembled like a leaf. Yes, that young demon trembled. 'Don't kill me,' she whined, 'don't kill me, MacDermot! I swear that I will not betray you; and oh, don't kill him!'

"And why the devil do you want me to spare him!"

"He is so handsome."

"Pshaw!"

"So good-natured."

"Especially to you. Come, Grace, no nonsense. If I had thought that you were jealous of your master and Hannah, I would have been the last man on earth to have killed her. You belong to me now; and though I believe the devil has given me a bad bargain in you, yet, such as you are, I will stand by you. And now, strike a light, and follow me into the cellar. You must help me to put Hannah out of sight."

"She never shed a tear, but she looked

dogged and sullen, and did as I bid her.

"That cellar presented a dreadful spectacle. I can hardly bear to recall it now; but then, when my hands were still red with her blood, it was doubly terrible. Hannah Montgomery was not dead, as I had thought; the blow had only stunned her. She had partially recovered her senses, and was kneeling on one knee as we descended the ladder with the light. I don't know if she heard us, for she must have been blinded with the blood that was flowing down her face; but she certainly heard us, and raised her clasped hands, as if to implore mercy.

"I turned to Grace. The expression of her livid face was even more dreadful than that of the unfortunate woman. She uttered no cry, but she put her hand to her head, and said—

"God has damned me for this."

"Then you have nothing more to fear," says I. "Give me that handkerchief off your neck." She gave it without a word. I threw myself upon the body of the housekeeper, and planting my knee on her breast, I tied the handkerchief round her throat in a single tie, giving Grace one end to hold, while I drew the other tight enough to finish my terrible work. Her eyes literally started from her head, she gave one groan, and all was over. I then cut the body in four pieces, and turned a large wash-tub over them.

"Now, Grace, you may come up and get my breakfast."

"Yes, Mr. M—. You will not perhaps believe me, yet I assure you that we went up stairs and ate a good breakfast; and I laughed with Grace at the consternation the Captain would be in when he found that Hannah was absent.

"During the morning a pedlar called, who travelled the country with second-hand articles of clothing, taking farm produce in exchange for his wares. I bought of him two good linen-breasted shirts, which had been stolen from some gentleman by his housekeeper. While I was chatting with the pedlar, I remarked that Grace had left the house, and I saw her through the kitchen window talking to a young lad by the well, who often came across to borrow an old gun from my master, to shoot ducks. I called

her to come in, which she appeared to me to do very reluctantly. I felt that I was in her power, and I was horribly afraid of her betraying me in order to save her own and the captain's life. I now hated her from my very soul, and could have killed her without the least pity or remorse.

"What do you want, MacDermot?" she said sullenly.

"I want you. I dare not trust you out of my sight. I know what you are,—you are plotting mischief against me: but if you betray me I will be revenged, if I have to follow you to — for that purpose."

"Why do you doubt my word, MacDermot? Do you think I want to hang myself?"

"No, not yourself, but me. You are too bad to be trusted. What were you saying just now to that boy?"

"I told him that the captain was not at home, and I dared not lend him the gun."

"You were right the gun will be wanted at home."

"She shuddered and turned away. It seems that she had had enough of blood, and showed some feeling at last. I kept my eye upon her, and would not suffer her for a moment out of my sight.

"At noon the captain drove into the yard and I went out to take the horse. Before he had time to alight, he asked for Hannah. I told him that she was out,—that she went off the day before, and had not returned, but that we expected her in every minute.

"He was very much annoyed, and said that she had no business to leave the house during his absence,—that he would give her a good rating when she came home.

"Grace asked if she would get his breakfast?"

"He said, 'He wanted none. He would wait till Hannah came back, and then he would take a cup of coffee.'

"He then went into the parlour; and throwing himself upon the sofa, commenced reading a magazine he had brought with him from Toronto.

"I thought he would miss the young lady," said Grace. "He has no idea how close she is to him at this moment. I wonder why I could not make him as good a cup of coffee as Hannah. I have often made it

for him when he did not know it. But what is sweet from her hand would be poison from mine. But I have had my revenge!"

"Dinner time came, and out came the captain to the kitchen, book in hand.

"Isn't Hannah back yet?"

"No, Sir,"

"It's strange. Which way did she go?"

"She did not tell us where she was going; but that, as you were out, it would be a good opportunity of visiting an old friend."

"When did she say she would be back?"

"We expected her last night," said Grace.

"Something must have happened to the girl, MacDermot," turning to me. "Put the saddle on my riding horse. I will go among the neighbours, and inquire if they have seen her."

"Grace exchanged glances with me.

"Will you not stay till after dinner, Sir?"

"I don't care," he cried impatiently, "a — for dinner, I feel too uneasy about the girl to eat. MacDermot, be quick and saddle Charley; and you, Grace, come and tell me when he is at the door."

"He went back into the parlour, and put on his riding-coat; and I went into the harness house, not to obey his orders, but to plan his destruction.

"I perceived that it was more difficult to conceal a murder than I had imagined; that the inquiries he was about to make would arouse suspicion among the neighbours, and finally lead to a discovery. The only way to prevent this was to murder him, take what money he had brought with him from Toronto, and be off with Grace to the States. Whatever repugnance I might have felt at the commission of this fresh crime, was drowned in the selfish necessity of self-preservation. My plans were soon matured; and I hastened to put them in a proper train.

"I first loaded the old duck gun with ball, and putting it behind the door of the harness house, I went into the parlour. I found the captain lying on the sofa reading, his hat and gloves beside him on the table. He started up as I entered.

"Is the horse ready?"

"Not yet, Sir. Some person has been

in during the night, and cut your new English saddle almost to pieces. I wish you would step out and look at it. I cannot put it on Charley in its present state.'

" 'Don't bother me,' he cried angrily; 'it is in your charge,—you are answerable for that. Who the devil would think it worth their while to break into the harness-house to cut a saddle when they could have carried it off entirely? Let me have none of your tricks, Sir! You must have done it yourself!'

" 'That is not very likely, Captain Kinneer. At any rate, it would be a satisfaction to me if you would come and look at it.'

" 'I'm in too great a hurry. Put on the old one.'

" 'I still held the door in my hand. 'It's only a step from here to the harness-house.'

" 'He rose reluctantly, and followed me into the kitchen. The harness-house formed part of a lean-to off the kitchen, and you went down two steps into it. He went on before me, and as he descended the steps, I clutched the gun I had left behind the door, took my aim between the shoulders, and shot him through the heart. He staggered forward and fell, exclaiming as he did so, 'O God, I am shot!'

" 'In a few minutes he was lying in the cellar, beside our other victim. Very little blood flowed from the wound; he bled internally. He had a very fine shirt; and after rifling his person, and possessing myself of his pocket-book I took off his shirt, and put on the one I had bought of the pedlar.'

" 'Then,' cried Mr. Mac—ie, to whom this confession was made, "that was how the pedlar was supposed to have a hand in the murder. That circumstance confused the evidence, and nearly saved your life."

" 'It was just as I have told you,' said MacDermot.

" 'And tell me, MacDermot, the reason of another circumstance that puzzled the whole court. How came that magazine, which was found in the housekeeper's bed saturated with blood, in that place, and so far from the spot where the murder was committed!'

" 'That, too, is easily explained, though it was such a riddle to you gentlemen of the

law. When the captain came out to look at the saddle, he had the book open in his hand. When he was shot, he clapped the book to his breast with both his hands. Almost all the blood that flowed from it was caught in that book. It required some force on my part to take it from his grasp after he was dead. Not knowing what to do with it, I flung it into the housekeeper's bed. While I harnessed the riding-horse into his new buggy, Grace collected all the valuables in the house. You know, Sir, that we got safe on board the steamer at Toronto; but owing to an unfortunate delay, we were apprehended, sent to jail, and condemned to die.

" 'Grace you tell me, has been reprieved, and her sentence commuted into confinement in the Penitentiary for life. This seems very unjust to me, for she is certainly more criminal than I am. If she had not instigated me to commit the murder, it never would have been done. But the priest tells me that I shall not be hung, and not to make myself uneasy on that score.'

" 'MacDermot,' said Mr. Mac—ie, "it is useless to flatter you with false hopes. You will suffer the execution of your sentence to-morrow, at eight o'clock, in front of the jail. I have seen the order sent by the governor to the sheriff, and that was my reason for visiting you to-night. I was not satisfied in my own mind of your guilt. What you have told me has greatly relieved my mind: and I must add, if ever man deserved his sentence, you do yours."

" 'When this unhappy man was really convinced that I was in earnest—that he must pay with his life the penalty of his crime,' continued Mr. Mac—ie. "his abject cowardice and the mental agonies he endured were too terrible to witness. He dashed himself on the floor of his cell, and shrieked and raved like a maniac, declaring that he could not, and would not die; that the law had no right to murder a man's soul as well as his body, by giving no time for repentance; that if he was hung like a dog, Grace Marks, in justice, ought to share his fate. Finding that all I could say to him had no effect in producing a better frame of mind, I called in the chaplain and left the sinner to his fate.

"A few months ago I visited the Penitentiary; and as my pleading had been the means of saving Grace from the same doom, I naturally felt interested in her present state. I was permitted to see and speak to her and Mrs. M——. I never shall forget the painful feelings I experienced in this interview. She had been five years in the Penitentiary, but still retained a remarkably youthful appearance. The sullen assurance that had formerly marked her countenance, had given place to a sad and humbled expression. She had lost much of her former good looks, and seldom raised her eyes from the ground.

"'Well, Grace,' I said, 'how is it with you now?'

"'Bad enough she answered with a sigh; 'I ought to feel grateful to you for all the trouble you took on my account. I thought you my friend then, but you were the worst enemy I ever had in my life.'

"'How is that, Grace?'

"'Oh, Sir, it would have been better for me to have died with MacDermot than to have suffered for years, as I have done, the torments of the damned. Oh, Sir, my misery is too great for words to describe! I would gladly submit to the most painful death, if I thought that it would put an end to the pangs I daily endure. But though I have repented of my wickedness with bitter tears, it has pleased God that I should never again know a moment's peace. Since I helped MacDermot to strangle Hannah Montgomery, her terrible face and those horrible bloodshot eyes have never left me for a moment. They glare upon me by night and day, and when I close my eyes in despair, I see them looking into my soul—it is impossible to shut them out. If I am at work, in a few minutes that dreadful head is in my lap. If I look up to get rid of it, I see it in the far corner of the room. At dinner, it is in my plate, or grinning between the persons who sit opposite to me at table. Every object that meets my sight takes the same dreadful form; and at night—at night—in the silence and loneliness of my cell, those blazing eyes make my prison as light as day. No, not as day—they have a terribly hot glare, that has not the appearance of anything in this world. And when I sleep,

that face just hovers about my own, its eyes just opposite to mine; so that when I awake with a shriek of agony, I find them there. Oh! this is hell, Sir,—These are the torments of the damned! Were I in that fiery place, my punishment could not be greater than this.'

"The poor creature turned away, and I left her, for who could say a word of comfort to such grief? it was a matter solely between her own conscience and God."

Having heard this terrible narrative, I was very anxious to behold this unhappy victim of remorse. She passed me on the stairs as I proceeded to the part of the building where the woman was kept; but on perceiving a stranger, she turned her head away, so that I could not get a glimpse of her face.

Having made known my wishes to the matron, she very kindly called her in to perform some trifling duty in the ward, so that I might have an opportunity of seeing her. She is a middle-aged woman, with a slight graceful figure. There is an air of hopeless melancholy in her face which is very painful to contemplate. Her complexion is fair, and must, before the touch of hopeless sorrow paled it, have been very brilliant. Her eyes are a bright blue, her hair auburn, and her face would be rather handsome were it not for the long curved chin, which gives, as it always does to most persons who have this facial defect, a cunning cruel expression.

Grace Marks glances at you with a side-long, stealthy look; her eye never meets yours, and after a furtive regard, it invariably bends its gaze upon the ground. She looks like a person rather above her humble station, and her conduct during her stay in the Penitentiary was so unexceptionable, that a petition was signed by all the influential gentlemen in Kingston, which released her from her long imprisonment. She entered the service of the governor of the Penitentiary, but the fearful hauntings of her brain have terminated in madness. She is now in the asylum at Toronto; and as I mean to visit it when there, I may chauce to see this remarkable criminal again. Let us hope that all her previous guilt may be attributed to the incipient workings of this frightful malady.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXX.

[Major, Laird, Doctor.]

MAJOR.—How time does fly to be sure! Why it seems but yesterday since Mrs. Grundy placed, with pious hands, an offering of the first flowers of summer upon the round table of our Shanty—and lo! sleety Boreas, is, with croupy voice, proclaiming the advent of merry Christmas!

LAIRD.—Do ye ken, Crabtree, that I hae strong doubts, how far the aforesaid Christmas can lay ony just claim to the appellation o' merry!

DOCTOR.—Spoken like a sour Westland Whig! Jove pity the May-poles that would come in the way of your ascetic tomahawk!

LAIRD.—Ye clean mistake my meaning, auld blaw-the-coal! Frae my bairn-hood upwards, I hae had as keen a relish for the festivities o' that festal season, as ever was manifested by the maist thorough going cavalier wha' ever swore by mince-pies and hot-cross-buns! Na! na! Catch Bonnie Bráes, elder though he be, uplifting his parable against sic harmless jocosities!

MAJOR.—I must say, Laird, that your criticism upon the word "merry" fairly made you obnoxious to the comment of our medical friend.

LAIRD.—There are some folk that are ay in an unco hurry to jump to a conclusion—as smuggler Tam o' Camlachie said, when the

gauger fell down an auld coal pit, as he was hunting for a still! If ye had waited for a blink, ye would hae seen that I had something in my mind's 'ee, widely different frae what ye supposed.

MAJOR.—Pray now illuminate our tenebrosity.

LAIRD.—Heeh, sirs! that's a lang nebbit word, but let it be a pass-over! The reason why the Christmas season has to me a gloomy and glunchin savour, is the indiscreet line o' conduct which hucksters then think proper to pursue!

DOCTOR.—Explain yourself!

LAIRD.—Haud your peace then! As example is better than precept, I shall gie you a practical illustration o' my meaning. About the middle o' last December, I had laid mysel' oot to write a handfu' o' sangs and ballads for oor gossip the Mus. Bac. Anxious that naething should scunner awa' the coy muse, I had made every exertion to keep mysel' free frae worry and fash. My pickle o' wheat was garnered and threshed. My wheen tawties were dug and pitted. Sentence o' death had been executed upon the pigs which were predestined for the winter's sustentation. To mak' a lang story short, I was, as I fondly imagined, free frae a' worldly cark and care, and ready to string rhymes together, like sae mony rizzered haddies!

DOCTOR.—What had all this to do with Christmas?

LAIRD.—Hae patience! Hardly had I got to the middle o' my first piece—it was an ode in praise o' pease-meal bannocks—when, bang! a rap comes to the door, and in there enters Miss Samantha Smallstitch, craving payment o' Girzy's millinery and manty-making bill! It affronted, I can tell you to a braw roond sum, and as the damsel was pressing I had to liquidate it upon the nail. Misfortunes, they say, never come singly, and of a verity the truth o' the adage was verified in my case. Frae that day up to the new year, Bonnie Braes was constantly beset wi' duns, crying, like the horse leech, “give! give!” Accounts for tea, sugar, eatables, and drinkables o' a' descriptions. Accounts for boots and shoes, made and mended—accounts for coats and breeks—accounts for everything that the imagination o' man could conceive o'! My purse got as dry as a lang winded sermon in the dog days, and my temper short as General Tam Thoom!

DOCTOR.—And your canticle in laudation o' the farinaceous food?

LAIRD.—Dinna speak o't! I stuck fast in the middle o' the second stanza, like the honest man Christian in the Slough o' Despond, and Girzy got the abortion to curl her hair wi'!

MAJOR.—I now see whence it eventuateth that Christmas cometh to you with a frown instead of a smile!

LAIRD.—If shop-keepers and mechanicals had the slightest spark o' philanthropy, they would select some other season for the rendering o' their claims. It is a burning and crying shame for them to mak' gloomy, a season intended to be lightsome and cheery! Oh! if I were the Grand Turk for a year I would reform the iniquity wi' a vengeance!

MAJOR.—As how?

LAIRD.—I would nail the lug o' every siller-craver, to the gallows!

DOCTOR.—Alas! for all dealers and chapmen if ever the day should come when the cry would be—“*Allah is great, and Bonnie Braes is his prophet!*”

MAJOR.—I must confess that there is a glimmering of justice in the strictures of our agricultural confrere. The commercial year might just as well commence in March as in January.

DOCTOR.—At all events I would vote that the rendering of a Christmas bill, to a member of the Republic of Letters, should be made felony, without benefit of clergy! I wish that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

would take up the matter! If that worshipful association would distribute a ‘cheap engraving of Hogarth’s “*Distressed Poet*,” much might be done to accomplish the desired result!

LAIRD.—I second the motion wi' a' my heart and soul! Nae homily could be half so impressive as that incomparable delineation o' genius under a cloud! Instinct tells ye that the randy dairy woman has selected the festive season o' the closing year to torture the hapless bard wi' her lang score for sweet and kirk milk!

MAJOR.—Enough, at present, of the “calamities of authors,” let us call a new cause. Here is Elihu Burritt’s *Thoughts and Things At Home and Abroad*, with a memoir by Mary Howitt.

DOCTOR.—How does the transcendental quakeress handle the learned blacksmith?

MAJOR.—With much less froth and flummery than might have been anticipated. Of course there is a good deal of bounce and bunkum about “Universal Brotherhood,” and the “League of Peace,” but in general, Mary contents herself with simply narrating Elihu’s struggles up the “Hill Difficulty,” of knowledge.

DOCTOR.—In that case the biography must be interesting.

MAJOR.—It is so, in a very high degree. In fact, I have perused no chronicle, of a cognate description, which is more replete with appetizing and instructive matter. If I could realize the Laird’s aspiration, and become the Grand Porte for a *bittock*, I would place it in the hands of every apprentice and journeyman within the bounds of my jurisdiction. Burritt’s example demonstrates that the condition of these classes is by no means unfavourable to the acquisition of learning. As Mrs. Howitt observes, “such have no cares on their minds, beyond the faithful performance of their day’s work; this once done leaves the mind free for the pursuit of knowledge. Such as these, spite of indentures and engagements are their own masters.”

LAIRD.—There is some truth in that, but after a’ it canna’ be denied that the pursuits o’ the working classes have na’ an inevitable tendency to improve or foster the intellectual qualities. Robin Burns was a ploughman, and my hired man Bauldy Stott is a ploughman, but for ae Robin ye will meet with ten thousand Bauldies! If the root o’ the

matter be there, it will manifest itself, in spite o' a' opposition, but if it be lacking, the mechanic will be just as great a sampla as the thick-headed bed-chamber Lord!

MAJOR.—True for you Bonnie Braes! In ancient times all intellectual honours were confined to the aristocracy, and it was with no small exertion that a poacher and player like Shakespeare, could establish a reputation, as a member of the "divine brotherhood." Now a days, when the democratic element is more potent, a "delver," who can write his maternal tongue with common decency, is almost certain of being translated into a *lion*! Truth is to be found, as it always is, in the *via media*! Genius is neither confined to the man with the coat of arms, or the man with no coat at all!

LAIRD.—I say *ditto* to that!

DOCTOR.—Does Mrs. Howitt go much into detail, touching the blacksmith's strivings after *gumption*?

MAJOR.—She does, and very stirring often is the narrative. Difficulties which would have crushed weaker brains into idiocy, in a month, seem to have acted only as gentle stimulants to this iron son of Adam! Permit me to read you a record of one of Elihu's weeks. Forget not that it was one of his *working* weeks, in the most unqualified sense of that expression.

"Monday, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. Wednesday, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. Thursday, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours forging. Friday, unwell; twelve hours forging. Saturday, unwell; fifty pages natural Philosophy, ten hours forging. Sunday, lesson for Bible Class."

DOCTOR.—Now, Crabtree, let me put it to your own judgment, Tory as you are (more's the pity), whether the passage which you have just read does not make you recant your aristocratic errors?

MAJOR.—Pray expound your meaning.

DOCTOR.—Look at the amount of mental labours which this glorious blacksmith underwent, in addition to his daily task of "forging," and then tell me whether he is not entitled to a higher *stance* upon the intellectual platform

than the gentleman who does as much *without* the aforesaid forging?

LAIRD.—Let me answer the question, Crabtree!

MAJOR.—*Perge!*

LAIRD.—Yes. I'll purge the auld body-snatcher o' his error! Listen to me, Sangrado. I will suppose the case that Elihu Burritt, instead o' a journeyman blacksmith, had been born a rich gentleman's son. He grows up wi' a' his native yearnings after knowledge, and strives to master Hebrew, and Sansorit, and French, and Danish, and Cuvier's Theory, and what not! Vera weel! It is true that he hasna to work at the forge; but then has he nae other temptations equally potent? To be sure he has. What do you say to horse-races, games at the cartes or dice, balls, plays, and set dinners? I tell you what, Sangrado; the honest, hard-working blacksmith, if he has only the *stuff* in his moddle, is in a better position for the development o' his powers than the puir lad who has to strive and struggle against the conventionalities o' fashion and high life.

DOCTOR.—There is something in what you say!

LAIRD.—There's a great deal in what I say! And if Lord Brougham ever writes a second part to his book entitled *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, he will draw his examples frae the higher, instead o' the lower classes!

DOCTOR.—Pray, Crabtree, favour us with an extract from Elihu's volume. I am not very familiar with his style.

MAJOR.—Here is a passage from a paper entitled *The Time and Temple of Peace*. It relates to the Hyde Park Crystal Palace:—

Then there is another generous admission in the language of Lord Palmerston, in his recent speech on Mr. Cobden's Peace motion. He says:—"We have now, I may say, converted this country into a Temple of Peace of the whole world." It is something hopeful when a statesman in his position, speaking for a great Government, or for himself, is disposed to say *we*, with the workers in a great cause. Nothing is more patent to the world, in connection with this Great Exhibition, than the fact, that it did not originate in the British Parliament, but was an undertaking of individual enterprise. Neither was it a sudden and brilliant conception, bowled in among the events of the age, like an unpredicted comet. It came in its due time and order, in the right line of succession of great ideas. The still small voices that uttered thoughts of peace and human brotherhood among the people, whether they would hear or forbear; the men of faith, who stood up and

took twenty years of the world's ridicule for the sowing of these principles; the harmless enthusiasts who persevered in the enunciation of these doctrines against satire keen and bitter; these prepared the way, and hastened the coming of this event. The friendly and fraternal addresses from the towns of England to the towns of the United States and France; the international visits which succeeded; then the great congresses of the friends of peace, of different nations; these have done their work in bringing in this grand consummation of the influences they set in motion. The achievement is made to occupy time, as well as to include a vast range of co-operation, by the language of Lord Palmerston. "We have now converted this country into a Temple of Peace." Now, after so long a time, after so many years of labour in changing the habits and disposition of the country, "we have converted it into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." Looking at the long educational process by which this change has been effected; tracing back the august demonstration to the tributaries of public sentiment which produced it, we cannot think it is too much to regard the Peace Congress as the parent, and not the parasite of the Great Exhibition.

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs! to see how clever folk can be carried awa' wi' a bee in the bannet! Here is honest Elihu cracking and blowing as if the last sword was turned into a ploughshare, and the ultimate spear into a pruning-hook! Puir body! I wonder what he thinks o' the stramash that is ganging on in the Crimea?

DOCTOR.—War is a plant too deeply rooted in the soil of this evil world, to be weeded out by a junta of benevolent but flatulent enthusiasts!

MAJOR.—An inspired Apostle puts the question—"From whence come wars and fightings among you?" And what is the answer which he returns to the interrogation? "Come they not hence, even of your lusts, that war in your members!" What unadulterated childishness, then, to imagine that universal peace can ever prevail, so long as sinful lusts riot in men's members! Alas! if the human race could be woven into one web of brotherhood by deputations of free-trading Quakers, or by the erection of glass toy-shops, the task would be easy indeed! The Bible, however, encourages us to draw no such Utopian conclusions, and the experience of every-day life demonstrates that they are baby-houses built on the ever-shifting sand! Why, the Russian Czar was one of the most hearty exhibitors in the "Temple of Peace," and bravely is he now acting out the lessons which he there acquired!

DOCTOR.—I should like a specimen of the blacksmith's natural and unspeculative writing.

MAJOR.—What do you think of this one?

"BURY ME IN THE GARDEN."

There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of parental love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and while he was there engaged in his labor, it had patted around among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, and all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the the very cart-path, and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bedside, and were hanging over the young bruised thing, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids, which a mother alone could interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little further, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips:—"Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden, in the garden, mother!"

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the meltings of her heart, had crept up to the bedside, and taking the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ears—"Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and word of affection; its soul was on its lips, as it whispered again—"Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the —" and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.

DOCTOR.—There is a twang of true pathos there, which no one can mistake.

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's bonnie! Burritt, wi' a' his peace havers, must be nae sma' drink! I'll tak' hame the buik for the sake o' that very story. Girzy is unco tender-hearted, and likes brawly to sob an' greet o'er dead weans!

MAJOR.—Here is another little morsel, very simple indeed, but exhibiting much fine taste and sound feeling:—

GOD'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

Among the books that will be opened when God shall reckon with the universe, one will be produced filled with costlier records than the common transactions of time. In that precious volume—that “book of remembrance written before him for those that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name”—how many little acts of the humblest saint, which the world never knew or noticed, will appear in golden capitals. How many forgotten words and looks of kindness, which dropped a healing anodyne into some broken heart, will there be shown the child of God, who fain would ask, *When did I this?* How brightly in those leaves of pearl will glow that pellucid jewel which fell from the eye of him who gave all he had to give—a tear for another's woe! And the poor widow's mite—what a bright record shall be made of that, and of the midnight prayers she made for those pinched with sterner wants than hers! What a page in that heavenly Album will be given to him who gave a cup of cold water to a disciple of the Lamb, with a heart big enough to have given the world! There will be shown the *tableaux vivants* of prison scenes, and sick and dying bed scenes, where eyes with a heaven full of love in them, and hearts big with the immortal sympathy of God, ministered to the sick stranger and him that was ready to perish. In that *Souvenir of Eternity* will be preserved charities of celestial water that never found a record or remembrance on earth.

DOCTOR.—Exceedingly juicy is the following circular, recently issued by a slave-dealer of New Orleans, which I cut out from the *Tribune*, and have preserved *pro bono publico*—

“New Orleans, Oct. 24, 1854.

“GENTLEMEN,—The undersigned begs leave to inform you that he is still keeping his slave depot at his old stand, No. 157, Common Street, and has been at very great expense to enable him to conduct the business in a proper and *Strictly Moral* manner, hoping thereby to receive a liberal share of patronage. His stand is a good one, and the location healthy, and only requires to be known (the subscriber flatters himself) to render it a profitable one, both to himself and his patrons.

“He will generally have a large and likely lot of negroes on sale, and should you or your friends wish to purchase, he will be pleased to have you call and examine them. He sells either for cash or city acceptance.

“Should you have any negroes consigned to you, he will board and sell them on very accommodating terms, and feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction.

“He embraces this opportunity of returning his most sincere thanks to those friends who have heretofore so liberally patronised him, and will spare no pains to merit its continuance.

“Very respectfully your obedient servant,
“THOMAS FOSTER.”

MAJOR.—Well! well! that indeed beats cock-fighting, or rooster duels, as modest Jonathan

hath it! There is something pestilently rich in the idea of a huxter of men's souls and bodies conducting his infernal business in a *STRICTLY MORAL* manner! We shall next be hearing of humane murderers and strictly honest pick-pockets!

LAIRD.—Tummas Foster's advertteezement puts me in mind o' a story o' auld Bailie John Peacod o' Glasgow. One day, when the Bailie was presiding in the Police Court, a limmer was put at the bar, charged wi' keepin' a house o' bad fame. The evidence showed that the said house was a perfect sink o' iniquity, and that the mistress thereof might hae some equals, but certainly nae superiors in shameless sin. “Woman! woman!” exclaimed honest Peacod, when sentencing the delinquent to Bridewell, “I wonder you can look me in the face! You are a pest to society, and a disgrace to your profession!”

DOCTOR.—Talking of Bridewell, here is a work which is especially calculated to keep that establishment replenished with inmates.

MAJOR.—What call you the affair?

DOCTOR.—*The Ride for Life, or Claude in Jeopardy*. It sets forth the “daring exploits” of that notorious gang of highwaymen, Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and Sixteen-String Jack, and though boasting but a slender amount of literary ability, exhibits “life on the road” in very captivating colours.

LAIRD.—Abominations o' that description do a mint o' harm, and should be put down by the strong arm o' the law. The first time I am on the Grand Jury, I will tak' order that they are presented in due form.

MAJOR.—By so doing you will play the part of a Christian patriot; and there is the greater necessity for something being done in the premises seeing that the trade of “stand and deliver” is becoming calamitously rife in Canada West. The highway criminalities perpetrated in the Upper Province, during the last few months, would almost furnish material for an additional volume of the *Newgate Calendar*. Every one who has studied human nature, in the most cursory manner, must be convinced that the class of fictions we are considering, have a direct tendency to inflame unsteady and romantic young men with a brigandish *furor*. Even I myself have often been carried away, for the moment, by a sympathetic feeling for the gallows birds who flourish in these stories!

LAIRD.—I think I see you presenting a black puddin' at the head o' Cadi Gurnett, on a dark night, and demanding his purse or life! Confound me if it would be a bad joke! I would wager a plack to a bawbee, that the Cadi would send out his *Ferashes* next morning, to sweep the booksellers' shops clean o' their stock o' *The Ride for Life*, and sic like clatty productions! There is naething like trampling on a magistrate's corny tae, if ye want him to look gleg!

DOCTOR.—Have you read Alexander Dumas' new romance, *Emanuel Phillibert*?

MAJOR.—I have, and with no small degree of pleasure.

LAIRD.—And wha was Emanuel if it be a fair question?

MAJOR.—He was nephew of the Emperor Charles V., by his mother, Beatrice of Portugal, and cousin to Francis I., of France.

DOCTOR.—Is it a historical tale?

MAJOR.—It is. The writer gives a vivid and most graphic sketch of the European wars of the sixteenth century, and introduces life-like portraits of the leading actors in that grand and stirring series of dramas.

LAIRD.—What a tough brain Sandy Dumas must hae! According to a' ordinary calculation it should hae been as saft by this time as a mess o' champit potatoes!

MAJOR.—The present work exhibits not the slightest inkling of such a catastrophe. On the contrary, it is superior to many of his earlier productions. Never in his freshest times did Dumas engender anything more artistic than the account of the tournament at Paris, in which Francis I. received his death wound. Sir Walter Scott could not have done more justice to the theme.

LAIRD.—I was sorry that I could na get to Toronto, when that Yankee lad Bayard Taylor was holding forth. Oor dominie, Maister O'Squeel, speaks in high terms o' his capabilities as a lecturer.

MAJOR.—The learned gentleman was fully justified in pronouncing such a verdict. Taylor is a man who has seen much, and observed intelligently.

LAIRD.—That's the root o' the matter! There noo, if I was to send Bauldie Stott, staff in hand to visit the four quarters o' the globe, the creature would be able to tell yo naething on his return, except as to the places where the best drink was to be got!

DOCTOR.—As a correspondent Taylor has few superiors. He possesses the happy knack of fixing at once upon the most interesting topics, and bringing them plainly before the mental vision of his reader. Refreshingly free, moreover, is he from the emasculating sin of sentimentalism, and in the vast majority of instances he permits you to draw your own moral from what is advanced.

LAIRD.—That's the lad for my money! There is naething that angers me sae muckle as a lang string o' reflections after a narration!

MAJOR.—Right, oh Laird!

LAIRD.—Ye hae aiblins heard tell o' the English Tourist in the Heelands o' Scotland, wha took his landlady to tack on account o' the overly liberal supply o' hair that was in his butter. "*Oich! Oich!*"—cried the honest woman,—"*there's naething sae lucky, as the thing that ye are complainin' o'!*" "*That may be a' true,*" was the response of John Bull,—"*but, if it is quite the same thing to you, I should prefer to have the hairs on one plate, and the butter on another!*" In like manner it would be a mercy to the million, if authors wha' were smitten wi' the yook o' moraleezen, printed their thoughts in separate volumes! Hair is a good thing in its place, but should na' be crammed doon folks gizzards, whether they like it or no!

MAJOR.—Have you read much of Taylor's poetry, Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Poetry! I never heard till the present blessed moment o' time, that the chap made rhymes clink.

MAJOR.—I can assure you that Bayard is a bard of very respectable mark. There are many passages in his recently published volume *Poems of the Orient*, which my friend Grizelda might do worse than transfer to her album.

LAIRD.—Girzy has other things to mind than to bother her noddle wi' sic thrifless vanities! The nearest approximation to an album that she possesses is a sax-penny copy book, wherein she records receipts for killing bugs, and compounding cures for the mulligrubs!

DOCTOR.—Pray favour us with a snatch of Taylor's muse.

MAJOR.—Here is a portion of the poem in which Bayard addresses a "brother poet," rejoicing in the name of Stoddard.

LAIRD.—Before ye begin, wha is the afore-said Stoddard?

MAJOR.—There you have me! I presume

that he is one of the ten thousand "remarkable men" whose fame blossoms in Dollardom, but no where else! Be that as it may, however, the lines which I am about to read are clever, and characteristic of the writer:—

You strain your ear to catch the harmonies
That in some finer region have their birth;
I turn despairing from the quest of these,
And seek to learn the native tongue of Earth.
In "Fancy's tropic clime" your castle stands,
A shining miracle of rarest art;
I pitch my tent upon the naked sands,
And the tall palm, that plumes the orient lands,
Can with its beauty satisfy my heart.
You, in your starry trances, breathe the air
Of lost Elysium, pluck the snowy bells
Of lotus and Olympian asphodels,
And bid us their diviner odors share.
I at the threshold of that world have lain,
Gazed on its glory, heard the grand acclaim
Wherewith its trumpets hail the sons of fame,
And striven its speech to master—but in vain.
And now I turn, to find a late content
In nature, making mine her myriad shows;
Better contented with one living rose
Than all the Gods' ambrosia; stornly bent
On wresting from her hand the cup, whence flows
The flavors of her ruddiest life—the change
Of climes and races—the unsackled range
Of all experience;—that my songs may show
The warm red blood that beats in hearts of men,
And those who read them in the festering den
Of cities, may behold the open sky,
And hear the rhythm of the winds that blow,
Instinct with freedom. Blame me not, that I
Find in the forms of earth a deeper joy
Than in the dreams that lured me as a boy,
And leave the heavens where you are wandering still
With bright Apollo, to converse with Pan;
For, though full soon our courses separate ran,
We, like the God's, can meet on Tmolus' hill.

DOCTOR.—As you observed, these stanzas are indeed characteristic of the parent thereof. They convey to us the notion of a wrestling bout between ideality, and matter of fact! The poet comes out strong, but the traveller tippeth him a cross-buttock!

LAIIRD.—Comparison run mad!

MAJOR.—There is a good deal of pith and *sang* in the following Arab lyric:—

BEDOULIN SONG.

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight bears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,

To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

LAIIRD.—I wish Taylor would come out and prelect, (as Crabtree hath it,) in our Town Ha'. When he gangs back to the "Model Republic" he can deliver a fine lecture upon the natural and artificial beauties o' Bonnie Braes! He might gang farther, for a text, and fare worse! My braw boar pig Claverhouse, alone, would furnish matter for the delectation o' ony classic audience, either in Christendom, or the United States! Did ye ever see Claverhouse, San-grado?

DOCTOR.—No—and I trust never shall! I have no pleasure in contemplating an animated mountain of fat and bristles! Faugh! The very idea stirs me like an emetic!

LAIIRD.—Listen to the auld heathen! My man, Nature must hae been clean out o' *taste* when ye were fabricated! Mony a kid-gloved leddy, who could play on the piano, and pent roses on hand screens, has admired my peerless pig!

DOCTOR.—Very likely! We all remember the dainty maiden in the Arabian Nights, who eat her rice with a tooth-pick during dinner, and supped at night upon the tenants of the burial ground!

MAJOR.—Come, come, children, no fighting in the Shanty, if you please! We have no time to spend in bickering! The night is far advanced in senectitude, and I have yet to bring under your cognizance the choicest novel of the season.

DOCTOR.—Its name?

MAJOR.—*Afraga; or, Life and Love in Norway.*

DOCTOR.—Its author?

MAJOR.—Theodore Mügge.

LAIIRD.—Mug! Indeed, that's a convivial name, strongly suggestive o' brown stout, and

"Reaming swats, that drink divinely."

DOCTOR.—For the love of charity shut up!

MAJOR.—At the head of the popular fictionists of Germany stands Theodore Mügge, and I am much mistaken if he is not destined to acquire a world-wide fame. In the present story he has done for Norway and Lapland, what the author of *Waverley* did for Scotland. To quote the words of a distinguished German critic:—

"His romance introduces us to a region with which he is thoroughly acquainted from personal observation, but, which is a rare and almost untrodden field of fiction, the remote neighbourhood of the North Pole, and those icy desert steppes, where the Laplander pursues his wandering life of privation and suffering. His life-like descriptions of the manners and customs of this curious people, and the Norwegian settlers on the coasts, are drawn with such power as to awaken the keenest interest in his brilliant story, and to keep the attention of the reader intensely excited from the first to the last page."

DOCTOR.—Do you homologate and endorse all this wealth of commendation?

MAJOR.—Yes, in the most unqualified manner.

DOCTOR.—Well, then, as you love me, do not drop the slightest hint touching the plot or personages! Good romances are scarce now as new-laid eggs, and when one falls in a poor fellow's way, he likes to discuss it with an unblunted appetite!

MAJOR.—I sympathise with your feelings, and comply with your behest. There can be no harm, however, in my reading aloud the prologue. It thus runs:—

ORIGIN OF NORWAY.

In the remote north of Europe a legend is current that God, when he had created the world, and was reposing from his labours, was suddenly aroused from his meditation by the fall of a monstrous mass in the abyss of waters. The Creator, as he looked up, perceived the devil, who had seized a prodigious mass of rock, which he had hurled into the deep, so that the axis of the new creation, trembling under the weight, threatened to break, and yet wavers, and will to all eternity. The Lord preserved his work from entire destruction by his mighty power. With one hand he sustained it, and with the other he threatened the base fiend, who, howling with fear, took to flight; but everywhere the fearful pile of rock rose above the waters. High and gloomily it projected out of the swelling flood to the clouds; jagged, wild, and shattered, its naked sides sank into the unfathomable depths, and filled the sea with innumerable cliffs and peaks for many miles. The Maker cast a look of sadness and pity upon this waste, and then took he what remained of fruitful earth, and strewed it over the black rocks. But, alas, it was too sparse to be of much avail. The ground was scarcely covered in the clefts and hollows, and only in a few spots was sufficient deposited to nourish fruit trees and ripen seeds. The farther to the north, the scantier was the gift, until at last none remained, and the devil's work rested under the

curse of eternal barrenness. But God stretched out his omnipotent hand, and blessed the desolate earth. "Although no flower shall here bloom," said the Almighty, "no bird sing, and no blade of grass grow, yet the wicked spirit shall have no share in thee. I will have compassion on thee, and suffer men here to dwell, who, with love and affection, shall cling to these rocks, and be happy in their possession." Then the Lord commanded the fish to frequent the sea in vast swarms, and above, on the ice-fields, he placed a wonderful creature, half cow, half deer, which was to nourish man with milk, butter, and flesh, and clothe him with its furry skin.

Thus, according to the saga, originated Norway. For this reason is the sea, on its wild coasts, animated by such multitudes of the funny tribes, and the reindeer found on its deserts of ice and snow, without whose help no human being could live there. What a world of horror and silence there lies concealed! With what awe trembles the heart of the solitary traveller when he wanders among the desert fiords and sounds, where the sea, in labyrinthine folds, loses itself between gloomy, snow-crowned rocks, in inaccessible gulfs and caverns! With what astonishment he beholds his ship gliding through this immensity of cliffs, gigantic rocks, and black granite walls, which wind, as a girdle, for more than three hundred miles around the stony breast of Norway!

Man is but sparsely distributed over the neglected land. Over rocks and swamps must he wander, eternally roving with the reindeer, which nourishes him; in coves and inlets on the sea-shore he lives, solitary and secluded, and, with extreme toil and trouble, supplies himself with fish. The land, however, can never become the fixed abode of any one. Deep lies it under swamp and ice, buried in cloud and darkness, without trees or fields, the hut of the peasant, or the lowing of cattle, and the genial blessings which spring from the industry of man and social intercourse.

Such is the aspect that this region presents when a ship leaves the harbour of Trondheim, and, steering northwardly, pushes through the fiords and sounds. Behind, the coast rises in bold precipices; the fertile spots gradually disappear, and wilder, more naked rocks stretch to the desolate wastes, until the insurmountable glaciers of Helgoland mark the limits of human habitations. Human life withdraws into the bays and inlets. There dwells the merchant and the fisherman of Norse blood, and near them Danes and Laplanders are settled. The Laplander drives his antlered milch cow over the snowy mountains, and the report of his gun, as he hunts the bear and the wolf, is echoed back from the dark sea-caverns. Wilder and more desolate grows the scene with every new morning. For miles no house is to be seen, and no sail or fishing-boat breaks the dismal monotony. Dolphins sportively gambol around the bows of the ship, and the whale spurts the water into the air; flocks of sea-gulls hover

over, and dive upon the moving shoals of herrings; divers and auks spring from the rocks, the eider-duck flutters over the foaming billows, and high in the clear sharp air, the eagle pair circle round their rocky nest.

At last, winding around a thousand rocky capes, in the midst of this ocean labyrinth, you see the house of a trader upon the declivity of a birch-wooded promontory. There are his warehouses, his vessels, and his boats; there rises the smoke of some ten scattered fishermen's huts among the cliffs, and between them lies a narrow strip of green meadow, through which a brawling brook rushes to the sea. A few minutes more, and all has disappeared. Again the rocky desert meets the eye; again the same sounds surround the ship, and the same deep and unruffled mirror of water reflects the passing sail; and from the deep ravines, the wind rushes out with the fury of a wild beast. Here begins our story.

LAIRED.—And here ends my patience! Having tasted sorrow a thing since breakfast, save and except two or three pounds o' pork chops, and some other trifling sunkets no' worth mentioning, I am as hungry as a hawk!

MAJOR.—Out with your facts, then, and ere long you shall be dipping your beak in a platter of magnificent clam soup.

LAIRED.—Clam soup! Hand aff, Doctor, till I get my papers opened! Clam soup! Oh Neptune, but ye are an honest god, after a'! Clam soup! Here gang the facts, like crushed electricity!

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

A SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE.*

Whoever loves symmetry and the simpler kinds of cottage beauty, including good proportion, tasteful forms, and chasteness of ornament, we think can not but like this design, since it unites all these requisites. It is an illustration of a cottage made ornamental at a very trifling expence, and without sacrificing to that kind of tasteful simplicity which is the true touchstone of cottage beauty.

This cottage is entered by means of an ample hall, off which is the parlor, 15 ft. by 15 ft. 6 in. The dining room is entered from either the hall or parlor, and is 15 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft., having closets, also a closet under stairs. Adjacent to the dining-room is the nursery, 14 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in., having a bathing-room and closet.

Off of the room is the kitchen, 15 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in., having an ample pantry, sink room, &c. The back stairs ascend from the sink-room, which is a great convenience, as slops, &c.,

from the second story can be brought down these stairs without being seen from any of the principal rooms. Entrance to the cellar from the kitchen. In the hall is the principal stairs leading to second story, which is divided into bed-rooms having closets attached; also inclosed stairs to attic, in which there are three large sleeping-rooms, with store-rooms, &c. The little front room in second story would make a bed-room if required, or a dressing room attached to a large front bed-room.

First story 9 ft. 6 in. high, second story 8 ft. high. The superstructure is framed, sheathed on the outside with 1½ in. boards about 9 in. wide, put on horizontally, and rebated to imitate block work, and painted three good coats, the last two to be sanded; thus making the building appear like a stone one, with very little expence. To be plastered on the inside two coats (brown-ing and white finish.) The inside finish is to be plain and neat. Architraves in principal story to be 7 in. wide, bevelled bands, those in the second story, 6 in. The building finished complete, will cost about £500.

WINTERING VERBENAS.

Having succeeded in keeping the different sorts of Verbenas in small pots through the winter, when my neighbors have failed, I beg to state the method I adopt. In the first or second week in July, I strike in 3-inch pots as many cuttings of the different kinds as I require for filling the beds in the following year, about six pots of a sort being sufficient. Early in August, the pots being filled with roots, I prepare as many boxes, two feet square, as I have sorts, filling one-third of each box with broken tiles, and the rest with one part sand, one leaf mould, and two parts good rich loam. The plants are then placed in them at equal distances apart, and the shoots being pegged down they soon take root all over the box, and form one mass. The boxes are placed in a cold frame during the winter, and the lights are thrown off, except in wet or frosty weather. Early in the spring they begin to make young shoots, which I pot in 3-inch pots, and strike in a cucumber frame; these will be ready to plant out by the end of April, at which time the boxes are turned out, one side being removed, and the mass planted in the centre of a bed. The bed is then filled up with the young plants from the 3-inch pots; these out of the boxes, being oldest and strongest, take the lead and keep it; thus the plants in the centre of the bed, being the highest a striking effect is produced.—*Gard. Chron.*

* See Illustration.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVING.

No. 1—Is a ball dress of pink tulle over silk; the tulle is looped up in festoons with clusters of roses. The corsage is cut low at the neck with a heart-shaped trimming in front, a sharp boddice, and a narrow basquine, rounding away at the sides. The sleeves are very full, made with one puff and a deep ruffle. Headdress, moss roses.

No. 2—Is a dress of heavy purple silk with horizontal stripes of black ascending half-way up the skirt. The mantilla is made of silk to match, and trimmed with deep black lace. White drawn-bonnet, trimmed with lilac ribbon.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

A splendid fête champêtre, recently given at the ancestral seat of one of our noblest aristocratic families, draws together a crowd of gay and fashionable company. The dresses of the ladies on this occasion were remarkable for elegance and novelty; we will describe a few of them for the information of those of our fair readers who may be preparing a similar style of costume. The noble hostess wore a dress of splendidly worked India muslin. It consisted of a double jupe, or rather a jupe and tunic, both of equal length; that is to say, sufficiently long to trail a little on the ground behind. The front breadth of the under jupe was entirely covered with the most exquisite India needlework; and the upper jupe was open in front, so as to show this needlework. The open sides of the upper jupe were trimmed with a double bouillonne of muslin, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and within these bouillonnés were runnings of bright Islay green ribbon. The corsage, which was half-high and open in front, was trimmed at the top by bouillonnés with ribbon insertion. The ends of the sleeve were finished in a similar style, with the addition of deep hanging ruffles of Valenciennes. The head-dress was of peculiarly beautiful and novel description. It consisted of a cap, fitting almost closely to the head, and composed of feather trimmings of brilliant hues of green, formed of the plumage of foreign birds. This feather trimming was plaited, so as to form a sort of transparent net-work, and was intermingled with rows of narrow black blonde. Long lappets of the same floated over the back of the neck and shoulders.

Two young ladies—sisters—wore white muslin robes of a very elegant description. They

were striped muslin, and the skirts had seven tucks, each edged at the bottom with a row of narrow Valenciennes. These dresses were made low, and over the corsage was worn a sort of *fichu* or pelerine of muslin the same as the dresses. These pelerines were made high to the throat, and pointed in the front and at the back. Round the waist was a basquine, edged with a full ruche of narrow Valenciennes lace. These two young ladies wore bonnets of white crenoline, intersected by rows of a sort of trellis-work formed of white blonde, combined with narrow pink and blue ribbon. It may be observed that pink and blue—two colours formerly inadmissible in combination—are now frequently blended together; fashion having, for the present at least, revoked the decree which formerly prohibited their union. The young ladies, whose dresses have just been described, wore white worked muslin mantellets, trimmed with frills edged with Valenciennes, and ornamented with bows of blue and pink ribbon.

A young Spanish lady, one of the guests at this gay morning party was dressed in a style *to her* very becoming; though worn by another lady, it might have been liable to the charge of eccentricity. The robe was composed of the richest Irish poplin, with broad alternating stripes of pink and black. The corsage was tight to the figure, open in front, and edged with black lace. The sleeves demi-short, with ruffles of black lace; the same lace forming the basquine at the waist. On her head, this Spanish brunette wore her national mantilla; the graceful folds were gathered just above the left ear, and confined by a large moss-rose.

TO WASH A BLACK LACE VEIL.

Mix bullock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in. Then pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, and not rubbed. It will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Next rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with indigo. Then dry it. Have ready in a pan some stiffening made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue. Put the veil into it, squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterwards pin it out to dry on a linen cloth, making it very straight and even, and taking care to open and pin the edge very nicely. When dry, iron it on the wrong side, having laid a linen cloth over the ironing-blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in this way.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

A. M. S.—You will find one of the positions sent inserted as a problem in the present number.

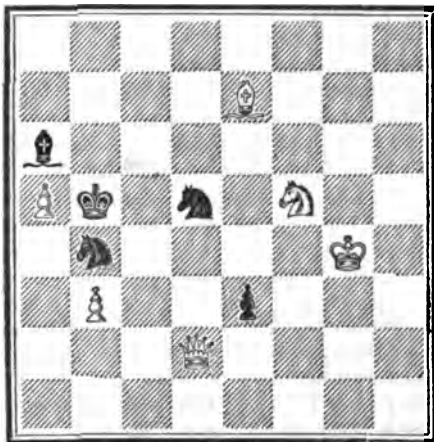
ROOK.—The games you have sent appear to have been wrongly taken down, or impossible moves have been made. In reporting, a confusion of the King's and Queen's Kt. has evidently taken place.

. We defer the solution of our last problem until our next issue, as only one correspondent has favoured us with a reply, which unfortunately is wrong.

PROBLEM No. XIII.

By A. M. S.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 87. By G. S. Jellicoe.

WHITE.—K at Q B 3d; R at K B 6th; B at K 8th; Kf at Q 5th; Ps at K R 4th and Q 2d.

BLACK.—K at K 4th; Ps at Q 6th, Q B 2d, and K R 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 88. By E. H. G.

WHITE.—K at Q B sq; Q at her 8th; R at K 8d; B at K Kt 2d; Kt at K B 6th; Ps at Q 8d and 5th, and Q R 3d:

BLACK.—K at Q B 4th; Q at K sq; Rs at K R sq and Q Kt 5th; Bs at Q 5th and Q R 5th; Ps at K 5th, Q 8d, and Q Kt 2d.

White to play and mate in five moves.

No. 89. By an Amateur.

WHITE.—K at K R sq; B at Q B 7th; Kt at K 7th; Ps at K B 5th, K 2d, and Q B 8d.

BLACK.—K at K 5th; Ps at K B 3d, K 6th, and Q B 8d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ANECDOTES OF CHESS-PLAYERS.*

TAMERLANE THE GREAT.—The game of chess has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals. Tamerlane the Great was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner.

AL AMIN, THE KHALIF OF BAGDAD. — It is related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at the time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigor, that it was on the point of being carried by assault. The Khalif, when warned of his danger, cried out, "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!"

KING CHARLES I. was playing at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure, so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of anything remarkable.

KING JOHN was engaged at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to acquaint him that their city was besieged by Philip Augustus; but he would not hear them until he had finished his game.

COLONEL STEWART used frequently to play at chess with Lord Stair, who was very fond of the game; but an unexpected checkmate used to put his lordship into such a passion, that he was ready to throw a candlestick, or anything else that was near him, at his adversary; for which reason the Colonel always took care to be on his feet, to fly to the furthest corner of the room when he said, "Checkmate, my Lord!"

LIFE is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hopes and its fears, its losses and its gains; only in chess, if you lose one game by a false move, you can set up the pieces and play another. * * * *

Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. For a fellow-chess-player, a man will do that which he would refuse his father and mother. The habit of breathing the same air, and looking at the same chess-board, creates a friendship to which that of Damon and Pythias was a mere "How d'ye do?"—Fraser.

* Related by Herr Harwitz.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

GAME OF A MATCH NOW PLAYING BETWEEN
HERNN O. W. AND HERNN V. OF LEIPSIK.*King's Knight's Opening.**White (O. W.).**Black (V.).*

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt. to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 3. B to Q B 4th. | B to Q B 4th. |
| 4. Q to K 2d. | P to Q 3d. |
| 5. P to KR 3d. | P to K B 3d. |
| 6. P to Q B 3d. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 7. Castles. | Castles, |
| 8. P to Q 3d. | Q B to K 3d. |
| 9. Q Kt to R 2d. | B takes B. |
| 10. Kt takes B. | P to Q Kt 4th. |
| 11. Q Kt to K 3d. | P to Q R 3d. |
| 12. Q Kt to K B 5th (a). | Q Kt to K 2d. |
| 13. K Kt to R 4th. | Kt takes Kt. |
| 14. Kt takes Kt. | Kt to K R 2d (b). |
| 15. Q to K Kt 4th. | Q to K B 3d. |
| 16. Q B takes K R P. | P to K Kt 3d. |
| 17. B takes K R. | R takes B. |
| 18. Kt to K 3d. | P to Q B 3d. |
| 19. Q R to K sq. | Q to K Kt 2d. |
| 20. Q to her 7th. | Kt to his 4th. |
| 21. Q takes Q B P. | Q to K R 3d. |
| 22. Kt to K Kt 4th (c). | Q to K R 5th. |
| 23. Q to Q 7th. | P to K B 4th (d). |
| 24. Kt takes K P. | Q to K Kt 6th (e). |
| 25. P to Q 4th. | Kt takes K R P (ch). |
| 26. K to R sq. | Kt takes K B P (ch). |
| 27. R takes Kt. | Q takes R. |
| 28. Q to K 6th (ch). | K to R sq. |
| 29. Kt takes P (ch). | K to Kt 2d. |
| 30. P takes K B P. | R takes P. |
| 31. R to K 3d. | R to K R 4th (ch). |
| 32. R to R 3d. | R takes R (ch). |
| 33. P takes R. | Q to K B 8th (ch). |
| 34. K to R 2d. | Q to B 7th (ch). |

Black now draws the game by "perpetual check."

Notes.

(a) This is generally a fine commanding position for the Kt.

(b) Very badly played, enabling White to bring his Q into direct co-operation with the Kt.

(c) P to Q Kt 4th would have been better play.

(d) Black should now have taken the K R P ch with his Kt, e.g.—

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 23. | Kt takes P (ch). |
| 24. P takes Kt (best). | Q to Kt 6th (ch). |
| 25. K to B sq. | Q takes R P (ch). |

Drawing the game, at least, and winning it if he had courage to play K to K 2d, followed by R to K B sq.

(e) Again Black could have drawn the game, by taking the K R P with his Kt.

This clever little affair came off lately between Mr. Horwitz and Mr. O., an Italian amateur, the former giving the enormous advantage of the Q. Rook, Q Kt, and Q B P (which must be removed from the board).

*Game at Odds.**White (Mr. HORWITZ).**Black (Mr. O.).*

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K B to Q B 4th. | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 3. P to Q 4th. | B takes P. |
| 4. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 5. B to Q 5th. | K Kt to K 2d. |
| 6. Kt to Kt 5th. | Kt takes B. |
| 7. P takes Kt. | Kt to K 2d, |
| 8. Q to K R 5th. | P to K Kt 3d. |
| 9. Kt to K 4th. | P takes Q. |
| 10. Kt to B 6th (ch). | K to B sq. |
| 11. B mates. | |

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following game was played at Boston between Mr. Stanley and Mr. George Hammond:—

*Irregular Opening.**Black (Mr. H.).**White (Mr. S.).*

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 3d. |
| 2. P to Q 4th. | P to Q 4th. |
| 3. P takes P. | P takes P. |
| 4. K B to Q 3d. | K B to Q 3d. |
| 5. Q B to K 3d. | Q B to K 3d. |
| 6. K Kt to B 3d. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 7. Q Kt to B 3d. | P to Q B 3d. |
| 8. Q Kt to K 2d. | Q Kt to Q 2d. |
| 9. Q Kt to K Kt 3d. | Castles. |
| 10. Castles. | K Kt to Kt 5th. |
| 11. Q to Q 2d. | P to K B 4th. |
| 12. Q B to Kt 5th. | Q to Q B 2d. |
| 13. P to K R 3d. | Kt to K B 3d (a). |
| 14. Kt takes K B P. | Kt to K 5th. |
| 15. B takes Kt. | P takes B. |
| 16. Kt takes K B. | P takes Kt. |
| 17. B to K 7th. | P takes K Kt P. |
| 18. K takes P. | Kt to K B 3d. |
| 19. B takes R. | R takes B. |
| 20. Q to Q Kt 4th. | Kt to Q 4th. |
| 21. Q to Q R 3d. | Kt to K B 5th (ch). |
| 22. K to R sq. | B checks. |
| 23. P to K B 3d. | Q to Q 2d. |

And White wins (b).

Notes.

(a) But why not capture the K B P, instead of retreating?

(b) This is a brief and smartly conducted skirmish, with two or three pretty features towards the end.